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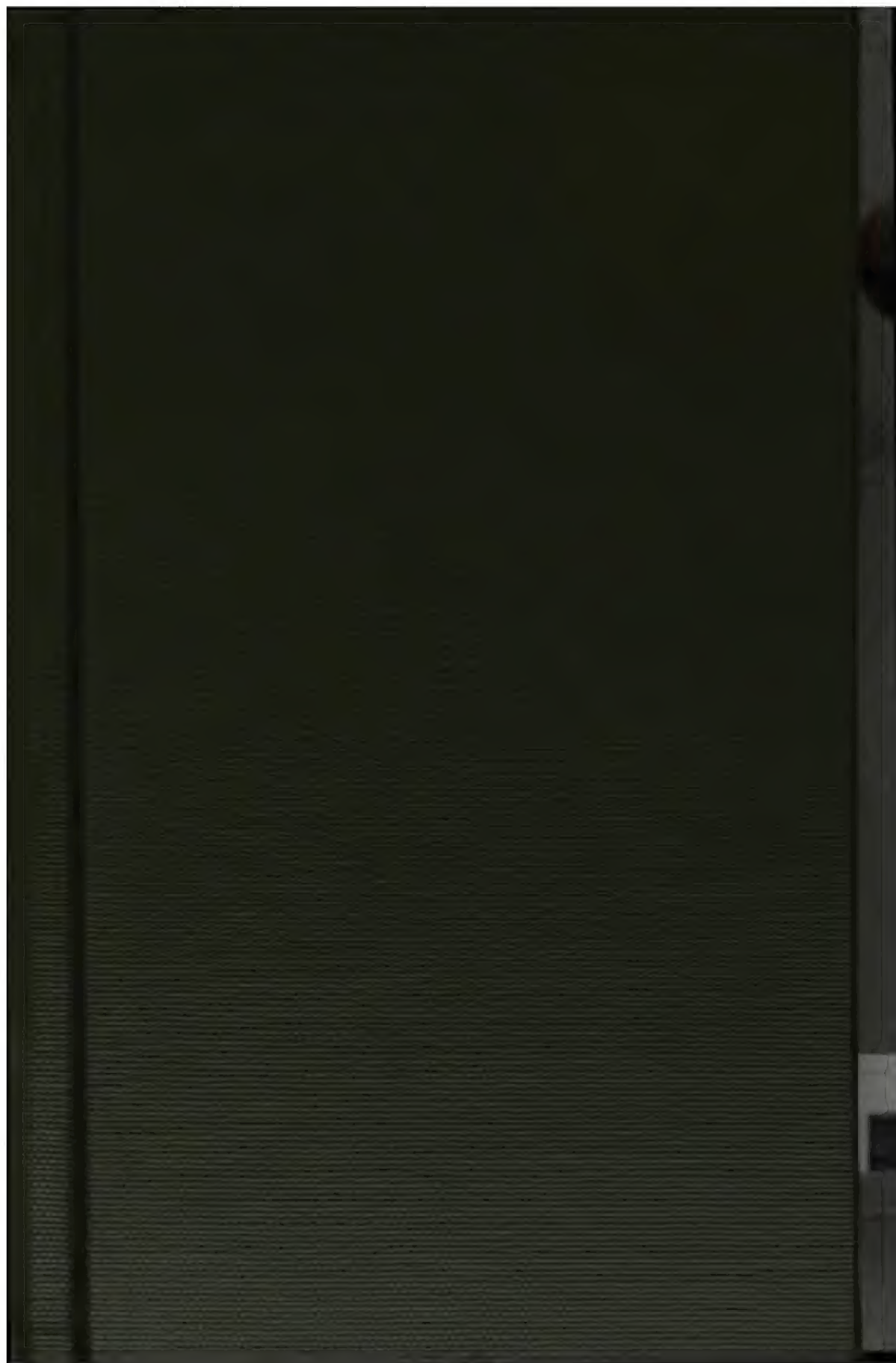
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MISCELLANY.

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BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

THE LADDER-GOLD

An English Story.

BY ROBERT BELL,

AUTHOR OF "WAYSIDE PICTURES THROUGH FRANCE, BELGIUM,
AND HOLLAND."

BOOK THE FOURTH.

CHAPTER V.

In which the odds are against the favourite.

THERE was an interval of three clear days between the date of Henry Winston's letter to Margaret and the morning proposed for the elopement. Throughout the whole of that interval, which seemed to him a century at least, he expected hourly to obtain some tidings from Clara; but he watched and waited in vain. In this tumultuous condition he fancied a hundred things, each new fancy driving out its predecessor as fast as his brains could fabricate one wild supposition after another. To say that he neither eat nor drank, nor slept, nor sat still, nor performed any intelligible act for two consecutive minutes, would be a very inadequate way of conveying a notion of the bewildered state of his faculties. The fact was, he had utterly lost his balance, and, considering the desperate thoughts that at times took possession of him, and the violent measures of relief he meditated from hour to hour, it was wonderful that he carried himself safely up to the morning when, considerably before the appointed time, he made his appearance at Hanover Gate in a travelling-carriage, looking frightfully pale and ghastly—for, having had no intelligence up to this hour from Margaret, he approached the crisis of his fate with the most dismal forebodings.

We are afraid we must not give him the full credit of having controlled himself by any philosophy of his own during that racking interval. The merit was chiefly due to the prudent counsels of Mr. Costigan, who, seeing the forlorn condition to which the young man was reduced, volunteered the friendly office of keeping guard over him up to the last moment. From the instant

Mr. Costigan had discovered his secret, he never lost sight of him; and, although he was not exactly the sort of person Henry Winston would have selected for a confidant, yet that unhappy young gentleman found much comfort in his company. The consolations of genuine sympathy are above all price. The mere babble of a heavy grief is ease to the wounded heart; and to do Mr. Costigan justice, the patience with which he listened to Henry's incoherent talk, and the rough, strengthening advice he administered to him, were not without a soothing and salutary effect.

Mr. Costigan was in his element in a business of this nature, and had had so large an experience in similar affairs, that he considerably mitigated Henry Winston's grief, and fortified him for the ordeal that lay before him, by the narratives he related to him of the clandestine marriages, elopements, and duels he had assisted at in the course of his meteoric career. It was surprising, indeed, that he did not recommend his *protégé* to send a message to Lord Charles; but he wisely deprecated such a proceeding, not because he did not cordially approve of that mode of adjudication, but because, under existing circumstances, it would have placed his young friend in a false position, seeing that no direct *casus belli* had as yet arisen between him and his lordship. Mr. Costigan was a great stickler for certain rules to be observed on these occasions, which might all be summed up in two golden maxims,—the first of which was to put his opponent in the wrong, and the second, to keep him there. Could he have only got a hitch of any kind upon Lord Charles, he would have had him out the next morning. As it was, he thought the most advisable course was to run away with Margaret, and, if it should be necessary, shoot his lordship afterwards.

Henry Winston occupied a lodging in Duke Street, St. James's, a couple of dingy little rooms, that might be said to have folded up into each other, on the second floor. Some college friend had recommended him to the house, which was a regular lodging-house—that is to say, an establishment rented off in apartments to single gentlemen, who let themselves out upon town all day, and let themselves in at night with latch-keys. This arrangement was a great convenience to Mrs. Stubbs, the respectable landlady, as it left her free to make a daily survey of the apartments, partly for the purpose of seeing that they were properly aired and attended to in the absence of their inmates, but chiefly as it enabled her to look after their little stocks of bachelor comforts, in the way of tea, brandy, and the like, which these heedless young men are so apt to neglect. Mrs. Stubbs took stock every day, and the necessity for this exercise of her motherly care was shown in the fact that, notwithstanding her vigilant inspection of the caddies and cupboards of her lodgers, their contents diminished from day to day with alarming rapidity.

Mrs. Stubbs was a widow. Her husband had been a box-keeper at one of the theatres, and many were the stories she used

to relate of his extensive acquaintance amongst the aristocracy, and of the fine annual benefits he made, and the jocose sayings of the lords, and even of the ladies, with whom he was intimate in his professional capacity, mixed with green-room anecdotes and traditions of that palmy time of the stage when Mrs. Mount-ain was in her glory, and the Siddons ruled over the realms of tragedy. During Stubbs' lifetime she lived in clover, and was able to enjoy the luxury of a chaise; but since the death of that popular favourite she was thrown upon her own resources, which consisted of whatever profit she could make of the house in Duke Street. There was little to be made of a lodging-house in the mere matter of rent, taking all vicissitudes into consideration; and Mrs. Stubbs' principal dependency was upon the general department of "extras," in the management of which she displayed remarkable tact and activity. She had acquired from the lamented Stubbs an insight into the art of popularity, which she turned to practical account amongst the waifs and strays who took up their occasional residence in her house, and who, being proverbially unskilled in the grocery concerns of human life, were peculiarly susceptible of the class of attentions she bestowed upon them. She was, indeed, all manner of women to all manner of men; knew every body's history, as far as she could glean it from visitors, servants, or the originals themselves; felt the deepest interest in the remote and unknown family connections of her lodgers, and always had questions to ask after the health of relatives in the country, whose very existence was a problem to her; thus showing so amiable a sympathy in their affairs, without betraying any invidious distinction between the first floor and the attics, but treating all with a proportionate measure of solicitude, that she had no difficulty in gliding into their financial disbursements, which, to her credit be it recorded, she considerably regulated according to the paying capabilities of the individual.

Now Mrs. Stubbs felt more than ordinary anxiety about Henry Winston. She saw from the beginning of her acquaintance with him the generous and unguarded points of his character, and how much he stood in want of such household services as she could render him. He did not seem to have a great deal of money to throw away, but she discovered that what little he had he threw away with a thoughtlessness which called aloud for the controlling hand of such a friend as herself. Nor was she long at a loss to penetrate the secret of his abstraction and heedlessness; but there was little merit in her divination on this subject, for it did not require the acumen of so good a judge of young men's foibles to find that Henry Winston was steeped over head and ears in love. Having clearly satisfied herself as to that fact, her next object was to ascertain who the lady was, and this she hoped to extract from Mr. Costigan.

If Mr. Costigan had a weakness, it was whiskey. That was the duct that ran direct to his heart. When he came of an evening, Mrs. Stubbs was always assiduous in seeing that there was

a sufficient supply of alcohol for his use, and he was nothing loth to help her in contributing to swell that item in Henry Winston's bill of charges. But he had too magnificent a sense of the confidence involved in affairs of honour to let a clue to the mystery with which he was entrusted escape him. As he thought it a pity, however, to disappoint her altogether, considering how liberal she was of his friend's "materials;" and being of opinion, moreover, that it was desirable to baffle any inquiries that might be made at the lodgings after Henry Winston had got clear off with Margaret, it occurred to him that it would be a stroke of sound policy to throw out a few misleading hints that would put inquisitive people on a wrong scent, and at the same time appease Mrs. Stubbs' curiosity just as well as if he told her the exact facts of the case.

The evening before the appointed morning that was to make Henry Winston the happiest or the most miserable of men, Mr. Costigan was at his post in Duke Street, having been employed throughout the day in endeavouring to pick up some information in Park Lane, without being able to obtain the slightest intelligence, the ladies being shut up in their own rooms and denied to everybody. Henry Winston, who had buoyed himself to the last in the hope that before the day was out he should have some tidings from Margaret, gave way to a burst of despair upon learning the result of Costigan's mission; but Costigan, whose hopefulness generally ascended in proportion as circumstances looked more gloomy, drew the most cheerful omen from his failure. Wasn't it natural, he observed, that Margaret should refuse to see any one at a moment when she was making preparations to leave her home, and throw herself into the arms of her lover? Was that a time to receive visitors? What did he think she shut herself up in her room for? Why, she was packing, to be sure! What else did he suppose she was doing? And if she didn't intend to be off with him, wouldn't she have written a line to him to say so? These, and many other arguments of much the same speculative cast, were resorted to with a fluctuating effect by Costigan, who, between scolding and soothing, left no means untried of calming the violent agitation of his friend. Henry thought there was some reason in this—but then why did not Clara contrive to send some communication to him? Why was she so cruel as to keep him in this suspense? He looked out of the window constantly for the postman, still thinking that a note would come to relieve him; and it was not till long after the last delivery was over, and the tramp of footsteps in the street began to lessen and give warning of the approach of night, that he relinquished that lingering hope. All the comfort that remained to him was that if Margaret had determined not to accede to his proposal, she would at least have given him notice, and spared him the misery of so bitter a disappointment; she had too tender a heart to *inflict such agony upon him*—she who was always so thoughtful

of the feelings of others, so careful to avoid giving pain! But, perhaps, she was offended with him for proposing such a step—perhaps she considered it an outrage, an insult! He had never seen it in that light before, and now that it presented itself to him under so discouraging an aspect, his fears magnified its enormity. And thus, swayed backwards and forwards, between hope and despair, Henry Winston went through the most miserable evening he had ever passed in his life. He thought morning would never come.

All through these heavy hours, while Henry was pacing up and down the room, or stretching himself fiercely on a sofa, Mr. Costigan was luxuriating in an arm-chair, replenishing his tumbler from time to time, and trying to divert Henry's thoughts by sundry wild jokes and wilder remonstrances.

"'Pon my honour and conscience," said Mr. Costigan, "I'm ashamed of you. Pooh!—the back of my hand to you—I disown you entirely. Why, man, if any one was to take a perspective view of you now, growlin' and tossin' yourself about, they'd be mighty apt to think that instead of goin' to be married, you were goin' to be hanged. Ah! then may be you are—but it's round an alabaster neck, you reprobate! Whoo! I wish I was in your place. By my honour, it isn't tearing my hair I'd be, but sittin' down quietly, and settlin' the particulars about to-morrow. I dare say, you've lost the memorandum I gave you?"

"No—I have it here."

"Well, just give us a rehearsal of it to see if you remember what you're goin' to do."

"Oh! I have it by heart—post to Southampton—I know every spot where I am to change—arrive an hour before the start of the boat—cross to Jersey—then over to St. Malo. I know it all—but it's not that—it's not that."

"Then I wonder what it is, if it isn't that? You'll be singin' another tune this time to-morrow mornin', when I'll be throwin' an ould slipper after you, and shoutin' out,—

"The Lord be with you! and a bottle of moss,
And if you never come back it'll be no great loss!"

Listen to me now. Ould Mother Stubbs is comin' up with the hot water; and as they'll be sure to be makin' tender inquiries after you when you're gone, we must put her on a false scent. Just go into the next room for a minute, and let me open the business to her; and mind, whatever I say, you must swear to—or hold your tongue, may be that'll be better in the charmin' mood you're in. Here she is—be off with you."

Henry Winston went into the bed-room, as Mrs. Stubbs made her appearance with a jug of boiling water, from the mouth of which the steam was issuing in voluminous clouds.

"More power to you, Mrs. Stubbs," exclaimed Costigan, brightening; "*you're the woman for keepin' us in hot water; a*

practice, I believe, that 's pretty universal amongst the women, and small blame to them for that same."

"Ah! Mr. Costigan," returned Mrs. Stubbs, "you Irish gentleman are always so pleasant—poor Stubbs was very fond of the Irish, and so am I. I'm sure I have every reason to speak well of them, although I'm afraid you 're a set of gay deceivers—you are! *That* water boiled, Mr. Costigan, if ever water boiled in this world. Where 's Mr. Winston?" she added, in a lower tone.

"There!" said Costigan, pointing to the inner room—"packin.' He 's off to-morrow!"

"I'm grieved to think it," cried the landlady; "I'll never see such a gentleman as him in my house again—he was so easily pleased, and so good-natured and condescending. Well—I hope it 's to better himself he 's going."

"Hard to say, Mrs. Stubbs. I don't much like it myself; but then, I'm a little too ould to emigrate."

"Emigrate, Mr. Costigan? You don't mean to say that Mr. Winston is going to emigrate?"

"If you were to take a trip down to Liverpool to-morrow mornin'," continued Costigan, raising his voice, "you 'd see him takin' his departure on an agricultural expedition to the back-woods of America."

"Well, of all places," cried Mrs. Stubbs, "that 's the last I should have thought a gentleman like Mr. Winston would bury himself in. I'm quite shocked to hear it—I am indeed."

"Don't be shocked, Mrs. Stubbs. It 's a tearin' speculation for a young man, and you mustn't put him out of heart with it. But mind what I tell you—be careful what you say about it; because you see some of his friends want him to settle at home, only he has particular reasons of his own for going to America; and I dare say the Rawlingses may be askin' affectionately after him—though, to be sure, once he 's gone he 's gone, and it 's no great matter what any one says or thinks after that."

"I'm sure I 'd do anything in the world to oblige Mr. Winston; and if any body should ask——"

"Well, I wouldn't have you deceive them. What 's the use of deceiving them? Just tell them that he took a short stick in his hand, and went to seek his fortune. Drink his health, Mrs. Stubbs, and may the Devil blow the roof off the house he 's not welcome in!"

Mrs. Stubbs, taking up the glass that Costigan filled out for her, went to the door of the bed-room, and, dropping a curtsy, pronounced her benediction upon the young man, who felt rather ashamed of the hoax in which he was a silent accomplice.

"Thank you—thank you, Mrs. Stubbs—but I'm very busy just now. I shall see you in the morning before I start."

Mrs. Stubbs was very uncomfortable at this intelligence. She suspected there was something more in it than Mr. Costigan thought proper to tell her, and she went away, privately making

up her mind to watch every stir on the following morning, and ascertain whether Henry Winston was really going to Liverpool. Her own opinion was that he was going to fight a duel, and she had some serious thoughts of giving a hint to the police. At all events, she would be on the alert. But Mr. Mick Costigan was too experienced a tactician to be out-maneuvred even by the wide-awake Mrs. Stubbs, and had already taken measures to secure his friend against the risk of being traced or followed.

The night wore on in much low and earnest talk about the business of the next day. Costigan gave Henry Winston some subtle advice as to how he should act on the road, and what he ought to do in the event of being pursued, or of meeting any person likely to recognise him; and the contemplation of these possible dangers, the necessity of providing against them beforehand, threw a colour of seriousness into the conversation that abated for the time the throbbing anxieties of the lover. The affair began to look real at last. The consummation or the wreck of his hopes was close at hand. Only a few hours now intervened till his fate should be known and accomplished. And all this talk about what he was going to do, and how it was to be done, gave it an air so practical and seductive, that his imagination was easily ensnared by the prospect of a happy issue to his troubles.

Mr. Costigan having wrapped himself up in all the coats he could find in the room, and taken possession of the sofa, with the card-cloth for a counterpane, Henry Winston went to bed; but, under such circumstances, it is easier to go to bed than to sleep, and he lay very restlessly for a long time, turning from side to side, counting the quarters as they struck in the turret of St. James's Church, and listening, with a sort of infatuation, to the nasal trombone which was performing a singularly irregular obligato movement in the next room.

Margaret's face, sometimes looking very sad, and sometimes lighted up with gaiety, as it used to be in the happy hours of their childhood, flitted incessantly before him; and all the words she had spoken at different times came crowding back upon him, jumbled and confused; and he thought of many things that had happened, and went over old scenes, which he set in new frames, and animated with new actions and imaginary dialogues, more passionate and eloquent a hundred fold than any he had ever uttered in her actual presence; and these memories, tricked out with fanciful devices, steeped his senses in a chaos of speculations, under the influence of which his eyelids dropped, and, between waking and sleeping, with the half-consciousness which attends the slumber of love when it is fretted to the core by fears and misgivings, he fell into a dream of her who was the arbiter, for good or evil, of his whole life to come.

It was a dream, not of the past, but of the future. Lovers are always deluding themselves — even in their sleep! His head was so full of the morrow, that he started at once, full gallop,

from Hanover Gate into the regions of phantasy. Margaret was at her appointment, timid and frightened, and folded up in veils and shawls,—then, swifter than light, they were together, flying over roads and down green labyrinths, and away to the roaring waters, with many a tremulous touch of remorse and backward look of fear; then all was accomplished, and they were beyond the seas, and there was a sunny lake, clasped round by soft hills, green to the peaks with foliage, and the still sweet air dropped odours around them, as they gazed into each others eyes, and felt that tender and serene happiness which but once, and then for too brief a space, absorbs and melts our hearts in this world of stone and ashes. For a moment they stood on the margin of the lake as motionless as the shadows of the trees that lay aslant the transparent sunshine, and then Margaret's lips parted, and a voice rose upon his ear—

“Holloa! man, you'll sleep your seven senses away. It's half-past seven; and you'd never forgive yourself if you were late!”

Henry started from his sleep, and, opening his eyes, saw the dishevelled figure of Mr. Costigan leaning over him, his two hands firmly placed upon his shoulders, in the act of shaking him with all his might and main. The ecstatic dream was over—the reality was before him in an instant. The process of the toilet was rapidly dispatched—he had little time for reflection, and went through the form of breakfast more like a man who was still dreaming, than a lover on the *qui vive* for the most critical of all adventures in which a lover could be engaged.

During breakfast Mr. Costigan had the discretion to trouble him with few observations, and the burthen of them was to hurry and “not to keep the creature waiting.”

The room was in as great a litter as Henry Winston's faculties. He had wound himself up for one object, and neglected and forgotten every thing else.

“Will you see to these things?” he said to Costigan; “I have thought of nothing. Where's the travelling-case? Hadn't I better send for a cab?”

“For Mrs. Stuhbs to take the number, and track us like a hound? Now isn't that a sensible idea of yours? My dear boy, you've put yourself in my hands, and it's the etiquette to act under my orders. Don't trouble yourself about the things. You'll find them at the railway-station at Southampton, directed to Thomas Joyce, Esq.,—mind the name,—you have it in the paper. You must walk out with the case under your arm—I'll take care you're not followed—and when you turn the corner, cross over, duck under a horse's head, pretend to take one cab, jump into another, and away with you as fast as the garron can pelt for the bare life to Princes' Street—drop out there, and run for your life to the livery-stable, where the carriage is waiting for you, and off to the woman that owns you, and may

bad fortune and ould Rawlings be a day's march behind you for the rest of your life!"

Unconsciously as this speech rang upon his ears, Henry was affected by the pains his wild friend had taken to provide for all contingencies, and his eyes said as much as he silently squeezed his hand.

"Are you ready now?" demanded Costigan. "One partin' word before you go. You don't know much of the world, and your head isn't exactly just at present as clear as it ought to be. Keep yourself cool—don't touch sperits! I'm an ould fellow, and love maybe is all over with me; but I've known what love was in my day, and feel for you, my poor boy! My blessing go with you! Send for me if you want me, and it'll be a mighty big act of parliament that'll stop me from comin' to you. But mind what I tell you—keep your head cool—don't drink! A man flies to it in trouble; but drink only maddens the sorrow, and makes us as helpless as children. I know it well. Many and many's the time—no matter now. Who cares for Mick Costigan, or b'lieves that such an ould, half-cracked sinner has a heart in his body? Ah! my darlin' boy, we've all hearts, if we dare give way to them! Now, here's a little partin' gift for you to take with you—it's a charm against bad weather!—just whip 'em under your arm, and away with you!" handing him at the same time a small mahogany-case, covered up in green cloth.

"What is it?" inquired Henry Winston.

Costigan quietly opened the case, and displayed a pair of neat pocket pistols which had evidently seen considerable service. "They're ould travellers," he said, "and if they could spake, they'd tell you some quare stories. There now, not one word, but go. You'll be late, I tell you."

Henry Winston wished to say something, but Costigan hurried him out of the room, and would not even let him stop to say "Good bye!" to Mrs. Stubbs, who, although she was watching his departure, was not in time to catch him as Costigan pushed through the hall, and rapidly closing the street-door after him placed his back against it just as Mrs. Stubbs emerged from the parlour. Mrs. Stubbs was thrown into a great taking at this disappointment, and wanted to run out into the street to shake hands with her lodger at parting, but Costigan carried her back into the parlour very much against her will, and kept her there till his friend had ample time to effect his escape.

In the meanwhile Henry Winston acted strictly upon Costigan's stratagetic hints; and taking a cab in Piccadilly arrived in a few minutes at the livery-stable, where he found the travelling carriage in readiness to take him to his destination. At half-past eight o'clock he reached Hanover-gate.

The morning was chill and dreary. A thick damp fog hung over the houses. Few people were astir, and, with his blinds carefully drawn down (which betrayed his inexperience in such affairs),

Henry Winston watched with a kind of morbid interest the life that was awakening in the opposite houses; typified by the opening, here and there, of the curtains of the upper windows, and the occasional vision of a head peering through the glass at the dull clouds that hung over head.

He noted every face that passed by, and some of them turned to look at the carriage, which had rather a suspicious appearance in such a place at such an hour: and as the numbers gradually increased curiosity increased in proportion, and even the policeman stopped, and seemed to examine the carriage with those peculiarly inquisitorial eyes, to which a man who is employed in any secret transaction is apt to attach a very disagreeable meaning.

Every bonnet that came in sight was anxiously scrutinized, and once or twice, in the eagerness of treacherous expectation, Henry Winston jumped out of the carriage to run after some figure that he fancied bore a vague resemblance to Margaret, only to return depressed and disappointed.

Nine o'clock, half-past nine, and ten o'clock came and went, and the moving population was growing, and carriages were thickening in the road, and the flags were alive with foot-passengers. The individual scrutiny became more and more difficult. His terror now was lest he might miss her in the crowds that passed up and down, or lest, not seeing him at once, she might get frightened, and go back again. While he was undergoing a martyrdom from these racking fears, an open carriage, that instantly attracted notice from the splendour of its appointments, approached at a leisurely pace the spot where he had taken up his position. At the first glance he fancied he knew the liveries; and we hope it will be no disparagement to his courage to say, that at that moment his heart fluttered as if it had wings and wanted to fly out. As the equipage drew nearer, all doubt upon the point vanished. It was Mr. Rawlings' carriage.

Henry Winston lifted up the corner of the blind to assure himself of the fact; and, as if that action had drawn the attention of the people in the carriage, the eyes of two of them were directed full upon him. The carriage passed within a few yards of him, and he could see them distinctly, although it was not so certain that they could recognize him, as he was seated in shadow. He could hardly trust the evidence of his senses at a sight which blasted all his hopes, and turned his love into horror and despair. There were three persons in the carriage, Mr. Rawlings and Margaret, and opposite to them—Lord Charles Eton. Mr. Rawlings and Margaret looked straight at the blind which he held trembling in his hand; and he was close enough to them to see that, as they drove slowly past, there was a smile—could it be of derision or triumph? for he interpreted it both ways—upon Margaret's face!

He thrust his head wildly out of the window; but the carriage swept on, and in two or three minutes disappeared. Should he

follow them, or remain where he was, and wait the issue? Perhaps, after all, Margaret was compelled to go out that morning, and would surely come to him, as soon as she could escape. And, if he left the appointed place, he might lose her for ever. But then that smile, so sweet, so bitter, so indifferent, so heartless! Why did she smile? Was it to give him an assurance of her truth, or to show him how happy she was with his rival? And how did it happen that Lord Charles was with her at that early hour? And above all, for what purpose did they drive in that direction, past the very spot where she knew he was waiting for her? It was all dark and inexplicable to him, and the fierce conflict of feelings that at once bewildered and paralyzed him, ended by fascinating him to the spot where he yet hoped to see her again. It is hard to relinquish such a hope, and lovers in desperation will cling to the frailest chances, as drowning mariners are said to clutch at straws.

Hour after hour rolled away, and the busy traffic of the day lulled into evening—but Margaret Rawlings returned no more.

CHAPTER VI.

The Sisters.

PEOPLE who show an eagerness to condemn the conduct of others in situations in which they were never placed themselves, are apt to lay the flattering unction to their souls that they would have acted differently in similar circumstances. We are all wise and judicious and self-possessed *after the event*. And very virtuous are we who are out of the reach of temptation, and unscathed by the sore trials of the world. This is the virtue which looks out from its draperies and carpets upon the bleak wintry landscape, and hugs itself upon its honest comforts; the virtue of the coward who, secure from danger, boasts of his courage; of the shrew who, after an unlovely and unsolicited youth, casts her scorn upon the blight of poor beset and suffering beauty; of the rich man, to whom want is an allegory, and who, when he denounces the famishing wretch that has stolen a loaf, is quite confident that he would rather starve than do such a thing himself. Alas! for all our self-reliance, none of us know what we should do till we are tried.

If our virtues were to be measured by the loudness of our protests against the vices, what an angelic world it would be! But virtue is not the negation of evil, it is the practice of good; and the most practical, and saving, and sweetest of all the virtues is charity!

We do not desire to apply this test rigorously to the opinions which, according to temperament and circumstances, will be pronounced upon the conduct of Clara and Margaret—we apply it only in such a minor degree as the nature of the case may justify. Most readers will, probably, find satisfactory reasons for object-

ing to the course pursued by our heroines. Many young ladies would have shown more firmness; if they had been Margaret, they would have refused Lord Charles point-blank, and abided the issue; or they would have done something else, instead of temporising so weakly and timidly: and if they had been Clara, they would have died before they would have given up the letter, or been scared into an oath of secrecy. We must here beg leave to observe that we have not undertaken to pourtray perfect women, still less women whom we can hope to reconcile to the varying theories of ladies who criticise such delicate dilemmas at a safe and tranquil distance from their agitation. We admit that Clara and Margaret might have displayed more heroism; although we are not so sure that every-day existence develops the heroic quality in sufficient abundance to warrant its adoption as a rule in such cases. Great faith, no doubt, may be placed in the prompt and sagacious instincts of women; but exigencies arise when instincts are confused and beaten down, and all that armoury of wit and skill, finesse, endurance, and high resolution, so potent on ordinary occasions, becomes useless and unavailable. Stern and obdurate strength is not the finest characteristic of women; they are most strong and most loveable in their weakness. In this aspect we discern their humanity, which brings them nearer to our sympathies; and even their errors and failures add a grace to our devotion by leaving something for our magnanimity to forgive.

Margaret Rawlings was placed in a struggle between Duty and Feeling. None can judge rightly of the severity of that struggle except those who have passed through it themselves; nor can their judgment be fair and just, unless, like her, they are of a tender and gentle nature, sensitive, truthful, and patient. The mass of mankind are more taken by rough and vigorous features of character than by such qualities as these. The picturesque brigand of the stage, with a few brave clap-traps tacked on to his spangles, hits the fancy of the audience with a lustier effect than the white-handed lover whom he despoils of his trembling mistress. In spite of his illicit proceedings, they like him better for the sake of his boldness. But we can't all be brigands. Some amongst us must be made of more delicate materials, or how should this mixed drama of life get on?

If Margaret hoped in time to harmonize the discordant elements by which she was surrounded, it was the inspiration, not of weakness or indecision, but of a deep conviction of the obligations imposed upon her on both sides. To reward her lover by the violation of her duty to her father, or to sacrifice her lover to her duty, appeared to her equally criminal; and any more direct course than that which she took must have inevitably led to one or other of these results. She put her trust in her own truth, and kept the balance of her conflicting anxieties steady as long as she could.

In such a situation Clara might have exhibited more fire and

energy; but she must have come to the same conclusion in the end, for she was governed by too strict a sense of what was due to parental authority to have actually outraged it. She would have dismissed Lord Charles, *coûte qui coûte*, and stood upon her right to do it; but she would have gone no farther; and if she couldn't have had the man she loved legitimately, she would have lived on in the pride of her heart, and died an old maid. As it was, she showed as much constancy and courage as circumstances demanded or permitted; and when at last, taken by surprise, overwhelmed with accusations that made the blood throb in her cheeks, and threatened with a vengeance which made her shudder, and which she knew that he who threatened it was too well capable of inflicting to its extremity, she sank under the trial—who shall say that, reduced to such a strait, crushed down by a malediction, having no time to think, no means of escape, no opportunity for destroying the evidence of a guilty complicity, they would have borne themselves erect through the ordeal?

From that hour a visible change passed over Clara's spirits. Her high temper had suffered a violent check; the sunshine of her gaiety was gone, and a heavy gloom had settled upon her life. Her lips were sealed against the sister she loved, whose sufferings she no longer possessed the power of consoling; and the grief which preyed upon her was rendered almost intolerable by her own self-accusations and poignant remorse.

In vain Margaret questioned her when they met about Henry Winston. Wild with terror, Clara clung to her, and implored her not to ask what had happened.

"Spare me!" she cried, flinging herself at Margaret's feet, and looking up at her with an expression of despair in her eyes; "you will break my heart if you speak to me about him. I can tell you nothing, Margaret—nothing, nothing! Believe in everything that is good, and true, and right—hope for the best—hope always, always! But spare me, my sister—do not ask me any questions!"

"Clara, my own true sister—I will believe anything, everything, but that you would forsake me. Speak to me, Clara—one word, one little word of comfort!"

"God of mercy! pity me, and show me some way to relieve this poor child of her great misery! Margaret—I will devote my whole life to you—it is the least my love for you can do. We shall be together to help and strengthen each other—that will be something—to me it will be all the happiness I can hope for in this world. There—be comforted—your own Clara will never forsake you."

"Dear Clara, be calm—be calm! What is all this terrible emotion? Will you not tell me what has happened? Henry—what is it? What has he done?"

"Nothing—nothing—he has done nothing."

"Have you seen him?"

"I cannot answer you. I implore you to spare me, and ask me no questions."

"Oh! Clara, into what an abyss of wretchedness you plunge me. This suspense is worse than death. I would rather you would tell me the worst—I could bear anything better than this. Where is he? What does he say?"

"Margaret—I have nothing to tell you. Don't augur ill from that. If you knew all, Margaret,—if you could look into my heart at this moment—you would see what I am suffering, and have compassion upon me. Let us say no more about it now."

"Cruel—cruel!"

"It is not I that am cruel, my own Margaret. Oh! no—you do not believe that I would willingly inflict a pang upon you—I would suffer it myself a thousand times rather. You believe that—you know it—you know how tenderly I love you; and I only ask you now to confide in my love—it is not much, after all the proofs we have given each other——" she could not finish the sentence, her voice was choked, and she threw herself into Margaret's arms.

"My true-hearted, noble Clara, I will show you that I confide in you. I am silent. I will try to give you no more pain. I will pray for strength and patience. You shall see how patient I can be." And Margaret sobbed aloud as she pressed her sister to her heart.

Two days passed away, and the resolution was kept in words. But it was evident what direction their thoughts took, and how their harassed spirits hovered over the forbidden topic. Margaret tried to glean some information from her mother, and watched every look and action of Mr. Rawlings in the hope of extracting a clue to the mystery; but all in vain. The darkness in which she was involved only thickened round her.

On the second day Lord Charles Eton dined at Park-lane. There was a small party to meet him; and everybody at table apparently seemed to understand that his Lordship and Margaret were engaged. This inference might be gathered from the tone in which they spoke to her, and the peculiar manner of Lord Charles, and, especially, from the pointed remarks of Mr. Rawlings, who obviously desired to make that impression upon his guests. The position in which she was thus placed for the first time, the inexplicable reserve of Clara, and the unaccountable conduct of Henry Winston, whose silence was now beginning to give her a new feeling of uneasiness, made Margaret strangely nervous. She began to feel herself deserted and unprotected. Then—and never until then—a sensation of pride (which always springs to a woman's rescue, sometimes before it is wanted, and never comes to the help of the other sex!) took possession of her. Had Henry Winston faltered in his faith? This was a dangerous question—it came upon her suddenly and involuntarily, she did not seek it, and would have given worlds

that it had never crossed her thoughts! Happy for her if it had not!

In the evening Lord Charles was unusually brilliant. His character in society generally was that of a man who shone in a *tête-à-tête*, or in a conversational group; but on this occasion he was universal in his lustre. He seemed to Margaret to have the air of a conqueror; and, worse than that, he wore his laurels so becomingly, with so much grace and ease, and was so thoroughly kind and gentlemanly, that, deeply as she resented the confession to her own heart, she could not help admitting that his bearing was faultless. But what had become of Henry Winston all this time? Why should he leave her in such a state of doubt and distraction? Why give such a triumph to his rival? A hundred such inquiries found no answer but in the woman's pride that resisted the first approach of the humiliating suspicion.

The conversation happened to turn upon a villa Lord Charles had been looking at in the Regent's Park, the style and decorations of which he described with the *gusto* of a connoisseur. Mr. and Mrs. Rawlings had been talking of it before, and had agreed to visit it together. Mr. Rawlings proposed that they should go the next morning, and, having many engagements through the day, he suggested the early hour of nine o'clock, to which his lordship assented. Margaret took very little interest in the subject, although she was frequently appealed to for her opinion; and was not a little surprised when her father told her that it was his intention to take her with them.

"At nine o'clock, sir?"

"Nine o'clock!" exclaimed Clara, thrown off her guard, and turning deadly pale.

Mr. Rawlings looked sternly at Clara, who instantly left her seat and went to another part of the room.

If Margaret had been conscious of the design which this early excursion concealed, she would have risked the worst rather than have gone. But she had no suspicion of any purpose beyond that of driving her out with Lord Charles; and having no reasonable excuse for refusing, she was forced to consent.

That night was to Clara a night of sleepless anguish. She saw that her father meditated something in reference to Henry Winston, and her head swam with the wildest conjectures. Nine o'clock was the hour appointed for the meeting at Hanover Gate, and her father, acquainted with the rendezvous, was going to take Margaret out at that very hour with Lord Charles Eton. Did he contemplate any violence to Henry? She alone was the depositary of the secret, and she alone could save him. But by what means? It was impossible to communicate with him in time, even if she were not bound to silence by a solemn obligation. But she could prevent Margaret from going? How to do it without awakening her suspicions, and reviving her fears in a worse form than ever? And while Clara was suffering all

this torture, Margaret had fallen into a gentle sleep, which, for a few hours, was shedding its oblivion over her griefs.

When morning came, Clara tried to persuade Margaret that she had a headache—she was sure she had a headache. But Margaret was resolved to rally herself for Clara's sake, and by way of showing that she was keeping her promise to be patient, she declared that she had had a refreshing sleep, and was quite well. As a last resource, Clara said she would accompany her—but a glance from Mr. Rawlings put an end to that device; and so Margaret went without her, and left Clara behind more wretched than she was herself.

Mr. Rawlings' object was to show Henry Winston that his scheme was defeated, and to make Margaret an unconscious agent in the mortification and contumely he desired to inflict upon him. The stratagem succeeded to perfection. As they swept past the travelling-carriage, which occupied a conspicuous position drawn up at the kerb-stone, with its blinds down, Mr. Rawlings directed Margaret's attention to it with a dry pleasantry of manner that made her smile, either out of complaisance or indifference—little suspecting that that smile, which used to carry such joy to the heart of Henry Winston, now fell upon it like a bolt of ice!

Happy Clara, when Margaret returned safely home without a word of adventure to relate to her! But she asked no questions, and did not even know that Margaret had seen the carriage that had been prepared for her elopement.

CHAPTER VII.

In which we meet an old acquaintance unexpectedly.

WE left Mr. Costigan shut up with Mrs. Stubbs in the little parlour in Duke Street, much to the good woman's vexation. Like the Irishman who captured three Spaniards in the Peninsular war, he fairly "surrounded" her, and when he got her into the parlour he took care that she shouldn't get out again till it was too late to do any mischief; improving the opportunity by supplying her with exactly the kind of dark inuendoes which suited his purpose, and which he knew she would lick into shape and retail to the utmost advantage. We should be doing injustice to Mrs. Stubbs if we omitted to add that she listened to him with profound attention, and showed as much interest in the affairs of Henry Winston as if he had been her own son, instead of a stranger and bird-of-passage, whom she never expected to see again.

Having completed this essential part of his morning's work, Mr. Costigan proceeded to the vacated chambers of his friend, and, collecting his disordered reliques, jumbled them together in a large trunk which he covered with a linen case, the key being sealed up in a note inside, and, attaching a label to the top,

directed in a straggling shaky hand to "Thomas Joyce, Esq., Station, Southampton, to be kept till called for," he ordered a cab, and drove off to London Bridge to discharge the last act his warm zeal had undertaken. That duty concluded, he turned his face towards the city, and in ten minutes was bustling his way through a dense crowd in front of Capel Court, where we must drop the curtain upon him for the present.

Mrs. Stubbs was tolerably fortunate, upon the average, with her lodgings. In the season she was generally pretty full; and out of the season she was seldom quite empty; so that upon the whole, to use her own modest phrase, she had no reason to complain. Upon this occasion her usual luck did not desert her. Few days had elapsed after the departure of Henry Winston when a tall old gentleman, accompanied by a lumbering young man, attracted by the bill in the window, asked to look at the apartments. It was in the dusk of the evening, and Mrs. Stubbs was not able to satisfy herself accurately what manner of man the new-comer was; but a candle speedily assisted her to a survey of his personal appearance, revealing one of the strangest figures she had ever set her eyes upon. The old man was considerably above the ordinary height, and very gaunt with a great head and shoulders, and long arms and legs. His heavy, bony face, dark and deeply indented about the mouth, with grey bushy eyebrows, had rather a repulsive, or, at least, a startling expression at the first glance; but this was probably owing to a huge pair of green spectacles which straddled his nose, so conspicuously as to suggest to Mrs. Stubbs an uncomfortable notion that he wore them for the purpose of disguise. His dress was equally remarkable and no less equivocal—a loose coat with great pockets, a monstrous pair of trousers with a broad stripe down the sides, flapping over a prodigious pair of dirty boots, an old black handkerchief winding in a narrow stream round his neck, the whole apparel being much the worse for the wear. Yet for all this uncouthness, his voice was soft, and his manner quiet almost to sadness, and, after five minutes' conversation, Mrs. Stubbs began to waver in her judgment. The stranger spoke broken English, and the worthy landlady took it for granted that he was a foreigner, a conjecture in which she was confirmed by the costume and aspect of the young man whom he called his "boy," and who, in much the same style of tailoring, was still more *outré* than the old gentleman.

Henry Winston's late apartments were duly inspected, Mrs. Stubbs keeping her eyes fixed all the time upon the strangers out of a prudent regard for such little portable articles as happened to be within reach. This done, they all descended together to the parlour to discuss the question of terms.

"Your *appartement*, madame, is very well," said the old gentleman; "it is very good for me and my boy—we do not want much, madame—"

"Attendance, I suppose?" inquired Mrs. Stubbs.

"Attendance?"

"You breakfast at home?"

"Breakfast? oh! yes—certainly."

"We do not generally undertake to cook dinners; if a lodger is ill, or any thing particular, I wouldn't object, of course, to a plain joint—but if you dined at home, you understand, it would make a difference."

"Yes, I understand—certainly, we dine at a *restaurant*, always. What charge do you make, madame?"

"Well, the lowest farthing is thirty shillings a week."

"Thirty shilling! oh! *c'est trop cher!*"

"I don't know about that," returned Mrs. Stubbs, "but it is the cheapest lodging in London."

"Cheap? no—no—madame. I think it is very much. Thirty shilling for me and my *pauvre petit!*"

"What did you expect to get it for, sir?"

"*Eh! bien*—if I could see my friend, Mr. Rawlings, I should not want money; but, you understand, madame, I am not rich. I come to London to see my friend, my good friend Mr. Rawlings—can you tell me, madame, where I can see Mr. Rawlings? He is my very good friend."

"Mr. Rawlings?" exclaimed Mrs. Stubbs, with an air of unaffected wonder, connecting this strange visitor in some confused way in her mind with the mystery that hung over her departed lodger; "Mr. Rawlings? Do you mean the great railway Rawlings?"

"Oh! yes—certainly—he is my great friend."

"No—sure! Mr. Rawlings your friend—then, perhaps, you know Mr. Henry Winston?"

"Winston? Winston? no—don't know Mr. Winston."

"Curious, and Mr. Rawlings so great a friend of yours."

"Ah! it is long time since I see Mr. Rawlings, and Madame Rawlings—ah! long time—I was a strong man then. I had my house and my *affaires*, and everything I want; but since then, madame, a great change has come at me. I am no more *agent*—*Les Anglais* go, one upon the other. Yes, all gone, and leave me alone with *mon pauvre petit*—certainly, we are poor now; but if I could see my good friend, Mr. Rawlings, he would do for me."

Mrs. Stubbs was slow to believe in the amiable side of humanity—she had had too much experience the other way; but the simplicity and guilelessness of this poor gentleman were irresistible. His attachment to his "boy," who sat looking on with a stupid face without uttering a word, somehow interested her, and, calculating upon opening a communication through his means with Mr. Rawlings, and, perhaps, establishing herself in the favour of that influential personage, by revealing the information she had obtained from Costigan, she resolved to take her new acquaintance into the house upon the best terms she could

get from him. A week or two, at all events, "couldn't hurt," she thought, and there was a chance of making a friend for life of the wealthy Mr. Rawlings.

In this complying view of the conditions, the treaty was soon agreed upon between the high contracting powers, and Mr. Sloake—for it was our friend, the agent of Tours, some one or two and twenty years older than when we saw him last—was regularly installed in his *appartement garni*.

Good Mr. Sloake was as innocent of the ways of London as a child. It was "as good as a play" to see how he was knocked about in the streets, with what an air of gawkish surprise he gazed into the windows, and with what timidity he would steal into an eating-house, and take off his hat to the bar-maid. Had he been in his teens, and come to London on a visit of juvenile curiosity, he could not have betrayed more apparent wonder and strangeness. But it was only his nerves that were affected in this way. The noises and the crush of human beings stunned him—the glare of lights, and the costliness of the shops dazzled him: that was all. His thoughts were elsewhere, and that helped to make him the more absent and awkward, and to expose him to a multiplicity of accidents. Hard was the fate that compelled him to forsake the grave of his beloved Eugénie, where, after five-and-twenty years of widowhood, his heart lay buried. But what alternative was left to him? The English colony, upon whose patronage he had subsisted, had gradually thinned and dispersed, and, few as were his wants, he was at last reduced to the extremity of distress. He struggled as long as he could to keep the poor shed from which he used to look out of a morning upon the solemn cathedral that enclosed the ashes of his beloved; but he struggled in vain. It was a choice between the living and the dead—between the dead Eugénie and the precious charge she had bequeathed to him in that heavy boy who had grown up into a sort of counterpart of himself, and who resembled him in every thing but his quick affection, for Eugene was dull and unimpressionable, although quite as soft and tractable as his father. In this strait, being very ignorant of the world, and casting about on all sides for succour, poor Mr. Sloake bethought himself one morning of the generous Mr. Rawlings who, many years before, had so munificently rewarded his humble services. Since that time Mr. Rawlings had become a millionaire—his reputation in the money-market was European—his name was connected with great loans and enterprises: would he remember the poor agent who had transacted a little business so much to his satisfaction? would he give him other commissions, perhaps put him in the way of setting up again? above all, with the power he possessed, would he provide for the *pauvre petit*, who had no expectations, no profession, hardly any brains, and not a friend upon earth? That was the grand object of his solicitude. If he could see Eugene settled, he would die content; but he could not die and

leave his boy alone in this desolate world. He dwelt upon the project day and night, until at last it took such possession of him, always looking at it in a favourable light, as to produce what seemed at first a cruel resolution to tear himself from Tours, and make a journey to England. He was many weeks revolving this step in his mind, before he could summon up the requisite courage to carry it into effect. At length a day was settled on—a miserable, yet a hopeful day; and after a long night spent in prayers and tears over the grave of Eugénie, he turned to take his departure, and saw the last of the clumped roofs of Tours through the haze of a drizzling morning as he drifted down the waters of the Loire.

Mrs. Stubbs made a rapid acquaintance with his character. It was as transparent as glass. She had a great talent for making use of people—a talent which more enlarged minds look upon with much contempt, but which is singularly valuable to persons of a mean disposition. Now Mr. Sloake was a perfect pattern of a man to be made any use of she pleased. He never suspected anybody or anything—he believed everything he heard—he would do anything he was asked—he would tell anything he knew—in short, to employ a homely significant saying, you might turn him round your finger with the greatest ease in the world. Mrs. Stubbs, accordingly, did turn him round her finger; although it happened that she gained nothing by her dexterity in the end.

After making him wonderfully comfortable up-stairs, and absolutely drawing tears into his eyes by her good-natured attentions, she invited him down to tea one evening, for the ostensible purpose of telling him everything she knew about Mr. Rawlings, and instructing him how and where he could obtain the much-desired interview with that gentleman. Mr. Sloake's ancient gallantry and tenderness revived under the influence of her kindness, and so, as the evening drew on, his heart opened wider and wider, and nothing would satisfy its yearnings short of relating to her, in turn, his own history, which he minutely detailed from his childhood to the very moment in which he spake. Their intimacy mellowed and ripened fast in the interchange of these genial confidences, and Mrs. Stubbs watched her opportunity to begin her revelations about Henry Winston, interesting his sympathies (which were always easily interested) in the first instance, and then proceeding from one particular to another, until she literally crammed him with all she knew about the young man, and a great deal more which she threw in by way of embellishment.

Mr. Sloake's feelings were painfully absorbed in this sad story—he pitied the youth sincerely—thought of his own son—offered up many a thanksgiving to heaven that had spared him such an affliction—and undertook to recount the whole affair to good Madame Rawlings, with such panegyrics upon the goodness of Mrs. Stubbs as, in the sincerity of his heart, he believed she

deserved. He thought Mrs. Stubbs one of the best women in the world.

The next morning was decided upon for the visit to Park Lane, and a long consultation was held as to whether Mr. Sloake should take Eugene with him. He was strongly in favour of that measure himself, from a private conviction that the moment Mr. Rawlings should see the boy (now far advanced on the way to thirty), he would take such a fancy to him, that the fortune of the *pauvre petit* would be made for life. But Mrs. Stubbs opposed that course of proceeding. She didn't tell him exactly the reason why; she merely indicated that Mr. Rawlings was very much engaged, and that it would be only proper to defer to his convenience, and let him appoint his own time for seeing the dear boy. Mr. Sloake's innate modesty and self-depreciation acquiesced at once in this view of the affair, which gave him an exalted opinion of Mrs. Stubbs' prudence and delicate consideration for others.

At ten o'clock in the morning Mr. Sloake set forth on his expedition, with his heart full to overflowing. He was confident of a kind reception from the benevolent Mr. Rawlings, and, as he couldn't endure the thought of keeping Eugene in suspense as to the result of his interview, and was, moreover, very unwilling to leave the poor boy at home by himself, he took him all the way to Park Lane, where it was arranged that Eugene should wait outside, till his father returned to communicate the happy tidings that were to bring their weary pilgrimage to a joyful termination. Eugene accordingly ensconced himself under the shadow of a wall out of sight, while Mr. Sloake ascended the steps to knock at the hall-door, not forgetting, at the same time, to make a triumphant gesture to his son. It was as much as to say, "Courage! *mon pauvre petit*. All our troubles are at an end at last!"

The door was opened by a grand livery servant, who stared rather impertinently at the visitor. Mr. Rawlings had all sorts of people calling upon him; but our lackey had never seen such a person as Mr. Sloake before. It was Mr. Sloake's misfortune to be helplessly ignorant of etiquette, especially in the matter of costume; and this morning, being greatly agitated by the prospect that lay before him, he was more careless than usual at his toilet, and, perhaps, never looked so negligent and slattern in all his life. It is the luck of these good, unworldly people to blunder away their opportunities.

"Is Mr. Rawlings at home?" quietly inquired Mr. Sloake.

"I can't say," returned the gentleman in powder; "what is your business?"

"Ah, sir!" replied Mr. Sloake, "my business? I want to speak to my very good friend Mr. Rawlings."

"Well, you 'd better leave your message, and call some other time. He can't be seen now."

"Not now, sir? But I have come a long way to see him. It

is no good for me to leave my message. I want to speak to him—I have a great many things to say to him. Message?—no—no. I must speak to himself."

"I tell you it's impossible this morning. What's your name?"

"Mr. Sloake is my name. If you tell him I come from Tours, he will come and embrace me. Ay! my friend, if you knew what is at my heart, you would feel for me."

"Stuff! If you don't choose to leave your business, you must go without, that's all. It's no use, I tell you,—he's not to be interrupted, and I must shut the door."

"No, sir,—you will not shut the door upon my face. No—no,—you shall not;—where is Madame Rawlings? She will never forget her uncle at Tours."

"Her uncle?"

"Yes, sir,—her uncle. Ah! you have an uncle yourself. *N'importe*—Madame will be very much *enragée* with you, if you shut the door upon my face, ha! ha!"

The lackey, hardly knowing what to make of this appeal, and secretly impressed with rather a supercilious contempt on the score of birth for the family in which he was serving, thought the best thing he could do was to announce this strange visitor to his mistress. He accordingly admitted Mr. Sloake into the hall, and went up stairs, with an insolent grin in the corners of his mouth, to tell Mrs. Rawlings that her uncle from Tours wanted to see her. The high-bred town menial chuckled over the humiliation which he expected the turning up of such a beggarly relative would inflict upon the rich *parvenue*.

Mrs. Rawlings was in the drawing-room with her daughters. The announcement of her uncle from Tours produced a different effect from that which the footman had anticipated. It was received with a smile of good-humoured incredulity.

"You must have made a mistake, William," said the lady; "I have no uncle at Tours. Didn't the gentleman give his name?"

"Yes, ma'am,—he says his name is Sloake."

"Sloake? Sloake? What sort of person is he?"

"Well, ma'am, I can't say. I think myself he's a foreigner."

"Sloake? Oh! I have a glimmering of him now. Bless me! it can't surely be the same! Why, girls, this poor man—Sloake? Sloake?—to be sure, that was his name;—well, well, how very odd,—why it's upwards of twenty years,—what can he possibly want with me? Oh! I'll see the poor man by all means. Show him up."

And Mr. Sloake was shown up accordingly. The grandeur of the apartment dashed him a little; and his shyness was somewhat increased by discovering three fine ladies in the room, not one of whom bore the slightest resemblance to the plain, homely Mrs. Rawlings he remembered at Tours, swathed in Scotch shawls, and carrying all manner of bundles on her lap in the *diligence*. But Mrs. Rawlings remembered him at once. There

was no forgetting the loose coat and great flapping trowsers; and there was hardly any change in the mahogany hue of a face that seemed calculated to last as long as the hide of a tanner. His hair was not a whit thinner or grayer; and the only perceptible change that had taken place in him was an increased stoop he had contracted in his shoulders. In everything else he was the identical Mr. Sloake she recollected slouching along the streets of Tours.

Mrs. Rawlings motioned him to a chair, put him at his ease at once, by telling him that she remembered him quite well, and melted his heart by asking in the same breath after his son. Poor Mr. Sloake was at home in a moment, and ran into a long gabble about his affairs, and the object of his visit to England; in all of which Mrs. Rawlings expressed much concern, assuring him that she was confident Mr. Rawlings would do any thing in his power to serve him, qualifying that assurance, however, by an observation which had now habitually found its way into all such promises, that Mr. Rawlings was absolutely overwhelmed with applications.

Mr. Sloake had spoken first of that which was uppermost in his mind, but he did not forget good Mrs. Stubbs, and bringing round the subject to his lodging in Duke Street, he opened with an eulogium on his landlady.

"Ah! that Madame Stubb—she feel for me—she make me comfortable—she is a good woman, that Madame Stubb—she love my poor Eugene—she feel for everybody."

"Indeed—never heard of her."

"*Mon Dieu!* You never heard of Madame Stubb! She live at Duke Street. Ah! madam, she was very kind to a friend of yours. You would never do too much for her if you knew what she do for Mr. Henry Winston,—she cry for him—she love him—it makes nothing for him now,—but Madame Stubb could tell you such a story of him. Ah! *mon Dieu!* it is a wicked world!"

"Henry Winston?" exclaimed Margaret; "do you know him, sir?"

"No, mademoiselle: but I live in his *appartement*."

"I don't understand," said Margaret; "will you ask him, mama, about Henry Winston," she added in a whisper.

"We know Mr. Winston very well," observed Mrs. Rawlings;

"I suppose you lodge in the same house where he lives."

"Yes, madame—what I mean, no. I live in his *appartement*,—he is gone—he will never return."

"Gone!" cried Clara, fixing her eyes upon Mr. Sloake. Margaret turned to her sister, as if she thought that Clara had the power to clear up the mystery.

"What does he mean, Clara?" she inquired.

"I know nothing of it," said Clara,—"*gone?* Did you say, sir, that Henry Winston was gone? You mean, he has left his lodgings?"

"Oh! yes, mademoiselle; certainly—*pauvre garçon*—my heart bleed to tell you."

Margaret looked alternately at her mother and Clara. She imagined that they knew more than they wished her to hear. But she could collect nothing from the expression of their faces; and when Mrs. Rawlings begged of Mr. Sloake to explain, she saw from the eagerness of her manner, and from the earnest way in which Clara bent forward to listen, that the intelligence was as strange to them as it was to her. Mr. Sloake went on with his story.

"*Pauvre garçon!* he was long time all wrong—would walk up and down, and in and out, and talk to himself; he lose his head, and good Madame Stubb watch him like a mother. It was love, madame, that make for him a great *bouleversement*. Ah! that love, madame—I could feel for him, when I pray at the grave of my Eugénie. Never, no more shall I see my Eugénie—but I see her in Heaven!—*n'importe! n'importe!*"

"Go on, Mr. Sloake—go on," said Mrs. Rawlings. Margaret held her breath; there was a struggle at her heart of doubt and pride that sustained her through this lingering explanation.

"*Eh! bien*—he go away. His friend want him to stay here—no, he must go. He cannot stay in England, and he emigrate all the way over the sea to America."

"Emigrate to America, Mr. Sloake; surely there must be some mistake?" cried Mrs. Rawlings.

"No, madame, it is very true. Madame Stubb think—she don't know exactly—she think the poor boy fight a duel one morning, when he go out with pistols."

"Oh, this is wild!" exclaimed Clara, "whom should he fight a duel with?"

"Ah! that is the grand secret, mademoiselle. I don't know—Madame Stubb knew that he love somebody, and that he take her off to America."

"She knows this?" demanded Clara.

"Certainly. Very good woman, Madame Stubb. She feel for him—she feel for my Eugene. She love Mr. Henry Winston, and want to stop him. *Trop tard! trop tard!* He will ship off at Liverpool, and Madame Stubb look in the journal every day for news of the young lady, but no, no news. She never heard no more of him since."

"Margaret," said Clara, drawing her sister away to the window, "do not believe this foolish old man. It is false, first and last. Henry Winston! oh, no—do not believe it."

"Answer me one question, Clara. I have stifled my heart rather than give you pain by telling you what I am enduring. Did you ever hear of this before, or of anything to lead you to suppose that there is any ground for it?"

"Never—and I do not credit one word of it."

"Then why have I never heard from him? What is the meaning of his silence? What has become of him? What am

I to think? What *can* I think but that some change has taken place that, whatever it is, must separate us for ever?"

"To that, Clara, I can say nothing. *If* he has changed, you should have better proof of it than such idle gossip as this."

"I have proof of it, Clara, in his silence. But I will wait—I will be patient. For *his* sake I could have suffered much without repining; but if I have cause to believe, as I do, that he is not the Henry Winston I once believed him, I will not break my heart." As she spoke she drew up proudly, but the tears stood and glistened in her eyes. Clara was terribly shaken. She could not help feeling that Henry Winston ought to have taken some means of communicating with her or Margaret. She expected that he would have contrived to convey a message at least to her, and although she could not have delivered it to Margaret, it would have enabled her to speak more confidently about him. But his long silence, for upwards of a fortnight had now elapsed since she had seen him, deprived her of that last resource, and left her incapable of finding any satisfactory answer to the searching questions and womanly doubts of her sister.

While this little episode was taking place in the window, the conversation was still running on between Mr. Sloake and Mrs. Rawlings. Mr. Sloake was dwelling upon the virtues of Mrs. Stubbs, and all she had done for Henry Winston, when Margaret, resuming her place, quietly asked whether any members of Mr. Winston's family had been in town to inquire after him.

"No, mademoiselle; Mrs. Stubb expect somebody to come—but nobody ask for him."

"That is strange!" said Margaret.

"Don't you think," observed Mrs. Rawlings, "I had better write to Mrs. Winston? This is a most dreadful business."

"No, mama," returned Margaret; "why should we interfere? This gentleman, perhaps, may learn something more, and let us know."

"I shall do everything I can for you," replied Mr. Sloake; "and I hope I may see my very good friend, Mr. Rawlings. It is twenty—two—one year since I saw him. Very good for him all that time, very bad for me. But now I see him, the sun shall shine for me again and *mon pauvre petit*."

Excellent, trusting, hopeful Mr. Sloake! the species to which you belong is growing very rare in England, and when we are fortunate enough to catch a specimen, we ought to make much of it. The thriving breeds of the Chippendales and Rawlingses will survive as long as there is a cinder left of the earth, and from our heart of hearts we hope they will not devour up all the Sloakes, but leave a few scattered over the surface, exemplifying to the end that innocent faith which finds it so hard to preserve its purity in this troublesome world of ours.

With many awkward bows and lively protestations of gratitude, Mr. Sloake made his *adieu*, and sallied out into the street in search of his son. The ingenuous youth was still crouching under

the wall, faithful to the spot where his father had deposited him. When they met, the old man could hardly restrain himself from embracing him in the fulness of his joy.

"Ah, my child!" he exclaimed, putting his hands affectionately on his shoulders, "this is a blessed day for us. We shall never know grief nor poverty no more!"

CHAPTER VIII.

Which dimly shadows forth the beginning of the end.

SEVERAL weeks passed away, and nothing more was heard of Henry Winston. Worthy, quiet, persevering Mr. Sloake, visited Park Lane regularly every day to communicate this important fact. Sometimes he saw Mrs. Rawlings, sometimes Margaret and Clara, sometimes nobody except the grand livery servant, with whom he always left a mysterious message, to the effect that there was "no news," which much perplexed that individual; who set every artifice at work to find out what it meant. But Mr. Sloake was too clever for him, and not to be entrapped by the confidential whisper he would drop into his ear, and the encouraging tone of voice with which he would hold him in conversation on the door-step. All this time Mr. Sloake was unfortunate enough to call just at the wrong moment to see Mr. Rawlings, who was either down at the House, or in the city, or so engaged that he couldn't be seen; and, day after day, as he returned home with the same story to Mrs. Stubbs, that good lady's manner, at first so brisk and cordial, became gradually overcast and somewhat irritable. Mr. Sloake ascribed this to the interest she took in his welfare, and felt even more for the disappointment which he was sure she suffered on his account than he did for his own.

One morning there *was* a scrap of news—very slight, very tantalizing, and leading to nothing; but Mr. Sloake was full of importance at having something to tell, and hastened to relate it to Mrs. Rawlings. Mr. Costigan had called in Duke Street to inquire after Henry Winston. Mrs. Stubbs thought this very odd. What could he expect to hear from her of Henry Winston, especially if that young gentleman had really gone to America? He could hardly have arrived there yet. She detected also a certain incoherence in Mr. Costigan's facts that increased her suspicions. He said he had been every day looking out for a letter, and, supposing it might be addressed to her house, he requested her, if it should come, to send it to him immediately, to Gormley's Hotel, in Cecil Street, Strand. She thought it very strange that he should be looking out for a letter from a person who had only just set sail for America, and to satisfy her doubts, she went in the dusk of the evening to the hotel, where she learned, to her inexpressible astonishment, that letters were received there for Mr. Costigan,

but that that gentleman was at present in Ireland. Putting these contradictory and very suspicious circumstances together in a shape eminently calculated to excite curiosity, she sent off Mr. Sloake the next morning to lay the case before Mrs. Rawlings. Mr. Sloake, for the life of him, could not help putting the best construction on the affair, but, in spite of his mild and palliating way of telling the story, he left Mrs. Rawlings involved in greater darkness and wonder than before.

As we are unwilling that any stigma should attach to Mr. Costigan on account of the evasive answer Mrs. Stubbs received at the hotel, we think it due to that gentleman to explain why it was given out that he was in Ireland, while he was actually marauding about the streets of London. The truth was, he was beginning to feel rather uneasy about the railroads. About this time the first symptoms of a panic were breaking out in the busy hives of Moorgate; the committees were issuing premonitory letters to their allottees; and Mr. Costigan considering, like many other noble gentlemen who flourished in that era of our history, that discretion was the better part of valour, thought it prudent to make himself "scarce," and to mystify all inquirers as to his whereabouts. There was nothing very remarkable in this proceeding after all, so far as Costigan was concerned; for nobody ever knew where he lived. He had always received his letters at Gormley's hotel; with only the slight difference on this occasion that, instead of getting them "the moment he came in," they were to be "forwarded" to him in Ireland—although he got them, for all that, as regularly and promptly as ever.

It is the easiest of all easy things to break the link by which two human hearts are united. The most trivial circumstance has been known to snap it, after it has stood the heaviest shocks. We suppose that its fragility is in proportion to its delicacy; and that the hearts the most capable of devotion and fidelity, are the most sensitive to wounds from those they love. There are men who will freely forgive an injury, but who never forget an insult; and there are women who will pardon the worst wrongs, but who are alienated for ever by the appearance of a slight. It is useless to reason about these matters. We cannot alter our natures—what we feel, we feel, and all that the severest discipline can do is to hide it from the world.

Who is there that has run through a few years of sweet and bitter experience that has not come to this conclusion at last? Who is there that has not sometimes been crushed by secret trials of this kind—deception and neglect, ingratitude and perfidy? Who has not fought this battle at the heart's core, and borne the unseen scars to the end of life? But let them lay up this consolation—that suffering is the great purifier and strengthener. If it beat down our outward strength, it gives us strength of a better kind—the strength of patience, of tempered judgment, and charity. *How little are we aware, when we are passing*

through these cruel hours of agony inflicted upon us by those we love, that they will leave an abiding compensation behind in teaching us to bear and forbear, so that we may never inflict a like agony upon others. The heart weeps, but the soul looks out clearly through its tears.

Women bear such afflictions better than men. They are more resigned—they have more hope and elasticity—they are sustained by a pride and consciousness of power that may deceive, but never deserts them. It is wonderful how they live through these struggles, sometimes without betraying their anguish!

A stranger could never have guessed the misery that was consuming the life of Margaret Rawlings. She was even gayer than usual—the effort to control herself forced her out of her ordinary quietude. She tried even to deceive Clara into the belief that she was not unhappy, and when they talked together about Henry Winston, she would laugh, turn it off, and speak of it as a foolish fancy, and say that she had grown wiser, and would think no more of him. Think no more of him! She would have given worlds to have been able to think of him as she had done only a few weeks before.

The mystery of his disappearance—the obduracy or heartlessness of his silence—while they racked her with bitter pangs, fortified her also with strong excuses for endeavouring to forget him. Whatever had happened, he ought to have apprised her of his movements. But instead of showing an impatience to relieve her from the suspense which he must have known she was suffering, he treated her with a callous indifference that first ruffled her pride, and then insensibly made her doubt his love. This impression deepened day by day, as week after week rolled by without bringing her a particle of intelligence.

At last there came a letter, at the end of five or six weeks, from Rose. With trembling and eager hands the seal was broken. How her heart throbbed as she ran over the well-known hand-writing! The mystery was now about to be cleared up, and all the old love gushed back in a flood upon her. No! she never doubted him—he was still the same—it was only his impetuous spirit that had broken him down—he had been ill all this time—very ill, and more wretched than she was herself—and for that instant of time, she loved him—yes! she loved him as fondly as ever.

But it was only for an instant. She had not read three lines of the letter when a chill fell upon her. Could it be Rose Winston who wrote thus coldly and formally to her? She could scarcely believe it; and twenty times turned the letter over to look at the signature, to assure herself of the truth. The whole substance of the letter was simply to announce her approaching marriage, in fulfilment of a promise she had given Margaret; and the communication was made with the most *freezing courtesy*, as if the writer was performing a task very

much against her inclination. There was not a single allusion to the subsisting agreement between them that Margaret was to be her bridesmaid, and Henry's name was not even mentioned from first to last.

When Margaret read this letter, which she did half a dozen times over, for it was very short, she felt as if she were doomed to have her affections blighted on all sides, and as if the beings she loved best in the world were all turning from her and deserting her. And Rose—to whom she had so trustingly confided her secret—that Rose should write to her thus! Who should she ever love again? Whose love should she ever believe in again? From that hour there was an aching void in her heart, never more to be filled up.

The coldness of Rose Winston pained her even more than the perfidy of Henry, which now admitted of no further doubt. In this case she had none of the resources of offended love to fall back upon:—those resources out of which we so often revive the lingering flame. Her spirit was bruised; and it needed all the indignant remonstrances Clara could think of to make her feel that she ought to answer this letter in the same tone in which it was written. And such an answer was manufactured between them and dispatched by the post. Clara wanted to throw in a little touch of sarcasm, but Margaret struck it out. She was too much hurt to indulge in recrimination. It was her first experience of the instability of friendship, and it had a desolating effect upon her feelings.

The despatch of that answer—worded with studied indifference—to her with whom she had grown up from childhood in bonds of the tenderest confidence and attachment, seemed to her to terminate all connection between the two families. It was the dissolution of her earliest and fondest associations. Sometimes she fancied that Rose Winston would soften and relent, and write to her again, as she used to do, and explain away everything. But the correspondence dropped out; and the next tidings she heard of her was the announcement in the newspapers of her marriage with the Reverend Pearce Upton, who had been just presented to a living in Devonshire.

Clara saw that Margaret was sinking into a state of passive endurance. She felt that her own suffering was more keen and lacerating, for, notwithstanding the strange conduct of Henry Winston, she could not relieve herself from the oppressive conviction that it originated in the fatal position in which her father had placed her towards her sister. This agonizing feeling haunted her day and night. Society no longer held out the least charms for her. She shut herself up to brood over the sorrow that was prostrating her strength, and slowly preying upon her shattered health. She took to herself the whole blame of everything that had happened; and this unreasonable self-accusation did not lack a sufficient supply of distressing little incidents to aggravate its bitterness. A feeling of estrangement

bad crept into the family; they met, and exchanged cold courtesies; harshness and reserve had set in and displaced the affectionate greetings, and open confidences that used to give such zest, and freedom, and vivacity to their intercourse;—and poor Clara, with her shaken nerves and bleeding heart, yearning to disburthen itself of its cruel secret, was borne down by that helpless remorse which upbraided her as the cause of all this unhappiness. Even the tranquillity into which Margaret had subsided—so calm on the surface, so troubled beneath—was a reproach to her. One word would unlock a load of misery; yet, could she have spoken it, how unwise and dangerous it would be to utter that word, now that Margaret appeared to be reconciling herself to her fate. It was better as it was—better to leave things to take their course, than to disturb that serene resignation by awakening feelings that might only lead to a still more disastrous issue. So they seldom spoke of Henry Winston; and at length a tacit understanding seemed to grow up between them that it was a subject to be avoided, and in a little time his name was mentioned no more.

As for Margaret, the course of suffering through which she passed could have no other termination than a resolution to cast him from her memory. This is a kind of suffering which all young ladies are anxious to conceal. The conventions of society come to their help in these matters, and set up a hundred fallacies by which they dress their looks, and disguise a misery which vanity hints to them it would be humiliating to betray. And Margaret disguised it to a miracle. It was not merely that her pride was hurt, but that her opinion of the worthiness of her lover had undergone a revolution. When this change began to be wrought upon her in the first instance, her grief was intense; but as she accustomed herself to contemplate the character of him she loved in a new and despicable aspect, her grief imperceptibly softened, and something like scorn and resentment came to her relief. She even tried to persuade herself that were he to return and sue to her again, she would sternly reject him. She really believed, notwithstanding many involuntary pangs, that she had succeeded in banishing him from her heart; but the dull, wasting ache she felt in that sensitive region, too plainly reminded her that if Henry was gone, he had left a sad and dreary void behind. Wrestling as she could with this total blight of her young hopes, she gradually sank into a condition of utter apathy. There was nothing in the world that either pleased or ruffled her. She moved through the routine of life with perfect indifference. The attentions of Lord Charles, which formerly fluttered and agitated her, produced no more effect upon her now than a breath of air whispering amongst her tresses.

Mr. Rawlings showed in this conjuncture a consummate knowledge of the plastic and tractable nature he had to deal with; nor, rigorous as he was, must we deny to him the merit of

being actuated by some consideration for the feelings of his daughter. In consequence of the discovery he had made in the suppressed letter, he suffered the week he had stipulated for her decision to pass over without any farther allusion to her union. He saw that it would be injudicious to press such a measure at a moment when the state of her feelings might produce a revulsion that would probably drive her to extremities. He suffered a little time to elapse before he considered it prudent to renew the topic; and when it was renewed, instead of re-opening it himself, he made a crafty approach to his object through the agency of Mrs. Rawlings, who was commissioned to manage the matter in her own way. This much was more alarming and decisive than if he had taken it in his own hands, for the trepidation of that amiable wife and mother, placed as she was between the two parties, gave a colouring of fright to her expressions that considerably heightened the urgency of the appeal.

Urgent it undoubtedly was; for railway politics were beginning to look very gloomy; and, although Mr. Rawlings had made a stupendous fortune that lifted him above all apprehension about panics and bankruptcies, he was well aware that when the crash came, which he knew was coming, he would be exposed, from the conspicuous position he occupied, to assaults and criminations from all quarters. It was of the utmost importance, therefore, to hasten the marriage with Lord Charles before these public disclosures should burst upon him; and he had already carried the preliminaries so far, in a conference with Lord William Eton, who gave him an interview very reluctantly, and only at the earnest entreaty of his nephew, as to arrange the amount of his daughter's fortune, including a liberal annuity which was to be tied up and settled upon herself. There was nothing now wanted but the formal consent of the lady.

Margaret questioned her heart severely; she put it to the most searching tests. But of what avail were the hours of solitude she devoted to this hopeless inquisition? An abyss was between her and Henry Winaton - they were never to meet again, or, if they did, to meet not as strangers, but as two persons who had reason to recoil from each other. What had she to live for, to care for, to love? What pleasure was there in her life that she should nourish it selfishly, and resist a sacrifice that was to make others happy - others whom she was bound to honour and obey? And if this sacrifice was to be made, the kindness and forbearance of Lord Charles Eton rendered it less harrowing than it might otherwise have been. The delicacy with which he had treated her all throughout, deserved her gratitude, and his stainless character commanded her respect.

Love there was none. That was gone for ever. Her heart was empty, and gave forth a hollow answer to every question with which she probed it. For what purpose was she to hesitate any longer? Who was interested in her refusal? Who would suffer by her assent? Not one human being. Then

there was the vindication of her slighted feelings—the assertion of a natural sentiment of outraged pride. She was woman enough to feel that—to be conscious of something like a slight thrill of revenge. But it had little weight in her final decision, for the idea had no sooner presented itself than she stifled it. She would not act upon that—she had loved Henry Winston too well, too deeply, to suffer such a thought to mingle with an act that was to divorce her from him for ever. The motive that decided her was her desolation. There was nothing left to cling to. All excuse or pretext for resistance was over. Why should she hesitate? Whichever way she turned all was blank and lonely—this way at least would contribute to the happiness of others; and for herself—herself! Oh! loveless life, what was there in it to shed one gleam of joy upon her path?

On a bright morning in the pleasant month of June, a crowd was collected about the pillars and portico of St. George's Church, Hanover Square, and a train of fashionable equipages blocked up the street. A ceremony was going forward within, the nature of which was indicated by the white favours that streamed from the hats and button-holes of the livery-servants who lolled round the carriages, showing off their wit and finery to the admiration of the by-standers. Presently a movement took place amongst those who were nearest to the door, and the people pressed back to make a lane for the approaching company. The door opened—every head was stretched forward—it was only the beadle with a grand staff to clear the passage, an office which he discharged in a highly dignified manner. Then there was a low buzz and flutter outside, and those who could see into the church perceived that the ceremony was over, and that the bride and bridegroom were coming out at last. After a pause of a moment or two they appeared at the door—the steps of a carriage were instantly rattled down, and the lady, closely veiled, to the great mortification of the curious spectators, was led hastily forward, and handed in. The whole progress of this interesting sight hardly occupied a second; and while the multitude were yet endeavouring to obtain a glimpse of the happy couple, the carriage which contained them vanished down the street.

There was a grand *déjeuner* that day in Park Lane; and when the health of the bride and bridegroom had been duly proposed and drunk, and sundry speeches were delivered, in which superhuman happiness was liberally prophesied as their unbroken lot through life, Lord and Lady Charles Eton bade adieu to their friends, and took their departure at a spanking pace to spend the honeymoon at Datchley.

A PEEP AT TENERIFFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A CRUISE IN A SLAVER."

TEN years have elapsed since I found myself one lovely morning in April, at anchor in the bay of Santa Cruz, the chief town of Teneriffe. The sun was shining with a brilliancy unknown in this humid climate, whilst the rich blue of the sky, and deep green of the sea, afforded a pleasing contrast to the white Moorish-looking town which stretched along the shore, the gigantic Peak towering in the back-ground. Battery upon battery bristling with cannon, met the eye, whilst a series of walls connecting them, showed that the natural advantages of the site had been improved by art, and added to the general picturesque effect. A fine mole extends a considerable distance into the sea, and great was the pleasure with which I placed foot upon it, as soon as the authorities had granted us permission to land.

There are few things more delightful than the first ramble through a foreign town, after a long confinement on board ship. "The gradual" (as Sir Bulwer Lytton says) "is a great disenchanter," but the change from European scenery and manners to those of the Canaries, is unbroken and complete. Besides the charm of novelty in every thing that presents itself, the Moorish houses, the strange trees, the gorgeous flowers, the costumes and the silver language, there is the additional delight of constantly expecting something new, and wondering what will next appear. I have known men who were at home the most bashful and prim imaginable, come out, if the expression may be used, under the high pressure of such excitement, and allow the leaven in their nature to exhibit itself although in a mild and subdued form, enjoying with exquisite zest any little adventure that might arise. Such neophytes, who in England could scarcely look a female in the face without blushing, have, greatly to their own surprise, acquitted themselves very creditably in a flirtation with a Spanish donna, and have even been known to take part with great spirit in a rencontre, or skirmish, after *imbibing* an opinion as to the merits of the various vintages of "choice Canary." Strongly marked tastes, however, modify general interest, and limit the sphere of observation. A friend of mine, ardent in heart, and most eminent as an ornithologist, remembers nothing of Teneriffe but the birds, which combine some species found in Africa with others from Europe. When eagerly following his favourite pursuit in Australia, he passed and repassed spots now yielding fortunes to those parties, who, recognising, as indicating the existence of mineral veins, the fragments of ore which my friend kicked aside, opened mines, and reaped the fruits which might have fallen to his lot, had the earth, rather than the birds, been the subject of his investigation. In like manner a botanist will be intent in his search after flowers, entomologists will be hunting butterflies, and ethnologists, thinking only of digging up the roots of the language of the extinct Guanches, will care little for flowers, or stones, or birds. For my part, I was ready to enjoy all these pursuits—the grammatical perhaps excepted—and set foot on shore with a joyful glee, which is even now refreshing to look back upon.

Having, as in duty bound, first paid my respects to Mr. Bartlett, her Britannic Majesty's consul, I proceeded on a tour of observation

about the town. I had not gone many yards, when nearing the angle of a narrow street, my attention was attracted by the tinkling of bells, and on turning the corner, I was somewhat taken aback at finding myself face to face with a drove of dromedaries. The absolute silence with which these creatures tread in consequence of their soft cushioned feet, renders their approach imperceptible, and it has been found necessary by the authorities to make it imperative that each dromedary shall be provided with a bell to give notice of its vicinity. A string of these quaint-looking animals with their burthens, pacing along in single file, most strongly impresses the stranger with the conviction that he is not far distant from the region of the Desert and its scorching wind, an impression rendered indelible if he has the fortune to feel the latter, which is by no means improbable. The dromedaries were unknown in Teneriffe before the fifteenth century, when they were introduced by the Norman conquerors. They have thriven well, but are so pugnacious and prone to break the peace at the breeding season, that large numbers are then taken to Lancerote, an island a few leagues to the southward. Here they breed freely, having the island to themselves, it being as dangerous for man to land there at that time, as to approach stags during the rutting period. An interesting experiment has been recently tried by the Dutch, who, in 1847, transported forty dromedaries from Teneriffe to Java, but with what success is not known. In many parts of Australia they would be invaluable.*

Santa Cruz presents a most favourable contrast in some respects to Funchal, the chief town of Madeira; the streets are wider, cleaner, better paved, and have causeways at the sides; moreover, they are infinitely less *odoriferous*. The Moorish style of architecture prevails, the larger houses forming four sides of a square, and having balconies running round them. In the centre of the open square there is usually a fountain, the play of which is delightfully refreshing; the elegant forms of many of these fountains might have afforded designs to the contriver of those remarkable specimens of fountal art in Trafalgar Square. Availing myself of a stranger's privilege, I entered several of the court-yards, and generally found them planted with choice flowers and fragrant shrubs, the *datura fastuosa*, with its beautiful purple flowers, and Spanish carnation (*pointinia pulcherrima*) blooming pre-eminent. Near the quay is a public walk adorned with a great number of tropical plants, which flourish exceedingly, and emit a perfume almost overpowering in the evening. The vegetation of Teneriffe is far more varied than that of Madeira, but as much pains has been taken to introduce European plants into the latter island, it is richer in certain genera than Teneriffe; still the natural capabilities of that island are immense, so fertile is the soil and so genial the climate. The houses in Santa Cruz are not generally furnished with glass windows on the ground-floor, but have green shutters, in which there are hanging flaps, resembling the port-holes of ships, through which the fair inmates reconnoitre the passers by.

* Since this article was penned, the writer has seen in that very agreeable work "The Cities and Wilds of Andalusia," by the Honourable R. Dundas Murray, that camels have lately been introduced into Spain from the Canaries. For an amusing account of the impression made by these animals upon the simple-minded countrymen, the reader is referred to the book itself, which is well worthy of perusal.

Lord Nelson lost his arm in the attack on Teneriffe, and the gun from which the shot was fired is shown as a sort of lion. The hero was struck just as he was in the act of stepping out of his boat at the end of the Mole. The only gun which commands this precise spot is in a semi-circular bastion, called the fort of San Pietro, and I have good cause to remember it. It was one of the first spots visited, and an adventure occurred which might have terminated rather awkwardly. Near the gun was a sentry-box, in which stood a soldier in a long grey frock, immense red epaulets and slouching belts, apparently dozing, having retired thither for shelter from the heat of the sun. Two gentlemen in conversation were approaching the spot from the opposite direction. My first impulse on reaching the gun was to stoop, placing my hands together on the breech, and glancing along the piece, to satisfy myself that it really did command the memorable spot. Presently some one called aloud in Spanish, once and twice, but I was far too busy and too interested to turn round; a third time the challenge was repeated, and immediately afterwards the familiar clash with which a musket is brought to the "charge," and footsteps rapidly approaching me were heard. I looked sharply round, and, to my astonishment, beheld the sentry coming full tilt at me with his bayonet. Availing myself of the instructions received in days of yore from my lamented instructor, Professor Bushman,* I parried a vicious thrust with a stick of iron-wood, my constant companion, which has stood me in good stead on more than one occasion. Before my opponent could gather himself up to repeat the lunge, the two gentlemen ran forward and demanded an explanation in Spanish, of what certainly appeared a most cowardly and unwarrantable attack. The soldier was greatly excited, but at last we ascertained that an order existed forbidding any one to touch that particular gun. In my innocence I had broken the order, and what was worse, paid no attention to his admonitions. His Castilian dignity was hurt, and he had forthwith proceeded to admonish me by the *peine forte et dure*. A *crusada nora*, however, made all right, and he retired into his box to cool himself after his

* I cannot permit this opportunity to pass without expressing my esteem for a worthy man, one of the many victims swept away in the prime of life and pride of strength by the late fearful epidemic. Professor Bushman was one of the most accomplished swordsmen of this or any other country. To the public he was most known by his feats of cutting through bars of lead, &c., at a single blow; but in the fencing circles his skill, especially in the use of the broadsword, was highly appreciated. The writer has seen him engaged many scores of times, and a greater test cannot be imagined, than to see him opposed to a formidable antagonist, such as Corporal-major Lambert, 1st Life Guards: there was a happy combination of grace, agility, and strength, in Bushman's style, which, with a remarkably quick eye, placed him at the very top of his profession. In severing the bar of lead, or leg of mutton—and I have seen him slice one weighing twenty-two pounds in halves, with as much ease as if it had been a carrot—he used an ordinary, well-tempered naval cutlass, ground very sharp. Having measured his distance, the stroke was given like lightning from over the left shoulder, slightly inclining upwards. With such rapidity was the substance cleft in twain, that the lower piece dropped on the floor whilst the upper scarcely vibrated, though suspended in the air by a string. In performing the 'Saladin feat,' he used an exquisitely-tempered Turkish sabre, with an edge like a razor. This he handled as if it were made of glass. Having hung a silk handkerchief upon the edge, he slowly raised it over his left shoulder, and then drawing the sword sharply forward, the silk floated in two pieces, he would thus cut an ordinary pocket-handkerchief into eight strips, the difficulty, of course, increasing as he went on. I regret to say that, three weeks after, his brother, an equally fine fellow, also died from cholera.

exertions, and to calculate the quantity of wine the coin would produce.

The Teneriffe affair, one of the few occasions on which Nelson endured the mortification of defeat, was attended by circumstances so remarkable, that the temptation of briefly narrating them is irresistible. The attack was made at night, and the boats of the squadron were ordered to make for the Mole, to land the seamen and marines. As they approached, a tremendous fire of artillery opened upon them from the batteries, and musketry from one end of the town to the other. Most of the boats missed the Mole, and were dashed to pieces on the rocks. Some, however, including that conveying Nelson, found it, and the men furious at the resistance, rushed on shore with a mighty shout. In the act of stepping out of the boat, a twenty-six pound shot smashed the admiral's right elbow. The limb sank powerless by his side, and he fell, seizing his sword with his left hand, determined, like Sir John Moore, that it should go out of battle with him. He was laid in the bottom of the boat, and the mangled wound covered with a cocked hat, that the sight of it might not add to his faintness. The bleeding was profuse, but Captain Nesbit subdued it, by twisting his neckerchief tightly round the arm. One of the seamen, Lovell by name, stripped off his shirt, made a rough sling, and so managed to support the fore-arm, which was merely hanging by the bruised and torn muscles and skin. They then pulled for the ships, but as they passed the "Fox" cutter, she was sunk by a shot; ninety-seven men went down with her; eighty-three were saved, many by Nelson's personal exertions, notwithstanding the agony of his wound. He was conveyed to the *Theseus*, and refused all assistance in getting on board, saying, "Let me alone; I've got my legs left and one arm. Tell the doctor to make haste and get his instruments. I know I must lose my right arm, so the sooner it's off the better." Unhappily, in the confusion of the moment, and from the circumstance of the operation having to be performed by the murky light of a cockpit lanthorn, a nerve was tied with a ligature by mistake for an artery, and few can conceive the intense suffering caused by this lamentable accident, which retarded for months the progress of the hero's recovery.

And how fared it with Nelson's companions in danger? Several of the boats were swamped in the surf, but by daybreak, about four hundred men and officers were collected by Sir T. Troubridge, who dashed on, determined to try what could be done by putting a bold face on the matter. Finding an overwhelming force of Spaniards prepared to receive them, he halted his men, and sent forward a flag of truce, threatening to burn the town if the propositions offered by him were not accepted. The governor, struck with astonishment at the determination displayed by such a handful of men, acceded, found boats to re-embark the gallant fellows, and at parting, gave to each a loaf and pint of wine, which it may be believed, were sufficiently acceptable. His generosity did not end here: he directed that the wounded should be received into the hospitals, and sent off provisions to the ships. The number of injured was great, and the supply of bandages not being equal to the emergency, a noble-hearted youth Don Bernardo Collagon, stripped off his shirt, and tearing it up, bound the bleeding wounds of many of the English. Nelson fully appreciated such chivalrous conduct on the part of the Spaniards, and not only exchanged presents with the governor, but offered to convey to

Spain such despatches as he might wish to send. The offer was accepted in a corresponding spirit, and thus the British admiral actually carried to the Spanish Government the important intelligence of his own defeat.

The usual evening resort during my stay at Santa Cruz, was the Plaza de la Constitucion, where all the belles of the town assembled to promenade. At one extremity is a fine statue of the Virgin and Child, of the purest white Carrara marble. It is to commemorate the conversion of four kings of the Guanches to Christianity, and at each corner of the pedestal is a statue of one of those wild sovereigns, bearing in his hand a most truculent-looking sceptre, to wit, a thigh bone! I am sorry to say that three of the figures have been deprived of their noses; report says by certain English midshipmen. This sadly detracts from the general effect of the group, although it imparts a savage aspect, which harmonizes with the sceptres borne by their majesties.

Connoisseurs in beauty will find much to admire among the ladies of Teneriffe. In the language of statistics now so much in vogue, the per centage of handsome women is far above the average. Their complexion is of the clearest olive, hair black and glossy as the raven's wing, and eyes dark, lustrous, and of unmistakable eloquence. Add to this a figure of perfect symmetry, a beautifully turned ankle, and well arched neat little foot, and you have a belle of Santa Cruz. Their personal attractions are set off to the greatest advantage by the natural grace of their movements and the elegance with which they play and toy with the fan, in their hands a formidable weapon wherewith to capture men. The costume worn is exceedingly becoming. It consists of a dress of black silk, and a mantilla of rich black lace, or satin with a deep border of lace, falling from the head, whilst the feet are displayed with effect by black silk stockings and the naggiest possible shoes. The lower classes wear a mantilla of the finest white wool, trimmed with white satin and gay rosettes. The fish-women are very prone to stockings and garters of gaudy colours. When adorned with these articles of more than usual splendour, they will sit by their baskets, with their clothes cleverly arranged, so that, without impropriety, a distinct view is afforded to the admiring public of the brilliant cinctures. A naval friend told me that this custom was a never-failing source of fun to our middies. These young gentlemen would watch an opportunity at the fish-market when some buxom damsel of more than common plumpness was seated in state, in all the pride of scarlet and yellow garters and pink stockings, and stealing up whilst her attention was engaged by his confederates, the most active would drive a pin well home into the fleshiest part of the leg. A *sensum*—a curse and invocation to the blessed Virgin, would be shrieked in the same breath, to be followed by a hot pursuit of the offender, but the fleetness of the middy would always baffle the sufferer, who would return hot and angry from the vain race, amidst the laughter of the bystanders.

Speaking of fish-women, I am reminded of a scene witnessed one warm evening. My curiosity was excited by seeing a number of the commoner people roving about the sea-shore with sticks in their hands, which ever and anon they seemed to be poking into holes. On approaching them I found they were "squid catching," as our sailors term it. When the tide retires, the squid, or cuttle fish, conceals itself under a stone in a pool of water. The Teneriffians avail themselves

of this habit in a manner both simple and original. Tying a cuttle fish to the end of a stick, they thrust it into every likely hole and crevice. If an *octopus* be there, he, justly indignant at this intrusion on his privacy, rushes upon the intruder at once, and firmly grasps him by means of his suckers. Thus is he caught. When a sufficient number have been collected, a fire is lighted, and they are eaten, half broiled, with infinite relish.

An object of interest to every Englishman is to be found in the principal church or cathedral. There, high above the altar, are suspended two union jacks, which fell into the hands of the Spaniards during Nelson's attack. When I saw them they were mere dusty rags, riddled by shot, and rotten from the effects of time. The Spaniards would have it believed that they were actually captured in fight, but such was not the case. They were washed on shore from boats which had been swamped by the surf. Several people were in the church whilst I was looking at these poor desolate weather-beaten flags, and their countenances indicated no little satisfaction at the possession of such trophies. Turning away I cast a last look, and the wind at that moment blowing on the flags, they seemed to wave a mournful farewell to their countryman. One of the officers killed in the disastrous affair alluded to, was Captain Bowen, a great favourite with Nelson. His watch and seals, with his sword, were for some years preserved in the council chamber of Santa Cruz, but in 1810, the authorities, actuated by a noble feeling, sent them to Commissioner Bowen, brother of the deceased, intimating, that it would doubtless be gratifying to him to possess these memorials of his relative.

It is singular that in one respect several of the ancient nations resembled each other in their customs, although no communication could have existed between them. Unlike the inhabitants of Great Britain, which makes a boast of its high civilization, these nations, long since extinct, took infinite pains to remove the remains of their dead entirely away from the living. Thus, one of the greatest curiosities of Teneriffe are the caves containing the dried corpses of the aboriginal inhabitants, the *Guanches*. These, like the sepulchral caves on the banks of the Oronoco, visited by Humboldt with great difficulty and peril, are almost inaccessible, and it is necessary for those who would inspect them, to be let down by ropes in the same manner as the sea-fowls are suspended in the Orkney and other northern islands, when in pursuit of eggs and eider down. The caves in which they are preserved are remarkable for their dryness. To this the extraordinary state of preservation in which the remains are found is due, more than to the rude sort of embalming they underwent. In the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons in Lincoln's-Inn Fields, is one of these mummies, and its dry leathern-like appearance offers a striking contrast to the pitchy artificial look of the true Egyptian mummy by its side. In this respect it closely resembles a very remarkable specimen in the same collection, namely the body of a noble Peruvian, a *curaca*, an order of nobility next in dignity to the Incas. Tradition asserts that he was buried alive—a voluntary sacrifice—and the attitude, as well as the expression yet remaining on the shrunken features, justifies the statement. This mummy is like a skeleton covered with light tanned leather, and is in a sitting posture with the knees drawn up, and the hands pressed against the face; the fingers digging into the cheeks, and the general

spect conveys an idea of the gasping agony of suffocation, such as could scarcely be conceived possible in a dried-up, eyeless, withered mummy. The body was found ten feet below the surface, and the wonderful state of preservation is to be ascribed to the dryness of the air and soil. The Guanche mummies were placed erect, the chiefs having staves in their hands, and a bowl of milk by the side of each. Of this ancient and interesting people, nothing now remains but these mummies, a few rude articles of manufacture, and traditions little better than myths. The race has long been extinct, and were it not for the sepulchral records, their very existence would have been matter of doubt. To them is applicable the words of Humboldt, who, in allusion to the extinct *Aturas*, says, "Thus perish the generations of men; thus do the name and the traces of nations fade and disappear! yet, when each blossom of man's intellect withers, when in the storms of time the memorials of his art wither and decay, an ever new life springs forth from the bosom of the earth, maternal Nature unceasingly unfolds her germs, her flowers and her fruits, regardless though man, with his passions and his crimes, treads under foot her ripening harvest."^a

One lovely morning I set off betimes with a friend to visit Oratava, a town about twenty-five miles distant from Santa Cruz. On our route thither we rather wandered from the beaten track, and an adventure befell my comrade which sadly discomposed him. Imagine a tall, thin, exceedingly precise man,—in the strictest sense a *correct* man,—with a stiff white cravat, which he was perpetually settling, a black dress-coat, white vest, and nankeen trousers, thin shoes, drab gaiters, and a pair of spectacles bestriding a peculiarly solemn nose. Imagine him mounted on a rather lofty mule with a Spanish saddle, sitting as upright as a life-guardsmen, but sadly incommoded by the shortness of his stirrup-leathers; armed with an umbrella in an oil-cloth case, which did duty as a whip, but was usually carried erect; crown him with a white hat, the brim lined with green, and you have a picture of my companion before you. He had a profound abhorrence of tobacco and practical jokes, a strong sense of religion, and especially disliked being placed in a ridiculous or awkward position. Our mules were scrambling down a steep bank at the foot of which was a ford of muddy water. "El Clerico" (as we somewhat profanely called my friend) was first, and turning gravely round to me, said with much solemnity, "I would advise you to look to your mule when in the pool, for I have heard that these animals have an unpleasant habit of rolling in the water as donkeys do in dust." Scarcely were the words out of his mouth, when, having got fairly into the pool, his mule, with a grand flourish of tail and trumpet, lay down and commenced floundering most vigorously. Up rose the Clerico, streaming like a river-god, with a mask of red mud upon his face and person. His first proceeding was to clear his eyes and mouth, his second to rush to the bank in a perfect paroxysm of indignation. Suddenly his attention was caught by his hat,—alas! no longer of virgin purity,—bobbing and circling in the water some distance from the bank: it was a favourite hat, and on the impulse of the moment he rushed into the water, seized it, and clapped it on his head. Alas! the hat was half-full, and he was deluged a second time. His breath was quite taken away, and having an asthma, it was some time before it was caught

^a Aspects of Nature, vol. i. p. 231.

again. At length he gasped out his settled conviction that this ride would certainly cause his death, for he should inevitably take a violent chill—and to him even a nose-cold was a grievous matter. Stifling my laughter, I wrung the wet from his coat and rubbed the mud from his nankeens, administering consolation, for some time ineffectually. At length he was prevailed upon to mount again, presenting but a sorry figure; as in spite of all our rubbing, he proceeded on his way with a limp hat and brick-dust linen, a fair representative of Don Quixote after one of his untoward adventures. Oratava was reached at length, and there he was enabled to cleanse and make himself comfortable; a few glasses of Tinta somewhat smoothed his mental plumage which had been grievously ruffled, but he did not entirely recover his equanimity the whole day.

Oratava presents the most charming contrast to the arid, parched aspect of the country about Santa Cruz. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the valley in which it is situated: the eye, pining for a green resting-place, has here its longing gratified by every imaginable tint of that grateful colour. Vineyards clothe the valley, whilst palmas, quaint looking dragon-trees, arborescent heaths, and gigantic laurels mingled with arbutus, impart a delightful variety to the scene. After a hot and weary ride, the traveller instinctively pulls up on reaching the heights above the town, and contemplates the panorama before him as if the Happy Valley of "Rasselas" was opened to his view. His meditations, however, will probably be speedily put to flight by very matter-of-fact demands upon his purse, as the inhabitants have a strong idea of the wealth of English travellers, and a pertinacity in begging worthy of the natives of the Emerald Isle—which is saying a good deal. Oratava itself is situated in the centre of the valley; the port is on the sea-shore, where a terrific surf beats with awful grandeur. The chief attraction at Oratava is the celebrated Dragon-Tree, undoubtedly one of the most ancient trees in the world. This venerable patriarch of the vegetable kingdom is not far distant from the town, and its history is very remarkable. The species is of particularly slow growth, but it is on record that in 1402, when the island was invaded by the Bethencourts and their followers, this identical tree was so large and so old as to be an object of idolatrous worship to the aboriginal inhabitants. Thus we are carried back to a period so remote, that the imagination can scarcely compass it. No one can look upon this monument of the past without contrasting with it the life of man. Human eye had doubtless never seen the island when this tree first sprang from the earth, but a sigh involuntarily escapes the beholder when he thinks on the generations, and even races of mankind which have lived and passed away since it was a sapling, and reflects that it will probably be flourishing green and vigorous after he and generations yet unborn have lived their allotted time and mingled with the dust. It is affirmed that this object of veneration of the Guanches became by a singular chance identified with the worship of Christianity; for certain monks, who accompanied the invaders, erected an altar and celebrated mass in the cavity of its trunk.

The age is supposed to be not less than four thousand years. The height of the trunk is nearly sixty-nine feet; from the summit there springs a clump of branches now propped up with poles; its circumference several feet above the root is about forty-eight feet; immediately above the root, Le Dru made it little short of seventy-

nine feet; the trunk is hollow, and the opening, now filled with stones, is thirteen feet in diameter. Two young shoots have sprung out of the cavity and attest the vigour of its extreme old age. Unfortunately one side of its top was broken off in the storm of the 21st July, 1819.

In conclusion, a few general remarks on the salubrity of Teneriffe and its accommodation may not be unacceptable. It is infinitely cheaper: in many respects offers advantages to invalids superior to Madeira. Some friends of mine, who were staying at M. Guerin's, in the Praza Constitucional, the best hotel in Santa Cruz, informed me that their daily expenses, including wine, board, and lodging, were only a dollar a day. I, being a bird of passage, was charged somewhat higher, but very reasonably. The accommodation for invalids a few years ago, as regards boarding-houses, was but limited; it is, I understand, better now. Funchal being the only town in Madeira, visitors have neither choice nor variety; at Teneriffe they may pass the time either at Santa Cruz or Oratava, one of the loveliest spots under the sun, and both towns are more cleanly than Funchal. To persons of a social disposition, the society of Teneriffe has superior recommendations, for there the wealthier inhabitants are very friendly towards English visitors, whilst at Madeira a line of demarcation is strictly drawn between the Portuguese and British. The climate of Teneriffe is much drier and somewhat hotter than that of Madeira, but the heat is not excessive. Several invalids, suffering from affections of the mucous membranes of the lungs, and who had tried both islands, assured me that they felt easier and respired more freely at Teneriffe. With respect to provisions, the poultry and eggs are particularly fine there, and although the mutton (like that of Madeira) is not legitimate, but from goats, owing to the absence of pasture precluding the grazing of sheep, and the beef lean from the same cause, the meat is, on the whole, very fair. It may save some trouble to state that sovereigns are not current at Teneriffe, and when there I lost three shillings on each; but Spanish doubloons, or better still, half doubloons, and pillar dollars are the most convenient coin, and current at their full value. They are to be obtained at most of the gold refiners and money-dealers in London.

THE BACCHANTE SUEGLIATA OF BERTOLINI.

Sculptured for His Grace the Duke of Devonshire.

PAN's reedy matins pipe—she stirs—she wakes;
In her soft clasping hand the thyrsus shakes;
The watchful snake that guarded her repose,
Glides to his mossy covert 'neath the rose.
Sweet form! relaxing slumber from her flies,
And dreamingly she opens her lucid eyes
In softest languishments,—she smiles, and now
Unbinds the drooping garland from her brow;
Then half uprising on her snowy side,
Her bosom heaving with life's summer tide,
One arm supporting, whose proportions round
By Cupid's self with charmed circlets bound,
Eager she explores the grove with searching glance
If haply beauteous Bacchus should advance.
Lo! the blithe god hastes from his forest lair,
And with immortal ivy crowns the fair!

J. C. J. W.

INCONVENIENCES OF A "SUSPICION OF DEBT."

BY W. H. MAXWELL, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "STORIES OF WATERLOO," ETC.

IN Ireland, some thirty years ago, an attorney was considered, as Jack Falstaff would term it, a person past praying for. His vocation was reputed to be unholy—the peasant apologised if he named his culling—and were the clodhopper a good Catholic, he would manipulate the cross, and entreat pardon for indiscreetly alluding to a profession, abhorred equally by gods and men. There were, among antiquated practitioners, some alas! though "few and far between," upon whom the mantle of probity had descended—and who, considering the unrelenting nature of their calling, were blessed with a fair proportion of the bowels of compassion. One we knew—Poor Billy Davis—a man greatly addicted to hospitality and long stories.

Regarding the inconveniences attendant upon what the Irish call "a suspicion of debt," Poor Billy could not in his own person plead a *non ignarus*. He never treated a bill of costs, but all contained in its eternal folios, ay, had their name been legion, would have been anticipated for weeks before. Nine months out of twelve, Billy declined greetings in the market-place; and although Sunday is held to be a day of rest, with him it was always one of locomotion—hinges upon his hall-door that held anti-revolving principles for six days, underwent a sabbatical change upon the seventh—and the county town—only two miles' distance from his mansion, was gladdened by the light of his countenance. Although appertaining to a trade the reverse of that of arms, in Billy's domicile watch and ward were duly and truly kept. In the country he was safe from all attempts against the liberty of the subject—his gardener was deaf and dumb—a man who never propounded a question in his life, or attended to verbal communications—he conversed by telegraphic manipulation—that could be effected through the hall window as well as in the open air—and should the intrusionist attempt an outrage upon the glass, why, had not the Deaf-un a stout arm and trusty pitchfork? And hence, Billy's rural retirement was absolutely safe. But law is like love—its course runs unevenly—and legal, like lethal struggles, when carried to the knife, must be decided with ample stage and no favour, before certain ermined umpires, who are always to be found at home in a place of evil reputation called the "Four Courts," a cluster of buildings, on whose very threshold the foot of an Irish gentleman involuntarily trembles.

The Tusculan retreat of Horace was not more secure when it pleased the poet to seek country air than Billy's *rus in urbe*, it being situated in that favoured corner of the earth called Connaught. In the great metropolis, his town residence was also tabooed against the progeny of Doe and Roe—there, too, he might consider himself safe from Philistines, and all that counselled, comforted, aided, and abetted similar malefactors. In the transit, however, between these Goshen-like abiding places lay the peril. Dick Martin effected

his incoming and outgoings to his own realm, generally, in a hearse, but mutes, mourning coaches, and disconsolate relatives must be hired, and these were heavy charges to defray. Billy masked his operations more cheaply and quietly by substituting for a coffin a cart of hay—a funnel, cunningly constructed in the top, gave the occupant a sufficiency of light and air—and, if the movement were but judiciously executed, in two hours he, Billy, crossed the boundary of the bailiwick, and might shake hands with a sheriff's officer should he meet with one on this neutral ground.

The town residence of Billy Davis was a quiet dwelling in a private locality called Poolbeg Street. As to the exterior of the house, possibly it would have been somewhat improved by a coat of paint and general renovation. There was nothing of wasteful extravagance within that could attract a passer's eye—no profusely-figured moreen, no elaborated brocade fixed the charge of wanton expenditure upon the resident community; the system observed was, decidedly utilitarian—and yet, in garnishing the different chambers, individual taste had been evidently consulted—the windows of floor *one* were blinded with a blanket and military cloak—floor *two* secured its privacy by the united agencies of a hearth-rug and a horse-cloth—the sky parlour, from its superior altitude, domineered the street—and hence, the secrets of that classic division of the edifice, *molles ubi reddunt ova columbae*, as Juvenal, an old pigeon-fancier, calls it—could only be explored by a sweep. Still the occupying tenant shrank from vulgar gaze—a dressing-robe, when not otherwise employed, protected one window, while the fractional portion of a table-cloth stretched across the other, secured the sanctity of the chamber.

We have been minutely descriptive of No. —, Poolbeg Street, and a hurried sketch of the occupying tenants, of course, must follow, as would be naturally expected by the reader, who already must be interested in this pleasant narrative. We will decline a minute inventory of household conveniences—enter into no chamber statistics—cut culinary particulars, root and branch—and merely premising, that the underground department was safe as iron stanchions could make it—that the lower windows, next in order, were bricked-up to avoid taxation and *espionage*, we will unceremoniously drop from the first floor *down the chimney*, as it is called in Hibernian parlance, to that erroneously reckoned *first* by the slow-coach portion of the body politic, who decline short cuts, and hence, attain it by the staircase.

The pleasant domicile we are about to describe was held in a sort of triplicate co-partnership, and the Cerberian community—as Mother Malaprop classically remarked of Captain Absolute in the play—represented “three gentlemen in one.” Like constitutional rights, each possessed immunities and privileges separate and intact, which, notwithstanding, were virtually incorporated with the other.

Major Anthony O'Callaghan was domiciled next the slates. He had served long and honourably with the Imperialists, but having made a vacancy in a regiment of Croatian hussars by placing a captain of the name *hors de combat*, for expressing infidelity in the snake-destroying miracles imputed to Saint Patrick, Major O'Callaghan received a brief notice to quit, and departed for his native isle with two medals, half-a-dozen wounds, and a retiring-pension unworthy of a recruiting-sergeant. No wonder, then, that honest Anthony was sorely puzzled “to make tongue and buckle meet.” What could he do, or any other

gentleman do, when thus circumstanced, but instruct tradesmen in book-keeping? He did so at a trifling cost, but still it was quite sufficient to seal him hermetically in his sky-parlour as a reel is in a bottle, or an alligator entombed after death in the shop-window of a country chemist.

Anthony, as fame reported, was a man of prompt action and few words. On the tool, and not the tongue, he reposed his reliance. His propensities were known to be pugnacious. The recording imp of the shoulder-tapping confederacy had long since booked him a dangerous man; and hence ungrateful tradesmen and the legal executive had as yet hesitated to resort, from personal fear, to active operations. The sap was held safer than the storm—a blockade was substituted for an assault; for Anthony's fortalice, by all accounts, would have been vigorously defended. "Hope deferred" holds as good in law as love; and it was whispered that some desperate proceeding concocted in an attorney's office, had been seconded in Banco Regis, and hostilities, therefore, might be hourly expected. As all mariners look out for squalls to be prepared against the coming emergency, Anthony, with prudential foresight, took time by the forelock, and added three slugs to the customary contents of his bell-muzzled blunderbuss.

Captain Maguire, the next resident gentleman, if you looked into Poolbeg Street from a balloon, bivouacked below the ex-major. His, the captain's, mortal career had been active, and it was lamentable that a bustling ornament to society like himself should be so soon obliged to hide his candle beneath a bushel. No man had more multifarious claims upon his country. He was a patriot in ninety-eight, and an exile for ten years afterwards. As he kept neither a diary nor banker's-book, the tenor—not "noiseless"—and avocations of his earlier life must be summarily noticed. He was what they term in the Green Isle an "at-all-in-the-ring" sort of personage,—an industrious denizen of the state,—up to all and every honourable exertion, from manslaughter to the manipulation of a marked card. He had done business on the coast of Africa with much success, and commanded a vessel that he called a privateer, and others swore desperately was a pirate. He had afterwards preached charity-sermons at a fashionable conventicle, as he averred for the support of negro missionaries,—and according to others, for the benefit of himself. From certain malignant rumours he had seceded from his spiritual charge, retiring from his labours with a dozen or two silver spoons and also the fair helpmate of his coadjutor. He next entered into mercantile relations with Flushing. There, again, his path to fortune was malignantly crossed; for it was roundly asserted by secret enemies that he carried military munitions from Holland for the disaffected; but others charitably restricted his importations to contraband tobacco. The mad-dog cry was loudly raised; and because he attached a codicil and signature to a dead man's will and testament, which rewarded his own virtues and good service with a behest of a thousand pounds, the next of kin to the supposed devisor swore that he was little better than a forger, and the going judge weakly coincided in the same opinion. Persecuted like an early martyr, Captain Maguire yielded reluctantly to the storm. A light dietary, with a view of the Dublin Haymarket from the Newgate side, held out for him no pleasure in prospective; and although Poolbeg Street, in the nomenclature of an auctioneer, would not have been ac-

counted a court-end-section of the metropolis, the man of multitudinous avocations imitated the example of the Austrian commander, and ensconced himself immediately beneath the household gods of that meritorious and ill-rewarded soldier.

Touching our friend Billy's sanctuary in the Poolbeg Street establishment, but little need be said. His department of the house had the usual assortment of pigeon-holes tenanted with taped papers, a rickety arm-chair for any straggling client who could effect an entrance of the premises, and a Pythonic stool with three legs, from which he, Billy, delivered his *dicta* regarding all rights, titles, and reservations then and there propounded to him,—felonious entries and re-entries,—batteries and assaults,—recoveries of dead men's effects, and compulsory enforcement upon the honesty of the living, who had adopted the Falstaffian doctrines that it is base and servile to pay. The miscellaneous property of this, the jurisprudential apartment, was designed for use and not display. A bundled-up box simulated a sofa in "garish day," while in reality it was a bed. A law-directory, one volume of "Prettyman's Practice," "The Coroner's Guide," "Macnally's Justice of the Peace," and "O'Mahony's Nice Distinctions in the Law of Murder," completed a library, select but not extensive. A map, extended above the mantelpiece, did not display the seat of war, but the succession of coming terms, with their risings and their sittings. While the chambers over-head bristled with implements of destruction,—some for the projection of dull lead, and others for making ghosts of living subjects by the insertion of cold iron. The worst article in Billy's collection was the stump of an eagle's-quill; and, heaven knows, that same stump, were its offendings registered faithfully, had done more execution in its day than all the six-pounders of a field-brigade.

It was a sweet June morning, and yet none of the inmates of No. —, Poolbeg Street, felt any inclination to take the air, beyond that quantity receivable through a broken pane or open window. Breakfast had totally exhausted the garrison supplies, even to the last egg-shell, and the most rigid researches into the pockets of the community, failed to evoke a single tenpenny.* *Ex nihilo nihil fit*,—which, being translated, meaneth that knee-buckles are not obtainable from a Highlander,—and had the commanders been skinned, not stripped, the effigy of the king's profile would not have rewarded the investigation. Occasionally, like other mortals, Irish gentlemen are at their wits' end: but never were three so regularly beaten to a stand-still, as the confederacy who tenanted No. — in Poolbeg Street.

"D—n it, Billy!" exclaimed the Austrian commander, "how is the rowdy to be raised?"

A disconsolate shake of the flax-complexioned wig, was intended as an answer to the query, and, in sooth, it was anything but encouraging.

"Here we are, cooped close as if we were under hatches in a slaver. Outside, one might knock a dinner out of a hand at luncheonet, or, as I have done before, come it strong for the next week, after an hour or two at blind hokey," added the man of many callings.

"We have nothing convertible into cash," rejoined Major O'Calla-

* A small silver coin then in general use.

ghan ; " for on the united wardrobe of all concerned, the most liberal pawnbroker would not stump up a one pound note ; and, as to goods and chattels—, d—n it, that is a knock at the door." He jumped up : " By all that 's beautiful ! there 's a fellow with a fish under one arm, and a hamper you could pack a fifer in, upon his shoulder ! "

" It 's a consignment for Sir Neal," cried the lawyer, springing up. " A salmon, as I am a sinner ! for long as the packing cloth is, I can see the tail and snout, and if there be not a side of Achil mutton, or a score of fowls in the basket, I 'll never demur to a replication while I live."

" Admit him inatanter ! " exclaimed the captain.

" Easy, my good friend ! " rejoined Billy, with professional discretion, and he proceeded to address certain interrogatories to the Achil envoy in the vernacular, to which the responses of the salmon-bearer were considered highly satisfactory. He mumbled something about compliments from Sir Neal's honour, and scallops from the Killeries,* and the imperfection of his English confirmed the truthfulness of his mission.

Forthwith the hall door was right joyfully unclosed by the maid-of-all-work, who had been a delighted listener, and a garrison that might have emulated Troy or Gibraltar, in claiming the obidional crown for its endurance of defence, fell, not by the treachery of another Sinon, but through the exhibition of a salmon's head and tail, the supposed body formed by a wisp of straw, and having no more substantial proportions than the person of a spectre. In the devising and perpetration of this felonious conspiracy, could mortal turpitude have extended farther ? What—were he in the flesh—would Shakspeare's fat knight say to this fresh proof of human villany ? and what, heinous as the crime might be, was liming sack to the entrapment of three wide-awake private gentlemen, and that too, by the nefarious agency of a fabricated salmon ? But though we could moralise for a month, we must sadly and shortly describe the catastrophe that followed.

The pseudo-conveyancer of compliments from Sir Neal had scarcely gained the doorway, and had thus safely effected an entrance of the premises, when he came to a dead halt, blocked the passage with his basket, and gave a warning whistle, audible at a mile off. The signal was promptly answered by a rush round an adjacent corner of some dozen " misbegotten knaves," headed by Peter Phelan, a scoundrel in " exigent and warrant " execution, not second to Jonathan Wild himself. This " black banditti," as poor Burns would have called them, promptly filled the hall, and Badajoz was not carried by the Iron

* There is not a more delicious shell-fish found within the four seas of Britain, than the scallops taken in the deep inlet from the Atlantic, which separates the counties of Mayo and Galway. So highly was this delicacy appreciated, that, in this neighbourhood, a peasant rarely came to ask a favour, without being bearer of a basketful, to induce the magnate he approached to give to his request a favourable hearing.

There lived at that time divers personages in commission of the peace, who were not indisposed to be mollified by a repenting criminal, through the expiatory offering of a fatted goose, or a basket of chickens. But one of these customary propitiations was frequently confined to shell-fish. Hence these mercenary distributors of justice were contemptuously designated " Scallop magistrates," in contradistinction to gentlemen,—and that class was numerous—who scornfully repudiated such paltry bribes. A hundred times the author of this sketch has been insulted by the tender of these offerings.

Duke in more off-hand style, than the fortalice in Poolbeg Street was by Peter Phelan and his myrmidons. What followed was like a fox-hunt—short, sharp, and decisive.

In deference to the majesty of the law, Billy, on the first summons, surrendered at discretion. The man of multitudinous callings unhappily stuck fast in a vain attempt at levanting up the chimney, and, when dragged from the funnel, he merely exchanged semi-suffocation for loss of liberty. Fortunately for all concerned, the major's blunderbuss only burned priming.

Of the several actors who figured in the passage of arms which we have thus hastily described, a brief but faithful notice will record their future histories. After a legal purification in the debtors' prison, by the errors of detaining attorneys, or through the leniency of the Crown, a gaol delivery was extended to all. The Austrian Commander mysterious disappeared—his future *whereabouts* never could be traced—and, like the author of "Junius," never could his identity be afterwards established. The Captain, with better luck, found favour in woman's eyes—he being fancied by the relict of a worthy citizen in the *à-la-mode* line. Ancient Pistol, a military gentleman of the old school, was ambitious of wielding the spigot; and Captain Maguire brandished for many a year a carving-knife, with much profit to himself, and pleasure to the numerous frequenters of his "cheap and nasty," as in fancy parlance, an eating den is facetiously called. He died much regretted—and rests in a snug corner of Bully's Acre—unless, as there was a shrewd suspicion—some of his customers in Trinity,* shortened his tumular repose.

No matter how tardily some gentlemen may come to book, there is one demand that must meet attention—all are expected to pay the debt of Nature—and Billy Davis, in good time, obedient to the mandate of the Judge of All, surrendered at the summons of that stern messenger, who laughs at prescriptive privileges—lays his fleshless finger upon a Chancellor or his crier—and is equally ceremonious to a pastry-cook. Peace to his ashes!

There is a pleasant anecdote recorded of an Irish gentleman of sporting memory,† who had for many years been sorely afflicted by law and gout. While stopping at a Welsh inn, an application was made for the modest contribution of a shilling to bury a defunct solicitor: the guest right willingly responded, by presenting the envoy with a sovereign, and earnestly entreated that nineteen more of the detested community should be committed to the grave. Now we would give the grizzly king his own choice of any score he might fancy in the Law List, if he would but return poor Billy to upper air again, just as he left it, in his snuff-coloured tights, and flax-complexioned bob-wig.

If, however, there be peace in the tomb, and rest for a solicitor, Billy's repose will be undisturbed—for a kindlier hand never indited a six-and-eight-penny epistle, or extended hospitality alike to Tyrian and Trojan—plaintiff and defendant.

* The Irish University is so called.

† The late Fitzmaurice Caldwell.

A PUBLIC DAY AT BISHOPTHORPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EXPERIENCE OF A GAOL CHAPLAIN."

"THAT man has not much right to complain of the skittish jade Fortune, who draws gently towards his end amid the shades of Bishopthorpe," was Sidney Smith's comment on the archiepiscopal residence of the prelates of York. The shrewd canon came to no hasty conclusion. Apart from its tempting appendages of patronage and income, and regarding it for the moment simply as a residence, Bishopthorpe is an enviable abode. Walter de Grey, the thirty-third archbishop, who purchased the whole village of Thorpe, including the site of the archiepiscopal residence, may be said to have built the first palace here; but much of the comfort and many of the embellishments of the present residence may be traced to the munificence of Archbishop Drummond, who "held spiritual rule" here something less than a century ago. The locale of Bishopthorpe is interesting, and its distance from York—three miles—judicious. By it the river Ouse glides sluggishly. Its waters, in fact, wash the outer walls of the structure, while ever and anon on its bosom are borne almost close to you—so completely does the main dining-room command the stream—

"The skimming wherry and the toiling barge."

Passing away from the minor attractions of Bishopthorpe, the beauty of its position, its undulating and highly cultivated grounds, the noble array of portraits which it contains—Lely, Kneller, Gainborough, Reynolds are there—it is rich in points of historical interest. In its immediate neighbourhood, almost within its precincts, Archbishop Scrope was beheaded, for his adherence to the falling fortunes of his lawful sovereign, Richard II. The prelate's murder—for it was nothing less—was perpetrated in submission to the orders of Bolingbroke, afterwards Henry IV. Trial the unhappy hierarch had none. To give the proceedings respecting him that name were a mockery of words. The celebrated Sir William Gascoigne, then Lord Chief-Justice, denounced the entire proceedings, and peremptorily refused to pronounce judgment. But a willing instrument was found ready to pronounce his doom whose life was obnoxious to a successful usurper; and in open field the ill-fated archbishop suffered beneath the headsman. His last moments, as given by Drake, quoting largely from Clement Maydestone, display remarkable intrepidity and resignation.

Being come to the place of execution he prayed, then laid his hood and tunic on the ground, and, turning to the executioner, said, "My son, God forgive thee my death, I forgive thee; but I beg this, that thou wilt with thy sword give me *five* wounds in my neck, which I desire to bear for the love of my Lord Jesus Christ, who being for us obedient unto death, bore five principal wounds in His body." Again he prayed; then, stretching out his hands and crossing his breast, the executioner, at five strokes, separated his head from his body. It is observable that the fortitude shown by the prelate was in allusion to his banner, which was painted with the five wounds of the Saviour. The execution took place in a field close to Bishopthorpe, on Monday,

June 8, 1405. The body was interred between two pillars at the end of the cathedral.

But passing away from the tragedies of "olden times," let us approach the festivities of our own day, and view Bishopthorpe during the episcopate of the courtly and deservedly popular Archbishop Harcourt. It was my good fortune to be present at the last of his three public days, in the year 1843. Unless memory be unusually treacherous, the date was the 21st of September. A varied and goodly array was then and there assembled, to each of whom a welcome, at once dignified and truly hospitable, was given by the venerable host. Several members of his family were then sojourning under his roof, for the nuptials of a grand-daughter had been celebrated a day or two previously, with all the gaiety and good feeling of weddings in olden days,—days in which the necessities of the poor, their keen enjoyment of a holiday, and their love of good cheer, were not forgotten or deemed alien to the occasion; and the wedding guests assembled at Bishopthorpe by that event had but partially dispersed. Country gentlemen, with their fair daughters, were present; cavalry officers from York barracks, in dashing uniforms, were dotted here and there over the spacious apartment; some strangers, literary men, and *savans*, passing through York, were cordially bidden to the gathering; while preponderating in point of numbers were the clergy, officially attired, and assembled around their chief.

The archbishop received his guests in the state drawing-room. Among them were some four or five *unbeneficed* clergymen, and it struck me as characteristic of the man, that he made a point of specially noticing them, saying to each some kind words of welcome, and giving all of them distinctly to understand, by voice and manner, that their presence there was most agreeable to him. His popularity was no enigma. He was ever, and to the humblest of his clergy, courteous and kind-hearted. Bearing gracefully the burden of eighty-six years, he conversed with all the vigour and freshness of youth. When congratulated on his health, he replied—

"I feel little of the infirmities of old age, except that in rising from my chair I am sensible, occasionally, of extreme weakness in my knees; and that in ascending or descending stairs, I am conscious of decreasing alacrity in my movements. But I am singularly and mercifully free from pain."

Pointing to an easy-chair with a high back, from which he had just risen—a luxurious-looking affair, and tastefully embroidered in worsted work—he observed, gaily,—

"This is quite an old man's chair. I found it here on my return from Hackness. It is a present to me from Miss S——, the daughter of my valued friend, Dr. S——, of Doncaster. It has only one fault, it provokes to slumber."

A few minutes more and we were *en route* for the eating-room. The assemblage was imposing, and one which could not be met with elsewhere. The gay dresses, flowers, and jewels of the lady visitors—the dashing uniform of the military—the black silk robes of the clergy—and the evening full-dress of the civilians, formed a strange but not displeasing contrast. While above us in the noble dining-room were ranged around the walls the portraits of the various prelates who had preceded Archbishop Harcourt in the see.

There was Lamplugh; and Frewen, the first Archbishop of York

who ventured on matrimony; and Matthew; and Raynbridge, poisoned while on a mission at Rome; and Kempe, the son of a poor Kentish peasant; and Sir William Dolben—what, a noble and intellectual countenance is his! and Markham, George the Fourth's tutor; and others of less note, a long array, wound up by Wolsey, with a countenance indicative of overweening arrogance, and an eye all passion, impatience, and intolerance. It might be fancy, but they seemed to exercise a discordant influence on the scene. Methought, they looked down gravely and sternly from the canvas on the revellers below. It was, doubtless, imaginary, but to me their thoughtful, calm, and, in some cases, forbidding features, wore an air of reproach, as the flickering lights fell here and there on the pale worn visage of the habitual student, or the severe and gloomy liniments of the rigid puritan.

Their stewardship had expired; their rule was at an end; their censers were quenched; their crozier broken; and the moral they each and all seemed to whisper, was one always needful and often forgotten,—that power, affluence, influence, patronage, form one great and solemn trust, faithfully to be exercised, and soon to pass away!

"Solemn and affecting pictures!" said my next neighbour, a portly gentleman, with an appearance of solidity literal as well as figurative. "Good for thirty thousand pounds," seemed stamped on his broad, florid, jolly visage. "Solemn and affecting pictures!" repeated he, observing my gaze riveted on a portrait opposite; "it's as good as a sermon to look at them! Indeed, it does me more good than many a one I'm compelled to listen to. It makes me think of that grand remark of Beethoven—'What puppets we are, and what bubbles we blow!'"

"Beethoven!" said I musingly.

"The same; he always spoke to the purpose."

"Burke, perhaps, you mean, sir,—'What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue.'"

"Ah, exactly,—Burke to be sure,—but one eminent writer expresses himself so like another, that you require a nice memory to give to each his due. Yes! as the great Lord Clarendon observes—'We are here to-day and gone to-morrow!'"

I stared, for poor Sterne occurred to me.

"Those pictures," resumed my neighbour, "always do me a world of good. They make me feel solemn, and drive away frivolous thoughts. Try that venison—nicely kept—and done to a turn. Yes, the images of the departed induce reflection. But as Madame de Stael profoundly observed—'What's the odds, so long as you're happy?' Pointed, eh? Yes: I agree with you.—Man was made for mental, not table, pleasures. You've passed the pink champagne. What an oversight! It's excellent."

The dinner was sumptuous, and served up with every accessory which refined taste and lavish luxury could supply. The lighting up of the table would have satisfied even that royal Sybarite, George the Fourth, who hated the "dim obscure," and "could never eat by twilight." A cluster of wax-lights depended from a splendid candelabrum, which occupied the centre of the table. This ornament—massive—of highly burnished silver, and of considerable height, was, as a brief inscription on its plinth recorded, a present from her Majesty and the Prince Consort on their marriage, to their friend, the Archbishop of

York. A comment or two was made on its exquisite proportions and elaborate workmanship. The prelate, to whom the royal present was matter of pardonable pride, remarked, with quiet complacency,—

"Yes; it is a *memento* of a very memorable event, and of a marriage singularly blest. The domestic happiness of George the Third and his Queen is now matter of history. An old man, who, like myself, can speak of it as an eye-witness, may be pardoned for thus alluding to it. There was no state union: strong affection hallowed it throughout. The Queen's very closely resembles it. Who shall limit its influence on the national morals and the national happiness?"

An elderly cavalry officer, if I remember rightly, Sir Charles Dalbiac, observed in how many traits of character the Queen resembled her royal grandfather; resembled him in her personal habits—in her love of early rising—her fondness for the country—her predilection for "blue water" and the "ocean breeze"—and more especially in her business habits and undeviating punctuality.

The archbishop listened to these remarks, but did not assent to them. Perhaps he was too practised a courtier to give an opinion openly on his Sovereign. Perhaps he deemed his position too dignified to permit him avowedly and unrestrainedly to pursue the subject. The conversation was ere long diverted into another channel, and he then said, *sotto voce*, to his next neighbour,—

"There are not nearly so many points of resemblance between the Queen and her royal grandfather as the public are pleased to fancy. Her mind is of far greater grasp and power. Then, again, her Majesty has the virtue of firmness—firmness as contra-distinguished from that very vulgar, and, in a ruler, questionable and dangerous quality—obstinacy. Firmness in a female sovereign may be considered invaluable; a quality secondary in importance only to lenity."

The conversation branched off to the new Houses of Parliament, then to Westminster Abbey, and its dean, Dr. Wilberforce,* and one lady mentioned, with high praise, a recent speech of the dean at a meeting of one of our great societies, and said that his "voice called up a thousand agreeable associations," it so strikingly resembled that of his late father, the immortal Wilberforce.

The topic was one the archbishop at once adopted and pursued.

"You scarcely know," said he, "how great a compliment you pay the dean, when you say his voice resembles his father's. I recollect it well. For alvery sweetness, clearness, and persuasiveness, it was unrivalled. No account of him that I have ever met with—not excepting even that written by his sons—does him full justice. More should be said of his oratory, of his tones of winning melody, of his powers of conciliation, of his store of gentle entreaty. There were few whom he could not disarm. How he despatched the multifarious business which crowded on him, puzzled those even who knew him best. Always in a hurry—always behind time—always in infirm health—always over-fatigued—never wrote a letter in which he did not apologise for 'haste,' 'interrupted leisure,' or 'want of time'—always losing papers which he had 'carefully laid aside and fully intended to consult,'—and all the while heading a party small within the House, but most influential beyond it. He was a remarkable and honoured man."

* Now Bishop of Oxford.

Something was said about his "mistakes."

"In a long life," said the archbishop, calmly, and somewhat sadly, "who can escape them? And when they did occur, how skilfully did he repair them? I remember once showing him some papers,—I mention the incident because it sketches the man,—which bore indirectly, but pertinently, upon the slave question. He instantly begged the loan of them. They were not my own, and I hesitated. He plied me with entreaties, and at length I gave way, but on one condition, that by a certain day and hour which I named, they should be replaced in my possession. 'Certainly; without fail.' 'May I depend on you?' 'Unquestionably' was the reply. The appointed period arrived, and at length Mr. Wilberforce. He was nearly an hour behind time, and had *mislaid the papers!* He was 'convinced they were not destroyed, but find them he could not.' I felt displeased and harassed, for I thought I had been trifled with; and my chagrin was deepened by the reflection, that these papers were indispensable to me as vouchers for certain statements I wished to make in another place. How could I supply the evidence they contained? How could I explain their absence? In every point of view my position was disagreeable. However, the carriage was at the door, and we drove down towards Parliament Street. On our way thither, such was the charm of his conversation, such the irresistible persuasion of his manner, that I forgot all my annoyance at his carelessness; not one particle of displeasure could I rally against him; and our drive ended with his obtaining from me a ready promise of a small living then vacant, which he was anxious to secure for some deserving *protégé*. Never did human being possess more thoroughly the power to conciliate and persuade! Living he had no equal, and dying he has left no successor."

Coffee was now announced; for the *sederunt* after dinner was judiciously short. Protracted devotion to the wine-flask there could be none. And wise was the arrangement. My next neighbour—the Clarendon student—obeyed the summons reluctantly, and left his port—"claret he abhorred"—with a somewhat audible sigh.

Looking round with a farewell glance—

"Pleasant!" said he, "pleasant! and all in very good taste, but *rather too decorous!* I am looking," he continued, peering about earnestly at the walls, his eyes twinkling somewhat oddly, and his speech slightly, very slightly indistinct—let me add for the honour of the cloth that *he was a layman*—"I am looking for Archbishop Drummond. I can't find him. And yet to a certainty he hangs there. Ah! he was a model of an archbishop. I've heard my grandfather say, who duly paid his respects to his clerical head for a matter of fifteen years, that Archbishop Drummond's public days were days of the right sort. Then the dinner was held at the homely hour of two. A nice hot supper came on at eight. And after supper, when the ladies had retired, and the majority of his guests had departed, his grace used to withdraw, doff his dignified attire, put on a plain habit, and return to the company, by that time reduced to a chosen few. Taking the head of the table, he was wont to say in a sonorous voice—'I have to announce to ye, gentlemen, that his grace has retired; we shall see no more of the archbishop to-night, his grace has gone to bed.' Here he pushed the bottle. 'His grace has now laid his head upon his pillow.' Another push. 'His grace dozes.' An-

other. 'His grace is in a state of happy unconsciousness,' Another. Then, after a brief pause, 'his grace is as fast as the church. So circumstanced, we'll drink his good health and a dreamless night's rest to him.' Then followed a merry hour, when all formality was at an end. No such times now. *They went out with Archbishop Drummond. Ah, he was a model of an archbishop, dear blessed man!*"

"Not bad that," said an amused young dragoon, who had lost not one syllable of the stout gentleman's lament. "Now that explains," continued he with wicked gravity, "what has often puzzled me. At public dinners a toast is rarely omitted: 'The bishop and clergy of the diocese,' followed by the glee, 'With a jolly full bottle.' I used to think this a strange sequence. Your story, sir, of Archbishop Drummond, suggests the pendant—might he not have introduced it?"

"It is more than probable," said the stout gentleman complacently, in horrible unconsciousness of the quizzing he was undergoing, and of the roars of laughter which his *gaucherie* would originate at the next day's mess.

We returned to the drawing-room for coffee. Soon afterwards, watching his opportunity, our host silently and stealthily withdrew through a small door at the further end of the room, which led to his private apartments. But before he retired, there was a trait of feeling manifested which proved that age had had no power to chill the finer affections of the heart. Addressing an elderly clergyman who had recently come into the diocese, the prelate said,—

"You were at Westminster, I think? at least so I inferred from a remark of my excellent chaplain, Mr. Dixon."

"Your grace's supposition is correct."

"Were you in college?"

"No, my lord; I was not so fortunate."

"Under Carey or Page?"

"Under both."

"Ah, indeed! then you must have been contemporary with my sons. One I lost in 'the shell'—full of promise—the victim of his own kind-heartedness—a noble boy! He was returning home for the summer vacation, and gave up his outside seat to an invalid lady who could not travel with any comfort inside. His *vis-à-vis* was an old woman, a nurse, who had a bundle of clothes on her lap, which proved afterwards to have been worn by a party who had died of typhus fever. My boy complained the moment he entered the coach of the faint, close, stifling atmosphere within. And with reason. It was loaded with infection, and contained the seeds of death. He at once sickened and died. Poor fellow! he was singularly amiable and popular—popular in the best sense of the word—with the fags below him, and the seniors above him."

"I do not, I regret to say, recollect him."

"But I do," said the venerable prelate, slowly and tenderly; "daily, and to this hour. Many years have passed since I lost him. But he is often present to me. I have never forgotten him. You have heard it said that '*oblivion quickly shrouds the departed*.'* I

* It was the remark of Mrs. —, a lady who sat within three of the archbishop; a sentiment which was controverted, but which the fair speaker very skillfully maintained.

never could understand this feeling—never could realize it. Do we ever wholly forget those whom we have deeply loved? I think not."

The tone of melancholy and deep feeling with which the aged prelate spoke was touching. He to whom his remarks were addressed was silent under their influence. The speaker looked up expecting a reply. Receiving none, he bent his eyes kindly on his humble guest, and slowly murmured, "I see you understand me."

Unexpected circumstances gave me the next morning an opportunity of going over the grounds. They were in a high state of cultivation; laid out with great taste, and well merited inspection.

I said as much to the gardener, a severe-looking, crusty old body, who attended me.

"Ah!—bumph!—well! You'll not find many about this place who'll say 'amen' to that," was his reply.

"Why?"

"They look down on Bishopthorpe—their minds are elsewhere; his Grace takes but slight account of it himself; he's all for Nuneham!"

"On what grounds?"

"Because," said my guide sturdily, "it be a place he have to leave."

"If it comes to that, honest friend," said I, "we shall all have to leave—in turn—separately—some of us very unexpectedly, and all of us inevitably."

"And a blessed truth too!" exclaimed the old man; "and one that to the aged is far from unwelcome. Who would wish to linger on here digging, and delving, and watering, and pruning for ever? The Saints be praised there's none of that work, I take it, in the Great Garden above."

"There is rest there——"

"None *here*," he struck in quickly; "and scant praise. As for Nuneham, I wish with all my heart it was in the depths of the sea."

"Why speak so angrily?"

"We are but earthen vessels," was his reply: "the old Adam is strong, and the sap *will* rise. If his Grace didn't own Nuneham he would spend more of his time here—I should have more of the quality in *my* (!) gardens; my flowers would be more looked at; my turf would be more admired; and my budding more regarded. As it is, everything gives place to Nuneham. And why? Because Nuneham is an inheritance—and this is a mere breath and body affair. Nuneham will go down to his *own flesh and blood*! Uh! I hate the mention of it."

"So, then, there's discontent in the palace as well as in the cottage," said I with a sigh.

"Not exactly, sir; but there are always two lights in which to look at a picture, a fact, a flower, and everything else. Flesh and blood will rise. Praise is comely. *We all like a scrap of laurel be it ever so small!*"

"Agreed."

"As for Nuneham——"

"Let it flourish," said I calmly; "it can't be in better hands."

"But it might be better placed! At the bottom of the Ouse, for instance?" suggested the old man bitterly: "we are, sir,—we are——"

"But 'earthen vessels'" said I, "beyond all question;" and, moralising, commenced my walk homewards.

A DIGNITY BALL IN THE SEYCHELLES.

Some four or five years ago, I was on board a man-of-war east of the Cape. We had been about three months at sea, and as our crew was numerous, and our consumption proportionably great, we ran short of water. It consequently became necessary that we should call at some port to obtain a fresh supply; and, after due deliberation, it was determined that, with this object, we should visit the Seychelles.

These islands lie on the coast of Africa, in four deg. south latitude. Mahé, their chief, is about twenty-two miles long, and possesses great inequality of surface. Though scarce nine miles wide, the mountain chain which runs its whole length, and divides it not unequally, rises occasionally to an elevation of two thousand feet, and, from its close vicinity to the sea, possesses an Alpine character. At right angles to the main range, spurs of the same precipitous description shoot themselves boldly down into the water; these are covered with forest; and between them numerous streams make their way to the ocean in a succession of waterfalls. Roads there are none, beyond a few short footpaths; for the bold headlands isolate the tracts of country which lie between them. One of these, the largest within view, formed the side of the bay in which we moored. It contained a considerable extent of level ground, and was separated from the interior of the island by a wall of rock, which appeared to be cut out of the main range, and occasionally rose to a perpendicular elevation of three hundred feet. Through the centre of this plain flowed a little river, and upon its banks, and along the beach, stood the provincial capital.

As soon as breakfast was over, we prepared to land, no easy matter to those who were unacquainted with the roadstead, as the shallow water near shore was positively bristling with coral rocks, from whose sharp points the bottom of the boat got some awkward knocks. The first thing that struck me, on putting foot to ground, was the foreign aspect of the place: the architecture of the houses, and the costume of the women, who wore a silk handkerchief twisted in a particular fashion round the head, sufficiently indicating the country of the original colonists. Had any doubt existed, it would have been dispelled by what Charles Mathews, in his "Trip to Calais," used to call the remarkable fact of all the little children speaking French. Our first object was to refresh our land appetite with fruit, and this accomplished, I accompanied our worthy commander to Government-house, to which one of the numerous negroes who were grinning around undertook to conduct us.

The little metropolis, as we passed through it, appeared to have been once handsome. The French understand the laying out of towns better than we do. Let him go where he will an Englishman is always the same. He carries with him his habits and his prejudices, and indulges them, without any reference to their utter unappropriateness to their new locality. I have seen an English four-in-hand in Rome, in the dog days, with the grooms in buckskin breeches, top-boats, and coats buttoned up to the throat,

clothed precisely as they would have been in a London December. In the same way, in our towns in the Pacific, with an atmosphere as hot as Gibraltar, we have built houses, with rooms fourteen feet square, such as the soul of the citizen rejoices in in the Clapham-road. After a similar fashion, in founding our colonial capitals we have exhibited in the wilderness an economy of ground which would have been rational in Cheapside, and have crammed the buildings close together, omitting entirely the gardens, and groves, and avenues which give such charms to the villages of Southern Germany and France. It was on the model of these apparently that Mahé had been built. Towards the street, the houses rose without anything to separate them from the pavement, the ground floor being chiefly used for waterrooms, while the first and upper flats were devoted to the residence of the family. On the other side, they had gardens attached to them; surrounded with lofty walls, and filled with timber trees, remarkable for the broad-leaved foliage which characterises African vegetation. Some of the houses were very handsome, and would have done honour to the Quartier St. Germain. At the upper end of one of the streets, which for the most part descended in a straight line from the high back ground to the bay, stood Government-house. It was not such a vice-regal residence as we should have erected. Had we affected simplicity, we should have made it, "tall, square, and angular" like, as Horace Walpole expresses it, "a town house walked out to take the air." Had we been more ambitious, we should have created, and I but describe what has been created, a hydra in stone and lime, with Elizabethan windows, Norman towers, a Saracenic entrance hall, and Indian minarets. The French had done neither; they had simply built a residence corresponding to the wants of the climate and the country. It was a large and long villa, with projecting roof, and of two stories, the lower of which was occupied by the servants. Originally handsome, it was in a sad state of decay, the outer walls showing in every direction symptoms of the want of repair. Around it were grounds several acres in extent; but they were in good order, and profusely furnished with every variety of tree, and shrub and flower. They were what Repton would have called "well tumbled;" the little river, which in the lower part of its course watered the town, enlivened them with a dozen mimic cascades, their turf in its verdure would have shamed the Emerald Isle, and though the sun was blazing over head, their shade under the large and leafy branches was cool and delicious. Altogether, notwithstanding the air of neglect which marked the fences and the edifice, the place had a charm about it, which possesses a power over me, even in its memory.

The entrance to this terrestrial paradise was guarded by two beings, who had as little of the angel about them as can well be imagined. In other words, they were a couple of negroes, whose shining faces appeared above coats, which in colour and pattern were an accurate copy of the garment worn by our Metropolitan Police. A pair of white duck trousers, clothed the lower man, while hats of the true police character, in shape and material covered their upper extremities. Soldiers in the island there are none, and some dozen of these fellows were all that were possessed by the Government to vindicate the majesty of the law. By them we were conducted to the Go-

vernor, or as he is called—for the Seychelles are a dependency of the Mauritius—the Commissioner. I am not disposed to follow the example which has been too generally set of late, of violating the privacy of domestic life. I will simply say that I never met any man who afforded a better specimen of the English gentleman, both in mind and manners; and that during our sojourn in the island, he did everything in his power, by unremitting attention and a daily hospitality, to make our visit agreeable. When our call was over, we employed ourselves until the dinner hour in sauntering about the town. Everything spoke of decay. Mahé is a seaport, but none ever exhibited less than it now does of a seaport's bustle. On its quays I did not observe a single individual. Here and there might be seen a few black women returning to their residences in the country, from the town market to which they had in the morning brought vegetables or fruit; but with the exception of them, there were no signs of human existence. The greater portion of the inhabitants had closed their windows and betaken themselves to their siesta, while some ten or twelve of the magnates of the place were met in a wine store, which I afterwards learned was their daily rendezvous, and which, in fact, answered the purpose of a club-house. But everything evinced a sinking city and a sluggish population; the wharves were ruinous, the houses unoccupied, the streets silent and deserted. All formed so strong a contrast to the energy which must have been necessary to create them, that I could not help endeavouring to ascertain its cause. To my questions the universal answer was *emancipation*. While under French rule Mahé possessed a slave population, and produced a considerable quantity of cotton, which I was informed had been of a very high quality, and which from its commanding a protected market, had brought great profits to the owners. In those palmy days, the quays had been crowded with cotton bales, and Mahé had exhibited the stir and wealth of a thriving seaport. With freedom to the blacks all this changed. Large slave and landholders found their occupation gone, and instead of having an income of some thousands a year, sunk into a pauperism of half as many hundreds. Men's likings are mostly guided by their interests, and it can be easily understood with how unfriendly an eye the landholders of the Seychelles look upon the British Government, or how readily they would embrace any opportunity of placing themselves again under the rule of their own countrymen.

After having spent some hours in loitering about the place, we took our way to the inn, if such an epithet might not be too magnificent for the building which claimed it. Picture to yourself a house of two stories with three rooms on each floor. In the centre was a doorway leading into a passage which cut the house into two, and conducted one to a courtyard at the back through a corresponding door behind. On the right of the passage were two bed-rooms; on the left, occupying the whole breadth of the house, was the solitary public apartment representing *café*, *salle-à-manger*, and *salon*. Above, accessible by an outer staircase at the back, were three additional bedchambers which were used as the quarters of the innkeeper's family. No village wine-house in France was more wretchedly decorated. The sitting-room possessed benches but not chairs, while the furniture of the sleeping-rooms was confined to three bed-

steads, each with a straw paliasse, and one of which, and one only, possessed a sheet. A ricketty table in the corner supported a basin, or, to speak correctly, a shallow white stone pudding dish, which supplied its place. It might have been pleasant for *Falstaff* to have "taken his ease in his inn," but if he had no better materials for it than we had in our *auberge* in the Seychelles, I confess I should feel more disposed to envy the contentedness of the fat knight's nature, than his real causes for happiness. In one point, and in one alone, our quarters rivalled the hostel in Eastcheap. I doubt if *Mrs. Quickly*, or even that more seductive and improper person *Doll Tearsheet* herself, were half as handsome as our host's eldest daughter. Alas! like *Doll* she had loved "not wisely but too well," and a thumping boy of three years old spoke of affections, which, as was whispered in our ear, the church had not sanctioned. It was considered a matter of little consequence in Mahe; the daughters of the sun look with a less severe eye upon the errors of their sisters, than their sex is apt to do in more northern regions; and Mademoiselle chatted, flirted, and moved about with as great an apparent unconsciousness of wrong, as if she had been the chastest icicle that ever hung from Dian's temple.

In the meantime another boat had come from the vessel filled with midshipmen. It had been the first time that most of them had been in a hotel that was not English in its habits and accommodation, and it may easily be imagined that the unstuffed seats, the carpetless brick floor, the table as coarse in its formation as a carpenter's bench, and the walls hideous with whitewash unless where bedaubed with dirt, raised in their minds small admiration. They abused the place loudly, swore that they would not remain in such a dog-kennel, and proposed as soon as they had had their cigar and glass of brandy and water, to return to the ship. The wily host did not understand English, but it required no particular acquaintance with languages to read in the angry faces and the heartily articulated anathemas that the young gentlemen were disgusted with him, his liquor, and apartments. Everything threatened a short stay, and a shorter bill. It is in such emergencies that the man of energy and intelligence shows himself, and our Boniface exhibited both. The party was upon the move, their caps were on their heads, several had already got outside the door, and the rest were following, when, of course, by chance, the host's beautiful daughter moved along the end of the passage; her two younger sisters followed, each affecting to hurry out of the way, and each throwing a glance over her shoulder as she went. These glances did the business; they kept the inn full for five days, made the host's fortune, and emptied our pockets. It was amusing to see how rapidly the charm operated. When men have been some months at sea, they are disposed to consider every daughter of Eve a beauty, and the three graces who had appeared and vanished, were handsome enough to have attracted admiration, even if we had never left the shore. It was resolved then, *acm. con.*,—for like the folks in the play, when we were unanimous our unanimity was wonderful,—that we should take once more into consideration the inn and its appurtenances. After patient investigation, it was discovered that the cigars were not half so bad as was at first suspected, that the brandy was positively tolerable, and that though the

benches were hard (as we were all in white jean trousers without drawers, it was impossible for any special pleading to deny that fact) yet what could be expected in a cursed French wine-house. The result of the deliberations of the conclave may be divined: it was agreed that we should stay where we were. To the real cause of the change of opinion, no one thought it necessary to allude, but each, as Lord Brougham or some other classicist would have said, seemed to "revolve with himself many things in his mind."

To this abode of the Syrens, therefore, after lounging about all day, we returned at nightfall, and in such numbers, that when bedtime was announced, providing for the party became a matter of some difficulty. At length mattresses were strewed over the floor of the sitting-room, and we betook ourselves to our couches; but the atmosphere was stifling and sleep impossible, even though in my own case I had been fortunate enough to secure one of the three bedsteads. A general adjournment was consequently determined on, and, in shirt and trousers for our sole habiliments, we sat down on the steps which led from the inn to the sea, not ten feet off, and there we remained smoking and sipping brandy and water until two in the morning, when the chill which precedes the dawn made an agreeable change in the temperature, and for four hours we sought and enjoyed our beds.

At six o'clock all the world was astir, and we resumed our old seat on the steps in front of the house. The position was not dignified, but it had the double advantage of being in the shade and of commanding all the bustle in the place, the highway, if a narrow footpath deserve the name, passing between the inn and the water. At a little after six the road became crowded with men carrying their fish, or black girls their fruit, to market. I was astonished at the young ladies' self-possession. There are few white dames who would have run the gauntlet of six or eight admirers, and those midshipmen, with so much composure. The compliments—real or ironical—the admiration addressed to their costume or their person, the criticisms upon their ankles, their eyes, or their waists, never in the slightest degree affected them with *mauvaise honte*. Yet, with all this, there was no forwardness; there might be fun in the glance of the eye, but the demeanour was quiet and modest. It was whispered, indeed, that this decorum was only on the surface, and that the island was nothing better than a second Paphos. It might be so. Flirtations, as Lord Byron hath it,

"Are much more common where the climate's sultry;"

and the sultriness of the Seychelles no one has ever attempted to dispute.

The second day after our arrival was distinguished by an event which threw these Cytheras of the south into a flutter—this was a dignity ball. From the novels of Captain Marryat I had been led to believe that such scenes were merely those of rude romping; but in this I learned there was a wide difference between the Seychelles and Bermuda. As Sterne says, "they manage these matters better in France," and they also manage them better in French colonies. The approaching *fête* was not in the style of those vulgar hops of which I had been reading the description, and where any one might go, who chose to pay his entrance-money. It was quite a high class sort of affair; in fact, a Colonial Almacks. Twenty-four black

gentlemen, the *élite* of the coloured population of the island, were in the habit of giving yearly a series of subscription *soirées dansantes*, to which they asked the handsomest women of their acquaintance, each having the privilege of introducing two fair friends. The present entertainment was one of these, and my curiosity was naturally strongly excited to see so fashionable an assemblage, a curiosity which was not diminished by learning that the black beauty of Mahé, the favourite waiting-maid of the Governor's daughter, was to be present. As soon, therefore, as coffee was over, and we could with any decorum make our bows, we hurried away, and a French gentleman, who had been one of the guests at dinner, had the kindness to conduct us.

The night was pitch dark, and the wind which had risen at sundown, came sighing through the foliage, and relieved what would otherwise have been the overwhelming heat of the atmosphere. After stumbling through three or four unpaved streets, we found ourselves in a narrow lane. Up this we toiled for five minutes, till approaching the very extremity of the town and the mountain, we found ourselves at the scene of festivity. Represent to yourself a large and long building, one story high, which would have looked like a barn, had it not been for the bold projecting eaves of its roof. On one side, the house touched the lane: on the other three, it was surrounded by pleasure-grounds studded with acacias and lofty forest timber opposite, and on the farther side of the road or street, was a high wall, which was perfectly covered with thick masses of ivy, matted in the most beautiful and tangled forms. Behind this towered some magnificent trees, which stretched their branches over head, and mixing them with those on the other side of the building, roofed in the picture. All these objects were distinctly visible, for the window-sashes had been taken out, and the ball-room blazed as brilliantly as if it had been the garden pavilion of Haroun Alraschid, on the night when Nouredin and the fair Persian lighted its four score candles. But if the vegetable world became minutely observable beneath the glare, the human portion of the creation was not less so. Every black woman at Mahé between fifteen and thirty seemed to be on the spot. The sex love dearly courts and camps, and high solemnities, more especially when there is difficulty in being admitted to them, and this was the *fête, par excellence*, of the emancipist population of the Seychelles. And to be one of the two happy fair ones whom it was permitted to each of the twenty-four cavaliers to introduce, was the great object of ambition to the coloured belles. I doubt much if a command to a Queen's ball, or its absence, ever excited in the bosom of a Belgravian dame greater agitation. There they stood in dozens crowding round the open windows, and not unlike the women of Mahomet's paradise, for they were peeping at happiness in which they were not permitted to participate. The scene would have made no bad study for Lavater; the strong light brought every feature and expression into play, and every feature and expression was there. Sometimes the eye rested on a look of honest admiration, sometimes on one of keen jealousy, but the greater portion gazed as they would have done at a favourite representation on the stage, reasoning their amusement with that criticism which is almost invariably consequent upon a personal acquaintance with the actors;

and which, alas! for poor human nature, is so apt to degenerate into envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. The actors, or rather the actresses themselves, moved as if they were indifferent or superior to such scrutiny. It was a curious sight to speculate on; all, or nearly all, had been slaves, and yet, though separated from the rest of the world, and with few models on which to form themselves, it was astonishing how closely the female portion of the assemblage had contrived to copy the manners, of what we are in the habit of terming, the better classes of society. Their movements were graceful, their deportment correct. Notwithstanding my premonition at dinner, I had come prepared to see romping and loud merriment. There was nothing of the sort—they spoke little—never laughed, and confined their hilarity to a smile. The expression of their faces, and the attitude of their persons when not in motion, was positively statue-like, and exhibited a gravity faulty only in this, that it was more than necessary for such an occasion. Like the Roman, they had become too Attic to be Athenian. The same principle regulated their style of dancing; there was no jumping, no cutting of *entre-chats*. Mahé had been in its glory when the elder Vestris said to his royal pupil, as if communicating a divine intelligence, “*Que des choses dans un minuet!*” And the fair colonists seemed to have received in all its fulness his idea of the science's dignity. I say it, and in seriousness, that unless there had been a disposition to find fault there was little to criticise in their manners, attitude, or movement.

The male sex were not so happy in their imitation. Man's mission is to lead, and not to follow; and thus made of sterner stuff than the other half of the creation, he is less plastic, and moulds himself with difficulty into manners and habits with which from infancy he has not been familiar. It thus happened that, with as great an ambition to be distinguished as their bright-eyed companions, they overacted their part. Everything was out of keeping, from their dress to their bow. In the women, the corset, the gown, the shoes, the stockings, the gloves, the very necklace and ear-rings, might have been worn by an *élégante* of the *Chaussee d'Antin*, without in any remarkable degree derogating from her appropriate costume. With the men it was different. If the coat was a dress-garment, the trousers were of a coarse, morning character; if the trousers were black, the upper person would be clothed in a round, white, sailor-cut jacket. Nowhere was there to be found, as far as costume went, a perfect man; and I recollect one fellow who seemed to attract more than his own share of admiration, who dazzled us with a figured silk waistcoat and a shirt with a frill as broad as a Voltaire's, but who had neither shoes nor stockings. Their dancing and manners were quite in accordance with this. They jumped, they bounded, they sprang; when they got into the air, it was quite impossible to guess where they might descend. And then their attention to their fair partners; they ducked, they whispered, they ogled, they grinned,—a cock-pigeon, when walking round his dame in the most devoted mood of his affection, was dignified in comparison. But it mattered not. There is a French proverb which says, “What we cannot see beyond is as good as infinite;” and I doubt if Richelieu in his younger days, when he was locked up by rival princesses and was the cynosure of every eye that sparkled between Versailles and

the Tuilerie, was more admired than some of these gentlemen by their fair votaries within the walls and without.

In the meantime the ball progressed with great spirit, and the middies, who were not disposed to see so much fun going on without their participation, made some desperate efforts to enter. They were, however, invariably repulsed, though with great politeness,—the black Adonises probably feared, and perhaps with justice, their rivalry. The only white man admitted within the sacred precincts was the waiter, who was called for between the dances by a dozen imperious voices, and who presented the lemonade and sherbet with proper humility to his many masters. The music was good, and consisted of two violins and a harp. I suspect that the performers were supplied with some more potent beverage than the dancers, for it struck me that as the evening advanced they gave, as the Irish say, more power to their elbow, and to their inspiring strains the couples swept round the room. It occurred to me that one of the female faces was familiar to me. The lady was about thirty-five, and her figure rather inclining to the ample. She wore a crimson velvet bodice and white skirt, together with a heavy necklace and ear-rings of that blown-out, massive character which was the fashion in Paris in 1829. I had been remarking her, for she danced with more than ordinary grace, and I was a good deal surprised, on her stopping near the window through which I was looking, to receive from her a bow of recognition. I fortunately had by my side a gentleman of the island, and to him I applied to solve the mystery. What was my astonishment to find that it was my washerwoman. When she had appeared before me to receive my clothes, she had worn the coloured handkerchief tied tight round the head which forms the common dress of the French female peasant, her upper person was clothed in what we call in Scotland a bed-gown or short jacket, the lower in a petticoat, both of blue cotton, and her legs and feet had been bare; and now she was waltzing in a dress which possibly for its first tenant had contained a duchess.

Amid the gaiety of the scene there was one who apparently took little share in it. This was a very pretty girl, of about sixteen. She was seated in the centre of the bench at the head of the room, in what was evidently the place of honour. No one sat near her, and to the numerous compliments that were paid her by the male portion of the party she lent but an indifferent, I would almost say a contemptuous, ear. Curious to know who it was that exercised such sovereign power over what was allowed to be the select portion of the coloured society in Mahé, I inquired, and learned that it was the beautiful waiting-maid of Government-house. She was evidently considered as representing the vice-regal party, and consequently royalty, and was treated with all the respect which so elevated a position required. We laugh at this, and wonder at the folly of black nature. It is an unnecessary criticism; we can find plenty of parallels for it in civilized England: and if there be any disposed to sneer at the little ebony beauty who exacted the homage, or her fellows who rendered it, let them recollect that during the time that Walpole was Prime Minister, his valet took the chair of a servants' club in the neighbourhood of St. Stephen's, and received from his brethren of the shoulder-knot the title and honours of his master. It is alleged, too, that when the deposed statesman retired

to Houghton, it was the valet, and not the minister, who felt the bitterness of the fall from office: Sir Robert might forget amidst his pictures, his farming, or his wine, that he had been the leader of the House of Commons, but his ancient servitor never recovered the absence of the adulation of the ale-house.

The haughty damsel at length found a partner of rank corresponding to her own. Captain ——'s servant was a black lad, of about eighteen. He had originally been picked up at Bombay, though his curly pate marked an African, and not an Asiatic parentage. Six years' voyaging and the kindness of his master had made him, so to say, accomplished: he could read and write, dressed capitally, and was an excellent dancer. Besides, the fellow was well made, and his good looks, set off by his blue jacket, his white waistcoat and trousers, his neat shoes and stockings, made him the beau of the ball-room. Many had been the bright glances cast at him, but in vain: Bob felt that he represented the United Service in his own person, and was unwilling to compromise his dignity or theirs by too zealous a courtesy. At length, however, either thawed by the beauty of the little Venus at the end of the room, or unwilling to forfeit his character for gallantry by a want of attention to his hostess, he asked her to dance. The damsel, who had refused all others, accepted at once. Governors of colonies invited officers of the navy to their table, and the ladies'-maids of the official residence could without degradation show civility to the gentleman's-gentleman. And "a handsome couple they were for to see," as Mrs. Winifred Jenkins would have phrased it; for the girl was beautifully made, and Bob had enjoyed what are called excellent opportunities, and copied, not unsuccessfully, the manners of his superiors.

After some such fashion, in witnessing the follies of others, or, it may be, in practising them ourselves, passed the five days allotted for our stay in the Seychelles. In our graver moments we bathed, we ate, we drank, we smoked, but folks had done so before, and there was nothing in our process of mastication or amusement which requires special notice. Yet though our holidays presented little variety, and each twenty-four hours was but a reflection of its predecessor, they will always be marked with white chalk in my memory, for I met with agreeable associates and received great kindness. A few weeks later, I bade adieu to others for whom I felt a warm degree of affection and gratitude. I had spent three months on board the ——; and three months at sea, so far as men's social characters are concerned, is equivalent to a life-time on shore. There never was a more estimable person than our commander. Distinguished as a seaman, a scientific officer, and a draftsman, he possessed, in addition to the accomplishments necessary to his profession, a kindness of heart and *bonhomie* of manner which made him the charm of every society of which he chanced to be a member. He was well supported. His officers were a set of as fine young fellows as ever stepped a deck. It makes me sad when I recollect the happy hours I have spent in their society. But a year later, many of my light-hearted companions, including their excellent chief, were lost in a hurricane, at least so it was supposed, as their vessel, like the unfortunate "President," disappeared from the face of the earth, without leaving anything to tell the fate of the ship or its crew.

EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND.*

It may be that we are more fastidious than we need to be, and that such works as Dennis' "Etruria," Layard's "Nineveh," Curzon's "Monasteries," have made us more exacting than we ought to be of all writers of travels and describers of other countries, with their new scenes and customs. And we are very willing to leave a wide margin for any observations to be made upon us on that head, yet still we are of opinion that this work is far below the usual standard of works which have recently appeared.

A great deal, undoubtedly, there is in this book, since it contains a vast multitude of words necessarily, in the five hundred closely printed pages; but it is in this plethora of words that consists our objection to it; they are out of all proportion to the matter—two-thirds of them, at the least, were needless—it is almost *vox et preterea nihil*, and all that Mr. Spencer had really to say upon the Holy Land, all his observations upon what he saw, and all his reflections upon what he did not see might very well, indeed, have been comprised in two hundred pages.

It rarely, indeed, happens, that what a traveller writes weekly home to his mother or sister, can particularly interest the public, or bear a literal publication; the many trifling and irrelevant details as to where he lunched, and where he got wet through; where he caught cold, and where he passed a good night; where he sighed and wept and prayed, and what his prayer was, might greatly amuse the family circle at home, but must cause much yawning in the Carlton or the United Service. Years and years since, when travellers wrote down all their thoughts, we cared but little about twaddle, so that we could get at facts; we encouraged to the utmost writers of all grades, the incipient, equally with the experienced, to say whatever they thought, and to describe all that they saw; and the consequence was, a continuous publication of travels, all nearly of which were highly acceptable at the time, but which would not now sell for a shilling a volume; so a dozen years since Mr. Spencer's Sketches might have been favourably and thankfully received by the public, but within those years the home market has been abundantly supplied with goods far superior to his own: Williams' "Holy City," Bartlett's "Walks about Jerusalem," or even "Scripture Sites and Scenes," contain far more readable and really useful matter; and all that Mr. Spencer has said about his voyage up the Nile is perfectly useless after Bartlett's "Nile Boat."

The value of a book is frequently by comparison; book A is good till a better comes out in book B; and without in the least desiring to depreciate Mr. Spencer's work, which is a good enough book so far as it goes, we may say that it is not equal to what we now want—that we have outgrown the elementary teaching it gives—that we know more about Egypt and the Holy Land than its author supposes; he is too late by a few years, and was evidently not aware that while he was writing notes, volumes were issuing from the press on the very subject he had chosen for himself, and volumes that almost exhausted the subject, and left but very little for others to observe upon; and which, be-

* Sketches of Travels in Egypt and the Holy Land. By the Rev. J. A. Spencer. Murray, 1850.

sides, were far more beautifully illustrated than his own; which gave pictures of scenes instead of verbal descriptions; thus saving very many pages of letter-press, and pleasing the eye, while rightly informing and improving the mind. So conversant are we now, with the general scenery and the local histories of the Holy Land, that a new work upon it, to obtain favour or find readers, must contain some new information, or must work up the old traditions and facts in some most agreeable new form.

Mr. Spencer has, we consider, found out nothing to say more than has been said by others; and although his work is a very respectable publication we see nothing in it to justify any especial recommendation of it. It would inform the many, who know little or nothing of the Holy Land, or who like short sermons or running commentaries on all fit occasions, but to the well-read man and the scholar no very great pleasure or profit would accrue from its perusal.

THE ROMAN.*

If this play was to be judged by the strictness of dramatic laws, by artful construction of plot, variety of character and incident, happy and unexpected changes of fortune, and rapid dialogue, it would be judged to be wanting; but it is to be taken on its own excellencies, on the bold outline of its design, on its exalted sentiments, its glowing eloquence, and its poetic diction. The drama admits various kinds of composition, from the elaborate and highly poetical structure of Milton's "Comus," to the common nature and pathos of Lillo's "Every-day Life." The plot is simple, turning on the character of Vittorio Sante, or the Prince of Freedom, who has gone out, disguised as a monk, to preach the unity of Italy, the overthrow of Austrian dominion, and the restoration of a great Roman Republic.

As the drama consists not in various development of character, but in passages of eloquent declamation, in sentiment and emotion, it is not of much consequence where an extract is made for the purpose of showing the author's genius. The following speech is in a tone of natural pity well expressed:—

The Monk. Thou little child,
Thy mother's joy, thy father's hope,—thou bright,
Pure dwelling, where two fond hearts keep their gladness,—
Thou little Potentate of Love, who comest
With solemn, sweet dominion to the old,
Who see thee in thy merry fancies charged
With the grave embassage of that dear past,
When they were young like thee—thou vindication
Of God—thou living witness against all men
Who have been babes—the everlasting promise
Which no man keeps—thou portrait of our nature,
Which in despair and pride we scorn and worship—
Thou household-god, whom no iconoclast
Hath broken,—if I knew a parent's joys,

* A Dramatic Poem. By Sydney Yendys. 1850.

If I were proud and full of great ambitions,
 Had haughty limbs that chafed at ill-borne chains,
 If I had known a tyrant's scorn and felt
 That vengeance though bequeathed is still revenge,
 I would pray God to give me such a son !
 Therefore, thou little one, mayst thou sleep well
 This night : and, for thy waking, may it be
 Where there are neither kings nor slaves. Of all
 Thy playmates, mayst thou be the first to die.

We must give one more extract :—

The Monk. If the true man were of the world, and had
 The sun of his great orbit in its centre,
 And kept the measure of its seasons, then,
 Daughter, thou hadst said well. But he who steps
 Forth from the radiant chambers of the future
 To show us how the unseen ages look ;
 He who comes forth a voluntary hostage
 Of the supreme good-will of times to come ;
 He who grew up among your children's children,
 And calls by name the years you never knew ;
 He who takes counsel of the things that yet
 Are not, and answers with his kindling eyes
 Questions ye cannot hear ; he who is set
 Among us pigmies, with a heavenlier stature
 And brighter face than ours, that we must leap
 Even to smite it,—that man, friends, must have
 The self-existence of a god. From him
 The poor necessities, hopes, fears, and fashions
 Of the expedient Present, fall like waves
 From adamant. Friends ! learn a prophet's patience.
 Do you remember how, in backward years,
 Night after night the patient harvest-moon
 Climbs her high seat above the silent fields,
 In act to reign. Bating no majesty
 For her great solitude. Unmann'd, below,
 The golden plenty spreads, unwarn'd of change,
 Ample repose. From corn-crown'd hill to hill,
 From waving slope to slope, where sickly winds
 Disturb'd fit blind from sudden sleep to sleep,
 From calm auriferous deeps, and from the broad
 Pale distance, drowy in the genial light,
 From all the dull expanse of voiceless plains,
 O'er which, unscared, the midnight curlew cries,
 No answering horn salutes her. Smile on, pale,
 Prophetic queen ! Know ere thy wane, thine hosts,
 Thy sounding hosts, shall darken all the vales !
 Not otherwise the poet and the prophet,
 The patriot and the sage.

There are very fine images and bold creations of genius and noble imaginings scattered throughout this drama, which prophetically mark out the future success of the writer, and bear the impress of a strong poetical mind ; but there are also grave defects which he must amend, something of a lavish luxuriance which he must correct, and stricter rules of composition which he must submit to, if he wishes to impress the public mind in his favour, and to gain the approbation of those who will expect and hope that the beautiful blossoms he is now putting forth, may be succeeded by the maturer fruits of his riper years. Let him have some friend in whose taste and judgment he can confide and let him place the correcting pen in his hand.

SOME ACCOUNT OF ABRAHAM NEWLAND.*

THE generation is rapidly passing away which remembers with any feelings of personal satisfaction, the once well-known and highly-honoured name of Abraham Newland. How great did this man's credit appear to be at the Bank ; how far beyond that of any man then living ; the whole resources of that depository of a Nation's wealth seemed placed at his disposal ; for many many years not a note issued from it, from the many hundreds of thousands of one-pound notes, to the more rare and curious one thousand's, that did not say "I promise to pay" its full amount to Abraham Newland, or to whomsoever Abraham Newland might happen to consign it.

Those were happy days with us, which somehow or other have all through our life been strongly associated with the name of Abraham Newland, and often have we joined in the chorus of that song, which was made in his day—

"Oh, Abraham Newland !
Wonderful Abraham Newland !
I have heard people say,
That sham Abram you may,

But you must not sham Abraham Newland !"

The once great charm of his name is now, however, and for ever gone, and tradesmen would now shake their heads at a note which thirty years since their eyes would have glistened on, and their fingers have itched to clutch.

Peace be to his manes, nevertheless ; we never will forget him, nor ever cease to make most honourable mention of him, though it is long since he was gathered to his fathers, such as they were ; but when he was so gathered, it was then discovered what numbers of those same promissory notes which he had issued in such vast numbers to others, he had contrived to secure to himself. Millions of notes had passed through his hands yearly for many years, and had he subtracted from each the value of a thousandth part of a farthing, he would have died the very wealthiest man in the whole kingdom—but his entire possessions, when he died, were but a few thousands of pounds, which by the strictest economy exercised throughout a long life, and by the most rigid self-denial, daily persisted in, he contrived to save out of a salary which probably was not more than was proportioned to his services ; these thousands he bequeathed in various proportions to his very numerous and poor kindred, who abounded then, as now, in the county of Bedford ; they were peasants generally—day labourers, we believe, nearly the whole of them, and nothing could be more judicious than his disposition of his hard-earned wealth ; he had throughout his life, it appeared, kept his relatives continually in his view, and when he made his will he gave to each just so much as he considered each deserved, or would use with profit to himself ; some, in whom he had less confidence than in others, had an annuity only for life ; others touched the capital at once ; never was property better disposed of, and never, perhaps, did any will show more care and thought and discretion in the

* Mr. Lawson, in his "History of Banking," just published, has given some further interesting particulars of Abraham Newland.

making, or make more people, happy, or raise more to what would be considered by them as a comfortable independence.

Amongst the many whom Abraham remembered and made a bequest to, was a cousin of his, by name Charles Newland. Charles was a widely different specimen of human kind, and of habits the most opposite possible to those of Abraham. Charles was a sailor in the Royal Navy, and he had been a sailor since he was ten years old. Even at that early age home had no enjoyments for Charles—he was wearied by its monotony, it was daily the same thing—there was the same hard labour—the same scanty diet—the same water and potato supper—the same miserable fire in the coldest weather—the same grumbling and complaining of how little could be bought with the rather favourable wages of one shilling a day.

So Charles took himself off one morning and made his way as he best could to the great city; how he got there, or how he lived by the way, he never knew, but instinctively when there, he bent his steps to Wapping, and there he encountered a press-gang, to whom he offered himself, and who instantly took charge of him, and presently installed him, to his inexpressible delight, as a cabin boy in a king's ship, in those now obsolete but once stirring times,

“When George the Third was King!”

Charles soon found that a sailor's life was the very life for him. As a cabin boy he had to do all sorts of things, at all sorts of times—at every minute he was at every one's beck and call—he had no particular master, but every sailor in the ship seemed to fancy that he was his master, and took especial care whenever his eye fell on Charles to make him sensible of the fact. Still Charles thrived and grew and prospered under all the burdens that were laid upon him—he drank grog whenever he could get it—learnt all the oaths he heard, in the shortest possible time in which they could be learnt, and used the most frequently the very worst to show that he was up to the very best man in the service; rope-ends were, however, about him all day long—deserved or undeserved, Charles soon found it was the same thing to him—to be flogged or cuffed, or swore at was his lot—was daily to be looked for—was daily ensured to him—so he bore it with as much good-humour as he could, learning early that it would not always continue thus, that the sooner he became a smart sailor, the sooner he would cease to be buffeted by sailors, and the more the officers would care about him and see to him. He cared but little for the cuffs and the oaths he got, but still when he saw a way to escape from them he very soon betook himself to that way, and soon made himself too useful a lad to be overlooked when anything smart and quick was to be done.

The First Lieutenant was a sharp fellow, and he soon read Charles through and through, and whatever countenance he could show to him he did, and whenever he wanted anything about the ship particularly well done, he always selected Charles among others to help in it. This gave Charles very early in his career, a high standing among his comrades—the cuffs and the oaths fell fewer and lighter upon him, till soon they ceased altogether, and Charles trod the deck with a step as firm and independent as the best, and looked as proudly, and swore as roundly. But, meanwhile, he by no means improved in morals or religion; for years together he heard nothing that was good, and as he had no books and was not able to

read them if he had them, he took it for granted that the sailors' usual language was the proper language for men to use, and he therefore used it—horridly profane as it was, and made from time to time such additions to it in profaneness as his ingenuity suggested.

Thus before he was a man, he was a first-rate sailor and a first-rate blasphemer. His work was capital, his oaths awful—no officer in the ship could vie with him, and the Second Lieutenant found himself so completely outdone, that he almost ceased to swear at all; he wouldn't be second best, he said, to such a shaveling as that. Having so little, therefore, to strive for that was good, Charles was quite content to excel in that which was evil, and he gained the reputation in his ship, such as it was, of being the most profigate and blasphemous sailor in the King's service. And as years went on, Charles did his best to deserve the very worst that in this way could be said of him. Every ship's crew he joined improved immensely in blasphemy under him; it was impossible to match him, the oldest hands were posed by him, and none, at length, presumed to contend for superiority over him.

Still his excellent qualities as a sailor, his uniformly good conduct in the ship, his ready wit and quaint humour, and his thoroughly good temper, made him an especial favourite with the officers, who gave him on all occasions all the indulgence in their power, and so managed matters on his behalf that after various lifts and removes he found himself steward of the "Fearless" gun brig.

War was then raging fiercely on the ocean; every ship was in requisition; and the utmost efforts were made to get fleets to sea, and when there, to keep them well supplied with stores and ammunition, while they watched the enemy's ports or pursued the enemy's squadrons.

A strong naval force was then beating about off Brest, and the "Fearless" brig was employed in carrying out a supply of gunpowder, there having been a great waste lately of that useful material in repelling an attack of the French gun-boats. The want of it was urgent; and the brig was in consequence loaded with as many barrels as could by possibility be stowed away, with any degree of safety within her.

With a fair wind, and her sails well set and filled, she bounded along at her very best speed, leaving her crew at full liberty to do nothing, to amuse themselves as they best could, and to mutter as much blasphemy among themselves as they pleased. Charles Newland was especially great in his way on that morning: he was in high spirits, as were all his comrades, and they were all, in fact, more than usually profane in their thoughts and language on that occasion.

Of what was said on the deck by the men, the officers heard much and inwardly applauded all they heard; for it was the custom of that time for sailors of all grades to be great swearers and filthy talkers, never to open their mouth but with an oath, and to utter on any one day more blasphemy than any other class of men would utter through their whole lives. The fouler the words and the more wicked the ideas they conveyed, the louder was the laugh and the greater the encouragement, and Charles never received such applause as he did on that morning, and never was his ribaldry and his oaths poured forth more fluently or with more hearty good-will.

But as noon drew on, Charles had other duties to do than to

amuse the crew, so he made himself scarce on deck to cater for their appetites, and down he went for this purpose with his basket into the bread-room, and was busily engaged there, when he received a rather smart blow on the head which a little stupified him, and in the end somewhat surprised him; for when he came to himself he found himself dreadfully distressed for breath and floating on the sea's surface; a heavy spar at the moment fell near him, he struck out to it, seized it, and held by it while he recovered his wind, and looked about him and cast in his thoughts what was the matter with him.

At first he could comprehend nothing but that he was fairly in the sea and within an ace of being drowned, the friendly spar under his hand alone preserving him: he looked around him confused and bewildered, but there was no living thing near him, no ship, nor the fragment of a ship to be seen.

By degrees his reason returned, and his memory brought all the facts before him. He had evidently lost his ship, rather than his ship him; but how he got into the plight he then was he knew nothing, and at the time could imagine nothing. But there he lay, drifting onward with the tide and clinging to his spar as he best could, which several times rolled away from him, and forced him to strike out again eagerly to recover it. But death, and a speedy death, seemed certainly his lot; if not at once drowned, he must soon be starved, and he had no chance of living ten minutes in such a sea without the spar to support him.

Thus what he could further do he had very little cause to trouble himself about, since he had never fewer duties, and none ever more difficult; his chief duty being to clutch the spar tight, which the deep swell of the sea and the high gale made no easy matter, the light body being at every moment most provokingly disposed to escape from the heavier, and this, whilst it continually interrupted poor Charles' reflections, greatly increased his anxieties.

It was, besides, an occasion for reflection, such as Charles had never had before. He was hanging, as it were, from one moment to another, between life and death,—there were two thousand of fathoms of ocean beneath him,—nothing but water around him and the sky over him,—death was every instant staring him in the face,—and there were times when the spar struggled very hard to escape from him, and rolled round and round under him, that he felt, as he thought, death's icy hand upon him, and the thought sent a shudder to his heart—that the water he was plunged in would have failed to do had he been kept floating in it for a week.

One hour, two hours, three hours passed with Charles in this manner, every moment being felt by him as an hour, and every hour as a year. Memory was meanwhile very busy with him, and brought to mind a thousand things he would gladly have forgotten; and then the thought of what was yet to come, as well as what had been, sadly distressed him. There was a person and a place his oaths had made him sadly familiar with. The place was a place of darkness, and the person the chief personage within it. These grievously during those hours haunted his imagination. He thought of both with the utmost horror, and he felt if such things really were, his portion must inevitably be with them when the waters would overwhelm him.

As for prayer, no thought of it occurred to him ; and never having uttered such a thing as a prayer during the whole course of his life, he had scarcely an idea of whom he was to offer a prayer to. And there he hung, in all his agony of fear, suspended by a fragment of wood, over the deep waters that threatened at every instant to engulf him.

Sometimes the swell would bear him aloft on the crest of the wave, which, meeting the wind, would curl over him, and half drown him with its spray ; and then it would hurry him down into the dark trough of the sea, as though there it would close over him, at once and for ever.

The fourth hour passed, Charles still grasping the spar convulsively and desperately, with a continued violent effort that he well knew must the sooner exhaust him, but he had no other resource. Frail as that support was, it was his all, and he clung to it in consequence with both his arms, grasping it in the full conviction that nothing else could keep him from one minute to another at the surface of the sea, instead of at the bottom of it.

The fifth hour passed, his mental agonies increasing, his bodily strength failing ; the distress of his thoughts and of his fears were now all but insupportable. Hope he had never cherished, and hope he had none, for he had nothing whatever to ground a hope upon ; he utterly despaired of help or safety, feeling himself as a man who was at every moment dying, and dying a slow and lingering death, with the certainty of encountering death at last, and without the possibility of escape from it.

The long immersion in the water, the long abstinence from food, the deep mental depression from the total absence of all hope, and the great horror of dying, now told very sensibly upon Charles's physical powers. His strength rapidly failed him, and, in spite of his utmost exertions, he felt less and less able to sustain himself on the spar. The more conscious he became of his increasing weakness, the more terrible did death appear to him, the more agonizing were his thoughts and fears. His remorse, his terror and distress, began at last to overpower his reason, and he floated with his head drooping over the spar, his glazed and fixed eye scarcely looking on the waters that were barely two inches from his nose.

Charles was now evidently in great danger of sinking at every moment. He mechanically held on to his support, but the next curl of the wave would probably wrest it from him, and then down he would go hundreds of fathoms deep, till he found his bed in the forest of sea-weeds that would have opened to receive him. A few minutes more and remorse, and suspense, and fear, would probably have deprived Charles of all consciousness, when there came bounding over the waves a light armed cutter, bearing despatches from the fleet, and which, in one of her wide tacks, passed so near to him as very nearly to sail over him.

"A man overboard!" was loudly shouted by the officer of the watch ; the boatswain's whistle rang through the ship ; all hands were instantly on deck, the helm was altered, the sails were loosened, the boat was hoisted out, and six good oars were soon pulling away with all their might towards the floating object, that every swell of the sea brought fully within their view. He seemed unconscious of their approach, or insensible to their purpose, for he

made no sign of recognition, nor encouraged them to exertion by the least motion ; but on the practised ear of Charles the measured stroke of six oars soon told their own tale, and he started as from a trance, when their sound first reached him,—hardly could he restrain himself from flinging off his support, and striking out to meet them. But “hold on !” was so loudly shouted, that hold on he did till the boat neared him, when he was instantly laid hold of and hoisted in. Taken on board, he had all the care he needed, and was able, in the course of the next day, to say who he was, and in what ship he had lately been, but could say nothing as to where the ship was to be found. The only clue he could give to the mystery was this ; that, as he was going down the ladder on his way to the bread-room, he heard an order given to the officer in charge of the magazine to bring up two barrels of gunpowder, and, as the order was very hurriedly and peremptorily given, he supposes that the officer took the first light that came to hand, instead of the proper lantern, and that a spark falling from the candle blew up the whole concern ; while he, being at the time below the magazine, escaped the blowing up, but was sent as deep down as the keel would let him ; which went, however, itself at once to the bottom, while he, being buoyant, rose to the surface.

But the occurrence very powerfully affected Charles, as well it might do. Deprived as he was in one moment of all his shipmates ; torn violently asunder, and that in the twinkling of an eye, from all those with whom he had so long served,—he the sole survivor of a whole ship’s crew, and they all in one instant of time hurled into eternity, when death was the furthest from their thoughts, and while ribaldry and profaneness were actually passing from their lips. He was awe-struck, was humbled, thoughtful, thankful. For many days he could think of nothing else, for many weeks he never smiled ; his mind was too fully occupied with reflections on the mercy and the Power that had spared him, when all perished but him, to take any part in the sailors’ usual talk. No oath again passed from his lips ; the once fluent blasphemer was now in his heart a devout adorer—a humble penitent, who shuddered at every remembrance of his past wickedness, and who determined never again, by word or by deed, to offend Him by whose providence he had been so mercifully preserved.

And this determination he very rigidly adhered to : for several subsequent years he was on the sea, but he never uttered a word that his conscience could reprove him for. Swearing and drinking he utterly abjured, and all loose idle conversation he invariably avoided ; and when he left the service to enjoy the annuity his cousin Abraham had left to him, he was a sincerely pious man, and so he remained to a ripe old age ; and it was pleasing to see him, when fourscore years had gone over him,—when Time had given to him that hoary head which is always a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness—and when his calm and peaceful expression showed how devout and happy was the spirit within him ;—and more pleasing still to hear him speaking of the Mercy that had spared him ; and, while the tears were streaming from his eyes, to hear him pour forth his tribute of praise for that forbearance and kindness that had saved him from death here, and from destruction for ever.

INEDITED LETTERS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS.

MRS. PIOZZI.

THE following letters of Mrs. Piozzi, like those of Horace Walpole's, which we recently published, are from Mr. Lysons' collection in our possession. They will be followed in future numbers by many more from the same hand.

At the date of the earliest of these letters, Mrs. Piozzi was forty-three or forty-four years old, and upwards of twenty years had elapsed since she had made Dr. Johnson's acquaintance. At this very time, September, 1784, Dr. Johnson was lying ill in his lodgings in Bolt Court, and six days after the date of the third letter in the following December he was dead. The rupture with him had taken place long before.

Madame D'Arblay visited Dr. Johnson late in November, and amongst other things they talked of Mrs. Piozzi, or Mrs. Thrale, as Johnson always called her from the feeling of aversion with which he regarded her second husband. "We talked," says Madame D'Arblay, "of poor Mrs. Thrale [poor Mrs. Thrale, because, after after devoting her youth to a man who was much older than herself, she availed herself in due season of her liberty to consult her own feelings in another marriage], but only for a moment; for I saw him so greatly moved, and with such severity of displeasure, that I hastened to start another subject; and he solemnly enjoined me to mention that no more." Johnson was inexorable on that subject. He never forgave the marriage. He would have had Mrs. Thrale keep up her houses at Streatham and in London for his use, while he made her life, to say the least of it, very uncomfortable by his daily lectures upon her imprudence, his strange habits, and domestic tyranny—for it literally amounted to that. In the very candid account which she has left of the causes of their quarrel or separation, she says that he was "extremely impracticable as an inmate, though most instructive as a companion, and useful as a friend. When there was nobody to restrain his dislikes, it was extremely difficult to find anybody with whom he could converse, without being always on the verge of a quarrel, or something too like a quarrel to be pleasing." So long as Mr. Thrale lived, for a period of sixteen or seventeen years, she bore her perpetual confinement, which she tells us was terrifying in the first years of their friendship, and irksome in the last, without a murmur. To the shelter which she and Mr. Thrale gave him in their house, and to her constant kindness and nursing, the world owes much; but when Mr. Thrale, who supported her through these trials, was gone, she found the weight insupportable. She had not a moment of time at her own disposal. Dr. Johnson absorbed it all, and not in the most agreeable manner. "To have a little portion of time at my own use," she says, "was a thing impossible, as my hours, carriage, and servants, had long been at his command, who would not rise in the morning till twelve o'clock, perhaps, and oblige me to make breakfast for him till the bell rang for

dinner, though much displeased if the toilet was neglected, and though much of the time we passed together was spent in blaming or deriding, very justly, my neglect of economy, and waste of that money which might make many families happy." The consequence was that she broke up her establishment, left London, and married Piozzi, an Italian singer. In these letters we find her corresponding with Mr. Lysons, while she is travelling abroad with her husband, and while her old inmate, whom she loved and revered to the end, notwithstanding all their vexatious little feuds, is dying in Bolt Court.

When Dr. Johnson heard of her marriage with Piozzi, he exclaimed, "*Varium et mutabile semper fœmina!*" That there was a personal annoyance mixed up with the prudential reasons he assigned for objecting to the marriage, may be inferred from the way he used to speak of Piozzi. He told Miss Seward that he was an ugly dog, without particular skill in his profession. This Miss Seward, who afterwards made Piozzi's acquaintance, declares was not true. "Mr. Piozzi," she says, "is a handsome man, in middle life, with gentle, pleasing, and unaffected manners, and with very eminent skill in his profession. Though he has not a powerful or fine-toned voice, he sings with transcending grace and expression."

Perhaps we may ascribe to the same depreciating spirit the terms in which the Doctor described Mrs. Thrale herself, in his conversations with Boswell. "It is a great mistake," he said, "to suppose that she is above her husband in literary attainments. She is more flippant; but he has ten times her learning: he is a regular scholar; but her learning is that of a schoolboy in one of the lower forms." Yet, for all that, he enjoyed her society a great deal more than he did her husband's, and spoke of her colloquial wit as being more brilliant than that of any literary woman of her time. Posterity, that owes so much to the recollections she preserved of the great man whose genius and virtues she held in admiration, will not be disposed to acquiesce in the verdict which places her husband's barren "learning" above her fruitful "flippancy."

Mrs. Piozzi was in person short and plump, and of remarkably lively manners. The vivacity of her conversation is reflected fairly enough in her letters, which appear to have been written off-hand in a glow of new enjoyments. After having been pent up so many years, her excursion on this occasion to the Continent (which had always been a pleasure she yearned for) appears to have liberated her gaiety, and given a free rein to her animal spirits. The intimate and confidential friendship which subsisted between her and Mr. Lysons, comes out agreeably in the unrestrained chatter about her movements, and the frankness with which she confides to him her feelings about her marriage, and the ill-natured criticisms of her acquaintances. "Few people," she says to Mr. Lysons, "love you better than I do—for few people know you so well." As we advance with the publication of these letters (which are curious and valuable as illustrations of contemporary literature and biography), the sincerity of this declaration will be abundantly apparent.

In the order of chronology, the subjoined verses are the first reliques we find in these Piozzi papers.

ODE.

PERMEO terras, ubi nuda rupes
Saxeas miscet nebulis ruinas,
Torva ubi rident steriles coloni
Rura labores.

Pervagor gentes hominum ferorum,
Vita ubi nullo decorata cultu
Squallet informis, tigurique fumis
Fœda latescit.

Inter erroris salebrosa longi,
Inter ignotæ strepitus loquelæ,
Quot modis mecum quid agat requiro,
Thralia dulcia.

Seu viri cures, pia nupta mulcet,
Seu fovet mater sobolem benigna,
Sive cum libris novitate pascit
Sedula mentem.

Sit memor nostri fideique merces,
Stet fides constans, meritoque blandum,
Thraliæ discant resonare nomen
Littora Sciam.

Scriptum in Skia, Sept. 6, 1773.

There is no date to the following burst of lively patriotism, but we presume it was written about the year 1777, when there was a general talk of a French invasion. Dr. Johnson used to ridicule the notion of such an invasion, and grievously complained that the eternal allusions to it spoiled all his comfort in his friend's conversation.

WHILST in murder imbued,
Our mad neighbours with blood
Delight their own country to drench;
Let us British boys sing,
Drink a health to the king,
And ne'er be such fools as the French—the French,
And ne'er be such fools as the French.

If enamour'd they are
Of young Freedom the fair,
Sure they know not the trim of their wench:
But think Liberty's joy,
Is sink, burn, and destroy,
Why our fleet may do that for the French, the French,
Our fleet may do that for the French.

What bold Edward begun,
Both father and son,
From their monarch his sceptre to wrench;

These comical elves,
Have now done for themselves,
And imprison'd their King of the French, the French,
And imprison'd their King of the French.

When our brethren and we,
Quarrel'd over our tea,
And Lord North graced the Treasury Bench ;
Fomenting vexations,
They injured both nations,
Such traitors and rogues were the French, the French,
Such traitors and rogues were the French.

Now dank Holland they swear
They will render so bare,
They 'll not leave her an eel nor a tench ;
But long live Billy Pitt,
And we hope they 'll be bit,
While none fish in foul streams but the French, the French,
While none fish in foul streams but the French.

For if this way they drag
Rebellion's curst flag,
In our channel their colours we 'll quench ;
Lest the poison should spread,
Soon cut off the snake's head,
Nor stand still to be stung by the French, the French,
Nor stand to be stung by the French.

From the Tower so high,
Our Red Cross it shall fly,
And about it we 'll dig a deep trench ;
All shall arm in the cause
Of Religion and Laws,
And down with these levelling French, the French,
And down with these levelling French.

Dr. Johnson's name finds its way into every one of her letters, and it is evident from the tone in which she speaks of him, that, whatever she may have secretly suffered from his harshness in reference to her marriage, her admiration and regard for him had undergone no diminution. She desires Mr. Lysons not to neglect him—"You will never," she says, "see any other mortal so wise or good—I keep his picture in my chamber, and his works on my table." And before this touching remembrance of him could reach England he was dead.

As has been spoken of in these letters were probably of the kind that Dr. James with whom Dr. Johnson had maintained close intimacy, and to whom many allusions are made in his letters by Boswell.

Among the most interesting passages, are the references which she makes to her own situation, and the malicious gossip of her marriage. The Thrales, or some of them, appear to

have treated her with supercilious indifference. Her union with a singer ruffled their dignity. In the pride of the wealth which they had acquired through an accident and a brewery, they forgot that Mr. Thrale's father had worked for twenty years at six shillings a week amongst the vats from which he afterwards derived his enormous fortune, and they remembered only that Mr. Piozzi was poor and a singer by profession. It mattered nothing that the marriage contributed to the lady's happiness. "But now that the Prince of Sisterna has presented us with his opera-box," says Mrs. Piozzi, "perhaps Miss Thrale will write!" She had ample compensation for all this mean and unworthy treatment in her reviving health and spirits, and a contentment she had not enjoyed for many years. "My husband's kindness," she writes in the fulness of her heart to Mr. Lysons, "makes amends for all I suffered to obtain him."

Most of her early and closest friends adopted the same line of conduct towards her, and she tells Mr. Lysons that she was obliged to break off her correspondence with Mr. Seward in consequence of the contemptuous tone of his letters. Even her own daughters joined the crusade against her husband. "I correspond," she observes, "constantly and copiously with such of my daughters as are willing to answer my letters, and I have at last received one cold scrap from the eldest, which I instinctively and tenderly replied to." And all this because she formed a connection which in this very letter she describes as making the happiness of her life!

Paris, Friday, 17th Sept. 1784.

DEAR MR. LYSONS,

Though I hear by our friend, Mr. James, that you are still at Bath, yet I make use of your own direction, as it is always safest to follow rules exactly, when people are very distant from each other. Was I writing to a person who I thought regardless of me, and only desirous of my letters, I would not begin by saying how well and how happy I find myself; but if that were not the first thing you wished to hear, I would not write to you at all. The second is how, and what, and where, &c., and what do you see with most pleasure? and so forth. Why, then, absolutely I think the Prince of Bourbon's Cabinet afforded me as much pleasure as anything, and that because it put us in mind of you, and we cried out, Lord! if Mr. Lysons did but see these beautiful butterflies!—and here is Hector, I remember him, I am sure,—and Achilles, with the broad blue stripe down his wing,—and Beau Paris and all! Mr. James will tell you that all this is at Chantilly, where the waterfalls are so fine and the fish so tame. Well! but this moment brings me your kind letter, and assures me I am not forgotten. Mercy on me! what wonders Mrs. James has written! God bless you, speak to everybody you know, and protest that I owe nothing; as for the debts incurred by Johnson, her husband must see to them. Let us, however, get rid of the dirty house in Duke Street. I had no letters from Phillips or Coward while at London, but whoever writes now I shall get the intelligence safe enough. I am glad you are sitting for your picture. The portrait of Lysons, Earl of Tethbury, High Chancellor of England, in his youth will be of amazing value two hundred years hence. Meantime, tell me some news, do, of what you hear and see,

and do, and study. We find it so very hot, we dare not venture the suffocation of a theatre; but out-door diversions so swarm about this gay town, that there is no need except to put your head out of doors, and you see everything *qui respire le plaisir à Paris, comme l'opulence à Londres*. Assure yourself, my dear sir, and assure my Bath friends, that it is equally out of the power of both to drive from my mind those who have so long and kindly contributed to its relief. I shall be very studious to execute all your commissions; but that odious Custom House! that foe to friendly intercourse! how shall we charm or stupify that ever-wakeful dragon? Tell Mrs. James that they seized my flannel petticoats (although made up), which I had provided for winter wear, and upon muslins and *dimittis*. *No nunc dimittis*, said they, but detained all they could find. Well! now am I a professed traveller, and what shall I tell to divert you of my travels? Dr. Johnson says (you know) that whoever would entertain another by his remarks, must make the subject of them *human life*. Mr. Whalley would with equal confidence assert, no doubt, that the voyager should be particularly attentive to the *scenery* of the places he passes thro'; for both speak of what would most entertain *them*. I think you would wish to hear a little of each: to be told that the vines clustering up the apple-trees, and mingling their fruits, fill one's eye with elegance and one's heart with comfort, as one drives along the splendid avenues which constitute the approach to this prodigious city, and are called the high-road to it for ten or twenty miles: that your friends *Io* and *Brassica* flutter about the Tuilleries Gardens among the two-legged and less-simply coloured butterflies every evening; that tho' this town seems in some respects bigger than London, ill-built, and crowded to a most disagreeable excess, the air seems always fresh, and the bats fly about the streets as if we all lived in the fields. Nothing, indeed, is a greater proof of the purity of the air here than the healthiness of the inhabitants, in spite of dirt, poverty, and pressure of one family against another, in houses *eight* story high, and streets so narrow that every noise is echoed and detained below, in such a manner as to stun a person who has lived fifteen months in the tranquil city of Bath; which is to our town here like a new shilling shining from the Mint, compared to a hundred pounds' worth of old but good halfpence, with here and there a bright broad piece of Portugal gold among them; for you have heard, with truth, that the palaces at Paris are magnificent; . . . and for the rest I refer you to every penny book, which can tell you better than I all that I have to tell, except that I am, with unalterable regard and real esteem,

Dear Mr. Lysons' faithful and affectionate sister,

H. L. Piozzi.

My husband sends you a thousand compliments. You must now direct to *Lyons*, but write soon; or if you write late, direct to *Turin*.

A Monsieur, Monsieur Samuel Lysons,
John Jeffries's, Esq., Bath.

Turin, 19th Oct.

Your letter, dear Mr. Lysons, was the first thing I found after my passage of the mountains; and my desire to oblige you by com-

plying with your request, was naturally the second sensation. I have inquired out Dr. Allioni, and shall have leave to see his collection to-morrow, my letter shall lie open till I can give you an account of my success. Meantime, you ask me what I think of Savoy and its Alps! Shall I protest to you that I have not yet arranged the ideas with which they crowded my mind; and that although I have now been here six days staring every instant at some work of *art*, the least of which would serve for a wonder in England—my eyes turn perpetually towards those glorious productions of *Nature*, and I half scorn to think of anything but them. Why, what monkeys were we all at last to titter at Mr. Whalley's descriptions? Those four days' journey from Pont Bon Voisin to Novalesa, would be enough, I should think, to make a coxcomb of Dr. Johnson, or a pedant of Mr. James. We often wished for your company, and said how you would sit upon this rock and that rock, taking views of the country: I jumped out of the coach myself at one place to drink at a beautiful cascade that came foaming down the side of the hill, all tufted with various coloured greens, where I followed *Hyale* among the bushes (the yellow butterfly with brown-edged wings), but could not catch her. This city is the most symmetrical, the most delicate, and the most tranquil I have ever seen—London is dirty, and Bath heavy, compared with it. 'Tis like a model of a town exhibited in white wax for a show; I did not know till now that the metropolis of a nation could be a *pretty thing*. But I do not wish for you here; I wish you fast shut up with piles of law-books all the week, to dig fame and fortune out of black letters, and blacker recitals of injury, fraud, and ruin; then to taste fresh air at Sheene from Saturday to Monday, in the more pleasing contemplation of God's works unperturbed by man.

We are going to Alexandria, Genoa, and Pavia, and then to Milan for the winter, as Mr. Piozzi finds friends everywhere to delay us; and I hate hurry and fatigue; it takes away all one's attention. Lyons was a delightful place to me, and we were so feasted and adored there by my husband's old acquaintance. The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, too, paid us a thousand caressing civilities where we met with them, and we had no means of musical parties neither. The Prince of Sisterna came yesterday to visit Mr. Piozzi, and present me the key of his box at the Opera for the time we stay at Turin. Here's honour and glory for you! when Miss Thrale hears of it all—*she will write perhaps*; the other two are very kind and affectionate. My health and spirits mend every day, thank God, and my husband's kindness makes me amends for all I suffered to obtain him. We mean to go quietly forward in the Spring, but there is no joke at all in passing the Apennines at Christmas, so you will only have accounts of the north of Italy from me this year: let me add how much more magnificent the Rhone appeared to me than the Po, and then lay by my paper till after my visit to Dr. Allioni.

Well! I have seen the good old man and his collection, but could not coax him out of anything really curious—as for trash, one would not be plagued with *them*. The specimens of petrified wood and marbles of this country are exceedingly fine indeed, and I longed to buy, or change, or procure them for you by some method; the fossil fish in slate, too, are admirable, and there is one flat stone

with a fish in it, so perfect on both sides, that it seems a Cameo and Intaglio. I will not rest, however, till I can obtain you something. He is good-natured and communicative, and will publish his book upon Botany next January, but being nearly blind, the pleasure once produced to him is lost, and he means to sell all his rarities together. The "hortus siccus," I fancy, is a very good one, but you know how little a way my skill reaches in such matters. I was glad to see Atlas and Antenor again, though, God bless you, and be very wise, and very good, and very happy, and do not forget your mother's preachments, nor those of your ever sincere and faithful,

H. L. Piozzi.

Give my love to the dear Jameses—and accept my husband's compliments.

Direct to Milan, and write very soon, and a long letter; few people love you better than I do—for few people know you as well. Adieu!

À Monsieur,
Monsieur Samuel Lysons,
Chez le Reverend Monsieur S. Peach, à East Sheen,
Près de Richmond en Surrey, proche de Londres.

Milan, 7th Dec. 1784.

I THANK you very kindly, dear Mr. Lysons, for *your* attention, which I value exceedingly, and beg you to continue. The attention and politeness with which I am treated here is really prodigious; I did not expect anything like it. What shall I tell you to compensate for the length and good nature of your last letter. I must begin with Genoa, I believe, and rejoice that my paper is long and wide, if I propose to describe either its elegance or splendour; the entrance of the city, so justly called *la Superba*, or the magnificence of the gulf it overlooks and appears to command. Oh! if one was enthusiastically fond of natural beauties, one certainly should never quit the Bocchetta of Genoa, where the clouds veil the hill, and the strawberry-trees growing wild like our furze-bushes help to adorn it; where balm and rosemary perfume the road, and fill the little ditches that in England are deformed by nettles, thistles, &c. (not one of which have I seen since I left France), where standard, fig-trees spread their great leaves, and hold out their delicious fruits like oaks and acorns in our country; while oranges and lemons flourish over every wall that encloses a pleasure-ground belonging to the numberless palaces scattered up and down for a few miles round the city. Two days ago I received a box of roses and carnations from thence; all of which blew out in the open air, at this time of the year when the people on the other side the Strand can scarcely see the scarlet pocket-books, which shine in your landlord's shop window for fog, I trow. Poor Sammy said your mother when first you described your situation to *her*, I'm sure; *if he should lose either his health or his disposition to virtue in that nasty town, I should wish he had never seen it, let him grow as rich and as fortunate as he will.* You know I used to preach to you like your mother, and press you lose no ground in the great race by following *golden apples*. I still continue to take the same liberty, and often

fancy a young man committed so to the wide world like a fine picture painted in enamel, and put into the furnace—from whence if it comes out with the likeness *fixed* and the colours *firm*, all agree to admire and strive to possess it—if they run!! But my sermon is at an end, and we will begin a new subject. Mr. Piozzi is much pleased with your letter, which I translated my best; and bids me send you a copy of a sonnet written in my praise already, as I have have made no verses myself, and as you will like these better than any I should have written. Everybody here says they are very good ones—give a copy of them to dear Mr. James, who reads this language as well as his own, or nearly:—

Al merito impareggiabile dell' ornatissima Signora Donna Ester Thrale,
Inglese, condotta sposa in Milano dal Signor Don Gabriele Piozzi.

SONETTO.

D'insubria el genio, lieto oltre l'usato,
Per le vie di Milan giva acclamando;
Agli affanni si dia eterno bando,
Che un raro Don dan cielo a noi rien dato.
Infelice Israel saria, pur stato,
Se dell' empio Amano al fatal comando,
Tospeo de Persi impazienti il Brando,
La bella Ebreia non avesse osato.
Nurva Estera dall' Anglia a noi qui scese
Per mano di Gabriel cui l'alme Imene
Avvinse già d'amore un tempo acuse,
Ah! sia sempre che con tal donna a lato,
Lo sposo e Milan giviscan d'un Bene,
Cui non sai larbar avverso fato.

Now don't put *this* in the newspapers, for, if you do, I will never write to you another word while I live, and send the same charge to Mr. James, for I have been too much persecuted in England by public notice, and if one cannot trust any friend with one's vanity 'tis very hard: the truth is, I *do* send few letters to England: who is there that have not been busily spiteful, or spitefully busy about our affairs except yourself? Mr. Seward perhaps meant, and I believe he did, more to divert himself than to offend me by the ludicrous and contemptuous manner with which he thought proper to treat a connection which has made the happiness of my life; but though I value his virtues exceedingly, and think society both benefited and blest by his long continuance as a member of it—you would not blame my putting an end to the correspondence which produced me such letters as I received from him this time twelvemonth, and ever since that time till I left Bath in August last, if you saw 'em. I correspond constantly and copiously with such of my daughters as are willing to answer my letters, and I have at last received one cold scrap from the eldest, which I instantly and tenderly replied to. Dear Sir Lucas Pepps, who saved my life before I came to Bath, where the waters and your friendship preserved it—assisted by Mr. James's amiable family, and uncommon talents, sweetened by cordial kindness, has never been neglected, and I shall write to him again in a day or two. Mrs. Lewis, too, and Miss Nicholson, have had accounts of my health, for I found *them* disinterestedly attached to me; those who led the stream, or watched which way it ran,

that they might follow it, were not, I suppose, desirous of my correspondence; and till they are so, shall not be troubled with it. I ventured a letter to Dr. Lort, tho' by the Abate Bocchetti, who wanted recommendatory letters to learned men: since I received yours it pleases me that I *did* write to him, but I had no heart of it at the time. Adieu, my dear friend, and continue your partial regard for me, who have for you a true and affectionate esteem; let me hear what, and how, and where, and when: and believe me ever most faithfully,

Your friend and obedient servant,
H. L. Piozzi.

My husband sends his kind compliments; he studies English while you work at the Italian, so the conversation will do excellently when you meet next. I dined at the ministers o' Tuesday, and he called all the wise men round me with great politeness indeed. You must like the new Venetian Resident when he comes to England, as in a few months he will, for his partiality to us as well as his agreeable qualities. Once more keep me *out* of the newspapers if you possibly can: they have given me many a miserable hour, and my worst enemies many a merry one—but I have not deserved public persecution, and am very happy to live in a place where one is free from unmerited insolence, such as London abounds with.

"*Illic credulitas—illic temerarius error,*" &c.

God bless you, and may you *conquer* the many-headed monster which I could never charm to silence. Farewell! my next letter shall talk of the libraries and botanical gardens, and twenty other clever things here at Milan, and I mean to go to Paris and Padua on purpose to find something worth your acceptance which may not disgrace your collection; but such things must be carried, not sent. Write to me very soon. I wish you a comfortable Christmas, and a happy beginning of the year 1785. Do not neglect Dr. Johnson: you will never see any other mortal so wise or so good—I keep his picture in my chamber, and his works on my chimney; the Germans, who study English here, all talk of his writings—but the Italians are all for Dr. Young. They treat Pope as a Spinozist.

A Monsieur,
Monsieur Samuel Lysons,
Chez the Reverend Mr. S. Peach, at East Sheen,
near Richmond, in Surrey,
Pres de Londres, Angleterre.

OUR PEN AND INK GALLERY.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

F. M. THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON was born 1st May, 1769.



BANKS AND BANKERS.*

So many series of leading articles in newspapers, lusty pamphlets, and good-sized volumes, have been published during the last forty years, treating of the currency question in all its imaginable bearings, that one would hardly wonder if the love of money had been extinguished in England by the tremendous amount of talk that has been raised respecting it.

Let not the timid reader be alarmed. We have no currency scheme at our fingers' ends, which we hope not only to make clear, but to render attractive to any capacity in a few score pages or so : we are not going to moot the question, "What is a pound?" or to set forth a theory of a non-intrinsic metallic currency formed on new principles. For the present, we quite agree with Turgot, that the precious metals became universal money, not in consequence of any arbitrary agreement among men, or of the intervention of any law, but by the nature and force of things. We still continue to perceive and understand that, amongst not a few other considerations, it was the desire of uniting the different qualities of invariability of value, divisibility, durability, facility of transportation, and perfect sameness, which has induced mankind in every civilized society to employ gold and silver as money.

We have also a very strong opinion, which we think will be shared by the great majority of our readers, although, strange to say, a contrary doctrine has been broached within the last few years—that no monarch of this country ever had the right, or ought ever to have it—of issuing coins, and putting what value he may please upon them ; and we hold that Swift was a true benefactor to his countrymen when he warned them, in the "Drapier's Letters" against the nefarious patent of the Englishman Wood, (twenty of whose brass halfpence were not intrinsically worth two-pence,) telling them — "But your great comfort is, that as His Majesty's patent does not oblige you to take this money, so the laws have not given the crown a power of forcing the subjects to take what money the King pleases. For then, by the same reason, we might be bound to take pebble-stones, or cockle-shells, or stamped leather for current coin, if ever we should happen to live under an ill prince ; who might, likewise, by the same power, make a guinea pass for ten pounds, a shilling for twenty shillings, and so on, by which means he would in a short time get all the silver and gold of the kingdom into his own hands, and leave us nothing but brass or leather, or what he pleased."

Why do we covet to possess, and regard when we have got them, gold and silver? Because they are commodities whose value is recognised by the whole civilized world, and for which we may get in immediate exchange what commodities we require. Why do we look upon a bank-note with considerable respect? Because, in the words of the poet,

* *The History of Banking: with a comprehensive Account of the Origin, Rise, and Progress of the Banks of England, Ireland, and Scotland.* By William John Lubbock. Richard Bentley, 1834.

“ We know it will be gold another day—”

any day—any hour:—the honest fellow, in whom we have all confidence, telling us plainly that he promises to pay so much *on demand*. It is emptiness and fond impertinence to talk of any general scheme for the three kingdoms, of a non-intrinsic currency that shall not be representative of the precious metals, and it is idle to quote the Scotch banking system by way of argument, to prove that such a scheme is feasible, or could be successful. The Scotch banks have obtained the confidence of the people, it is true: so much so, that cash is seldom demanded for their notes. But these notes express a promise to pay in the precious metals, and the holder believes in the ability of the bank to fulfil that promise.

We must now say a few words on the work, the recent perusal of which has drawn from us the foregoing brief remarks. Mr. Lawson was for many years a clerk in one of the most eminent banking-houses in London. Chance, he tells us, he believes, directed him to the very employment which was best fitted for him. We think this very likely; for nothing but an unconquerable bias towards all that relates to banking, could have induced him to devote the years of his life he must have employed in the compilation of his work.

He gives us the early history of our coinage; the origin of Banks in England; the history of, and a treatise on, Bills of Exchange—a very valuable communication of a species of knowledge which is seldom acquired, if acquired at all, until the student has been made a martyr or a victim; the foundation, progress, and present condition of the Bank of England; an account of London, Country, and Joint Stock Banking; and a history of Irish and Scotch Banks.

There is a vast amount of important information in this volume; information drawn from a variety of not easily accessible sources, which Mr. Lawson, with equal candour and policy, has indicated at the end of his work. It was well to relate whence the materials were derived, that the curious may refer to one or more of his authorities: it was well, likewise, to show that he has deserved the respect (*we* will say the gratitude) of our mercantile nation, by placing within their immediate reach, knowledge, of which it is of great value to be master, but which, without our author's aid, could never, amid the avocations and distractions of business, be acquired.

But let it not be supposed that this work is deficient of entertainment in the more popular sense of the word. The origin of some of our older London and Country Banking Houses is extremely curious and entertaining; and the anecdotes which occur naturally, and are told in a natural and agreeable manner, we will not say lighten the work, for it is not in any sense heavy, but relieve it; for it is a work (as it ought to be) of substance.

A TIGHT RACE CONSIDERIN'.

THE LIFE OF A LOUISIANA "SWAMP DOCTOR."

DURING my medical studies, passed in a small village in Mississippi, I became acquainted with a family named Hibbs (*a nom de plume* of course), residing a few miles in the country. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Hibbs and son. They were plain, unlettered people, honest in intent and deed, but overflowing with that which amply made up for all their deficiencies of education, namely, warm-hearted hospitality, the distinguishing trait of southern character. They were originally from Virginia, from whence they had emigrated in quest of a climate more genial, and a soil more productive than that in which their fathers had toiled. Their search had been rewarded, their expectations realized, and now, in their old age, though not wealthy in the "Astorian" sense, they had sufficient to keep the "wolf from the door," and drop something more substantial than condolence and tears in the hat that poverty hands round for the kind offerings of humanity.

The old man was like the generality of old planters, men whose ambition is embraced by the family or social circle, and whose thoughts turn more on the relative value of "Sea Island" and "Mastodon," and the improvement of their plantations, than the "glorious victories of Whiggery in Kentucky," or the "triumphs of Democracy in Arkansas."

The old lady was a shrewd, active dame, kind-hearted and long-tongued, benevolent and impartial, making her coffee as strong for the poor pedestrian with his all upon his back, as for the broadcloth sojourner, with his "up-country pacer." She was a member of the church, as well as the daughter of a man who had once owned a race-horse: and these circumstances gave her an indisputable right, she thought, to "let on all she knew," when religion or horse-flesh was the theme. At one moment she would be heard discussing whether the new "circus rider" (as she always called him), was as affecting in Timothy as the old one was pathetic in Paul; and anon protecting dad's horse from the invidious comparisons of some visitor, who having heard, perhaps, that such horses as Fashion and Boston existed, thought himself qualified to doubt the old lady's assertion that her father's horse, "Shumach," had run a mile on one particular occasion. "Don't tell me," was her never-failing reply to their doubts, "don't tell me 'bout Fashion, or Bosting, or any other beating 'Shumach' a fair race, for the thing was unfeasible. Didn't he run a mile a minute by Squire Dim's watch, which always stopt 'zactly at twelve? and didn't he start a minute afore, and git out jest as the long hand war givin' its last quiver on ketchin' the short leg of the watch? And didn't he beat everything in Virginny 'cept once? Dad and the folks said he'd 've beat then, if young Mr. Spotswood hadn't given 'old Swaga, Shumach's rider, some of that 'Croton water' (that them Yorkers is makin' sich a fuss over as bein' so good, when, gracious knows, nothin' but what the doctors call interconception could git me to take a dose), and jix 'fore the race, Swaga or Shumach, I don't 'stinctly 'member which, but one of them had to 'let down,' and so dad's hoss got beat."

The son I will describe in few words. Imbibing his parent's contempt for letters, he was very illiterate, and, as he had not enjoyed the equivalent of travel, was extremely ignorant on all matters not relating to hunting or plantation duties. He was a stout, active fellow, with a merry twinkling of the eye, indicative of humour, and partiality for practical joking. We had become very intimate, he instructing me in "forest lore," and I, in return, giving amusing stories, or, what was as much to his liking, occasional introductions to my hunting-flask.

Now that I have introduced the "*Dramatis Personæ*," I will proceed with my story. By way of relaxation, and to relieve the tedium incident more or less to a student's life, I would take my gun, walk out to old Habb's, spend a day or two, and return refreshed to my books.

One fine afternoon I started upon such an excursion, and as I had upon a previous occasion missed killing a fine buck, owing to my having nothing but squirrel-shot, I determined to go this time for the "antlered monarch," by loading one barrel with fifteen "blue whistlers," reserving the other for small game.

At the near end of the plantation was a fine spring, and adjacent a small cave, the entrance artfully or naturally concealed, save to one acquainted with its locality. The cave was nothing but one of those subterraneous washes so common in the west and south, and called "sink-holes." It was known only to young H. and myself, and we, for peculiar reasons, kept it secret, having put it in requisition as the depository of a jug of "old Bourbon," which we favoured, and as the old folks abominated drinking, we had found convenient to keep there, whether we would repair to get our drinks, and return to the house to bear them descant on the evils of drinking, and "vow no 'drap," 'cept in doctor's truck, should ever come on their plantation."

Feeling very thirsty, I took my way by the spring that evening. As I descended the hill o'ertopping it, I beheld the hind parts of a bear slowly being drawn into the cave. My heart bounded at the idea of killing a bear, and my plans were formed in a second. I had no dogs—the house was distant—and the bear became "small by degrees, and beautifully less." Every hunter knows if you shoot a squirrel in the head when it's sticking out of a hole, ten to one he'll jump out; and I reasoned that if this were true regarding squirrels, might not the operation of the same principle extract a bear, applying it low down in the back.

Quick as thought I levelled my gun and fired, intending to give him the buck-shot when his body appeared; but what were my surprise and horror, when, instead of a bear rolling out, the parts were jerked nervously in, and the well-known voice of young H. reached my ears.

"Murder! Hingins! h—l and kuckle-burs! Oh! Lordy! 'nuff! —'nuff!—take him off! Jis let me off this wunst, dad, and I'll never run usam's colt again! Oh! Lordy! Lordy! *all my brains blowed clean out!* Snakes! snakes!" yelled he, in a shriller tone, if possible; "H—l on the outside and snakes in the sink-hole! I'll die a Christian, anyhow, and if I die before I wake"—and out scrambled poor H., pursued by a large black-snake.

If my life had depended on it, I could not have restrained my laughter. Down fell the gun, and down dropped I shrieking convulsively. The hill was steep, and over and over I went, until my head

striking against a stump at the bottom stopped me, half-senseless. On recovering somewhat from the stunning blow, I found Hibbs upon me, taking satisfaction from me for having blowed out his brains. A contest ensued, and H. finally relinquished his hold, but I saw from the knitting of his brows that the bear-storm, instead of being over, was just brewing. "Mr. Tensas," he said, with awful dignity, "I'm sorry I put into you 'fore you cum to, but you're at yourself now, and as you've tuck a shot at me, it's no more than fair I should have a chance 'fore the hunt's up."

It was with the greatest difficulty I could get H. to bear with me until I explained the mistake; but as soon as he learned it he broke out in a huge laugh. "Oh, Dod busted! that's 'nuff; you has my pardon. I ought to know'd you didn't 'tend it; 'sides, you jis scraped the skin. I war wus skeered than hurt, and if you'll go to the house and beg me off from the old folks, I'll never let on you cuddent tell copperas-breeches from bar-skin."

Promising that I would use my influence, I proposed taking a drink, and that he should tell me how he had incurred his parent's anger. He assented, and after we had inspected the cave, and seen that it held no other serpent than the one we craved, we entered its cool recess, and H. commenced—

"You see, Doc, I'd heerd so much from mam 'bout her dad's Shumach and his nigger Swage, and the mile a minute, and the Croton water what was gin him, and how she bleved if it warn't for bettin', and the cussin' and fightin', running race-hosses warn't the sin folks said it war; and if they war anything to make her 'gret gettin' religion and jinin' the church, it war cos she couldn't 'tend races, and have a race-colt of her own to comfort her 'clinin' years, sich as her daddy had afore her, till she got me; so I couldn't rest for wantin' to see a hoss-race, and go shares, p'raps, in the colt she war wishin' for. And then I'd think what sort of a hoss I'd want him to be—a quarter nag, a mile critter, or a hoss what could run (fur all mam says, it can't be did) a whole four mile at a stretch. Sometimes I think I'd rather own a quarter nag, for the suspense wouldn't long be hung, and then we could run up the road to old Nick Bamer's cow-pen, and Sally is almost allers out thar in the cool of the evenin'; and, in course, we wouldn't be so cruel as to run the poor critter in the heat of the day. But then agin, I'd think I'd rather have a miler,—for the 'citement would be greater, and we could run down the road to old Wither's orchard, an' his gal Miry is frightfully fond of sunnin' herself thar, when she 'spects me 'long, and she'd hear of the race, certain; but then thar war the four miler for my thinkin', and I'd knew'd in such case the 'citement would be greatest of all, and you know, too, from dad's stable to the grocery is jist four miles, an' in case of any 'spute, all hands would be willin' to run over, even if it had to be tried a dozen times. So I never could 'cide on which sort of a colt to wish for. It was fust one, then t'others, till I was nearly 'stracted, and when mam, makin' me religious, told me one night to say grace, I jes shut my eyes, looked pious, and yelled out, 'D—n it, go!' and in 'bout five minutes arter, came near kickin' dad's stumak off, under the table, thinkin' I war spurrrin' my critter in a tight place. So I found the best way to get the hoss fust, and then 'termine whether it should be Sally Bamer's, and the cow-pen; Miry Withers, and the peach-l; or Spillman's grocery, with the bald face.

" You've seed my black colt, that one that dad's father gin me in his will when he died, and I 'spect the reason he wrote that will war, that he might have wun then, for it's more then he had when he was alive, for gramma war a monstrous overbearin' woman. The colt would cum up in my mind, every time I'd think whar I was to git a hoss. 'Git out!' said I at fust—he never could run, and 'sides if he could, mam rides him now, an he's too old for anything, 'cept totin her and bein' called mine; for you see, though he war named Colt, yet for the old lady to call him old, would bin like the bar 'fecting contempt for the rabbit, on account of the shortness of his tail.

" Well, thought I, it does look sorter unpromisin', but it's colt or none; so I 'termined to put him in trainin' the fust chance. Last Saturday, who should cum ridin' up but the new cirkut preacher, a long-legged, weakly, sickly, never-contented-unless-the-best-on-the-plantation-war-cooked-fur-him sort of a man; but I didn't look at him twice, his hoss was the critter that took my eye; for the minute I looked at him, I knew him to be the same hoss as Sam Spooner used to win all his splurgin' dimes with, the folks said, and what he used to ride past our house so fine on. The hoss war a heap the wuss for age and change of masters; for preachers, though they're mity 'ticular 'bout thar own comfort, seldom tends to thar hosses; for one is privit property and t'other generally horried. I seed from the way the preacher rid, that he didn't know the animal he war straddlin'; but I did, and I 'termined I wouldn't lose such a chance of trainin' Colt by the side of a hoss what had run real races. So that night, arter prayers and the folks was abed, I and Nigger Bill tuck the hosses and carried them down to the pastur'. It war a forty-aker lot, and consequently jist a quarter across—for I thought it best to promote Colt, by degrees, to a four-miler. When we got thar, the preacher's hoss showed he war willin'; but Colt, dang him! commenced nibblin' a fodder-stack over the fence. I nearly cried for vexment, but an idea struck me; I hitched the critter, and told Bill to get on Colt and stick tight when I give the word. Bill got reddy, and unbeknowst to him I pulled up a bunch of nettles, and, as I clapped them under Colt's tail, yelled, 'Go!' Down shut his graceful like a steel trap, and away he shot so quick an' fast that he jumpt clean out from under Bill, and got nearly to the end of the quarter 'fore the nigger tock the ground: he lit on his head, and in course warn't hurt—so we cotched Colt, an' I mounted him.

" The next time I said 'go' he showed that age hadn't spiled his legs or memory. Bill 'an me 'greed we could run him now, so Bill mounted Preacher and we got ready. Thar war a narrer part of the track 'tween two oaks, but as it war near the end of the quarter, I 'spected to pass Preacher 'fore we got thar, so I warn't afraid of barkin' my shins.

" We tuck a fair start, and off we went like a peeled ingun, an' I soon 'covered that it warn't such an easy matter to pass Preacher, though Colt dun delightful; we got nigh the trees, and Preacher warn't past yet, an' I 'gan to get skeered, for it warn't more than wide enuf for a hoss and a half; so I hollered to Bill to hold up: the impudent nigger turned his ugly pictur, and said, 'he'd be cussed if he warn't goin' to play his han' out.' I gin him to understand he'd better fix for a foot-race when we stopt, and tried to hold up Colt, but he wouldn't stop. We reached the oaks, Colt tried to pass Preacher,

Preacher tried to pass Colt, and cowollop, crosch, cochunk! we all cum down like 'simmons arter frost. Colt got up and won the race; Preacher tried hard to rise, but one hind leg had got threw the stirrup, an' tother in the head-stoll, an' he had to lay still, doubled up like a long nigger in a short bed. I lit on my feet, but Nigger Bill war gone entire. I looked up in the fork of one of the oaks, and thar he war sittin', lookin' very composed on surroundin' natur'. I couldn't git him down till I promised not to hurt him for disobey'n orders, when he slid down. We'd 'nuff racin' for that night, so we put up the hosses and went to bed.

"Next morning the folks got ready for church, when it was discovered that the hosses had got out. I an' Bill started off to look for them, we found them cleer off in the field, tryin' to git in the pastur' to run the last night's race over, old Blaze, the reverluahunary mule, bein' along to act as judge.

"By the time we got to the house it war nigh on to meetin' hour; and dad had started to the preachin', to tell the folks to sing on, as preacher and mam' would be 'long bimeby. As the passun war in a hurry, and had been complainin' that his creetur war dull, I 'suaded him to put on uncle Jim's spurs what he fotch from Mexico. I saddled the passun's hoss, takin' 'ticular pains to let the saddle-blanket come down low in the flank. By the time these fixins war threw, mam war 'head nigh on to a quarter. 'We must ride on, passun,' I said, 'or the folks 'll think we is lost.' So I whipt up the mule I rid, the passun chirrupt and chuct to make his crittur gallop, but the animal didn't mind him a pic. I 'gan to snicker, an' the passun 'gan to git vex; sudden he thought of his spurs, so he ris up, an' drove them vum in his hoss's flank, till they went through his saddle-blanket, and like to bored his nag to the holler. By gosh! but it war a quickener—the hoss kickt till the passun had to hug him round the neck to keep from pitchin' him over his head.

"Mam war ridin' slowly along, thinkin' how sorry she was, cos Chary Dolin, who always led her off, had sich a bad cold, an' wouldn't be able to 'sist her singin' to-day. She war practisin' the hymns, and had got as far as whar it says, 'I have a race to run,' when the passun huv in sight, an' in 'bout the dodgin' of a diedapper, she found thar war truth in the words, for the colt, hearin' the hoss cumin' up behind, began to show symptoms of runnin'; but when he heard the passun holler 'wo! wo!' to his hoss, he thought it war me shoutin' 'go!' and sure 'nuff off they started jis as the passun got up even; so it war a fair race. Whoop! git out, but it war egsitin—the dust flew, and the rail-fence appeared strate as a rifle. Thar war the passun, his legs fast to the critter's flank, arms lockt round his neck, face as pale as a rabbit's belly, and thar war Mam, fust on one side, then on t'other, her new caliker swelled up round her like a bear with the dropsy, the old lady so much surprized she cudden't ride steddly, an' tryin' to stop her colt, but he war too well trained to stop while he heard 'go!' Mam got 'sited at last, and her eyes 'gan to glimmer like she seen her daddy's ghost axin' 'if he ever trained up a child or a race-hoss to be 'fraid of a small bruah on a Sunday,' she commenced ridin' beautiful; she braced herself up in the saddle, and began to make calkerlations how she war to win the race, for it war nose and nose, and she saw the passun spurrin' his critter every jump. She tuk off her shoe, and the way a number ten go-to-meetin' brogan commenced givin' a hoss particular Moses, were a

caution to boss-flesh—but still it is kept nose and nose. She found she war carryin' too much weight for Colt, so she 'gan to throw off plunder till nuthin' was left but her saddle and close, and the spurs kept tellin' still. The old woman commenced strippin' to lighten, till it wouldn't bin the clean thing for her to have taken off one dud more; an' then when she found it war no use while the spurs lasted, she got cantankerous. 'Passun,' said she, 'I'll be cust if it's fair or gentlemanly for you, a preacher of the gospel, to take advantage of an old woman this way, usin' spurs when you know *she* can't wear 'em—'tain't Christian-like nuther, and she burst into cryin'. 'Wo! Miss Hibbs! Wo! Stop! Madam! Wo! Your son!'—he attempted to say, when the old woman tuck him on the back of the head, and fillin' his mouth with right smart of a saddle-horn, and stoppin' the talk, as far as his share went for the present.

"By this time they'd got nigh on to the meetin'-house, and the folks were harkin' away on 'Old Hundred,' and wonderin' what could have become of the passun and mam Hibbs. One sister in a long beard axt another brethren in church, if she'd heerd anything 'bout that New York preacher runnin' way with a woman old enough to be his muther. The brethrens gin a long sigh an' groaned 'it ain't possible! merciful heavens! you don't 'spicion?' wen the sound of the hosses comin', roused them up like a touch of the agur, an' broke off their serpent-talk. Dad run out to see what was to pay, but when he seed the hosses so close together, the passun spurrin', and mam ridin' like close war skase whar she cum, he knew her fix in a second, and 'terminated to help her; so clinchin' a saplin', he hid 'hind a stump 'boot ten steps off, and held on for the hosses. On they went in beautiful style, the passun's spurs tellin' terrible, and mam's shoe operatin' 'no small pile of punkins,'—passun stretched out the length of two hosses, while mam sot as stiff and strate as a bull yearling in his fust fight, hittin' her nag, first on one side, next on t'other, and the third for the passun, who had chawed the horn till little of the saddle, and less of his teeth war left, and his voice sounded as holler as a jackass-nicker in an old saw-mill.

"The hosses war nose and nose, jam up together. On they went like a small arthquake, an' it seemed like it war goin' to be a draun race; but dad, when they got to him, let down with all might on colt, scarin' him so bad that he jumpt clean a head of passun, beatin' him by a neck, buttin' his own head agin the meetin'-house, an' pitchin' mam, like a lam for the sacryfise, plum through the winder 'mongst the mourners. The men shot their eyes and scrambled outen the house, an' the women gin mam so much of their close that they like to put themselves in the same fix.

"The passun quit the circuit, and I haven't been home yet."

ETON COLLEGE AND ITS CELEBRITIES.*

"LET us now and then praise famous men," says a shrewd old Jewish writer; "men renowned for their power, such as did bear rule in their kingdoms, leaders of the people by their counsels, and by their knowledge of learning meet for the people; wise and eloquent in their instructions; such as found out musical tunes and recited verses in writing; rich men furnished with ability, who were honoured in their generation, and were the glory of their times, whose bodies are buried in peace, and whose name liveth for evermore." No other description do we need, and none perhaps could be found, that, from its force and truth, its distinctness and comprehensiveness, would better apply to those very eminent men, eminent in every rank of life, in every profession, in every department of literature and science, who added to their other honours this, which they did not probably esteem as the least, the title of Etonian.

Great and honoured names in consequence appear in these volumes, of warriors and statesmen, of bishops and archbishops, of faithful martyrs and learned divines; of historians, poets, musicians, judges, orators, and philosophers; of men of all parties, and of some few *isms*; all of some note in their day, and of many of whom the memory will never fail.

To the many thousands of the Alumni Etonenses, this volume must, of very necessity, from its subject, be highly acceptable; since the very illustrious names that figure on its pages, and that owe their chief renown to their early connection with Eton, make it more than desirable to an Etonian, that he should know something of the men who have gone before him, and who have each contributed, perhaps, in some little measure, to the fame of their celebrated college. It warms one's heart, indeed, to read these memoirs of the good and great, as it delights one to see these many proofs collected together, of the powerful influence for good which Eton has been exercising through so many generations throughout the whole of England.

Of the many public men of historical celebrity, who are noticed in these pages, the memoirs are necessarily, in most cases, brief; and indeed but little could be said of the many, where so many come under observation; that little is, however, well put together, and all that it really imports us to know of such characters, is brought before us. In the notices of the scholars of the sixteenth century, there is information that will be new to many, and equally novel as amusing: but the seventeenth century brings out such men as the Earl of Essex, the parliamentary general; Dr. Hammond; Bishops Pearson and Sherlock; Sir Robert Walpole; Lord Bolingbrook, and many others of scarcely less note. In the next century appears names of still greater celebrity; Lords Chatham, and North, and Howe; the Marquisses Cornwallis and Wellesley; the writers Fielding and Gray; the statesmen Fox and Canning, and others of whom it was difficult to say little, nor was it an easy matter to select what was best to be said; and this applies especi-

See of Eminent Etonians; with Notices of the Early History of Eton
S. Cressy, M.A. Bentley, London.

ally to such men as Earl Grey, Lords Holland and Melbourne, whose political and other opinions have so lately provoked such fierce contentions amongst us, and of whom no notice could be taken that would be alike acceptable to all parties, during, at least, the present generation.

Mr. Creasy has, we judge, admirably acquitted himself of the by no means easy task he had undertaken; his notices, though brief, are quite to the purpose: they are memoirs and not lives; and where he has been more liberal of his notes and observations, it is upon such characters as Lord Chatham, Lord Camden, Charles Fox, the Marquis Wellesley and Canning, the history of whose lives would be the political and social history of England while they lived.

The volume is indeed an admirable beginning of a probable series of volumes on the same subject, through years yet to come; and when most of us who were mingled with the past will be resting in our graves, the eminent Etonians now living will hereafter supply matter for a volume or two; and some of these at the present moment are found in the highest and most important offices in the state; such as the Duke of Wellington, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Denman, and with these may be numbered Lord Stanley, Lord Ellenborough, Lord Lyttleton, Sir Stratford Canning, Gladstone, Hallam, Milman, and a host besides. But our concern at present is with the men who are bodily lost to us—with the great men who were before us—with the giants of other days, and certainly the more we look upon them, and the more we are reminded of them, the more manifestly is it seen that in this our year of grace, 1850, there is a sad lack of such first-rate public men in this country as were to be found in it on the opening of the present century. In the rising generation nothing literally is to be discerned of either talent or energy, in either of the Houses of Parliament; or nothing sufficiently of either to denote that we have one rising great man among them. Eton must look to this, and be prompt to send into the political arena such men as she did there send with the Wellesleys, the Windhams, and the Cannings.

Not the least pleasing portions of these memoirs are the instances they give of the strong and enduring attachment which men, public and busy men, retain throughout their life for the subjects that so occupied their thoughts and attention in youth. Thirty or forty years passed in the fiercest political contentions, or in the most active employments, as prime ministers, members of the administration, leaders of the Opposition, governors of India, we still find them, on their return into private life, resuming, with great eagerness, their old readings and pursuits. Thus the Marquis Wellesley, at nearly eighty, could amuse himself by writing, and delight others by reading, a volume of poems, entitled "*Primitivæ et Reliquiæ*," one of which, the *Salix Babylona*, is given in the Memoirs.

Of the composition and arrangement of the work we can speak most favourably: it is prefaced by a short history of the life and character of the founder of Eton College, and the writer does but common justice to Henry VI., who was one of the most amiable and pious men that ever lived, equally as one of the most ill-used and unfortunate.

"LA TEMPESTA."—A GLANCE AT THE OPERA.

WHETHER Shakspeare, if he lived in our days, would have written the "Tempest" in the form of an opera, or, whether, in that astonishing case, he would have constructed it on the principle illustrated by M. Scribe, are questions which we consider very unprofitable for discussion. It is better to pass on at once to M. Scribe's poem, and to examine it in reference to the practical purpose for which it was composed, rather than to any fantastical hypothesis of that kind.

If M. Scribe had held as a canon of art that, in the adaptation of the drama to the uses of the lyrical stage, he was bound to preserve the subject in its integrity, it is clear that his work never could have taken its present shape. In the "Tempest" of Shakspeare, the enchantments are subservient to the human interest—in the "Tempest" of M. Scribe, the human interest is subservient to the enchantments. In the former, *Miranda* and *Ferdinand*, and the restitution of *Prospero*, engross the sympathies of the audience—in the latter, the absorbing action of the scene is transferred to *Ariel* and *Caliban*, and the witch *Sycorax*, who, only a tradition of the isle in Shakspeare, is here an influential personage. The departure from the design and structure of the original is so bold and palpable that there can be no doubt so skilful and experienced a dramatist as M. Scribe would never have ventured upon it without a strong conviction of its artistic necessity. Whether Shakspeare would have composed an Italian opera out of the "Tempest" in the same manner is a point that may be referred with propriety to one of those committees of taste, which the author of the "Heroine" tells us, hold their sittings in the moon. It is enough that M. Scribe has deliberately adopted a plan which, while it prominently exhibits the salient features of the plot, arrives at the same end by different means. The lyrical stage demands a mode of treatment essentially different from that which is purely dramatic; and taking it in that light, and with a strict view to the capabilities of musical interpretation, it must be conceded to M. Scribe that, in his operatic version of the "Tempest," he has shown himself a consummate master of his art.

He feels it incumbent upon him at the same time to vindicate himself from the imputation of having violated the reverence that was due to the great poet. In his letter to Mr. Lumley, he says, "I have done the utmost to respect the inspirations of your immortal author; all the musical situations I have created are but suggestions taken from Shakspeare's ideas." The word "situations" explains everything. In the lyrical drama it is necessary to simplify the action, and to express it (so to speak) in a few striking phases. It is obviously impracticable through the medium of music to trace the minute progress of fluctuating emotions; passion, feeling, and incident must here be seized at their culminating points, and presented at the moment of their highest development. Keeping this indispensable law before us, in what part or parts of the "Tempest" could the lyrical poet look for the effects or "situations" the most susceptible of being successfully rendered by musical expression? He had his choice of the human interest, which in this play

is gradual and full of story, and peculiarly dependent upon the poetical delicacy with which the conception is drawn out and unfolded—or the supernatural machinery, which appeals at once to the imagination, and affords the most favourable opportunities for picturesque accessories, the descriptive colouring of music, and strong and intelligible *tableaux*. He might have made either of them predominant; and in selecting the latter as the main element of the poem, M. Scribe has escaped the difficulty of attempting to fulfil the demands of a subtle plot through the agency of the orchestra and the singers (an attempt which, even in his hands, must have been a failure), and has judiciously applied himself to the fanciful side of the subject, which is not only the most appropriate to music, but which derives an additional fascination from being presented through that medium.

In order to do this in the most effective manner, M. Scribe has expanded into action some of the dim suggestions of Shakspeare, made *Caliban's* passion for *Miranda* a prominent incident, and endowed the savage with a magic influence, the gift of *Sycorax*, who bestows it upon him in the hope that he will exercise it to liberate her, by which he is enabled to shut up *Ariel* in a tree, and to carry off the princess. All this is perfectly consistent with the original, and combines theatrical and scenic effects which singularly harmonize with the general conception and spirit of the drama.

In the distribution of his theme, M. Scribe has seldom displayed his knowledge of stage art with greater success. The storm and shipwreck occupy the prologue to the drama. The first act conducts us to the meeting of *Miranda* and *Ferdinand*, in which the foundations of the romantic interest are laid; the second act contains the machinations of *Caliban*, and the final escape of *Miranda* from his power; and in the third act the threads of the action are drawn together to an effective conclusion. The treatment possesses the merit of perspicuity in a high degree. It is nowhere clogged with superfluous matter; and is remarkable throughout for its broad simplicity, and for the skill with which the pictorial points of the story are brought out and realized.

All the resources of the theatre are made to contribute to the triumph of an opera, which combines a wider field of artistic combination than has ever before been embraced in a single production. To the pencil of Mr. Marshall we are indebted for some exquisite scenery; and as far as it is possible for colour and composition to satisfy the imagination with pictures of an enchanted island, he must be admitted to have succeeded. The tranquil beach and the sea sleeping in the sunlight—the weird rocks, crowned with gorgeous flowers—the giant trees, and dreamy woods, and the regal ship with the genii clustered upon the masts and rigging, are so many sketches of poetry idealized upon canvass.

The management of the groups that crowd the stage from time to time, divides our admiration with the back-grounds upon which they reflect a living interest. The terrified hosts of sailors on the deck of the doomed vessel, now flying in dishevelled masses from side to side, and now hushed and prostrated in solemn prayer—the gathering of the shipwrecked mariners on the shore in a wild revel, their red caps tossing in the air, and their picturesque costume blending its fluttering tints in most suggestive disorder—and the airy

movements and flitting dances of the attendant spirits, attired in a pale, glistening texture, which seems woven from the moonlight, may be specially instanced for the beauty and originality of invention they display.

It was a happy thought that confided the important functions of *Ariel* to the eloquent pantomime of Carlotta Grisi. Her action is so graceful and expressive, and affords such an agreeable relief and variety in the midst of that flood of sounds which charms the senses of the listener, as to make us a thousand times more willing to give credit to her enchantments than if the rôle had been entrusted to the most accomplished singer. These floating steps, this entrancing pageant of light and gossamer motions, are the closest exponents which the stage can supply of the "delicate Ariel," the "dainty Ariel," the "tricksy spirit" that was "but air."

What shall be said of the *Caliban* of Lablache? His head is a study in itself—the most perfect monster monarch of a head that the ingenuity of artist-coiffeur ever devised. That great bush and beard of fiery hair reveal at a glance the whole lineage and biography of the foul wretch, who, to his sharp and hideous nails, makes up such a creature of brutish ferocity, with a touch of savage grandeur in it, as Shakspeare himself must have glorified in gazing upon. And never was a part more admirably delineated. The mixture of sensuous rage, coarse appetites, and dull instincts, of exultation and terror, of fear and shuddering through every joint, and bestial joy glimmering out from the face and gloating all over the limbs, cannot be adequately depicted by our imperfect phraseology. This *Caliban* must be seen and heard to be understood and appreciated. The vocal *Caliban* is the supreme monster of all the earth's dire chimeras; and when he gets drunk, and reels amongst the sailors, and poises himself wonderfully on one foot, and feels his humanity dilating in its horrible passions under the influence of that fierce excitement—then he rises to the climax of his savagery, beyond which it is impossible to conceive any impersonation more grand and perfect.

The character of *Miranda* is charmingly rendered by Madame Sontag, whose execution of the music is distinguished by its sweetness and finish. The liquid melody of a bird is not more clear, fluent, or impulsive. And never was music more felicitously adapted to the organ or the style of a singer, than this music of *Miranda* to the peculiar excellencies of Madame Sontag. The poetry of the part partakes of the same character. When she apostrophises the soft air, the murmuring stream, and the warbling birds, the notes seem to be freighted with their echoes.

"Parmi una voce il murmure
Dell' aure e dei ruscelli;
Gorgheggiano gli angelli
Arcani sensi al cor."

Signor Baucarde, as *Ferdinand*, admirably sustained the tender and impassioned passages assigned to him; and, although the part does not admit of much scope for acting, he gave full effect to the emotions of wonder and devotion which are incidental to it. Amongst the most successful *morceaux* in other scenes of the opera, may be specially marked out a festive song delivered with great *gusto* by

Mademoiselle Parodi, and some highly effective fragments issuing from behind the scenes, in the rich melody of which we recognized the fine *contralto* of Mademoiselle Ida Bertrand. The other characters were ably filled, particularly the *Prospero* of Coletti.

All this time we have not said a word about M. Halevy. Being much pressed for room, we have left him to the last that we may say in a sentence or two all that we have to say about the music, as we have not room for details. The general character of the composition may, perhaps, be correctly designated as being highly descriptive. This is exactly the kind of music that is, on all accounts, best adapted to the nature of the subject. At the very opening of the overture we have a sample of the composer's poetical feeling which prepares us for what is to follow, and which is sustained to the end with unflagging spirit. Throughout the whole of the prologue the power of depicting a scene of elemental strife through the means of orchestral effects is displayed with marvellous success. A grander piece of instrumental painting can hardly be conceived than the crash and *melée* of voices rising amidst the storm, the wailing sounds that appear to issue from the groaning ship, the chorus of the spirits, and the despairing cries of the sailors, mixed together, or succeeding each other in a very striking way. Several passages in the opera might be selected as brilliant illustrations of the skill M. Halevy exhibits in giving appropriate colour to strongly contrasted subjects: such as the prayer on the deck of the ship—the reckless jollity and tipsy mirth of the sailors, when they have captured *Caliban*—the melodramatic music that swims round the graceful steps of *Ariel*—and the fantastic choruses of the attendant spirits. All these are equally excellent and descriptive, and as opposite and various as the themes to which they give expression. It is unnecessary to add that M. Halevy is a perfect master of his orchestra, since it is only by a complete command over every instrument, and a scientific control of complicated harmonies, that such triumphant results can be produced. As a whole this elaborate work places him in the highest rank of living composers.

To the enterprise and liberality of Mr. Lumley we are indebted for a lyrical drama which marks an important era in the history of the Italian Opera in this country. Instead of exclusively relying upon the *repertoires* of the Continent, we have here originated a great production upon our own stage; and it will be a lasting reproach to the amateurs and patrons of high art in England if our spirited *entrepreneur* be not cheered onward in the arduous course he has so auspiciously commenced, and encouraged to persevere in the same ambitious direction.

SKETCH OF M. THIERS, BY CHATEAUBRIAND.

THE following sketch of M. Thiers, by Chateaubriand (just published in his "Memoirs"), will be read with particular interest at the present moment, in consequence of this celebrated statesman's secret visit to this country.

M. Thiers is the only man of his class whom the revolution of July has produced. He founded the *école admirative* of the Reign of Terror, a school to which he himself belonged. If the men of the *terreur*, those renouncers and renounced of God, were such great men, their judgment ought certainly to be of some value; but these men, while destroying each other, declared that the party they slaughtered were knaves. Only consider, for instance, what Madame Roland says of Condorcet, and what Barbarona, the principal actor on the 10th of August, thinks of Marat; and again, how Camille Desmoulins writes against Saint Just. Ought we to judge Danton from Robespierre's opinion, or Robespierre from Danton's? When the *conventionnels* form such an indifferent idea of each other, how is it possible, without being wanting in the respect which we owe them, to hold an opinion which differs from theirs? *Jacobinisme* does not perceive that in its substantial form the *terreur* has been a complete failure, in consequence of its being incapable of fulfilling the conditions of its duration. The *terreur* could not carry out its ends, because it could not strike off a sufficient number of heads; for its well-doing, four or five hundred thousand more should have been sacrificed, but time was wanting for the execution of such horrid massacres.

The secret of the strange inconsistency in the men of the day is owing to their want of moral perception, to the absence of any fixed principle, and to the worship of superior strength. Whoever succumbed was considered guilty, and without talent, at any rate without that talent which adapts itself to circumstances. We must look only for that which is concealed beneath the liberal speeches of these *dévois de la terreur*, namely, success deified. We must do homage to the convention only as we should render homage to a tyrant. The convention being overthrown we must proceed with our baggage of liberties to the *Directoire*, and then to Napoleon, and this will be done without our being aware of our metamorphosis, without our having the slightest idea that we have changed. If we are worshippers of the dramatic, while we look upon the Girondins as unfortunate creatures because they are defeated, we shall, nevertheless, imagine a fantastic picture of their death: they are noble young men, who march to the sacrifice crowned with flowers. The Girondins! a cowardly faction who spoke in favour of Louis XVI., and yet voted for his execution; certainly they bore themselves admirably upon the scaffold; but who at that time did not submit meekly to death? Women distinguished themselves by their heroism, and the young girls of Verdun went like Iphigenia to the altar; tradesmen, who are very prudently not mentioned, those plebeians from whom the convention reaped so large a harvest, braved the steel of the executioner with as much resolution as our grenadiers braved the steel of the enemy. For one nobleman, thousands of the lowest class were destroyed by us; but this fact no one wishes to remember.

Can any reliance be placed upon M. Thiers's principles? None at all: he extolled the horrible massacres, yet at the same time he preached humanity in the most edifying manner: he was a perfect fanatic with regard to liberty, yet he oppressed Lyon, who was shot in the Rue Transnonain, and supported the laws of September, as well as decried against them. If this should ever meet his eye, he will view it in the light of an encomium. When M. Thiers became president of the council, and minister of foreign affairs, he immediately fell into raptures about the diplomatic intrigues of the Talleyrand school; he placed himself at length in the position of being considered a sorry jester, for want of steadiness, due gravity, and the knowledge when to hold his tongue. There may be no objection in indulging in a quiet psshaw at serious things, and at all loftiness of mind; but it would not be very prudent openly to show contempt for such matters, at least not until the world could be brought to take part in the orgies of Grand-Vaux. M. Thiers unites with a low degree of morality a certain elevation of mind. While the few survivors of feudalism have become stewards of their own estates, and are seeking anxiously to enrich themselves, M. Thiers, grand seigneur of the *renaissance*, is travelling like a new Atticus, purchasing on his way the choicest productions of art, and reviving all the prodigality of the ancient aristocracy. This gives him the air of a distinguished person; but if he sows as quickly as he reaps, he must be more careful in avoiding the school-boyishness of his former habits: deliberation forms one of the principal ingredients in the composition of a public man. The excitable nature of M. Thiers induced him to think of undertaking the suppression of anarchy at Madrid, a kind of anarchy similar to that which I had overthrown in 1823: this project of M. Thiers was perhaps the more daring on account of his having to struggle against the opinion of Louis Philippe. He may imagine himself a Bonaparte; he may believe, if he likes, that his pen-knife, with a little lengthening, would be a Napoleonic sword; he may possibly fancy himself a great general, and may dream of making the conquest of Europe, because he has become the narrator of Napoleon's deeds, and has somewhat rashly disturbed the repose of his ashes. I admit very willingly all his pretensions. I shall only observe, with regard to Spain, that his calculations completely deceived him, at the precise moment when he thought of invading it; he would have lost his king in 1836, but I saved mine in 1823. When anything is to be done it is essential that it should be done at exactly the right time; two powers are at work, the will of men and the force of circumstances.

M. Thiers has one of these three paths left open to him—to declare himself representative of the future republic, or perch himself upon distorted monarchy, like a monkey upon a camel's back; or he may endeavour to restore Imperial government. This last proceeding would exactly suit M. Thiers's taste, but is it possible to picture the Empire without the Emperor? No, it is much more natural to imagine that the author of the "*Histoire de la Revolution*," would allow himself to become absorbed by some vulgar ambition; he would prefer either to remain or to enter again into power, in order to be able to keep or reassume his position; he would not hesitate to recant his opinion as many times as his interest might call upon him to do so. There is considerable danger undoubtedly in throwing off all disguise before the public, and perhaps M. Thiers is sufficiently young for his per-

sonal attractions to serve him as a veil. But jesting apart. I consider M. Thiers to possess great activity and readiness, as well as great suppleness of mind: he is also endowed with extraordinary penetration: perhaps he is already destined to play a part in the future; he is deeply versed in its machinery, but he does not understand that true greatness which is the result of moral order; he is free from jealousy, from all pettiness and prejudice, and does not allow himself to be mixed up with the frivolous contests of party spirit. His intense pride does not render him disagreeable, because it has not yet led him to despise other people. M. Thiers is very happily gifted; he is seldom embarrassed by differences of opinion; he does not entertain ill will towards anybody, does not feel the least fear of compromising himself, renders justice to every man, not because of his integrity, or for what he thinks, but for what he is exactly worth; but this would not the less prevent him from ordering us all to be strangled if he deemed that circumstances required our execution. M. Thiers is not yet what he may be; time may modify some of the qualities of his mind, unless his *amour-propre* should prevent it. But if he acts with calmness, and does not allow himself to be carried away by excitement, circumstances will serve to discover in him superior qualities of mind. He will, however, soon begin to create a sensation, or else he will never rise beyond what he now is. M. Thiers will most likely become prime minister, or he will be a marplot. He has frequently shown want of resolution when he has had the fate of the whole world in his hands: if he had given orders to attack the English fleet with the superiority which we had over it, then our success would have been certain; the Turkish and Egyptian fleets, which were both at that time in the port of Alexandria, would have come to our assistance, and France would have been electrified by a victory over England.* One hundred and fifty thousand troops could have at once been found to march upon Bavaria, and to fall suddenly upon some point of Italy which was totally unprepared to resist any attack; affairs might then have assumed a very different aspect. It is not a question of whether our aggression was just or not; but we should then have been in a position to ask Europe if she had acted honestly towards us in the treaties, when, taking advantage of victory, Russia and Germany sought to aggrandise themselves immoderately, while France was left only in possession of her former frontiers. Be that as it may, M. Thiers did not dare to play his last card; in glancing over his life, he did not find that he could be sufficiently supported; and yet it was exactly because he risked nothing, that the game was completely in his hands. We threw ourselves at the feet of Europe, and a similar occasion for exalting ourselves may never occur again. In conclusion, M. Thiers, in order to carry out his scheme, has limited France to a space of fifteen leagues, which he has covered with fortresses; we shall soon see, however, whether Europe has any reason to laugh at the childishness of this deep thinker. But I have been carried away by my pen, and have bestowed a greater number of pages on a man whose path in life has still to be carved out, than upon persons whose fame is already well known.

* This observation, coming from so eminent a man in many respects as Chateaubriand—a statesman, philosopher, poet, and an enthusiastic upholder of Christianity—is a notable instance of the low standard of political morality of the nations with foreign nations.—ED.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE PEOPLE.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

CHAPTER III.

The Jugglers ; their spendthrift life.—Their followers.—Rahere's various accomplishments.—The Druids' Jugglers.—The Priests' confederacy.—Chaucer's belief.—Phantasmagoria.—Chinese Juggling.—Froissart.—The beheaded Conjuror.—James the First's "Demonologie."—Places of Performance.—King's Juggler.—William the Conqueror's Juggler.—Henry the Eighth's Juggler.—Rykell and Death.—Rope vaulting.—Terence and the Rope-dancers.—Flights from great heights.—The trick of flights.—Charles the Second.—The Duchess of Cleveland and Jacob Hall.—The famous balancing Turk.—The discovery.

In the middle ages, some of the professors of amusements appear to have amassed large sums of money, although the greater part lived a roystering, spendthrift life, without any care for the morrow : their stock in trade being once acquired, and themselves held in repute, they imagined that they were secure from any future want ; but, like all other speculations holding out a continual harvest without any consequent outlay, the calling attracted the attention of the idle and the ingenious, who, seeing how easily a like independent and jovial life might be followed with advantage, swelled the ranks of the professors of the gay science, until the many incompetent and unworthy recruits brought the hitherto honoured science into disrepute and contumely.

A few only remain upon record who stood aloof from the temptations of the lavish and rude living of their time, and amidst all the excitement of their peculiar positions, and the necessity for their being the promoters of the moving jest and roaring song, maintained the dignity of their characters and the esteem of their employers, placing themselves, by the strict rule of their conduct and their wise economy, in places of honour and trust, and in more than one instance becoming the benefactors of their fellows. One brilliant example of such was Raher or Rahere—*minus rex*, the mimic or minstrel belonging to Henry I., who, it is well known, was the munificent founder of the Hospital and Priory of Saint Bartholomew, in West Smithfield, mentioned with rare praise by Leland.

From the very earliest mention of the minstrels, we find their art mixed up with various other accomplishments, which were not thought unbecoming for them to undertake and perform. The minstrel of the Normans was very often called jugglour, as well as jocolator, showing that he was an adept at tricks and sleight of hand, and also in many cases an admirable tumbler.

We have no date ascribed to this peculiar style of amusement, called jugglery ; but there is no doubt it was used by the early Druids in many of their mystic performances, celebrated in the solemn gloom of their primeval woods, for many of their acts, ascribed to supernatural agency by their simple flock, were, it is very apparent, only acts of confederacy and sleight of hand. Such an excellent idea, which placed them, in the eyes of their followers, in direct communication with their gods, was sure to be seized upon and improved by the

priesthood of succeeding ages, and many a priest and saint who died in the odour of sanctity, owed much of their fame to one or two successful acts of common legerdemain.

The necessity of employing confederates in these sleights and juggleries, of course tended, when men became less the slaves of their patrons, to violate many of these secrets of science and ingenuity, and soon wanderers were discovered who pretended to arts dark and mysterious, who struck their clients with awe and wonder by their acts of superhuman power. But unlike the priests, they boldly demanded money for the exhibition of their jugglery, and which they readily obtained, either from the fears or the natural curiosity of their audience.

In the course of time all denominations of wanderers, whose profession was to amuse, felt themselves bound to understand some few tricks of this kind, and such was the avidity with which they were sought for, and demanded, by high and low, that the minstrels who held themselves for a long time above such "mountebank devices" were forced to go with the current of the time, and condescend to become jugglers as well as professors of the "gentle art;" for they discovered that sweet sounds no longer availed them, and that their purses were empty; so that, perforce, they turned their minds and hands to "the devil's devices," and were again in a thriving condition, under favour of their double capacity and accomplishments.

In the early stages of its introduction, the practitioners of the art of juggling were looked upon, no doubt, with as much fear as admiration; for they were not only viewed by the vulgar as individuals in close alliance with the evil one,—but also the higher classes very freely gave the body and soul of such to the devil, who was looked upon as a partner in the concern; and many grave and learned people of the times held it very questionable as to whether the lookers-on were not placing themselves in great jeopardy, and in copartnership, by countenancing such mystic doings even with their presence.

Chaucer, who must be estimated as a man shrewdly alive to all things appertaining to these revellings and amusements, appears by his writings to be not a whit less credulous, as to the positive devilry and necromancy of these juggling men, than the unintellectual rabble of the day; for he says in his "House of Fame," that

"Theyre came a playenge, jogleurs, magiciens, phetonysses, charmeresses, olde witches, and sorceresses, &c."

He speaks of them in a manner which shows his perfect innocence as to the means employed to excite his wonder and astonishment. "There are," says he, "sciences by which men can delude the eye with divers appearances, such as the subtil tregetours perform at feasts. In a large hall they will produce water with boats rowed up and down upon it."

This trick seems to have been a favourite one with the juggling fraternity; for in the library of Sir Hans Sloane, at the British Museum, is a MS. (No. 1315) which contains "an experiment to make the appearance of a *flood* of water to come into a house." The directions are to "steep a bit of thread in the liquor produced from snakes' eggs bruised, and to hang it up over a basin of water, in the place where the trick was to be performed."

Some wiseacre, no doubt, purchased this valuable receipt of some travelling magician, for it was their common practice, by which they

realised large sums of money, to sell to those desiring it, their dreadful secrets, always giving such directions as were very difficult of performance, or by the materials being with difficulty obtained.

If, upon re-appearance, the jugglers were attacked by their dupes, they were always ready with an excuse for the tyro's failure in the charm: such as, "they did not wait the appointed time, or that the time or stars were not propitious, or that they were not sufficiently qualified;" but the wily magician, rather than rest under their doubts or suspicions, would, upon their desire or wish, "raise the devil," who would no doubt, under their command, politely explain to them the cause of their failure! This startling proposal of course was declined, as such an introduction was neither desirable nor respectable; so they put up with their loss, and ceased to upbraid or doubt the powerful man, who, to restate himself in their favour, had offered such a stretch of his art.

Chaucer goes on to say, and with much apparent sincerity and simplicity—"Sometimes they will bring in the similitude of a grim lion, or make flowers spring up in a meadow; sometimes they cause a vine to flourish bearing red and white grapes, or show a castle built of stone, and when they please, they cause the whole to disappear." He then speaks of a learned clerk, "who, for the amusement of his friend, showed to him forests full of wild deer, where he saw an hundred slain, some with hounds and some with arrows; the hunting being finished, a company of falconers appeared upon the banks of a fair river, where the birds pursued the herons and slew them; and, by way of conclusion, the resemblance of his fair and beloved lady dancing, which occasioned him to dance also."

But, when "the maister that this magike wrought, thought fit, he clapped his hands together, and all was gone in an instant." Again, in another part of his work the same poet says,

"There I saw one call Trigetour,
Upon a table of nycamour,
Play an uncouthe thing to tell—
I saw him carry a wynde mell
Under a walnute shell."

All these wonders, stated seriously, and with firm belief by Chaucer, were all, no doubt, produced by some rude attempt at our modern magic lantern, then in its infancy, and capable of creating great wonder and astonishment in all classes when the principles of natural philosophy were so little understood or studied, except by the few who, as in this case, often applied their knowledge to raise themselves by simple, though wonder-working means, in the estimation of their fellows, which in most cases was effected by such toys as the foregoing.

Chaucer, however, did not stand alone in his credulity and innocence, for Sir John Mandeville, who wrote about the same time, and was a travelled man, and had seen much of these juggleries both at home and abroad, seems to give the devil a great share in the performance of these magical feats, and to stand in wholesome dread of the enactors thereof.

In his "Axiatic Journal," he speaks thus of a similar exhibition performed before the Great Chan.

"And then comen jogulours and enchauntours that doon many marvayllus," for they make, says he, the appearance of the sun and

the moon in the air, and then they make the night so dark, that nothing can be seen, &c.

All this was, no doubt, produced by pyrotechny, in which the Easterns not only preceded us, but have ever surpassed us; the Chinese have always borne off the palm by the brilliancy and novelty of their displays, to which even the superiority attained by our artists of the present day is nothing equal. Sir John concludes one of his papers by observing that, "And be it done by micromancy or craft, I wot not," clearly showing that he was the dupe of these puerile experiments on his credulity and simplicity.

In corroboration of the generality of such practices, in almost all nations, a curious piece of history is related by Froissart, proving that he was not free from the superstitious feeling of the time.

When, says that author, the Duke of Anjou and the Earl of Savoy were lying with their army before the city of Naples, there was "an enchanter, a conning man in necromancy, in the Marches of Naples." This man promised to the Duke of Anjou that he would put him in possession of the castle of Leufe, at that time besieged by him. The Duke was desirous of knowing by what means this could be effected, and the magician said, "I shall by enchantment make the air so thicke that they within the castle shall think there is a great brydge over the sea, large enough for ten men abreast to come to them, and when they see this brydge, they will readilie yield themselves to your mercie, least they should be taken perforce."

"And may not my men," says the Duke, "pass over this bridge in reality?"

"I dare not, sir, assure you that; for, if any one of the men that passeth on the brydge shall make the sign of the cross on him, all shall go to nought, and they that be upon it shall fall into the sea."

The Earl of Savoy was not present at this conference, but being afterwards made acquainted with it, he said to the Duke, "I know well it is the same enchanter by whom the Queen of Naples and Sir Othes of Bresugeth were taken in their castle, for he caused, by his craft, the sea to seem so high, that they within were sore abashed and wend all to have died; but no confidence," continued he, "ought to be placed in a fellow of this kind, who has already betrayed the Queen for hire, and now, for the sake of another reward, is willing to give up the man whose bounty he has received."

The Earl then commanded the enchanter to be brought before him, when he boasted that, by the power of his art, he had caused the castle to be delivered to Sir Charles de Cassaye, who was then in possession of it, and concluded his speech with these words: "Syr, I am the man of the world that Syr Charles reputeth most, and is most in fear of."

"By my faith," replied the Earl of Savoy, "ye say well; and I will that Sir Charles shall know that he hath great wrong to feare you, but I will assure him of you, for ye shall never do more enchantments to deceive him, nor yet any other." So saying, he ordered him to be beheaded; and the sentence was instantly put in execution before the door of the Earl's tent. "Thus," adds our author, "ended the mayster enchantour, and so he was payed bys wages according to hys desertes."

The remarkable show of superstition mixed with his boldness, exhi-

bited by the Earl of Savoy, shows the hold that many of these audacious mountebanks had upon the minds of the people, for it does not appear that the Earl doubted his power to do all that he boasted himself capable of doing; on the contrary, he rather feared his putting it in practice; and disgusted at his double treachery, so repugnant to a brave and honourable man, he, by one stroke of the axe, ridded himself of his fears and the world of a rogue, who, upon receiving his wages, would no doubt have had ingenuity enough to have evaded the carrying out of his contract as far as regarded the bridge-building.

James I., amidst all his other weaknesses, had that of firmly believing in the power of witchcraft, as evinced in his pedantic work on *Demonologie*, and all who practised juggling, as did the conjurers of his time, much to the bewilderment of his addled brain, he put down at once as agents of the devil, who publicly gloried in their infamous compact with the evil one, and the dangerous power which appertained thereto. "They are of those," writes this supient numskull, "who will learne them many juglarie tricks at cardes and dice to deceive men's senses thereby, and such innumerable false practiques, which are proved by over many in this age."

What would this high authority in favour of Beelzebub have said, could he have seen the wonders, mechanical and others, contrived and executed by the jugglers of later days, who have contrived things ten thousand times more wonderful for the amusement of the people, than those exercised by their predecessors, which, upon examination, can be easily accounted for, and at once proclaimed puerile and simple, even through all the mystification and ignorant wondering of their chroniclers?

From the very earliest period it appears that the jugglers found it necessary to enact their wonders upon a raised platform, so that the multitude might more easily have a view of their proceedings, and that they might avail themselves of the space beneath, to which they had access by means of trap-doors and well-concealed slides.

All these contrivances and exhibitions were only a part of their profession, for they soon found that their pretended occult knowledge brought many applicants, both of high and low degree, who were easily persuaded out of their coin in return for the revelations showered upon them by the lavish tongues of these clever rogues, who were mostly men of sharp practice and ready speech, and successful to an astonishing degree, with the softer sex, whose fears were easily aroused, and whose belief was unbounded in the power of such wonder-workers, who, with their other qualities, had charms for everything, from love to the compassing of a rival's death.

But can this be wondered at, when we consider the lack of education among the people at that time, when even the oulightenment of the present day fails to lessen the number of dupes that are daily victimized by such jugglers and charlatans?

The jocular regis, or king's juggler, was formerly an officer of note in the royal household, although all his duties are not positively or definitely defined to us by any author—for he appears to have been also minstrel and jester, or universal curator of the amusements and rough games of the times, indulged in by his royal master in his private household as well as upon great public occasions.

Bedric, the juggler and minstrel of William the Conqueror, mentioned in *Domesday Book*, was held in high repute, and was a man of large property, and attempted by many reforms to better the con-

dition of the rabble rout who disgraced the calling in the eyes of its patrons.

In the succeeding century, or soon afterwards, the title of *rex juglatorium*, or *king of the jugglers*—was conferred upon the chief or best performer of the company, from which it is presumed that he had some kind of control over the conduct of the rest.

The king's juggler continued to have an establishment and rank of some note in the royal household until the time of Henry VIII., and in his reign the office and title seem to have been discontinued, for we find no record after this of their doings in such high and palmy places. Indeed, the profession of juggler, as also that of minstrel, had fallen so low in the public estimation at the close of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, that the moral writers of the time, who had plenty other exercise for their pens, found time to attack this deservedly fallen race. Debased from their high estate by their low and debauched habits, they were no longer countenanced in the houses of the nobility, and only ranked by the bitter pens of their enemies, with "ruffians, blasphemers, thieves, and vagabonds," and also with "heretics, Jews, Pagans, and sorcerers."

John Lydgate, who was a monk of St. Edmundsbury Abbey, introduces in one of his poems Death speaking to a famous tregitour, or juggler belonging to the court of King Henry V., in this manner.

"Maister John Rykell, sometime tregitour
Of noble Henry Kinge of Englonde
And of France, the mighty conqueror,
For all the sleights and turnyng of thyn honde
Thou must come nere this dance I understande.
Nought may avail all thy conclusions,
For Dethe shortly nother on see nor land
Is not deceyved by no illusiona."

To this summons the sorrowful juggler replies—

"What may avails mankynde naturals?
Not any craft 'schevid, by apparance
Or course of steres above celestial,
Or of heavens all the influence
Agaynst Dethe to stonde at defence,
Lygarde de mayne now helpeth me right noughte.
Farewell, my craft and all such sapience
For Dethe hath mo masteries, than I have wroughte."

As these jugglers, or men of many tricks, found their vocation failing in repute with the public, and not bringing the remuneration as heretofore—contrived to add all kinds of attraction to their hitherto single accomplishment, to once more draw the public money within their purse-strings—some gained their fortunes with a foreign rope-vaulter, who enacted wonders on the slack or tight rope, and although this species of amusement was of very early date, the few professors of the art, and the danger of the education, making such exhibitions rare, and consequently much sought after, was oftentimes a good speculation when such a partner could be secured.

Terence, in his prologue to "*Hecyra*," complains that the attention of the people was drawn from his play by the exhibition of a rope-dancer; so that, although then known, it must have been of rare occurrence to have attracted so much attention and to cause the ire of the poet.

The most surprising feat performed by these rope artistes, was the ascent and descent from steeples or high buildings. Such as he who

welcomed Isabel of Bavaria, Queen of Charles VI. of France, when she made her public entry into Paris, by walking at night "from the highest tower of our Lady's church," bearing in his hands two burning candles, so that he might be seen all over Paris, and passing between curtains of blue taffetie ornamented with golden fleur-de-lys, he placed a crown upon the head of the queen, and then returned the way he came.

A similar performance was exhibited before King Edward VI. at the time he passed in procession through the city of London, on Friday the 19th of February, 1546, previous to his coronation: this flight was from St. Gregory's Church tower, which stood on the south side of St. Paul's.

These tremendous flights have been repeated at different periods down to the present day, and there is no doubt that the same means were employed by the performer for his own safety. The last one was performed at the Royal Gardens, Vauxhall, where the performer made his rapid descent from a high tower, moving in, and surrounded by, fireworks; a tube with running wheels being strapped firmly to his back, through which the rope passed, thus allowing him to glide down in perfect safety. Even in the present day, however, this trick is very little understood.

Grainger mentions a celebrated rope-dancer in the reign of Charles II., whose rare performance was then looked upon with admiration and astonishment, and rewarded in proportion to its rarity. His name was Jacob Hall; and his portrait is still in existence. The open-hearted Duchess of Cleveland is said to have been so partial to this man, that he rivalled the King himself in her affections, and received a salary from her Grace.

In the reign of George II., a famous Turk, as he was believed to be, though no doubt his Mahommedanism was only in his dress, contributed greatly to the amusement and astonishment of the people, by balancing himself upon the slack wire without any apparent poise. This astonishing feat puzzled not only the public, but all the other exhibitors, who were completely chap-fallen before his superior ability. His fame and his profits increased, until one unlucky day his *ruse* was discovered. This Turk was also, it appears, a great juggler, and during the whole of his performance balanced and threw up oranges in a most extraordinary manner, which was then a complete novelty; but, as his ill-luck would have it, he dropped one of the oranges, when one of the audience, in the most obliging manner, stooped to pick up the fallen fruit and restore it to the balancer, and, upon attempting to lift it, he discovered that it was a ball of lead, by which means the balancer obtained his surprising poise! The discovery entirely destroyed the fame of this wonderful Turk.

LITERATURE.

Picturesque Sketches of Greece and Turkey. By Aubrey de Vere.
2 vols. Bentley. 1850.

The contents of these volumes answer perfectly to the title. Whatever the author sees he picturesquely describes; and so far as words can do so, he makes pictures of all the subjects he writes upon; and had he painted as he has written, or used his pencil equally well with his pen, two more delightful volumes, to any lover of Greece, it would be difficult to name. With an evidently refined taste, and a perfect acquaintance with the Ancient History of the country he travelled through, and the ever famous characters that made its history what it is, his descriptions combine most pleasingly together, the past with the present. He peoples the scenery with the men whose deeds give to that scenery all its interest; and whether on the plain of Marathon or the site of Delphi or the Acropolis, he has a store of things to say of their past glories, and links together, with great artistic skill, that which is gone with that which remains.

By the scholar and the man of taste the volumes will be read with no little delight, as they abound much more with reflections and sensible observations, than with the common-place incidents of travel. Indeed the author has left but small space for his accidents at sea and his hardships on shore, since all the chapters but four are devoted to Athens, Delphi, and Constantinople. The classical reader will prefer the chapters on the two first-named places; the general reader will find perhaps more interesting his sketches of the city of the Sultan, and an anecdote which he gives of the present Sultan, and which declares him to possess more of decision, and firmness of character, and good sense, than the world gives him credit for.

His descriptions of the Bosphorus will create many a desire to see what he has seen, and to look upon some, at least, of the fifty-seven palaces which the sultans have raised upon its banks; and upon the hundreds of others which, while the Commander of the Faithful permits it, are the property of his subjects.

It argued far more of a wild spirit of adventure than of a sober understanding in Aubrey de Vere, to go with that clever Frenchman to the Turk's house, and to play off all those tricks in the presence of its master and his ten unveiled wives. Rarely indeed, if ever before, has an Englishman passed an hour so comfortably with the whole of a rich man's harem, and seen them as de Vere saw them in all their artlessness and beauty. We live, indeed, in strange times when the once scorned and loathed Giaours, contrive to possess themselves of such extraordinary privileges, and to escape unharmed from such hitherto unheard of enjoyments.

Where one thought was given to Constantinople a hundred years since from the west of the Dalmatian coast, ten thousand eyes are now constantly directed to it, and with continually increasing anxiety; the importance of that city is now understood by all the European powers, and its future fate has become a subject of deep interest to all the western states, in consequence of the determined set made upon it by

its powerful northern neighbour. With the Cossacks at Istantoul instead of Turks, we should be very ill satisfied, and the whole charm of this city on its seven hills would have departed: already is it on the wane. Sultan Mahmoud's hostility to beards and to flowing robes, to the turban and the jherid, has deprived his capital city of much of its picturesqueness and peculiarity; but still enough remains of Eastern manners and costumes to make it one of the most interesting cities in the world to visit and roam over. Such, as like ourselves, may not hope to sport a caique on the Bosphorus, will do well to acquaint themselves with the information Aubrey de Vere can give them, and to suffer their imagination to transport them to scenes among the fairest and the loveliest on the earth's surface, and which are presented to them in these volumes as graphically as words can paint them.

By the possessor of Wordsworth's Greece, where every spot almost, of the slightest historical interest, is given in a picture on its pages, these "Picturesque Sketches" will be read with the highest gratification that scenes and descriptions together can supply. There is so much of mind in them; so much of sound philosophy in the observations, such beautiful thoughts, so well, so elegantly expressed; so many allusions to the past that are continually placing before us, Pericles, Themistocles, or Demosthenes—that we are improved while amused, and feel at every page that we are reading a work far above the general works on such subjects; a work of lasting interest, that may be read and re-read, and still with delight and advantage.

Sir Arthur Bouverie. London: Newby. 1850.

There is more effort—we wish we could with truth substitute the word promise—than performance in this novel. There is something original in the plot, which is a merit that now-a-days may justly challenge our applause; but the author has not the power of hand or of mind to draw the characters his imagination has conceived. A vigorous but (in the article of invention) a used-up novel-wright would have been grateful for the leading characters in this fiction, and would have made much of them; but the writer of "Lady Granard's nieces" has called up spirits whom he cannot control. It is, of course, the great object of the romance writer so to present his characters, that the reader, whether he will or no, shall, for the time, consent to the belief that they are actualities; but in this case the reader is constantly driven to the consolatory assurance that no such people as pass before him, belong to his "set," or to any other. The young hero, Cecil Bouverie, is a rascal, unredeemed by any one quality of heart to beget interest, and without a single intellectual power to attract attention; and if we are for a moment beguiled into a sympathy for his devoted wife, that sentiment is excited by taking a terribly depreciating estimate of her understanding. It is a pity allied to contempt. Surely no woman of right principles, and in her right senses, could nourish an abiding love for such a wretched specimen of humanity. Lady Haviland is an ambitious venture; but the author is not equal to such a portraiture, which only a man of genius, infusing his mind into the character, could make at all endurable. Her closing scene is in the worst taste of the worst minor theatres.

Hylton House. By the author of "The Hen-pecked Husband." London: Newby. 1850.

This is a story of three young ladies who are placed by their father's will under the guardianship of Sir Roger Verney. This gentleman happens to be of an extremely firm character, and manifests an unyielding, and, perhaps, a conscientious, determination to do his duty by his wards. Sooth to say, the strictness of his discipline (besides that he is a very unpleasant old gentleman) causes the girls to get up a rebellion against him, and the end is, that one marries against his expectations, and the other two contrary to his will. The first volume of this novel led us to form hopes which we are very sorry to say have been grievously disappointed. We are more irate on this occasion, because it is clear that the author could have amply satisfied all our expectations.

Sir Roger Verney, as he at present stands, is a character; but the author, putting an amount of labour to his (or her) work which we have a right to look for, might have given us a portraiture which we should have been glad to remember. Honoria, too. What a lame and impotent conclusion to her career! There is, however, much talent in this novel, which is very well written, and is worth reading. If people will not put forth the utmost of their faculties, they cannot expect to be presented with the highest prizes; neither should they wonder if the world's rebuke comes harsher than it sounds to those who, without the ability to do anything good, at any rate do their best. If the author of "Hylton House" should write again, and do no better, we think we shall be extremely angry. It may be that we shall have to feel very sorry that we were mistaken in our story-teller, and that nothing worthier appears, because nothing worthier could be done.

Some Account of the Ancient Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms. By James Bunce Curling, Clerk of the Cheque. Bentley.

This work has fallen into able hands—the author has not only manifested great industry in his historical researches, but has infused into his narrative a good deal of biographical anecdote as well as archaeological illustration, so as to render his book as attractive in the drawing-room as it will be found useful in the library.

Notwithstanding the scanty means afforded by the meagre official records of the Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, Mr. Curling has succeeded in collecting many valuable facts and curious details from other sources, and the result is a production in all respects satisfactory—not excepting the hearty tone of loyalty that pervades the work.

Guide to German Literature. 2 vols. 8vo. By F. A. Moschzisker.

This useful work reached us too late for review this month; a notice of it will appear in our next number.





THE LADDER-GOLD

An English Story.

BY ROBERT BELL,

AUTHOR OF "WAYSIDE PICTURES THROUGH FRANCE, BELGIUM,
AND HOLLAND."

BOOK THE FIFTH.

CHAPTER I.

The Panic.

AT this critical point of our history we feel it incumbent upon us, for the satisfaction of certain grave doubts and speculations which have arisen in the progress of the action, to part company for a few minutes from the personages who figure in it, in order that we may have a little private conference with an individual who, just now, is of more concern to us than anybody else—we mean the Reader.

Our reader has shown himself to be a thorough-going novel devourer by the indignation he betrayed at the last chapter, and by loudly declaring that all the interest was at an end the moment Margaret Rawlings married Lord Charles Eton. What could happen after that in which the reader could be expected to feel any sympathy? The young lady was married and made wretched for life, and there was an end of her. Who cares about her subsequent career? There is no romance after marriage. When people marry they ought to be left undisturbed in their domestic vegetation. Hence it is that the established and legitimate law of novels is to reserve the matrimonial incidents for the consummation of the story. You may do anything else you please with your characters during the course of the plot—hang or assassinate them, or let them run away with other people's wives—but you must not marry them till the last page. The clergyman in a novel exercises the function of the undertaker in real life, and when he makes his appearance, the play is played out, and nothing more remains to be said or done but to bury the dead.

We hold your opinions, O experienced reader, in implicit respect; and if we are so unfortunate as to differ in any wise from them, we consider ourselves bound to offer you such explanation as the circumstances may yield. You ought to be a

much better judge of novels than we are—you, for whose delectation they are written, and who have read so many; and we who have written none, and whose reading, in comparison with yours, is not to be mentioned. It is, therefore, with much humility, as you may believe, that we venture to enter our protest, respectfully but firmly, against the doctrine you have just laid down.

A novel is a picture of real life, and the test of its merit is the fidelity of the likeness. But as there are such things as faithful portraits which are nevertheless so unskillfully manipulated as to make very bad pictures, so there have been novels presenting undeniable representations of actual life, yet put together so clumsily as to make very dreary and unreadable books. It is evident, therefore, that there is something more than truthfulness of portraiture necessary to the construction of a good novel; and that fidelity without art is not sufficient to secure the applause of the public.

Now the province of art is not confined to the treatment of the materials—it also embraces the choice of them. Many works, admirable for the exhibition of executive power, have failed of success, from infelicity of judgment in the selection of the subject. To indicate the subjects best adapted to the purposes of a novel would carry us out of our way; they are chiefly, if not exclusively, such only as are reconcilable with general experience. Exceptional cases may be true as facts, but they are false as truths. This is no paradox, indulgent reader, although we cannot wait to discuss it now.

Over the whole realm of human passions and social conventions art levies contributions. Every incident enclosed within the triangle of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is at her disposal. The life of man, which begins in the cradle, passes through the church, and ends in the grave, is tributary to her objects. Upon what principle of reason or taste, then, do you require that she should stop short in the middle? The sculptor who rears the monumental testament of heroes, inscribes upon its base the prominent scenes of their glory, conducting the imagination through an historical procession that finally vanishes in the tomb. The painter who undertakes to reflect the vicissitudes of humanity runs the whole course of the triangle—see, for example, Hogarth, and the chambers of Versailles. Why should the novelist be restricted to that portion of existence which elapses before people can be said to have begun the world?

No interest after marriage? No interest in married women? Must we blot out *Desdemona*, *Imogen*, and *Amelia*? But we will not argue the question upon instances, or we might shock the sensibilities of all ardent supporters of our dearly beloved circulating libraries by citing the authority of *Shakspeare* and *Fielding*, and many others whose edicts in such matters are entitled to be received with respect. We rest upon the interest which most people after marriage may be rationally supposed to take

in their own lives. If it be true that they feel no longer any charm in existence, or any necessity to exist—if emotion, hope, ambition, the action and re-action of social influences be extinguished in them the moment they take the marriage vow—if their career be ended the instant they write their names in the register—if they acknowledge themselves to be then and there divested of their hearts and heads, and denuded of social importance and moral weight, of course we have no alternative but to admit that they have no business to figure in any prominent manner in a novel, and that the old “tye-wig system” ought to be implicitly adhered to, of ending with a ring of bells, as they used to end the cheerful antique comedy (which, by the way, had as many married as unmarried lovers in it) with a dance. But as a considerable proportion of the ladies and gentlemen who constitute the population of the world happen to have committed wedlock, and as, we suspect, they would be rather unwilling to agree with you, Mr. Reader, that they are thereby disabled from taking a share in the acting charade of human life, we must maintain the legitimate right of Art to follow up the journey of character and passion on the great highway beyond the half-way house of matrimony.

In this no doubt, as in all other parts of her vocation, Art is responsible for her choice of topics, and all the more responsible for choosing to pursue her narrative into scenes which are not usually considered very productive of popular interest. She must have ample justification for departing from the ordinary practice; and if she ventures upon the hazardous step of marrying people in the middle of a book, she must be prepared to show that it is essential to the completion of her design, and that the abruptness of the incident, and its disappointing effect upon the nerves of youthful enthusiasts, has an adequate compensation in the crowning purpose of the story.

Having put these considerations as succinctly before you as we could, objective Reader, and endeavoured to vindicate the privileges of art on a point which, for reasons that you are as yet ignorant of, gives us more uneasiness than it can possibly give you, we will proceed forthwith to gather up the dropped threads of our narrative.

We left Mr. Costigan diving mysteriously into dark lanes and obscure alleys in the dusk of the evenings, and carefully avoiding the principal thoroughfares. It was not without good reason he kept out of the way. Writs, and rumours of writs were falling as thick as hail over the kingdom; and, from the hour the panic set in, every individual who had anything to do with railroads, and who happened at the same time to have any thing to lose, was struck with consternation. Mr. Costigan had nothing to lose but his liberty, and he prized it accordingly.

The crash was as instantaneous as the collapse of a balloon, when, after ascending gaily into the clouds, to the admiration of gaping multitudes, it suddenly discovers a rent, the gas

escapes, and the gaudy structure comes tumbling to the earth. It is of little consequence whether that fatal rent was made by a bolt launched from the hand of the Thunderer, in Printing-house Square, or by the inevitable action of other influences, for certain it is that the aforesaid balloon, being composed of remarkably flimsy materials, must have burst at last, under any circumstances; but history will justly ascribe to the Thunderer the glory of having anticipated its fall, and brought it down while it was yet riding at a prodigious altitude in apparent security.

Sir Peter Jinks had the satisfaction of seeing the results he had anticipated fulfilled to the letter. Very clearly, too, was confirmed to him what he had all along believed to be the source of the mischief. The mass of the speculators were ruined, and a few crafty hands had amassed enormous wealth. The history and moral of the bubble were dissected under his eyes.

While thousands of unlucky dupes were skulking in holes and corners, selling off whatever they could turn into money, throwing up their employments, and absconding from unknown responsibilities, such men as Rawlings were quietly reposing on the profits of popular credulity and infatuation. In Sir Peter's estimation, Rawlings was the chief delinquent. To his boldness and subtlety he attributed the invention of a system of gigantic swindling in the share-market, by which the bulk of the public were grievously defrauded, and he resolved to bring the whole subject under the consideration of the House of Commons. His final object was to make an example of Rawlings, to drag him before a Parliamentary tribunal, strip him of the fortune he had accumulated by such nefarious means, and hunt him back, branded and degraded, into the obscurity from which he sprang.

Sir Peter was a vindictively honest man. Not content with the observance of the strictest integrity in his own transactions, he held it to be a public duty to make a crusade against frauds of all kinds, especially when they took a commercial shape. His activity in this direction was notorious. It was wonderful how he ferreted out fraudulent joint-stock companies, and gangs of plausible rogues who, under the disguise of mercantile firms, spread a net-work of robbery over the face of the country. A most useful man was Sir Peter in his generation; although his utility was of a class that frequently brought him into much personal odium and hatred.

Mr. Rawlings met the menaced exposure, of which Sir Peter made no secret, with contemptuous indifference. Railways in every stage of existence, from the scheme that was nipped in the bud, to the project that had already lodged its plans and collected its deposits, were falling in wrecks about him; while others in full operation, whose shares had hitherto maintained a high premium, suddenly went down to an alarming discount; but Mr. Rawlings preserved unmoved the same oracular composure that had marked his conduct all throughout. No man could extract from him even an opinion upon what Mr.

Trumbull called the "eternal smash," and the only criticism he ever condescended upon was an ironical smile when people expressed their dismay at these occurrences.

But the affair was not regarded with similar *nonchalance* by his son-in-law. No man felt more keenly than Lord Charles Eton those imputations upon character which break out in slanderous innuendoes and personal evasions in society. It was the work of his life to build up an unspotted reputation for himself; and he was so sensitive to the approach of contumely, that he shrank with alarm from the remotest suspicion that threatened to compromise the credit of any person with whom he was connected. He was so jealous of his honour in the eyes of the world, that he considered even a collateral stain as a reflected disgrace on his own name. These punctilious notions had descended to him from his uncle, and were refined to the utmost excess by the young statesman, who looked to external proprieties and an unblemished fame as the safe guarantees of success in public life.

The young couple took up their town residence in Lord William Eton's great house in Portman Square. Two extensive suites of apartments were reserved for their use; Lord William, who could not conquer his repugnance to the new connection, and who never could prevail upon himself to receive Margaret Rawlings as a second Grace Hunsdon, carefully abstaining from any interference in their domestic arrangements. He breakfasted in his own room, and spent the day in his club, and rarely dined with his nephew except upon special occasions; so that, although they lived in the same house, their intercourse fell off considerably after the marriage. Lord William still felt the same interest, however, in the career of his nephew, and, as became his high breeding, treated the lady with distinguished courtesy whenever they met.

Lord Charles was so constantly engaged that Margaret was left much alone. Solitude was by no means unwelcome to her, and the only society she cared to indulge was that of her mother and sister, who hardly suffered a day to pass without seeing her either at her house or their own. At first, Lord Charles was very indulgent about these visits; but his manner underwent a marked change when the panic set in, and aspersions of dishonesty began to be cast upon Mr. Rawlings.

They were seated at breakfast one morning just at the time when the newspapers were filled with disastrous intelligence about the railway crash, and reports of public meetings at which the great projector and millionaire was freely denounced by hosts of bubbled shareholders.

Lord Charles was reading the *Times*, and found matter in it which, every now and then, made him knit his eyebrows with an expression of strong indignation.

"When were you at Park Lane, Margaret?" he inquired.

"Yesterday," replied Margaret.

"Well—and when are you to see them again?"

"I promised to dine there to-day, Charles, as you said you would be engaged at the House."

His lordship folded back the paper with an angry motion of his hand. There was a pause of a few minutes.

"Do you know what your father intends to do in these disgraceful railway affairs?"

"Indeed, I know nothing about them. But I hope you do not think any disgrace attaches to him?"

"Think? I think, Margaret, that when a man suffers degrading insinuations to go abroad, and takes no trouble to refute them, it will be difficult to persuade the world that he is as free from blame as his friends would wish to believe."

"His friends ought to believe nothing to his disadvantage. We, at least, Charles, are bound to vindicate him against unworthy calumnies."

"You are wrong, Margaret. It is he who owes that obligation to us. If he is indifferent to character for his own sake, he ought to be more scrupulous on our account. But I'm afraid his notions on that subject are rather lax."

"Lord Charles!" exclaimed Margaret, colouring deeply, and drawing herself up reproachfully. There was a look of severity in his face she had never seen there before.

"I have no wish to wound your feelings," he observed coldly; "I am anxious to avoid giving you pain, for you are, of course, blameless, and it is natural you should try to find excuses for him; but considering, Lady Charles, the change in your position, I am surprised you are not more eager to prevent an exposure which must seriously compromise me as a public man. I must say—and I say it reluctantly—that when I connected myself with your family I had no suspicion that your father had acquired his wealth by means which would not bear the strictest investigation."

"And who asserts that he acquired it by any other means?" demanded Margaret.

"Well—I hope it may turn out so. But day after day, opprobrious charges are heaped upon him in the newspapers, and he doesn't take the slightest notice of them. If he persists in this course—which is tantamount to an admission of their truth—he will compel me to relieve my own reputation from the animadversions his conduct is calculated to draw upon me."

"Your reputation, Lord Charles? How can your reputation be affected by any course my father chooses to adopt in his own affairs?"

"Simply," returned Lord Charles in a tone of grave asperity, "that the world will say I received a large fortune with my wife which was not very creditably obtained. He may be indifferent to such accusations—I am not. My name descends

to me unsullied, and no taint shall fall upon it that I can avert—be the cost or sacrifice what it may.”

The bitterness and *hauteur* with which these words were uttered—the reserved resolution that lurked behind them—and the pride of birth which now for the first time escaped from the lips of her husband, threw a new light upon his character and Margaret's position. The delicacy and respect with which he had hitherto treated her, had effectually obliterated the distinction of rank, and made her feel perfectly at ease in the enjoyment of her new honours. The wide difference between the daughter of a man of obscure origin, who at that moment was suspected of dishonesty in his dealings, and the descendant of an ancient house, who shrank from the degradation of his plebeian alliance, was now painfully apparent to her. Of all men, she believed Lord Charles to be the most generous upon points of feeling, and the last to be actuated by personal considerations. His temper was so calm and equable, he was always so ready to consult her inclinations, and had shown so much regard for her family, that she had the greatest confidence in the justice and kindness of his nature. She believed him incapable of meanness or selfishness; she even looked up to him as a model of integrity and high-mindedness, so completely had he succeeded in impressing her before marriage with those qualities which were most likely to conciliate her good opinion. But that flattering ideal, to which she had trusted for whatever negative repose her married life might yield, vanished in this brief conversation. He was no longer the same Lord Charles—latent and repulsive elements of character had suddenly disclosed themselves—and the discovery shocked and humiliated her.

She was prevented from making any reply to his last observations by a hasty tap at the door, which was almost instantly followed by the entrance of Lord William Eton. His appearance surprised them both, and the flurried manner in which he advanced and seated himself at the table, showed that some unusual circumstance had occasioned his visit. After a formal “good morning,” he turned to his nephew.

“Have you had any communication from Sir Peter Jinks?”

“None.”

“That’s not very courteous, as I happen to know that he is going about telling all the rest of the world his intentions respecting your—father-in-law.”

“Mr. Rawlings? What intentions?”

“Why, it is the common talk of the clubs. He did me the favour to apprise me of it last night; he was polite enough to say that as it might touch a member of my family, he couldn’t think of proceeding with it without giving me a friendly hint before-hand. It is something new, Charles, in our family to be warned in this way of an impending disgrace.”

“Disgrace, my Lord?”

“Yes, Charles, disgrace. It seems that Sir Peter, who takes

charge of all public nuisances and delinquencies, has resolved to move for a Committee in the House of Commons to inquire into the railway swindles, with a particular inquiry into the career of Mr. Rawlings. The consequence will be the detection of some deeds of darkness not very agreeable to the feelings of honourable people who happen to be connected with him. I beg pardon, Lady Charles, for speaking so unreservedly about your father; but a gentleman who holds his own reputation in such remarkable contempt, cannot expect much consideration from others."

"Yet others might show a little more consideration for me," said Margaret; "he is my father, and you must allow me to say that I am convinced he will justify himself. When he does, I hope you will repair the wrong you have inflicted on him."

"When he does, Lady Charles," returned his Lordship, with a satirical smile, "depend upon it, I will make ample reparation; but until he does, I hope you will forgive me for continuing to think that he does not care a rush for my opinion or anybody else's. I am sorry to be obliged to say this to you—of course it must be very distressing to you—no doubt—I really feel concerned for you—but the matter cannot be cushioned; and my nephew has a name to maintain, Lady Charles, for which he is responsible to his family and his country."

"Why not at once see my father on the subject?" demanded Margaret.

"That would appear to be the obvious course, certainly," observed Lord Charles, "but I am afraid it would be useless. Mr. Rawlings admits no man to his confidence."

"I am sure, Charles, you have no reason to say so. At all events make the experiment; go frankly to him, and tell him exactly what you apprehend. It would be more just and honourable than to condemn him upon newspaper slanders. I am satisfied that he will justify himself."

She uttered this somewhat proudly. Her spirit was wrong. She felt the disadvantage at which she was placed in the presence of her patrician uncle-in-law, who, on this occasion, exhibited an unusual air of conscious nobility. The tone of patronage and superiority with which he apologized to her for defaming her father, hurt her more than his words, and brought out into direct antagonism those conventional differences which a marriage without love or sympathy renders so salient and galling. A wide gulf seemed to open between her and her husband's family—she felt as if she didn't belong to them, as if she had no right to be there, standing between them and the assertion of their untarnished lineage; and the revulsion of feeling awakened the daughter rather than the wife in her heart. Little cause as she had to turn to her father with affection, he was more to her now than her husband.

As she spoke, the door, towards which she was turning to leave the room, abruptly opened, and Mr. Rawlings came in.

"Ah! father!" exclaimed Margaret, "you are welcome. Gentlemen, I said he would justify himself. He is here to do it. Speak to them, father, openly, for my sake—for your own."

Lord William threw himself back sternly in his chair, and Lord Charles motioned Mr. Rawlings to be seated.

"What is it, child?" inquired Mr. Rawlings.

"There are charges—I don't know what—brought against you in the newspapers, and you do not notice them. Will you explain to my husband the reason of your silence. His uneasiness is reasonable, dear father, and I know you will put his mind at rest."

"His Lordship is very obliging," said Mr. Rawlings, "to take so much interest in my affairs. But we cannot talk about business before a lady, you know," and handing his daughter quietly to the door, Mr. Rawlings returned to the table and took the seat Lord Charles had indicated to him. "May I ask, gentlemen, what is the explanation you wish to have from me?" he inquired.

"I should have hoped," replied Lord William, "that your own sense of what is due to my nephew, might have pointed out to you the propriety of anticipating that question."

"If I had consulted my own sense of what is due to your nephew, my lord," said Mr. Rawlings, "I shouldn't have taken the trouble to ask the question; for I really don't see how he is entitled to any explanation of matters that in no way concern him; but you see I am willing to hear what part of my life or conduct he thinks himself privileged to inquire into."

"You do not state the case quite fairly, Mr. Rawlings," said Lord Charles; "I have no right whatever to intrude upon your affairs; but you must feel that where grave insinuations to your discredit are circulated in clubs and newspapers, my connexion with your family must make me anxious to have them investigated and rebutted."

"Then you consider it necessary, because you are connected with my family, that I should hunt up the slanders of clubs and newspapers, and refute them in detail? Is that your notion?"

"Yes, sir," interposed Lord William, "that is precisely his notion; and it is a notion, as you call it, which, let me tell you, Mr. Rawlings, every man with the feelings of a gentleman must approve."

"Don't you think," returned Mr. Rawlings drily, "it would be as well to drop your feelings out of the question, and look at matters of business as matters of business strictly?"

"That may answer on the Stock Exchange, Mr. Rawlings," observed Lord William; "but you should remember, that when you formed an alliance with a noble family you came into a different atmosphere."

"I do remember it," said Mr. Rawlings; "and I also remember that the noble family were very eager to form an alliance with me. Which side do you imagine is the gainer by the connexion?"

"I dare say, looking at it in your way as a 'matter of business,' you are of opinion my nephew is the gainer. I will not commit such an outrage on good taste as to discuss the point with you. The question, sir, in which we are concerned, is to know whether you are prepared to free yourself from the imputations that are heaped upon you from all points of the compass—imputations, Mr. Rawlings, which, if they have a shadow of foundation in fact, can leave us no option as to the course we must pursue."

"You are at liberty, my lord, to pursue any course you think proper," replied Mr. Rawlings; "and it may be satisfactory to you to be informed that it is my intention to do the same. I have had some intercourse with noble families, and, upon the whole, I am not prepared to admit that, although they make a marvellous show of sensibility on the subject of honour, they are a whit more honourable than their neighbours."

"What do you mean by that observation, sir?" demanded Lord William, who had hitherto found some difficulty in restraining his choler; "do you presume to insinuate that any member of my family is obnoxious to the suspicion of dishonourable conduct?"

"I will answer that question, my lord, by another. Do you presume to insinuate that I have acted dishonourably?"

"I do not deal in insinuations," retorted his lordship; "I repeat openly the scandalous reports that are in everybody's mouth."

"Pray is it out of tenderness to me you take such an extraordinary interest in my affairs?"

"The question is absurd," replied Lord William; "what are your affairs to me? You cannot suppose I should trouble myself about you or them, if my nephew had not married your daughter."

"Exactly so," returned Mr. Rawlings; "your anxiety proceeds from no consideration for me, but purely from motives affecting yourself and your family. Instead of affording me, as I had a right to expect, the advantage of your support, and showing the world that you discountenance these calumnies, you throw the whole weight of your influence into the other scale to give them additional force and currency. This is what I have gained by my alliance with the very noble house of Westland."

"You must exempt me, Mr. Rawlings," said Lord Charles, "from this censure. I feel acutely the painful situation in which I am placed, but I have carefully avoided giving any opinion one way or the other."

"Pooh! pooh! Charles," exclaimed Lord William impatiently, "let him go on. Let us hear what he has to say."

"In good time, Lord William Eton," said Mr. Rawlings, fixing his eyes full upon his lordship's face. "And so," he continued, turning to Lord Charles, "you feel your own situation acutely, and take credit to yourself for allowing your wife's father to be maligned without giving any opinion, one way or the other. Do you believe that is the way to mend your situation, or to induce me to stir one step in the matter on your account? I am amazed, Lord Charles, that a man who is so keenly alive to his own interest, so shrewd, time serving and selfish, should act with such egregious folly."

"Mr. Rawlings—this language is offensive," cried Lord Charles.

"Indeed!" returned Mr. Rawlings; "then you should act with a little more policy, and be careful not to give occasion for offence. You have disappointed me, Lord Charles. I thought you had more tact—but you have chosen your side, and must take the consequences. You wished to hear what I had to say, my lord. I beg you will listen to it. When your nephew proposed for my daughter, I wasn't given to understand that you had any objection to the match, nor did I consent to it, until it was, in the first instance, sanctioned by you."

"I never approved of the connexion," said Lord William.

"But you sanctioned it, for all that."

"Well—granted—I sanctioned it."

"You had no objection, on the part of your nephew, to receive with my daughter a sum of fifty thousand pounds, with a life interest in two thousand a-year. When that little arrangement was in course of negotiation, I was not apprized of any scruples you had about my reputation; nor did you exhibit any particular curiosity as to the sources from whence her fortune was derived."

"Why should I? I knew of nothing against your reputation then."

"And what do you know against it now? Can you pick out of the malicious rumours set afloat by a mob of disappointed speculators, who are turning round upon every man that happened to be more fortunate or sagacious than themselves, one definite charge? Not one. And upon these despicable innuendos you assume the right of demanding explanations from me, and casting a stigma upon my name."

"Your name, Mr. Rawlings?" exclaimed Lord William, "really I must protest against being accused of having a design upon your name, for I have yet to learn that there is any special distinction attached to it."

"There is that distinction attached to it," replied Mr. Rawlings, "which has brought men of your class in troops about me, courting my favours like mental parasites. Your nephew was

amongst the foremost of them, when he was seeking to aggrandize himself by a marriage with my daughter, and now, at the first breath of slander, you are ready to repudiate the connexion."

"I never had any connexion with you, sir," cried Lord William, in a tone of vehemence, "and I promise you I never will. Let my nephew answer for himself."

"I will answer for both. Your nobility enriches itself at the cost of my industry, and then, having got all it wanted, takes the earliest opportunity of taunting me with its insolent superiority. But the triumph is mine. I began the world without a shoe to my foot. I was treated with scorn, beaten, and buffeted like a beast of burthen. I resolved to take my revenge on the tyranny of the world—and I have done it. My daughter—the daughter of the shoeless beggar—is Lady Charles Eton, your lordship's niece by marriage. You cannot evade that fact—she is amongst your countesses and honourables, and will look down hereafter from your picture gallery as proudly as the best of them. I have known what it was to want a crust of bread—I have starved by the road side, and slept in fields and out-houses—what am I now? Will it humiliate your lordship, if I remind you that my house can't contain the people of fashion that crowd about me? I dine and dance the aristocracy—there is no end to cringing and flattery—I am suffocated with incense—it is more oppressive than the drudgery I went through for a daily subsistence—and I have the pleasure of knowing that out of my substance your lordship's nephew is enabled to make that magnificent figure which your distinguished ancestors forgot to leave him the means of providing for. Tell me, then, which of us has the best right to set up an arrogant ascendancy over the other—you who quarter yourselves on my fortune, or I who stuff the cushions on which you stretch your dignity?"

As he spoke, his form seemed to dilate, his head was thrown back with an expression of scorn and grandeur, and the fire of concentrated passion flashed up through his features.

"You are an extraordinary man, Mr. Rawlings," exclaimed Lord William, drawing a long breath, "I suppose you must take what course you think best."

"It is my intention, Lord William," returned Rawlings, rising and taking up his hat; "and you must excuse me if I decline taking you into my counsel, having got on pretty well up to this time without your help. But, before I leave you, I have one word to say. If you fancy I value your connexion, you are mistaken. All the advantage it can ever be to me, I have gained already. I have paid a high price for it, but I don't repent my bargain. On your side, the case is widely different—it is for your benefit, not mine, that we should keep on good terms, and, although I have no great opinion of your discretion, I think you know your own interests too well not to see the necessity of changing your tone about these railway libels. You must dis-

courage them. It won't answer the purpose for you to appear indifferent. Your policy is indignation. Surely you ought to be indignant for your own sakes," he added in a sarcastic tone; "and if anybody wonders why I am not indignant, all you need say is, that I hold these slanders in too much contempt to be angry about them. I wish you good morning."

When he was gone, Lord William and Lord Charles turned a vacant and baffled look upon each other.

"An extraordinary man," ejaculated Lord William, "as deep as Satan!"

"Very extraordinary," echoed Lord Charles.

"I am afraid we shall get nothing by provoking him."

"I am afraid not."

"Better to leave him to himself, and see how it will end."

"Much better," returned Lord Charles.

CHAPTER II.

The Knights of Whitecross.

THERE was high excitement in the House, and in the lobbies and avenues leading to it, on the night when Sir Peter Jinks went down to move for his Committee of Inquiry. All the way upstairs to Bellamy's, anxious groups might be seen busily discussing the words of the motion, and speculating upon its effects. As the members passed in and out, they were stopped and questioned, and held in conference by attorneys, engineers, shareholders, and directors, eager to forestall the debate, and to supply hints and arguments favourable to their own objects; and when Mr. Rawlings made his appearance, it was the signal for an universal rush. Everybody had something to ask, or something to communicate to him; the majority of the people present being as deeply involved in the business as he was himself. He met the torrent of voices with a placidity that justified their confidence in his courage. He had the strongly-knit frame, the solid head, and calm, passionless, but handsome, face of a man of inflexible resolution. There was not a trace of emotion visible in his features, and the extreme quietude of his manner indicated a firmness and self-possession which few men could have exhibited under such circumstances. The superstitious reliance upon his fortunate genius, which had hitherto borne down all opposition, and conjured golden triumphs out of hopeless emergencies, had not yet departed from him. It still lingered amongst that numerous class of professional speculators who hovered over the defunct lines, like vultures over a carcase, as long as a vestige of pickings remained.

The scene in the interior of the House was as tumultuous as on the outside. There was an unusually large attendance. The rage for shares had penetrated even that august body, and a considerable proportion of the members were directly interested in

the disclosures which it was understood Sir Peter was prepared to make. It was his speech, rather than his motion, that was looked forward to with apprehension. Nobody cared much about the motion; for what with the inevitable delays that wait upon the labours of committees, and the facilities for obstruction and procrastination presented by the machinery of Parliament, there could be no difficulty in staving off the report, session after session, until curiosity and clamour should have expired. The debate was the thing to be avoided; and the debate was the main object upon which, in the first instance, Sir Peter hoped to attract public attention. His entry into the house with a huge bag of papers, consisting of prospectuses, letters of allotment, circulars, balance-sheets, plans, maps, bills of costs, multifarious accounts, and lists of committees, comprising an appalling show of members of Parliament, was ominous of slaughter.

Mr. Rawlings took his usual seat, which happened to be in an angle a few benches removed from Sir Peter, a position which enabled the latter to command a full view of him, and to give pointed effect, with hand and gesture, to the personal allusions with which he freely garnished his oration.

Sir Peter was by no means a good debater: but he was famous at getting up a case. His diligence in the collection of small facts, the bitterness and causticity of his invectives, and the relentless perseverance with which he hunted down his victim, rendered him a formidable opponent on occasions like the present. From the whispers that had got abroad of the nature of the statement he intended to make, the general question had become gradually merged in the personal impeachment, and the whole interest of the scene was concentrated upon the accuser and the accused. The House watched the progress of the business with much the same sort of eagerness a Roman mob may be supposed to have felt when two gladiators leaped into the arena.

A speech of two hours' length, containing a bushel of "modern instances" to a pennyworth of "wise saws," could not fail to tell. It possessed the charm which always attaches to fierce attacks upon character and the exposure of corruption. The whole system of railway jobbing was laid open from the beginning, the art of rigging was clearly expounded, and plentifully illustrated; the unauthorised use of influential names; the tricks and subterfuges of unprincipled attorneys; the frauds of boards in the sale of shares and appropriation of funds; and numerous secret acts of collusion and swindling of which the innocent public had little or no suspicion. At every count of the indictment Sir Peter was careful to mark out the chief offender, calling upon him at each step as he advanced to furnish explanations of sundry mysterious transactions concerning which no satisfactory account could be wrung from him by the suffering shareholders. If the existing law did not reach these nefarious cases, then a law, having a retrospective operation, should be specially enacted for the purpose. At all events he (Sir Peter) was

resolved that no effort of his should be wanted to bring the iniquity to light; and after drawing a picture, for which he was several times called to order, of a career of spoliation by which an obscure man had contrived to obtain unparalleled influence over credulous masses of people, infecting nearly the whole community with an insane belief in his infallible power of turning everything he touched into gold, Sir Peter concluded by moving for a sweeping inquiry under the auspices of a Select Committee.

There was a dead silence when he sat down. Everybody waited for the answer. At last, after a pause, Mr. Rawlings rose. As the House seemed to expect that he should say something, he rose, he said, in obedience to their wishes, but he really had nothing to say. The hon. gentleman had indulged in a number of rambling and unintelligible assertions, out of which it was impossible to select a single tangible charge. That House was not competent to deal with such matters. It was not a Criminal Court, as the hon. gentleman seemed to think. But he challenged him to bring his allegations before a tribunal where they could be properly investigated, and he pledged himself to prove that the whole statement was a tissue of the grossest blunders and misrepresentations. Until the hon. gentleman adopted that course he should treat his calumnious imputations with the contempt they deserved.

This little evasive speech gave great disappointment to the House, which had waited all this time in expectation of a contest of angry personalities. A buzz of disapprobation followed, and once this feeling had set in, the tide rose rapidly against the accused. When the House of Commons takes up a question of this nature in a high temper of virtuous indignation, the storm of condemnation accumulates with prodigious force. It is one of the infirmities of human nature to kick prostrate lions; and the defamatory discussion which ensued upon the member for Yarlton's speech showed that the Collective Wisdom was not exempt from the common frailty.

Richard Rawlings had acquired impunity from success; but it was of no avail to him here. He had confidently calculated upon the *prestige* which heretofore carried him triumphantly through all difficulties, and he found it suddenly overwhelmed by ridicule and obloquy. But he was too callous and obdurate to wince under the hits he received, and the only effect they produced upon him was to work up to the surface the natural obstinacy of his character, which exhibited itself in a front of open defiance. In the midst of the tempest, he left the House, and the first person he encountered in the lobby, was Lord Charles Eton. Writhing under the disgrace of the scene he had just witnessed, and thinking chiefly of the damage it was likely to inflict upon himself, Lord Charles was not in a mood to temporize with his father-in-law, whose look of bravado at that moment impressed him with a painful conviction of that gentleman's reckless-

ness on the point of reputation. Mr. Rawlings walked straight up to him with a hardihood that quite shocked his Lordship's fastidious nerves.

"Well, Lord Charles," exclaimed Mr. Rawlings, plunging his hands into his pockets, and jingling the loose coins he found there, as if he were exulting over public opinion in the abundance of his wealth; "we have had a fine specimen to-night of the justice of the House of Commons. They are resolved to crush me it seems; but we'll beat them!"

"We?" replied his Lordship; "I beg, sir, you will not mix me up in the business. I have heard quite enough to make it imperative on me to stand clear of it."

"Then the best thing you can do," said Rawlings, "is to go back and vote for the Committee. Let it be entered on the records that Lord Charles Eton is living on a fortune which he believes to have been dishonestly gained."

"If I consulted my own feelings," returned his Lordship, flushing up to the roots of his hair, "there could be no hesitation as to what I should do. But you know well, sir, that I am restrained by consideration for the feelings of others. The taunt is worthy of the coarseness you have exhibited throughout these disreputable transactions."

"Your insolence is equal to your folly. You think you can prop up your own character by breaking with me at this moment, to show the world how pure and upright you are. I take you at your word. Personally I have done with you;—but for my daughter's sake I will keep a strict watch upon your conduct. I have reason to believe that you are inclined to revenge upon her your hostility to me, and I will compel you to treat her with the respect which is her right as your wife. If I find that you slander me, or show these imperious humours to her, I warn you to look to the consequences."

Lord Charles felt the blood bounding in his temples at these words, which were spoken loud enough for the bystanders to hear; and his pride was galled to the core by the titter that rang in his ears as Richard Rawlings, turning his back contemptuously on his Lordship, moved slowly away through the crowd.

The admonition about his Lordship's treatment of his wife was too well founded. Margaret had not complained to her family; but a coldness had grown up between her and Lord Charles, which could not be concealed. Mr. Rawlings had observed it, and now that an open rupture had taken place with his son-in-law, he saw in this domestic alienation a means of wreaking some satisfaction upon the Etons for the insults they had cast him. His feelings were embittered by desertion and persecution. From the time the Committee (which was carried without a division) began its sittings, and fresh charges were brought forward every day, upon which the newspapers expended columns of vituperation, his aristocratic friends gradually began to drop off, and the malice of his enemies increased in

energy and venom. The whole world seemed to be rising up in judgment upon him; every man's hand was against him, and his hand was against every man. The only person who clung faithfully to him, and would believe nothing to his disadvantage was poor Dingle. But even Dingle at last ceased to show himself at Park-lane, and having heard nothing of him for several days, they were beginning to set him down amongst the rest of their fine-weather acquaintances, when the following note was sent into Mr. Rawlings one morning by a scrubby boy who waited outside the door for the answer.

"MY DEAR RAWLINGS,

"By some confounded mistake I have been arrested for the inconceivable sum of thirteen thousand pounds. Of course the thing is perfectly ridiculous, for you know I don't owe a penny in the world. I have been here three days, and would have written to you at once, only I hoped to get out by explaining the matter; but find it's no use. They won't listen to anything. I can't make it out at all. Sorry to trouble you about such an unpleasant business—haven't a friend but yourself I can look to. Will you come or send somebody.

"Yours faithfully, in devilish low spirits,

— Whitecross Street, Thursday."

"SCOTT DINGLE."

If Richard Rawlings was susceptible of a touch of remorse this note must have awakened it. Poor, airy Dingle had fluttered through the first stages of the panic with a feeling of indifference and security that made this sudden reverse in his fortunes all the more pitiable. Writ after writ had been served upon him, but he treated them as a joke. Everybody told him that it was only done to frighten him, and Dingle, under the strong wing of Richard Rawlings, was not to be frightened. At length, he was taken in execution, and straightway lodged in Whitecross-street prison. In vain he remonstrated in the most gentlemanly manner with the mysterious individual who escorted him there, and who seemed to know as little about the matter as he did himself. The mysterious individual could not even tell him who the plaintiff was, or how the debt was contracted; and when Dingle protested that he didn't owe the money, that he never heard the name of his astonishing creditor before, and, taking out his watch, declared that he would have an action against him for false imprisonment for every hour he was detained against his will, the individual smiled and said that he hoped he would recover swinging damages.

When this note reached Park-lane, Mr. Sloako happened to be in the house. He had latterly found access to Mr. Rawlings, who, having much business on hand, contrived to make employment for him in a general way as a sort of half-clerk and half-runner. He carried bags of papers to and fro with exemplary diligence, and, always in the hope of getting something better to do, was ready to do anything. To this trustworthy

agent was confided a letter in reply to Dingle's application, Mr. Rawlings taking great pains to explain to him the exact location and character of the place he was going to, and the nature of the mission he had to discharge. The matter was of no slight importance to Rawlings himself, for Dingle's evidence was essential to his case, and, even if he were not moved by any better motive on his behalf, it was necessary for his own sake to exhibit a lively interest in the misfortunes of the incarcerated director.

Mr. Sloake put up the letter very carefully in a leather-case he carried in the breast-pocket of his great coat; and set out with infinite circumspection on his nervous journey into the city. He had grown very cunning in the streets. Having had his pocket picked three days in succession, and been once knocked down by an omnibus horse, and pitched on another occasion into the window of an oyster shop, he felt the necessity of keeping his eyes open all sides. Experience had made him wonderfully wise. He regarded every man that stood lurking about corners with suspicion, never stopped to look at the shops, always kept close to a policeman, whenever he was lucky enough to fall in with one, and wherever he saw a crowd gathering he instinctively shuffled across to the opposite side of the street. By a strict adherence to these rules, which kept his attention painfully on the stretch, he was laboriously acquiring an insight into the art of walking with safety through the thoroughfares of London.

After many tortuous turns and indefatigable inquiries, Mr. Sloake found himself in front of the Debtors' Prison in Whitecross Street. He paused a minute or two to ruminate on the structure, and the new train of ideas it forced upon his mind. Sloake was not a philosopher; he was more like a youth beginning the world, to whom every incident opened up a fresh spring of curiosity. Here was a debtors' prison, crowded, no doubt, with inmates—poor men who, like himself, had struggled hard to live outside the walls as long as they could, and who were finally borne down by unmerited misfortunes. He thought of the gloom that must reign within, and of the harsh dispensations of fortune that doomed so many suffering fellow-creatures to so melancholy a fate. As he passed through the dark, grated door, and heard the keys clink, and the bolts shoot into their places, his heart sank within him. He had to cross a courtyard where several persons were scattered about, and he hardly dared to lift his head from a sensitive reluctance to look upon their poor pale cheeks and rueful eyes. All at once he was startled out of his philanthropic reverie by the blow of a tennis-ball which struck off his cap, and, as he went scrambling after it through the crowd amidst yells of laughter, he was so roughly tussled about from one to another, that he was very thankful when he got safely into the corridor which, he was informed, led to Captain Scott Dingle's room. He was bewildered by the shock; but not half so much stunned by the tennis-ball, as by the extraor-

ordinary hilarity and wild behaviour of the poor debtors. He concluded that long privation and confinement had turned their brains; and was a thousand times more afflicted by that consideration, than if he had found them all, as he expected, sitting in a row, and looking as dismal as so many monumental effigies.

Stopping a little to recover his breath and adjust his cap, then taking out his leather case and extracting Mr. Rawlings' letter from it, he knocked gently at the door to which he was directed. He waited a minute or two. There was no answer. He listened to ascertain if there was any stir within, and presently heard a husky voice giving out the words of a song, so broken and interrupted by snatches of drinking and talking, that he could make neither head nor tail of it. He knocked again, more loudly than before, and was summoned to "come in," with a vehemence that startled him. Opening the door softly, and pioneering his way with his umbrella, he stood on the threshold, rather embarrassed and somewhat alarmed by the aspect of the apartment and its tenants.

It was a small white-washed room. Two or three queer prints and ballads were pasted on the walls. The furniture consisted of a single table, which had formerly been a washstand, and was now, by a little ingenuity, made to answer both purposes; a couple of narrow beds and a chair. An open cupboard displayed a perfect museum of curiosities—a few stray books, a flower-glass, a kettle, bundles of clothes, bottles, jugs, a shaving-case, hair-brushes, a corkscrew, an odd boot, a pair of slippers, an iron pan and various articles of earthenware, whole, cracked, and chipped. Upon a bed, close under the cupboard, sat a tempestuous, hirsute man of brawny dimensions in his shirt sleeves, with an uplifted glass in one hand, roaring out a "View holloa!" and a "Hark! tantivy! tantivy!" as Sloake appeared in the doorway. The table, which was drawn before him, had been apparently prepared for dinner, and was furnished with a couple of plates, a bottle, a pot of porter, and a loaf. The brawny gentleman was evidently anticipating the festivity, by taking the start of his companion, a tall, thin, pensive man in a showy dressing-gown, who was leaning over the fire cooking something on a gridiron. As Sloake entered, the gentleman in the shirt-sleeves turning off the end of his "View, holloa!" with a sudden jerk of his voice, exclaimed—

"What the divil are you standing there for like a Banshee, letting the wind in on the meat? Shut the door, and tell us what you want."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Mr. Sloake, "are you Captain Scott Dingle?"

"I haven't that honour, sir, returned the other; "but there he is as large as life, watching the gridiron through his spy-glass. It isn't the first broil he has had a hand in it. What do you say, Captain?"

"Eh?" cried the Captain, "somebody wants me? Wait a

minute—done to a nicety ! hold the plate—” and lifting the grid-iron off the fire, with his companion’s assistance, Captain Scott Dingle deposited a large kidney, and a steaming steak upon one of the plates. Then turning to Sloak, he inquired,

“Want me? Haven’t the pleasure of knowing you—odd style of man,” he added aside to the other.

“Mighty like a process-server,” rejoined his friend.

“Damn’t,” whispered the Captain, “they can’t serve writs here.”

“It’s convenient for the purpose, at all events, for they’re sure to find you at home. Don’t mind him—go on with your dinner.”

“Excuse me, we’re not very ceremonious here, you see,” said the Captain, getting up a slight laugh in one corner of his mouth, “I’ll attend to you presently—I’m rather particular about having my steak hot—take a chair, and—no, hang it ! There’s no chair—find a seat for yourself there on the bed—capital ! tender as butter—cooked to perfection—eh, Costigan ?”

At the mention of the name of Costigan, Mr. Sloake, who had retreated to the opposite bed, opened his eyes wide, and fixing his green spectacles firmly on his nose, began to gaze with a look of astonishment upon that gentleman.

“Pardon, Monsieur,” he said, after a pause, diving his hand at the same time into the breast-pocket of his coat, “is your name Costigan ?”

“Costigan ?” exclaimed the other, “my name ? What the devil’s the fellow fumbling in his pocket for ? By my honour,” he continued in an undertone to the Captain, “I’ve a shrewd suspicion he has writs for us both. What’s your reason for asking my name, my fine ould Bashaw ?”

“Certainly—I will tell you,” replied Sloake, “I have something for you here.”

“I daar say you have,” returned Costigan ; “but you may put it up again, for I’m not the person you’re looking for. I’m somebody else, my darling fellow. I’m not him, whoever he is.”

“But maybe, he is somebody to you. Ha ! here it is—‘Michael Costigan, Esq.’”

“Eh ! what is it ?” inquired Costigan, “only a letter. You’re not trying to trap me now, are you ?”

“Trap you, sir ? What do you mean ? It is a letter for Mr. Costigan.”

“Captain,” whispered Costigan aside, “will you take it from him,—no service in that, you know,—let us see what it is.”

“Allow me,” said the Captain, taking the letter ; “‘Michael Costigan, Esq.’ can’t be you, of course, I suppose ; eh ?”

Costigan read the inscription of the letter cautiously over the Captain’s shoulder, and exclaimed, “By my honour, but it is me though ; it’s from that poor lad, Harry Winston. I suppose I must own to myself now, for read that letter I will, if he had a

wisp of writs in his pocket. Before I reveal my identity," he continued, addressing Mr. Sloake, "will you be obliging enough to tell me where you got that letter?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Sloake; "I got it from Madam Stubb, to leave at the hotel for Mr. Costigan."

"No trick, eh?"

"No,—I do not understand you."

"Come," cried Costigan, "tell us who you are; that's coming to the point."

"Who I am? certainly, sir; I am Mr. Sloake, *agent d'affaires* that was—*ci-devant*, you understand. I live at Madam Stubb, and I come here with a little letter to Captain Dingle from Mr. Rawling."

"From Mr. Rawlings?" exclaimed the Captain, starting up; "fire and fury, sir, why didn't you give it to me before?"

"You were on your steak,—you like your bifeck hot, you know."

"Ah!" cried the Captain, bursting open the note, and reading it with avidity, while Costigan was similarly engaged with Henry Winston's letter; "good fellow that Rawlings,—can't come, but will send his solicitor to me, he'll soon settle the business,—all right!—capital fellow."

"Poor devil!" muttered Costigan to himself, "that cruel, hard-hearted ould Rawlings has all this to answer for. It'll come against him some day, I'll be bail."

"What's the matter, Costigan?" inquired the Captain.

"Well, there's no secret in it now," replied Costigan, "but if I had my will of somebody, it isn't hot rolls and coffee I'd be asking him to early in the morning. Coffee! By my conscience, I don't forget the coffee to him. Will you take something to drink, Mr. Coke? We haven't much variety, but you're welcome to what there is—a gentle infusion of gin, and the trifling remains of a tankard of Barclay."

"No, thank you, sir—my name is Mr. Sloake, sir."

"Sloake? a good, ould amphibious name that," returned Costigan, filling his glass, and draining it at a single gulp, followed up by a wild scrap of a song—

"My name is Tengur, and I live in state,
I live above the frowns of fate,
With my stick, stone platter, and bit o' meat,
And may be I care for the high and great!"

"But the letter from Winston," said the Captain, "what is it, Costigan?"

"Ah! yes, sir, if you please," cried Sloake, coming over to the table; "that poor *garçon*—it will be good for Madame Stubb to hear—she love him, sir, Mr. Winston—when he go to America, and no one hear nothing of him, I think of my *pauvre petit*, my little Eugene—ah! sir, it make my heart very sad."

"Go to America!" exclaimed Costigan; "nonsense—he never went to America—that was only a *ruse*—and all for nothing.

There, Captain, you read the letter—it's a cramp hand for a man after dinner."

The Captain read the letter aloud.

"MY DEAR MR. COSTIGAN,

"I wrote three letters to the address you gave me—"

"Never got one of them," interrupted Costigan—"go on."

"—and send this upon chance to Duke Street, thinking you may call there. Of course, you know all that has happened. I will not trouble you with particulars about myself now, but will tell you everything when I see you. I came down here immediately after, and have been on the sick list ever since—very ill. You would hardly know me again. But I am getting round, and determined not to give up the ghost this time. I scribble these few lines to tell you that I am coming to town, where I hope to see you. I intend to make a descent on Mrs. Stubbs, if she can find room for me. At all events, you will be sure to hear of me there.

"Till we meet, and ever, yours faithfully,

"Wren's Nest—Saturday.

"H. WINSTON.

"P. S. I often look at your pistols, and wonder shall I ever have any use for them."

"Ha!" exclaimed Sloake, "he come back to his *appartements*,—I live at his *appartements*,—with all my heart he shall come—and good Madame Stubb—oh! certainly, she will open her arms for him. But the young lady, sir,—what you say nothing about the young lady?"

"Well, do you know," replied Costigan, "I think the less that's said about her the better. Let her down easy. She's settled for life, and by this time, I dare say, he doesn't care an old button about her."

"For his wife, that he run away with? Ah! sir, that is very bad."

"What are you knocking your head against, my venerable friend? Harry Winston's wife? Betheshin! who could you be had a wife?"

"Madame Stubb, certainly."

"Then give my respectful compliments to Madame Stubb, and tell her that she's labouring under a mental delusion. Have you a wife yourself?"

"*Mon Dieu!* My dear Eugénie—she is gone from me to heaven!"

"Well—that's more than I can say of Harry Winston's wife that was to be. She's gone from him, but I can't exactly say she's gone to the same place."

"She gone too? *Malheureux!* Everybody all wrong,—very sorry to see this good man in prison—ah! it was a friend like you, Mr. Costigan, to come and see him—very good friend in his trouble."

"Not at all—not at all," returned Costigan, with a sly glance at Dingle: "I don't take the last credit for coming here—not the last in life."

"The fact is," said Dingle, "I oughtn't to be here myself. The rascally lawyers have made a set upon us; but they'll find themselves in the wrong box. Wait till we get out, that's all."

Mr. Sloake raised his spectacles and looked piteously at Mr. Costigan, shrugging his shoulders, with an accompanying ejaculation, to indicate his regret at finding that they were both in durance.

"It's by no means so bad a thing, after all," said Costigan; "I regard it entirely as a mighty great compliment, considering the circumstances."

"What circumstances?" inquired Dingle.

"What circumstances?" reiterated Costigan. "I'll tell you in confidence. Before I came here, I had a suspicion that I was rather hard up for credit. You may imagine, then, how pleased I was to find that, somehow or other, without knowin' anything about it, I owed somebody forty thousand pounds, be the same more or less. That's the sum,—there are sixteen detainers against me—more power to them! The devil a know I know how I did it! but if I had an unencumbered estate, and didn't owe a farthing in the world, I couldn't be much deeper in debt—and that's a comfort."

This reckless way of treating their common misfortune, instead of making Captain Scott Dingle laugh, produced the contrary effect. It was not pleasant to be reminded of these enormous responsibilities, although their very magnitude was the only element in them out of which men in their condition could extract a solitary hope of escape.

Dingle went to the cupboard, took down a sheet of paper, and wrote a hasty note to Mr. Rawlings; while Costigan was charging Mr. Sloake with a message to Mrs. Stubbs. These little matters being arranged, Mr. Sloake withdrew, after many expressions of condolence, his head confused by the strange discoveries he had made about Mr. Costigan and Harry Winston, and his heart aching for the poor prisoners he left behind him.

CHAPTER III.

Very short, but very important to the people concerned in it.

THE panic which penetrated so many homes in the fatal year of 1845, found its way into the gorgeous mansion in Park Lane at last. Mrs. Rawlings was shockingly alarmed. She did not know exactly what she had to fear, and her ignorance magnified the danger. Mr. Rawlings was by no means communicative with her; all she could get from him was an assurance that there was nothing to apprehend; but this had the effect of rendering her so nervous, that she made it a point to cross-ex-

amine everybody that came to the house, in the hope of procuring some intelligence. She was constantly on the stairs watching and listening for knocks; and whenever she could intercept any of Mr. Rawling's visitors, she would beckon them into the drawing-room, and try to extract a little private and confidential news from them. That the information she obtained in this way aggravated her alarm is not improbable, as she grew thinner and more fidgetty every day, and when any one spoke comfortingly to her, showed symptoms of an inclination to go off into hysterics.

Clara exhibited more firmness. The mental suffering she had passed through had imparted a seriousness to her character which prepared her to meet worldly calamities with composure. Her sister's marriage, to some extent, relieved her of the weight that pressed upon her spirits, and left her free to think for herself and about herself. From that time the house was no longer the home it had been to her. Wealth had brought them all into a factitious world, had broken up their domestic ties, sowed discord between father and daughter, and placed them in a false position in society, which was now becoming painfully conspicuous. She longed to escape out of that poisoned atmosphere, and to be at peace in seclusion. The vivacity of her nature was gone, but the strength of her will remained, and was not slow in shaping a course of action for the future.

London seasons have as quickening an influence as the hot air of the forcing-house. Feelings that take a long time to grow up to maturity in the open climate of the country, germinate with wonderful rapidity in the salons of London. Clara discovered this fact before the expiration of her first season; but she was not easily dazzled by her admirers. There was safety in the multitude of them, and, so long as liberty was a pleasure to her, she had no inclination to part with it. Her universality, however, did not last long; and she took a different view of human life and its enjoyments, when corroding anxiety had begun to make havoc of her gaiety.

Most of the brilliant men who had hitherto pressed themselves into her train, disappeared, with one excuse or another, soon after Mr. Rawlings's name became associated with charges of corruption and malversation. A few of them yet lingered behind, cautiously hanging about her to wait the issue of events, and ready to advance or retreat according to circumstances. But there was one whose quiet devotion had undergone no alteration, and who had early touched her heart, although she never thought proper to acknowledge it to herself until the approach of calamity enabled her to distinguish between the true love and the false—if a woman's sagacity can ever be said to require the help of such a test.

George Farquhar was the son of a merchant, had a share in the house, and was possessed of a competence ample for the modest ambition of a private gentleman. There was nothing

whatever striking in his manners or appearance; and it was necessary that you should become very intimate with him before you could discover the good sense and integrity of character that lay beneath his calm and unpretending exterior. He was a man especially calculated to inspire confidence amongst those who knew him thoroughly—a man who made little show or profession in time of prosperity, but whose truth and fidelity might be relied upon in adverse circumstances. It was when the clouds were lowering over the doomed house in Park Lane, that his attachment for Clara became manifest to her in a form which she was no longer disposed to treat with indifference.

By what ways he made known his feelings to her—how the mystery gradually took an intelligible shape—how the distant admirer insensibly drew closer and closer, and warmed into the ardent lover—what confessions were extorted at both sides—how Clara tried his patience at first—how she relented at last—and how it came to pass that she finally yielded to his suit, and pledged herself to him, without consulting anybody on the subject, are matters which need not be dwelt upon. It was a very earnest piece of love-making between them; very earnest and grave in its opening, and fixed and irrevocable in its close. No two people in the world were ever bound together by bonds of their own choosing whom it would be more difficult to separate.

It has been said that when a gentleman looks tenderly at a young lady in England, she turns her head aside, and dropping her voice over her shoulder, murmurs "Ask papa!" Clara did not desire Mr. Farquhar to ask papa. She took the responsibility of the matter upon herself, and told him for the present to say nothing to papa about it.

It was certainly not a very opportune time for the introduction of such a subject. Mr. Rawlings had as much business and vexation on hand as would have given work enough to the nerves of half a dozen men. But he was equal to the work of half a dozen men in the way of business and vexation; and except that he looked now and then a little more austere than usual, nobody could guess the prodigious quantity of labour and annoyance he was literally ploughing through every day. Clara was aware of this, and thought it would be unreasonable to trouble him with her love affairs at such a moment. But she had other motives for desiring to delay the delicate confession. With so much anxious occupation preying upon him, it was exceedingly doubtful what sort of reception her father might give Mr. Farquhar. She was determined not to expose her lover to the risk of a temper which had left such deep scars upon her memory. Nor was this all. Who could foresee how her father would come out of the harassing ordeal through which he was passing? Would it be honourable to commit the man she loved any further until the result should be known? Would it be wise, for his happiness or her own, to admit any ground for regrets or reproaches in the future? If the event should be disastrous, it would put the

affection of her lover to the severest proof, and at all events leave him free to act with the full knowledge of her position. On all accounts she considered it desirable for the present to keep her engagement concealed from her father.

The same necessity, however, did not exist with reference to her mother or her sister; and, shrinking from the imprudence of contracting such a pledge, without confiding it to some members of her family, she determined upon revealing her secret to Mrs. Rawlings and Margaret.

From the latter she received unbounded sympathy. Margaret was rejoiced at the prospect of so delightful a settlement for her darling Clara, and urged her to be firm under all circumstances, and whatever opposition might be offered to it, not to sacrifice her happiness—as she had done! Bitter experience had done its rough work with the gentle Margaret.

Upon Mrs. Rawlings the announcement had a very different effect: it nearly produced a fit of hysteria. The recollection of what had happened on a former occasion of a similar kind—her dread of Mr. Rawlings' violence—and horror of the consequences should he ever come to the knowledge that she had concealed the secret from him, threw her into a state of nervous excitement that was absolutely alarming. She did not in the least blame her daughter for accepting the proposals of Mr. Farquhar. She gave no opinion upon that. She only blamed her for telling her anything about it. She ought to have had more consideration for her poor mother than to bring her into such a business. And dear, chattering, frightened Mrs. Rawlings went about the house, and up and down the stairs, listening at the doors, and watching the hall, with this dreadful secret on her conscience, more terrified than ever.

Thus, while Mr. Rawlings was plunged over head and ears in piles of papers and blue-books, working through a chaos of accumulating difficulties, his family were engaged in a clandestine design against his authority. How strangely the turns of fortune sometimes vindicate the ends of justice. Behold the man of Gold standing on the pinnacle of the Ladder, assailed by obloquy abroad and conspiracy at home!

THE FEMALE WRECKER; AND THE HOUSE OF MYSTERY.

A BRACE OF GHOST STORIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE EXPERIENCES OF A GAOL CHAPLAIN."

It was a glorious summer's evening in July. The sun, robed in a thousand hues of gorgeous brilliancy, was setting behind the noble hill which towers over the little hamlet of Shaldon; light pleasure skiffs, with tiny sail, were dotted over the bay;* the ebb tide was gently laving the hissing strand; and at intervals, wafted by the breeze, came from some merry party afloat, a ringing, joyous laugh, or some slight snatch of song. It was an evening which breathed serenity and repose.

Seated on one of the benches which skirt that pleasant promenade† were two feeble looking men with whom the summer of life had apparently passed. They conversed slowly and at intervals. That the theme interested both was clear from the earnest tone of the one, and the attention rendered by the other. It was connected too in some way with the sea; for, from time to time, the speaker paused and eyed wistfully the slumbering monster at his feet; and more than once the ejaculation was audible—"the secret is buried there!"

"And you believe this?" said the listener, half incredulously, half respectfully, when his elderly companion ceased.

"I do—firmly."

The other smiled, and then continued in a lower tone,—

"All delusion! the result of a heated fancy—all delusion, from beginning to end!"

"What is delusion?" said a tall military looking figure, striding up and joining the group. "We all have, at one period or other of our lives, to battle with delusion and succumb to it. Now, sir," turning to the elder gentleman (his name was Ancelôt) and making a courteous bow—"pray favour me with your case and symptoms." The party addressed looked nettled, and replied—

"Mine was no delusion; it was a stern and solemn reality."

"Well! give it what name you please," returned his companion, "only let Major Newburgh hear the tale as you narrated it to me."

"To be again discredited? Excuse me, Trevor, no."

"Oh! but," interposed the Major, "I'm of a very confiding disposition. I believe every thing and every body. The more extraordinary the narrative the more faith am I inclined to place in it. Trevor, there, as we all know," added he, laughingly, "has a twist. He's a 'total abstinence' man—a homœopathic man—a Benthamite; and secretly favours Mesmerism. With such abounding faith upon some points we will allow him to be somewhat sceptical upon others. Come; your narrative."

"At the sober age of two-and-forty, a period when the season of delusion is pretty well over," said Mr. Ancelôt, pointedly, "I found

* Teignmouth, Devon.

† The Dennis.

myself in charge of a notorious fishing village on the coast of Lincolnshire. It was famous, or rather infamous, for the smuggling carried on in its creeks, and for the vigilant and relentless wreckers which it numbered in its hovels. 'Rough materials!' said the Bishop, Dr. Prettyman, when I waited upon him to be licensed to the Curacy—'rough materials to work upon; but by care and diligence, Mr. Ancelôt, wondrous changes may be effected. Your predecessor, a feeble-minded man, gave but a sorry account of your flock; but under your auspices I hope they will become a church-going, and church-loving people! Make them churchmen—you understand me? Make them churchmen!' . . . Heaven help me! They needed first to be made honest and temperate—to be humanized and Christianized! 'Church-loving and church-going!' The Chaplaincy of Newgate is not, perhaps, a sinecure; that of the Model Prison at Pentonville has, probably, its hours of toil; and that attached to Horsemonger Lane is not entirely a bed of roses; but if you wish to wear a man's heart and soul out; to depress his spirits and prostrate his energies—if you would make him long to exchange his lot with the day labourer who whistles at the plough,—station him as curate—far apart from his fellows—in a village made up of prize-fighters, smugglers, and wreckers! To my lonely cure with a heavy heart I went; and by a most reckless and rebellious crew I speedily found myself surrounded—a crew which defied control. Intoxicating liquors of all kinds abounded. The meanest hovel smelt of spirits. Nor was there any want of contraband tobacco. Foreign luxuries, in a word, were rife among them. And yet they were always in want—always craving from their clergyman temporal aid—in his spiritual capacity they were slow to trouble him; had ever on their lips the entreaty 'give'—'give'; and always protested that they 'were come to their furthest and had not a shilling in the world to help themselves withal.'

"For recklessness, drunkenness, and midnight brawls, all England could not match that parish.

"To the general and prevailing aspect of poverty, there was one, and that a marked exception. It presented itself in the person of Abigail Lassiter—a widow—who was reputed to be wealthy, and with whose means—unscrupulously acquired—a tale of murder was strangely blended. Abigail's husband had been a smuggler, and she herself was a daring and keen-eyed wrecker. For a season both thrived. He had escaped detection in many a heavy run of contraband goods; and she had come in for many a valuable "waif and stray" which the receding waters left upon the slimy strand. It was, however, her last venture which, in her neighbour's language, *had made her*. Made her, indeed, independent of her fellows; but a murderer before her God! . . . About day-break in a thick misty morning in April, a vessel, heavily laden, was seen to ground on 'The Jibber Sand;' and after striking heavily for some hours, suddenly to part asunder. The sea was so rough, and the wind so high, that no help could be rendered from the shore. Mid-day drew on—came—passed, and the villagers assembled on the heights (their eyes fixed the while on the devoted vessel like vultures watching for their prey) had at length the satisfaction of seeing the labouring bark yield to the war of the elements, and her timbers float, piecemeal, over the waters.

"But nothing of any consequence came ashore. A stray spar or two, a hen coop, two or three empty barrels, a child's light straw hat, and a sailor's cap—these were all!

"The gale held: the wind blew off shore, and at night-fall the wrecking party, hungry, weary, and out of humour, retired to their cabins. About an hour after midnight heavy rain fell; the wind shifted, and blew in-shore. With the first appearance of dawn Abigail's cottage door was seen slowly to unclose, and she herself to emerge from it, and stealthily creep down to the shore. Once there, a steep sea-wall—thrown up to protect the adjoining lowlands from inundation—screened her from observation. She was absent about an hour, returned apparently empty-handed, re-entered her cottage, nor passed its threshold again during the remainder of the day.

"But that was a memorable day for the *industrious*. My villagers were early astir. Their muddy shore was strewn with fragments of the wreck; and when the tide went down, and the gale moderated, half imbedded in the Jibber Sand was found 'goodly spoil.' Packages of costly shawls, hampers of Dutch liqueurs, bales of linen, several kegs of brandy, and two small canvas bags containing bullion, were a few of the 'waifs and strays' which keen eyes speedily detected, and stalwart arms as speedily appropriated.

"Later on in the afternoon a very bustling personage made his appearance, much blown and over-heated, who announced himself as 'acting under authority from Lloyd's,' and 'representing the under-writers.' At his heels, uttering volleys of threats, and menacing every soul he met, with hideous 'penalties according to act of parliament,' followed a very lady-like young gentleman, with a thin, reedy voice, and light down upon his chin, 'charged with protecting the public revenue.' Well for him in a dark night if he could protect himself!

"Worthy souls! They might as well have spared their well-fed nags, and have remained at home snugly housed in their chimney corner. 'Tis the early bird that gets the worm.' They had missed it by hours. The spoil was housed. It was buried in cottage gardens, and cabbages planted over it. It was secreted among the thatch, where even the best trained bird-nesting urchin would have missed it. It was stored away under more than one hollow hearth-stone, on which a cheerful wood-fire was crackling and blazing. When were 'the womenkind' in a wrecker's village at a loss for expedients?

"But a discovery was made that afternoon, which, for the moment, made the boisterous gentleman from Lloyd's falter in his denunciations, and hushed the menaces of the indignant and well-dressed personage who protected the revenue, and saddened the few hearts amongst us not entirely devoid of feeling.

"On a little knoll—called in memory of an unfortunate suicide, 'The Mad Maiden's Knoll,'—was found the body of a lady, youthful and fair; and by her side that of a little infant, a few weeks old. The babe—carefully swathed in countless warm wrappers—was lying in a rude cradle of wicker-work; this was firmly fastened to the lady's waist, who, on her part, had been securely lashed to a spar. 'Twas a piteous sight! But one's sympathies were called into still more painful exercise when it was found that the unfortunate lady's corpse had been rifled by some unprincipled marauder:

that both ears had been torn, and two of her fingers had been crushed and broken in the attempt to plunder them of the rings with which they had been laden. Nor was this all. Every part of her dress had been carefully examined. Her stays had been ripped open, and a packet, assumed to be of value, had, apparently, been taken thence. What strengthened this surmise was the fact that a fragment of a purple morocco note-case still adhered to her dress. This fragment bore the words in gilt letters, 'Bank Notes;' below were the initials 'F. H. B.' The sight drew forth general expressions of pity: but pity gave place to indignation when the district surgeon joined the group, and after a careful examination of the body, said slowly, 'I suspect; I more than suspect; I am almost positive that this lady reached the shore alive. The winds and waves have not destroyed her. She has perished by the hand of another. Look here;' and he pointed to a small dark rim round the neck, 'this is the effect of strangulation; and my belief is that the corpse before us is that of a murdered woman.'

"The coroner of the district was summoned, a jury empanelled, and the simple facts relative to the discovery of the bodies of the woman and infant were briefly placed on record. Few cared to speak openly. All had an interest in saying as little as possible. 'Return an open verdict, gentlemen; return an open verdict by all means,' suggested the wary official; 'that is the shortest course you can adopt; safe and perfectly legal; it decides nothing, contradicts nothing, concludes nothing.' No advice could be more palatable to the parties he addressed. 'Found dead,' was the ready response; 'but by what means, drowning or otherwise, there is no evidence to show.'

"The coroner was delighted.

"'Precisely so; quite sufficient. My gig, and a glass of brandy and water.'

"No one claimed the bodies. Early interment was necessary; and a few hours after the inquest was concluded, mother and child were consigned to their parent earth.

"Six weeks afterwards an elderly man, with a most imperious manner and a foreign accent, came down to the village and asked countless questions relative to the shipwreck. The unhappy lady, he said, was his niece; and earnest were the inquiries he made touching a large sum of money which, to his 'certain knowledge, she had about her when she went on ship-board.' Of this money, as a matter of course, no satisfactory tidings were forthcoming. He then became violent; called the village a nest of pirates; cursed the inhabitants without mercy; hoped that heaven's lightnings would speedily fall and raze the hamlet to the ground; and indulged in a variety of comments, some just, some foolish, and all angry.

"But with all his anxiety about his niece and all his burning indignation against her plunderers, he never visited the unhappy lady's grave; never directed a stone to be placed over her; never deplored her fate; never uttered a remark about her infant, save and except an avowal of his unbounded satisfaction that it had perished with the mother—his ever-recurring subject of regret was not that he had lost his niece, but that he had lost her money!

"Oh world! how base are thy calculations, how sordid thy conclu-

sions! The young, the fair, the helpless, the innocent may perish, it matters not. Loss of relatives, of children, of country, of character, all may be borne with complacency but—loss of money!

"Meanwhile the party who was suspected to have benefited most largely by the shipwreck, went about her daily occupations with her usual subdued and poverty-stricken air. There was nothing in Abigail Lassiter's dress or manner to indicate the slightest improvement in her worldly circumstances. She toiled as earnestly, dressed as simply, and lived as sparingly as ever. But quietly and almost imperceptibly a vast change was wrought in the aspect of her dwelling. It was carefully repaired and considerably enlarged, a small piece of pasture land was bought, and then a handsome Alderney cow made her appearance. A garden of some extent, at the rear of the cottage, was next laid out and stocked, and last of all a commodious spring cart and clever cob were seen on the little homestead. But comfort there was none. An invisible hand fought against its inmates. Their career of success was closed. A curse and not a blessing was henceforth to track them. On a sudden the husband, Mark Lassiter, was betrayed in one of his smuggling expeditions, encountered the coast-guard where he least expected them, was fired at, captured, and died in gaol of his wounds. The eldest son—"Black Ben" the pugilist—killed his man, was accused of foul play, and compelled to fly the country. Robin, second mate of a merchant vessel then lying in Hull Docks, still remained to her, and him she hastily summoned home for counsel. Vain precaution! A final separation had already taken place between them. While wondering at his tardy movements, a brief unfeeling letter apprized her that, 'returning to his ship at midnight decidedly the worse for liquor,' Robin Lassiter had missed his footing on the narrow plank connecting the vessel with the shore, had fallen into deep water, and had sunk to rise no more.

"These successive bereavements paralyzed her. For the first time the idea seems to have presented itself, that it was possible adversity might overwhelm her. She confined herself rigidly to her home; said that *the moan of the sea wearied and worried her*, and blocked up every window which looked upon the ocean! For hours she would sit, abstractedly, in silence. Then, wringing her hands, would wake up with a wistful cry, and repeat—'Wrong never comes right! Wrong never comes right!'

"Much as I knew she hated religion, its ministers, its sanctuary, and every object which, by possibility, could remind her that *there was a coming future*, I yet felt it my duty to make another and a third attempt at an interview. She received me ungraciously enough, but not insolently. Her fair, soft, feminine features betrayed evident annoyance at my visit, but still there was an absence of that air of menace and hatred which characterized her in former days.

"'You visit me?' was her inquiry; 'why?'

"'To condole with you on the ravages which death has made in your family.'

"Her reply was instant and firmly uttered.

"'Yea; two are gone. Their part is played and over. I presume they are at rest.'

"A passing remark followed, in which a hope was expressed that I should see her at church.

THE FIVE-WHECKER: AND

Never, until I'm brought there. I shouldn't know myself in a place, nor would those who assemble there know me.'

'While framing my reply she continued:—

Your trial, sir, is what I anticipated: I have never troubled the jury, and I hope they will not trouble me; I have my sorrows, I say them to myself.

'They will overwhelm you unless aid be granted—'

'She interrupted me.

'I seek it not, and therefore have no right to expect it. But why need I detain you, sir?' said she, rising from her seat; 'there are here who may prize your presence more than I do.'

'One of William's little volumes was in my hand. I proffered it to the mistress— You will perhaps read this in my absence?'

'She declined it with a gesture of impatience.

'No; no. I seldom read, and my bodily endeavour now is not think. This way lies your road, sir. Farewell.'

'A more thoroughly unsatisfactory interview it is scarcely possible imagine.

'Two years had rolled away when, one morning, a message reached me that Dame Lassiter was ill, and wished I would 'call in the name of the day.' Within the hour came another summons: Dame Lassiter was much worse, and begged to 'see me without delay.' Before mid-day I was at the cottage. Her sole attendant, a bold, saucy, bawdy-looking girl of eighteen,—awaited me at the threshold.

'Right glad am I you're come,' was her greeting; 'the mistress, in, has been asking for you ever since day-break.'

'—She is worse than?'

'—She lowered her voice to a whisper, and continued:—

'—She's going. She'll not hold it long. The doctors have given her up, and there's no more medicine to be gone for. This last is a sure sign.'

'—Is she sensible?'

'—The girl hesitated.

'—In times she be, was her reply, rather doubtfully given! 'in times she be; but there's something about her I don't quite fancy; the plain fact is she's rather queer, and I shall go up to the village. You'll not mind being alone, I dare say.'

'—And without waiting for a reply this careful and considerate attendant hurriedly opened the door, went out; and then locked it briskly and firmly on the outside. I was a prisoner, and my companion a dying woman! For the moment I felt startled; but a hollow moan of anguish, sadly and painfully reiterated in the chamber above, at once recalled me to my duties, and bade me seek the sufferer. In a room of fair dimensions lay, stricken and emaciated, the once active and dauntless Abigail. On entering I could with difficulty disguise my surprise at the variety of articles which it contained, and at the costliness and splendour of many of them. The curtains of the sick-woman's bed were of figured silk damask; and though here and there a dark spot was visible where sea-water, or some other destructive agency, had penetrated, enough still remained to vindicate the richness of the fabric and the brilliancy of the colour. The linen on the bed was of the finest texture, apparently the production of a Dutch-loom, while the vessel which held her night-

drink was an antique goblet, indisputably of foreign workmanship, — its materials silver and mother-of-pearl. Under the window, which commanded her flower garden, stood a small work-table of birds-eye-maple, which methought had once stood in the lady's cabin of some splendidly appointed steamer. Her wash-stand was of mahogany richly carved. on the shelf above it stood an ebony writing-desk, inlaid with silver; below was a lady's dressing case—ivory—and elaborately carved. Two cases of foreign birds of exquisite plumage completed the decoration of the apartment. It is true necessitous sailors and carousing smugglers might have contributed some of the costly articles I saw around me: but as I gazed on them the thought recurred, are not these the wages of iniquity? Have they not been rifled from the grasp of the helpless, the drowning, and the dying?

"I spoke. She was in full possession of her faculties; but manifestly near her end. I expressed my sorrow at finding her so feeble; told her that I had readily obeyed her summons; and asked her whether I should read to her.

"Neither read to me,' was her distinct reply; 'nor pray with me; but listen to me. They tell me I have not many hours to live. If so, I have something to disclose; and some money which I should wish—I should wish'—she hesitated and became silent—'the point is am I beyond recovery? If so I should desire that this money—'

"Under any circumstances,' was my reply, 'confess all; restore all.'

"She looked up quickly and said sharply, 'Why restore?'

"To prove the sincerity of our regrets.'

"Ah, well!" said she, thoughtfully, 'if I could only satisfy myself that recovery was impossible. I have much to leave behind me, and there are some circumstances—'

"She hesitated and was silent. A minute or two elapsed and I urged—

"Be candid and be just,—make reparation while you possess the power.'

"You advise well," said she, faintly. 'I would fain relieve my mind. It is sorely oppressed, for with regard to my property—my—my savings—'

"As she spoke there arose, close to us, clear and painfully audible, a low, mocking laugh. It was not akin to mirth. There was no gladness in its tone. It betokened enmity, triumph, scorn. The dying woman heard it, and cowered beneath its influence. An expression of agonizing fear passed over her countenance. Some minutes elapsed before she could sufficiently command herself to speak or even listen.

"Carry out forthwith," said I, in a tone of resolution I could with difficulty command, 'carry out your present determination. Make restitution to the utmost of your power. Restore all: confess all.'

"I will do so and now," was her reply.

"Again that bitter, scornful, chilling laugh; and closer to us! To no ebullition of any earthly emotion can I compare it. It resembled none. It conveyed scorn, exultation, defiance, hatred. It seemed an uncontrollable burst of triumph over a parting and ruined soul. Again, I gazed steadfastly on the dying woman. A spasm

convulsed her countenance. She pointed feebly to some unseen object—unseen at least by me—and clasped her hands with an imploring gesture. Another spasm came on—a second—a third—and all was silence. I was *alone with the dead.*”

“And you are persuaded that these sounds were real and not fanciful,—that imagination had nothing to do with the scene?” said the younger of the three when the aged speaker had concluded.

The reply was immediate.

“I state simply what I heard; that, and no more. No opportunity for trick existed. The cottage had one door, *and but one*. The dying woman and myself were the only parties within its walls. We were locked in from without: until the attendant returned and unclosed the door there was no possibility of either entering or quitting the dwelling. I was alone with the dead for upwards of an hour—no enviable vigil—when it pleased her unfeeling and gossiping retainer to return and release me. Believe it, say you? I do believe it—and most firmly—as fact and not fancy.”

“And what say you, Major?” pursued the questioner, turning to his military companion.

“I believe it also, and the more readily from recollecting what once occurred to myself. Soon after my awkward hit at Vittoria, where I received a bullet, which I carry about with me to this hour, I was ordered home on sick leave. Landing at Falmouth from a filthy transport, feeble, feverish, solitary, and wretched, I was recognised by a former intimate, who followed me to my inn and insisted upon taking me down with him into —shire. Rest and country air, he was sure, would recruit me. In vain I explained the wretched cripple I was. In vain I submitted that the ‘hospital mates,’ one and all, entertained the worst opinion of my injury. He would take no denial. It was a case, he contended, not for the knife or the doctor; but for beef-steaks and Barclay’s stout. And this opinion he would make good in my instance against the whole hospital staff at home and abroad. Too weak to contest the point, I gave in; and promised that, if living, that day week should find me at —House. The first part of my journey I made out with comparatively little suffering. The latter part, where I was obliged to have recourse to a hack chaise, neither wind nor weather tight—ill hung, and badly driven, was torture. At length, unable to endure longer agony, I got out; and bidding the postboy drive with my luggage to —House, limped along across the fields under the pilotage of an old labourer—it was a work of time—to my destination.

“My grey haired guide, who commiserated my situation, was very inquisitive about ‘the war and Lord Wellington;’ asked whether *all* the Spaniards lived on ‘mules’ flesh fried with onions,’ as he ‘had been told for truth;’ inquired what ‘our side’ thought of ‘Boney’s covenant with the devil,’ a covenant (according to his reading,) to this effect, that ‘the devil had given Boney a *lease of luck* for threescore and three years, and that when it was up he was to be shot by a Spanish maiden with a silver bullet.’ Many folks, he said, believed all this to be true and *certain*; but that he, for his part, ‘did not *hold* with it: what did I think?’ But however talkative about the war, my venerable pilot was reserved about —

House. I asked him if he knew it. 'These fifty years and more,' was his answer. 'The House of Mystery: good people live there now,—yes, good people, kind people,—a blessed change for all about and around the House of Mystery.' More he would not utter. At length I reached the winning post, hobbled in, received a cordial welcome, and retired early to bed.

"None but those who have lain for weeks in a crowded military hospital, who have battled day by day with death, now flushed with fever, now racked with agonizing spasmodic action in every nerve, can conceive the effect of the quiet, the pure air, the bracing freshness of the country. The stillness which reigned around,—the peaceful landscape beneath my window,—the balmy fragrance of the flowers,—the hush of woods reposing in all the stillness of a summer's twilight,—the faint tinkling of the distant sheep-bell,—the musical murmur of the rill which gurgled gaily and gladly from beneath the base of the sun-dial,—the deer dotted over the park, and grazing lazily in groups beneath the branching oaks, made up a picture which soothed and calmed me. I went to bed satisfied that *I should sleep*. I did so without a single twinge till after midnight. Then I was roused by a grating sound at a distance. It drew nearer, became more and more distinct, and presently at a pelting pace, up drove a carriage and four. I say four, because a man used to horses all his life, can, by their tramp, judge, though blindfold, pretty accurately as to their numbers. I heard the easy roll of the carriage, the grating of the wheels on the gravel, the sharp pull up at the main entrance, the impatient pawing of the animals on the hard and well-rolled road. All this I caught most distinctly. But though I listened keenly I heard no bell ring, no door unclose, no servant hasten to these new arrivals. I thought it odd. I struck my repeater. 'A quarter to one. Strange hour, surely, for visitors to arrive! However, no business of mine. I have not, happily, to rise and do the honours.' And, after a yawn or two, and a hurried, though I trust grateful acknowledgment for the comparative ease I was enjoying, I turned upon my side and dozed off. I had slept about two hours when a similar noise again roused me. Up came another carriage at the same slapping pace. Pat, pat, pat went the hoofs upon the hard avenue. The wheels rattled; the gravel grated on the ear; there was the same quick, sharp, knowing pull up at the main door, and the same impatient stamp of high-fed steeds anxious to be off, and eager for the rest and feed of the stable. I became irritated and angry. 'A pretty house,' said I, 'for an invalid! Guests arriving at all hours! Moreover, a precious lot of fresh faces shall I have to encounter at the breakfast table. A nice figure I am! My walk particularly straight and lively! I shall be "the observed of all observers" with a vengeance. I wish with all my soul I had remained at Exeter. I had there my hospitable friends, the Greenes, in "the Barn-field," to keep an eye to me, while *here*, carriages are driving up at a splitting pace from midnight to cock-crowing.' And fuming and fretting, chafed and annoyed, I lay feverish and discontented till daybreak.

"The next morning, having taken peculiar pains with my toilet, and having arrived at the inevitable conclusion that I hobbled worse than ever, and was as infirm as an old gentleman of eighty, I presented myself in the breakfast room.

"I expected to find it lined with fresh faces. I was mistaken. The party assembled was the same, without diminution or addition, which I had quitted the preceding evening. After an interchange of civilities I hazarded an inquiry:—

"Where are the new arrivals?"

"There are no new arrivals," said my hostess; "I hope you are not tired of us already?"

"You allude to an utter impossibility," was my rejoinder; "but beyond all doubt two carriages drove up to the main entrance early this morning."

"You are our only guest," observed my hostess with an air of peculiar gravity, and even perceptible annoyance in her manner.

"You see us as we are, a quiet family party, Mr. Newburgh," observed the youngest daughter hastily, and then adroitly changed the conversation.

"Oh," thought I, "I'm on unsafe ground. Some disagreeable people, self invited, and dismissed at all hazards. Very well. *Ma c'est egal!* What concern have I with the family arrangements of another?"

"The second night of my visit drew on. I slept well and soundly till about three in the morning, when my slumbers were suddenly broken by a rapid rush of horsemen across the lawn, directly under my dressing-room window. 'Hunting at three in the morning is a rank absurdity,' was my comment; 'but if I ever heard the sound of horses and horsemen I did then. The park gates must have been left open, and the farm horses have broken loose. Utter destruction to the lawn, and the flower beds, and the glorious rhododendrons! What negligent menials.' And while murmuring my abhorrence of such atrocious carelessness, and my deep regret at its results, my eyes closed. The next morning I peeped with apprehension from my window, on what I presumed would prove a scene of devastation. All was fair and smiling, gaze where I would. Here was the trim and smoothly shaven lawn—there the blooming parterre—beyond the early flowering shrubs—not a twig, not a leaf seemed injured. I left my room in amazement.

"Below, the papers had arrived. They gave the details of another and decisive battle. *That*, and an expedition during the morning to a neighbouring Roman encampment, banished the horsemen of the preceding night, nor did they recur until I found myself in my room, exhausted and bent down with pain, at eleven. The fact was I had played the fool and over-walked myself, and my avenger, the bullet, began to remind me of his presence in my system. For three mortal hours no poor wretch, save in his death struggle, endured greater agony than I did. At last, a 'compassion that never faileth,' bestowed on me an interval of ease, and I slept. Heavily, I imagine, since for some time a strange booming noise droned continuously in my ears before it waked me. At last I was roused. I listened. The sound was like nothing I had ever heard before. It seemed as if a heavy sledge hammer, or huge wooden mallet, carefully muffled in wadding, was at work in the room below me. The stable clock struck four. 'No mason,' thought I, 'no mason would commence his day's work at four in the morning. Burglars, perhaps!' and I resolved to give alarm. The noise suddenly ceased, and some three minutes afterwards as suddenly recommenced in the

childrens' play-room immediately *above me*. 'Be they whom they may they shall be disturbed.' And I began to dress in the dark with all possible expedition. Some partial progress was made when the noise ceased in the upper room, and descended forthwith to my own. An instant afterwards it seemed to proceed from the library. In about twenty minutes it ceased altogether.

"'No mason, no burglar,' was my conclusion. 'This noise has nothing in common with either the one or the other. Did my old guide speak accurately when he called this "The House of Mystery?" Whether it be such or no, it is not the house for me. I can't sleep in it. I must flit; and I will do so with the morning's light.'

"But with the morning's light came bright and cheerful faces, kindly inquiries, and renewed hospitality, and with them an abandonment of my menaced departure. During the day an opportunity presented itself of mentioning to my young host the harassing disturbances of the night, and asking for an explanation.

"'I can give none,' was his reply: 'after many years residence in the house, and ceaseless endeavours to ascertain the cause of these annoyances, you are as much *au fait* of their origin as myself.'

"'Is there no motive, adequate or inadequate,' I continued, 'which can be assigned for these nightly visitations?'

"'None beyond the tradition—apparently authentic—that an ancestor of ours, a man whose character will not bear investigation, met his death, unfairly, in an old house on the site of which this is built. He was a miser, and presumed to be extremely wealthy. He lived secluded from society; his factotum and agent being an Italian valet, who was perfectly aware of the ample means of his master. On a sudden my vicious kinsman disappeared, and shortly afterwards the valet. But the story runs—tradition it must still be called—that the former was robbed, brutally beaten, and finally *walled up* in some recess by his desperate retainer. So immured he died of actual starvation; but according to the legend, much of the miser's wealth continued hidden about the mansion which the Italian's fears prevented his carrying off, and which still remains, snug and safe, in some dusty repository, ready to reward "a fortunate speculator." I only wish,' continued he merrily, 'I could light upon the hoard! Give me a clue, my dear Newburgh and I'll buy you a troop.'

"'At any rate,' said I, 'from the mirth with which you treat it, the visitation is not unpleasant.'

"'You are in error,' said my entertainer: 'the subject is unquestionably annoying, and one which my mother and the family studiously avoid. As for your bed-room—the porch-room—I am aware that parties occupying it have occasionally heard the strangest noises on the gravel-walk immediately below them. Your hostess was most averse to those quarters being assigned you; but I thought that the room being large and lofty, and the steps to it few, you would occupy it with comfort. I am grieved that my arrangement has proved disagreeable.' And then, finishing off with a hearty laugh, in which, for the life of me, I couldn't join, my host added, 'if *he* *walled up*, I am sure you will say, Newburgh, that he's a persevering old gentleman, and makes the most laudable efforts to get out of his cell.'

"The levity of some persons," was the major's grave aside, "how unconceivable, how indescribable!"

"My visit," continued he, "lasted about a fortnight, during the whole of which period, at intervals, the rapping was audible in different parts of the house. It appeared to me however—I watched attentively—to come with the greatest frequency from the hall. Thence it sounded as if an immense mallet, muffled in feathers or cotton, was striking heavily on the floor. The noise was generally heard between twelve and two. The blows sometimes followed each other with great rapidity; at other times more slowly and leisurely. One singularity of the visitation was this—that in whatever part of the house you might be listening, the noise seemed to come from a remote direction. If you heard the blows in the drawing-room, they appeared to be given in the library. And if you heard them in the library, they seemed to be falling in the nursery. The invisible workman was busy always *at a distance*. Another feature was its locomotive powers. It moved with the most extraordinary rapidity. Nothing that I could think of—mice, rats, drains, currents of air, dropping of water—would explain it. If the noise had been caused by the agency of any one of these causes, it would have been heard in the day time. *It never was*. Night was the season, and the only season in which the ponderous, but invisible, mallet was wielded. Nothing could exceed the kindness with which I was treated. No words can do justice to the thoughtful and delicate hospitality which I received. But I declare to you this mysterious visitation was too much for me. It was impossible to listen to it at night without depression. Perhaps my nerves were unstrung. The tone of my system might be enfeebled. The fault, I dare say, was in myself. But to lie awake, as I often did, during long hours from pain, and to hear this muffled, hollow, droning, mysterious noise passing from room to room about the house—to listen to it now above me, now below me, now quite close to my chamber door, and in a couple of seconds rising up from the very centre of the hall, and to be all the while utterly unable to account for it, seivered me. I curtailed my visit; but the nursing and kindness I received are graven in my memory. Bearing all these matters in remembrance," said the major firmly; "recollecting my own strange experience, how can I discredit Mr. Ancelôt's narrative? *I firmly believe it*. We are surrounded by mysteries. The invisible world enshrouds us. Spirits have their regards intently fixed on us, and a very slight veil divides us. Spurn the vulgar error," said the old veteran stoutly, "that a soldier must be a scoffer. I remember the holy record, and its thrilling declaration; 'We are a spectacle unto angels and unto men.'" A pause ensued, which neither of his listeners cared to terminate. At length he spoke again. "The dews are falling. The last pleasure-boat has landed its fair freight upon the Denne. The breeze from the sea blows keenly, and warns us elderlies to think of our night-possets and our pillows. Trevor, give me your arm. Happy dog! you have no bullet in your back! May you never know the agony of existence when even to move some dozen yards is torture!"

THE TWO FUNERALS.

BY W. H. MAXWELL, ESQ.

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IN the mixed history of human life nothing is more remarkable than the continuous stream in which men's fortunes ebb and flow—sudden and startling changes might be expected in adventurous careers—and those who gamble deeply in the lottery of existence, must stand "the hazard of the die." The soldier, the sailor, the merchant—all should be prepared to experience frequent alternations of good and evil fortune—and while one argosie speeds gallantly to port, with favouring winds, and "on the bright surface of a summer sea," another, tempest-tossed from the opening of the voyage to its close, can never reach the haven, and founders in the storm at last.

To every estate of life, to every class which divides the social order into its countless sections, in short, to the human family from the palace to the almshouse—these unquestioned truths are pointedly and painfully familiar. Empires, and those who direct their destinies, "rise and fall, flourish and decay," and the solitary household, important in its own consideration, but in reality, as a drop in the ocean, a speck on the sun's disc, claims no exemption from fate's decrees.

A regiment is a family, albeit, a large one, but in all its workings, even to the minutest details, the analogy is correct—it has its friendships and dislikes, its enjoyments and its heartburnings. In this—a miniature likeness of the world—all the incidental occurrences will take place which amuse or annoy, and thus causing pleasure or pain to the whole of a military community. The soldier's character is anomalous—at one moment the veriest trifle will interest a barrack—an hour after, an order will be received with stoical indifference, which will give a new colour to the lives of all, and shift the scene of future fortunes from one hemisphere to another. Nothing connected with mortality is enduring, but of all the uncertainties incidental to human life, the soldier's allotment embraces the largest proportion.

In the west of Ireland, I was on a visit with a crack corps—one with which, and for many a preceding year, I had held most intimate relations. I was regarded as a member of the family, accommodated with a barrack-room, and admitted an honorary member of their mess. The —th was, in truth, a pattern regiment. Amongst themselves, the officers preserved the friendliest relations, and while all enjoyed an extensive latitude of free action, the strictest observance of discipline was enforced. The senior officers were Peninsular soldiers.—"Need we say more?"—the younger, gentlemen in the truest acceptance of the phrase. Hence, the efficiency of the corps was happily maintained; the machinery was perfect—it worked smoothly; all that was required being effected, as it ever should be, by the harmony of united action.

It was a lovely morning in "merrie" June, when the regiment assembled for parade. The taps* had gone, and the officers fallen in,

* The taps, are single strikes given by the drumstick, to intimate that the regiment is ready to "fall in."

when it was reported to the colonel, that an important functionary—the sergeant-major—was unable to attend. He had been suddenly taken ill, scarcely an hour before, and his malady was serious, for both surgeons had been in close attendance since they had been summoned from the hospital. An ordinary parade is soon ended; and, as the men dispersed, the assistant-surgeon officially announced to the commanding officer that the sergeant-major was dangerously, nay desperately ill.

Mackinnon was in the prime of life, although in Napoleon's parlance "a soldier of twelve battles;" and a braver spirit never lodged in finer frame. He was six feet three inches in height, and his figure was a model for a sculptor. His official duties, in military estimate, are probably the most difficult of any in the regimental executive—and never were these more ably and faithfully discharged than by the sick soldier. Strict as a disciplinarian, he was urbane in manner to his superiors, and to all beside, kind and conciliatory. Wherefore enlarge upon his rare qualities? A better or a braver soldier,

"Never set a squadron in the field."

or showed the regiment he was attached to a more admirable example of moral worth.

He was married—and his choice had been a judicious one—his wife was the orphan daughter of a Highland minister—she was personally handsome, and in conduct most exemplary. If the perfect discipline of the—th, when under arms, had invariably elicited the highest encomiums of the district generals at their biennial inspections—than which nothing could be more flattering to Mackinnon as a soldier—how much was this proud testimonial enhanced when he retired from the parade ground to his quarters, *there* to find a smiling welcome, and every domestic comfort awaiting his return, which an active and intelligent helpmate could provide? All had their cares from the commanding officer to the youngest recruit, but had the regiment been searched throughout, a happier man than Mackinnon could not have been found upon his strength.

Soldiers are partial to animals, and a regiment will have abundantly attached to it, its dogs and cats, owls and eagles, red-deers, and even elephants. With dogs, a barrack is eternally overrun—for there, those deserted, and those picked-up, will always find an abiding place—seldom, indeed are canine wanderers repudiated; and outcasts abandoned by a departing regiment, are hospitably received by the succeeding one, and poor devils! as the space within a barrack's walls is their world—"they claim kindred there, and have their claim allowed."

The former occupant of the sergeant-major's apartment had abandoned a useless cur, and the deserted wretch, by animal instinct, clung to his former home. With the new occupants he found but sorry welcome, was repeatedly driven away, and, obstinate to retain possession, on his last intrusion, the sergeant-major was slightly bitten in the finger. This canine nuisance had actually become intolerable, and an order was issued that all dogs without owners should be destroyed. The pioneers did the work. Would to God that the order had issued one week before!

Of all the ills "that flesh is heir to," hydrophobia is the worst. As in the case of a puncture from the deadliest of Asiatic reptiles, were its malignant influence instantly apparent, remedies might

be applied. But an accursed, a maddening uncertainty, for after life attends upon a dog's infliction—weeks, months, even years may elapse—the poison will be latent—and as the Carthaginian carried his lethal antidote against misfortune in a ring—so, the unhappy sufferer, bitten by a rabid dog, will have the venom lurking in his veins, which by a short and horrible ordeal will hurry him to an untimely grave, even when in all the assurance of protracted existence that lusty manhood warrants.

I have seen life pass—often, and under varied circumstances—I mean those generally termed *violent*. The bullet quietly discharges its mission; the bayonet as surely, but more coarsely, settles an earthly account—the rope—faugh! we hate the thought! there's felony in the name—but of all the horrible forms in which the King of Terrors advances, none approaches in revolting shape to that dreadful visitation—*canine madness!*

I repaired to the room where the sufferer was passing through his last sad ordeal, and never shall I forget that painful scene. Stricken by mortal disease, and when in the full power of sturdy manhood, nature's resistance was vigorous, enduring, terrible! now calm, exhausted, collected—the poor victim conversed sensibly with all around his bed, but when the paroxysm came on, six able men were sorely tasked to restrain the furious struggles of the maniac! The contest was too violent for humanity—nature slowly yielded—the giant's fury abated even to infantine convulsions; and, before evening parade, the most splendid soldier, morally and physically I ever knew, had gone to his account—not by Hamlet's agency—"a bare bodkin," but by a means still more contemptible—a cur's tooth!

That the loss of such a man as Mackinnon would be regarded as a regimental visitation—one to be the more regretted because it was irremediable—may be readily imagined; and its effect upon the military community, even from the oldest officer to the drum-boy, was apparent. A ball, the proceeds being intended for a charitable purpose, had been fixed for the evening on which Mackinnon died—it could not be postponed, and there never was a more wretched semblance of festivity than the Town Hall on that occasion presented.

The night on which we lost the sergeant-major was destined to be marked by another occurrence, and one which in the annals of the regiment had no parallel—the suicide of a soldier. The unhappy fool was a recruit, but recently emancipated from drill, and placed on the effective strength of the battalion. He was a fellow of weak intellect—fancied that he was in love with a dressmaker—was ridiculed by the lady, laughed at by his companions, and came to the idiotic resolution of ending love and life together. Placed as sentry at the barrack-gate, he deliberately loaded his musket, attached the trigger to one of the iron bolts—knelt—discharged the gun, and that with such anatomical precision, that half-a-dozen mortal injuries were inflicted by the single bullet. Strange as it may appear a sergeant's guard were seated before a fire not six paces from the spot, and until the relief went round at the customary interval of two hours, the act of self-destruction was not discovered. The body was then laid in a shed—a coroner's jury was next day empanelled, and a verdict returned of *insanity*.

In executing the last offices due by the living to the dead, the most imposing ceremony is that attendant on a soldier's funeral. Every one of the military grades has its peculiar amount of ceremonial. To mark

the extent of its loss, the evening parade hour was chosen for the funeral of Mackinnon, and the whole regiment attended the departed soldier to "that end of all men"—the narrow house. "The Dead March in Saul" was alternated by that wild and melancholy wail, the "Lament for Mackrimmon" by the bagpipes, and broken, at stated intervals by the deep rolling of the muffled drums. The triple volleys of the firing party paid their parting tribute—the regiment resumed its customary formation,* and returned to barracks, having offered the last military compliment to their departed comrade, which the usage of the service has established as a posthumous compliment to one who has fought the last fight of nature, and in the quiet of the grave, now

"Sleeps the sleep that knows no breaking."

Three hours afterwards, and when the shades of evening had come on, the wretched suicide was conveyed to the burial ground on a barrow by four pioneers, and laid in his unhallowed resting-place. An unpainted shell, covered with a tattered horse-cloth—the lid ungarnished with cap, belt, and bayonet, but heaped with entrenching tools to form a shallow opening in the unconsecrated clay, where "unhouselled and unannealed," the dog-like operation was hastily completed. Marc Antony, of amorous memory, lost a world for love. In Shakspeare's page, and elsewhere, his memory has been preserved, but to a tender-hearted recruit, who might have a fancy for the usual *post mortem* civilities, from what I witnessed, no military encouragement is held out; and if his course of love runs roughly, he had better substitute for an ounce of lead, a safer and pleasanter panacea, strongly recommended by the late Lord Byron—in such matters a high authority—namely, "rum and true religion." We can assure him, from our own personal experience, that as a remedy it is extremely palatable, and in curative certainty only equalled by Parr's pills.

Soldiers are not singular in having a fancy for picking up useless curs—the lower Irish also have a strong partiality for canine companions; and you never meet any of the tramping community—tinkers, stocking-men, and itinerant dealers in delf and hardware, who are not accompanied by four-legged skeletons enclosed in dog-skins. I have good reason to curse this confounded animal attachment, for I lost as fine a kennel of black setters as the kingdom could have produced, and by a vile mongrel that followed a hawker to the house: no suspicion existed that danger was to be apprehended—the rabies of the infected animal reached fatal violence within an hour or two after its first appearance; and, shut up in the same kennel, he worried his unfortunate companions. Their doom was sealed—for a sad but imperative necessity demanded, that, to guard against frightful consequences, the whole of my beautiful spaniels should be at once destroyed. The mad wretch was shot from the kennel window, and four brace of matchless setters were afterwards despatched—the painless celerity that Prussic acid affords being employed to accomplish the sad but necessary sacrifice.

It would appear that in our fathers' times the ravages committed on human life by hydrophobia were of more common occurrence than they

* In funeral order the regimental formation is reversed; the youngest and inferior ranks following the coffin, and the superior officers bringing up the rear, and closing the procession. Returning, the battalion resumes its ordinary disposition as when on march.

are happily in the present day. In the periodical obituaries of the past century, deaths by this frightful malady are frequently recorded. It will scarcely be credited, and the period will not exceed sixty years—that the sufferings of the afflicted were too often barbarously abridged—and, overlaid with a feather-bed, by deliberate suffocation, agonies pronounced beyond human relief were thus rudely terminated. This custom, in fact, murderous in intent, was humane. Still it was fraught with danger—for how many secret immolations might be effected with impunity, veiled by a plea that the sacrifice was merciful? One case in which murder was thus effected, is still in men's memory, and recorded on the Borders,* but many more were perpetrated through ignorance, brain-fever being mistaken for hydrophobia, and some previous dog-bite authorising this conclusion.

With two anecdotes we will close this paper. One that occurred some fifty years ago gave sad proof that feline is as fatal as canine infection to human life.

In a large town, the capital of a county in the North of Ireland, some school-boys had discovered a cat in the meeting-house, and, having closed the doors and windows, they mischievously commenced tormenting the poor animal, who vainly endeavoured to escape from her persecutors by seeking some concealment, her retreat having been cut off. The hunted wretch, driven from pew to gallery, at last sought shelter in the pulpit. One boy, bolder than the others, proceeded to dislodge poor puss, and succeeded after receiving a slight scratch. The animal was killed—and, like other juvenile freaks, this cruel one was half forgotten. Six weeks afterwards, unequivocal symptoms of hydrophobia showed themselves—and the unfortunate boy, who had received the scratch, expired in fearful agonies.

Another case of death from this frightful disease came within my personal knowledge. With the unhappy victim, and all who might be termed the *dramatis personæ* of a very tragic and singular transaction, the writer was most intimately acquainted.

A gentleman, of eccentric character, had retired from the army on his father's death, and taken possession of a small patrimonial estate. One sister occasionally resided with him—and a wilder retreat than that which her brother's mansion presented could rarely be discovered. Surrounded by bogs and mountains, this isolated abode was approached by roads intersected with numerous brooks falling from the adjacent highlands—and between want of bridges, and the various obstacles incidental to roads, merely traced out, but left unfinished, a dozen miles of more dreary surface, or one, at all times and seasons, more difficult to traverse, could not have been found in the province, than the wastes which separate Mullaghmore from the low country.

The house and establishment was in perfect keeping with the wild and uncultivated locality by which it was approached and encompassed. It was, in very truth, a Castle Rackrent. Doors and gates were depending on a single hinge, or altogether dismounted, and laid transversely across the opening in wall or office-house, which they had been originally designed to block up. A roof was partially unslated—windows had patched panes, or wooden representatives of what had once been glass. Inside walls would be presented moulded by damp, and from which whole departments of the room-papering were dependant. On outside inspection, the rough-casting had fallen off in huge flakes, while

* Vide Maxwell's "Hill-side and Border Sketches."

the dark stone-work had been, to all appearance, innocent of white-wash for half a century. Well might the present owner have made the proud boast that his was "an open house." * Friend or stranger had merely to lift the hall door latch—for, during the memory of the oldest of the domestics, the lock had been unprovided with a key—the bolts would not revolve, and the bar, twenty years before, had been burned to boil the kettle.

The furniture, whether useful or decorative, was in perfect keeping with this interesting domicile. Not a table could be considered trust-worthy, unless, indeed, it was cunningly propped against a supporting wall; and if a chair possessed the usual amount of legs, it was either crippled in the back, or in many cases, absolutely bottomless. The napery †—and the stock was not extensive—was cane-coloured; and of glass, china, and earthenware, all that remained unblemished, might have been easily removed from the premises packed in a lady's reticule. There were forks with a single prong, and knife-blades short by the handle.

We mentioned that the proprietor of the pleasant and airy residence just described, had an unmarried sister, who occasionally made Mullaghmore her abiding-place; and the roads being unfavourable to wheel carriages, her *entrées* and exits to and from this mountain Goshen were of necessity accomplished on horseback—an old retainer being always her attendant. Besides three or four skeleton hacks, dignified by the title of hunters, a score of mangy dogs, of every size, quality, and species, infested house, yard, and offices. They might, one and all, have been in early life well-disposed to each other, and in peace and charity with mankind; but, soured by an ascetic dietary, they had become the worst-tempered quadrupeds in Christendom, quarrelling amongst themselves all day long, or snapping at any stranger, who, in pursuit of pleasure or profit, intruded on the elegant retirement, to which these canine ornaments were attached. Hence, a monastic silence seldom reigned at Mullaghmore. It was not precisely the place that a musician would select in which to compose an opera; or a popular preacher to arrange a charitable appeal, which should open the hearts and purses of a delighted auditory. The uproarious remonstrances of angry curs was accompanied by the oaths and hallooings of their amiable proprietor, as, with a huge thonged hunting-whip, he endeavoured to effect a settlement of family jars, and re-establish amicable relations. A month before, when endeavouring to adjust existing differences, the lord of Mullaghmore shared the common fate of most peace-makers, and was severely bitten in the leg; and his butler, who came to his master's assistance with a pitch-fork, was torn by the excited combatants—his fingers being severely lacerated. The battle ended, the master and man proceeded to dress their wounds. The old butler contented himself with wrapping his disabled hand in some salve with common bandages; but his master, with singular determination, and prompted by some providential impulse, actually removed the flesh from the part damaged by the dog's teeth, and afterwards cauterized the wound with a red-hot poker.

A few weeks elapsed, and the henchman of the Lord of Mullagh-

* To "keep open house," in Irish parlance means the maintenance of a hospitable one.

† *Scottie*, household linen.

more was despatched with a pair of horses to meet his young lady at the turnpike road, on her return home from a visit. He reached the public-house where the mail changed horses—received his fair charge—and set out with her for their mountain residence. Something in her companion's manner struck the young lady as remarkable—for, generally communicative, he jogged on silently behind her—and she, fancying that some disagreement had occurred between her brother and his *major domo*—a thing by no means unfrequent—rode smartly forward, and, in half an hour, had left the last cabin behind, and entered on six miles of those dreary wastes which lay between the lonely poteen-house and the mansion of Mullaghmore.

On went the twain; and, piqued at the strange manner of her attendant, the lady—an admirable horse-woman—urged her ill-conditioned charger, and, gaining the loneliest hollow in the hills, pressed boldly through a ford, generally but fetlock-deep, but which now, swollen by a summer shower, had risen above the horse's knee.

The fair equestrian had scarcely proceeded a dozen paces, when a cry, as of one in agony, caused her suddenly to rein-up. It came from her unfortunate attendant, who still remained motionless on the opposite bank of the rivulet, declaring, with frantic vehemence, his inability to attempt a passage. Wondering what could ail him, his mistress recrossed the stream, entreated him to come on, while, in trembling accents, the old man convulsively refused. With wonderful determination, Miss — seized the bridle—urged the horses into the water—and gained the opposite bank with her terrified companion. Unsuspicious of the cause, yet well assured that the servant's mental state was one that indicated approaching madness, she proceeded homewards in a canter, the old man keeping company.

On reaching Mullaghmore, the poor butler was furiously excited. With difficulty he was secured, and prevented from doing injury to others or himself. Eight hours ended the fearful struggle, and the only specific for hydrophobia—death—terminated sufferings that set human intervention at defiance.

His master survived his servant for twenty years; but in a career wild and reckless. I fancied often that I could detect a decided and peculiarly-marked insanity. His movements were eccentric—in the common-place successions of day and night he differed totally from other mortals—and there were general aberrations from the beaten tracks of ordinary life that indicated a close approach to madness.

FORTY YEARS' RECOLLECTIONS OF A LONDON ACTOR.

BY T. V. CAMPBELL.

THE ADELPHI THEATRE.

CHANGE OF NAME.—When Scott had enriched himself by the Sans Pareil theatre, he made up his mind to dispose of it, and Messrs. Rodwell and Jones became the purchasers, for no less a sum than 25,000*l*.

Rodwell, now no more, was brother of the present eminent composer. I take pleasure in saying that a better, more kind-hearted man never lived. These proprietors opened the Sans Pareil with a new company, retaining those who had been engaged for a definite time by Scott, and gave it a new title, that of the "Adelphi Theatre." The prefix of "Royal," which it now bears, had a singular origin. A communication had to be made on some occasion to the Lord Chamberlain's office, the reply was addressed, through some oversight, "To the Manager of the Theatre Royal Adelphi." Rodwell did not neglect to avail himself of the mistake, and in the next week's bills, paraded the regal title, "in the full blaze of a meridian sun." No notice of the assumption was ever taken of it by the authorities, at least, not to my knowledge. Some have supposed that the theatre was called "Royal," in consequence of his Majesty King George the Fourth having visited it *incog.* during the "Tom and Jerry" mania; but, unhappily for that hypothesis, "Tom and Jerry" appeared after the Adelphi bore the regal style.

TOM AND JERRY.—The first season of the occupancy of the Adelphi by Messrs. Jones and Rodwell, was but moderately successful; but that ensuing was marked by one of those extraordinary productions which either make or mar a theatrical speculation. The success of the one in question occasioned a mania, or *furor*, as it is now called, which, like that of the young Roscius, in 1804, made lunatics of half the town; I mean that heterogeneous compound called "Tom and Jerry," founded on Pierce Egan's "Life in London." Never was curiosity more excited—never was experienced such attraction. Night after night, immediately after the opening of the doors, the theatre was literally crowded to the very ceiling. The rush was terrific. By three o'clock in the afternoon, the pavement of the Strand became impassable; a dense mass occupied it, and before six had extended far across the road. All came to bow at the shrine of "Tom and Jerry;" and if the votaries were not crushed to death like those of Juggernaut, they suffered *ad nauseam*, the pains and penalties of curiosity.

Peers and provincials, dukes and dustmen, all kinds of people, grave and gay, swelled the mighty tide which each evening rolled its prodigious wave up the Adelphi passage. It was one compact wedge; on it moved, slowly and laboriously, amid the shouts and

shrieks, the hustling and jostling of the eager crowd, aggravated by the systematic operations of the swell mob. It was quite a *champ de bataille* for these gentry, who plied their vocation most profitably, and with impunity. As the season advanced so the attraction increased. Persons came from all points and quarters. "Have you seen 'Tom and Jerry?'" was as natural a question in the City, as "How are Consols?"

At length Royalty itself deigned to honour the representation with its presence. The Duke of York had attended no less than four times; when, one night, by previous notice and arrangements, the passage was kept as clear as possible; a signal was given at a convenient moment, and there drove up a plain-looking chariot, of a dark green colour, out of which was assisted a portly-looking gentleman, wrapped in a long great coat, and muffled almost up to the eyes. He was quietly and unostentatiously conducted into a private box, in which sat the Duke of York. The mysterious gentleman ensconced himself in a corner behind His Royal Highness; witnessed the performance, and when the last scene of "Tom and Jerry" commenced, departed as he had come, without ceremony, unknown and unnoticed. It is perhaps needless to add that the illustrious stranger was no other than His Majesty King George the Fourth.

It is a curious fact respecting "Tom and Jerry," that the piece met with considerable opposition on the first night; so much so, that Mr. Rodwell declared it should never be played again. He was, however, persuaded into a contrary course, and the result was to him and his partner—a fortune!

Among the many visitors, who often attended, were a number of turf and ring men; in fact, slang was at a premium, and everything connected with sporting subjects of all descriptions in full requisition. As an adjunct to the rehearsals, we occasionally had the foils, gloves, and single stick. These morning *réunions* were attended by really fashionable men, and occasionally by others whose character depended more upon their prowess or cunning than on their moral and social virtues. Tom Cribb, an honour to his calling, and a well-conducted man in private life, was a constant visitor. He lent us his celebrated silver cup, which was every night used in the scene representing Tom Cribb's parlour. Among the *habitués* of the theatre, at that time, was the notorious Thurtell, whose acquaintance I then had the honour of making. Lavater himself would have been deceived by that man's countenance. His manners and conversation—although not very talkative—would never have led to a suspicion that he was depraved. He became a murderer, and I could not but shudder at the bare thought that I had known such a man.

DUSTY BOB.—Mr. Walbourn was the representative of that popular character in "Tom and Jerry." His performance of the part was immitable. It elevated the craft of dustmen into a position they never dreamt of. To associate with this fraternity was one of the fashionable amusements. Not to visit Almacks in the East, or the Maidenhead Tavern, at Battle Bridge, near the famed cinder-heap, was a solecism in good manners. Black Sal was a divinity, to dance with whom was an honour seldom accorded but to the *élite* of the visitors. Dustmen's jokes were recorded as refined witticisms.

Short pipes came into vogue, and many young swells provided themselves with fan-tailed hats. The ladies, too, it is said, wore ribbons *à la* Dusty Bob, and flounces *à la* Sara noire. Master Walbourn profited by this epidemic; he quickly emerged from the nothingness of a comic dancer in the Ballet, took a house in Huston Crescent, opened a dancing academy, kept his horse and chaise, had a large brass plate upon his door, became a "professor of dancing," and lived for a while like a gentleman. W. H. Payne, the pantomime actor, was his apprentice—his fag. Many, from motives of pure curiosity, came to take lessons in dancing. When, as mostly happened, Walbourn was not at home, Payne received the company. They were disappointed. Disappointment led to failing patronage, and this naturally to diminished means. Fortune—that slippery jade—was in our hero's hands; he let her slip, and never recovered her favour. He afterwards became landlord of the hostelry above-named at Battle-bridge, but "The Mermaid" proved as slippery in his hands as dame Fortune; and now Walbourn, a man more sinned against than sinning, is in his old age, without employment, and a prey to the usual troubles which assail those who have disregarded the warning voice of prudence in the heyday of success.

Power.—I first became acquainted with that lamented actor, Power, at the Adelphi. Our intimacy commenced in the strangest manner possible. During my absence through illness, he had been engaged, and when I returned he was superintending the rehearsal of a drama called "Valmondi." He did not play Irishmen then; he was engaged for the juvenile tragedy and light comedy. When I came upon the stage, he, in a very supercilious manner, handed me the manuscript to hold, as prompter. I was tardy in taking it, and he, looking daggers of contempt at me, let it fall on the stage. My conduct upon this occasion, whether right or wrong, decided the matter for the future; I would not stoop to pick it up. He then called to a boy, who gave it to him. In a few minutes afterwards Mr Rodwell came on the stage. Power spoke to him: what passed I know not, but he came over to me immediately, and holding out his hand, said—"What! are you Mr. Campbell of the 'Wells?' Upon my soul I am very glad to make your acquaintance." We shook hands, and remained the best friends in the world until his last ill-fated departure for America.

JOHN REEVE—in whom the *vis comica* preponderated in a great degree, was not a sunny man off the stage. Like Grimaldi, he was rather of a serious turn of mind. I have heard of the same unaccountable contrariety in many eminent actors, both French and English. I knew John well from his early days. He was a man of exquisite sensibility, and until he sacrificed himself at the shrine of Bacchus, possessed some of the finest feelings that ever adorned humanity.

I think the death of his wife first caused that alteration which was by his friends and well-wishers so much regretted. He was dotingly fond of her. Soon after her decease he sent for me. He knew that I respected her; and he perhaps thought that an interview with me, in which he could impart the outpourings of his grief to one who could feel for his loss, would relieve his heart. I think I never beheld such a prostration of strength and mind. He wept

aloud, and his tears no doubt relieved him. I fancy the flood-gates of his grief had been pent up, through some cause or other; and he felt a load taken off his heart, when, in the presence of a true friend, he could revel in a sorrow, which was as pure as it was profound. I saw but little of poor John afterwards. His pursuits and mine were totally different, and, although a kindly feeling mutually existed between us for many years, we met no more.

I one night offended John by a strict performance of my duty. It was during the run of "Tom and Jerry." My duty, as prompter, was to see that every one was in readiness to begin, before I rang the bell for the curtain to rise. Master Jack, who was fond of a bit of chat, always remained in his dressing-room to the last, and often kept the audience waiting. I several times threatened to begin without him. He dared me to it. I did so, however. It was his duty to be on the stage in the first scene—Hawthorn Hall. On drawing the curtain his chair was unoccupied; disapprobation ensued. Reeve came up in a towering rage. He swore and stormed, and vowed that he would not go on at all. "That," said I, "is a matter which lies between you and the audience. Do as you like." At last, like a good general who thinks, with Falstaff, that "discretion is the better part of valour," he went upon the stage, and sat quietly down to go through his part. He was never late afterwards.

John, in the earlier part of his career at the Adelphi, was never too perfect in his parts. I recollect a circumstance, which, however ludicrous in itself, was wormwood to the author. A piece was produced, the name of which I forget, in which Reeve's dialogue in the first scene, with Wrench, contained the explanation of the whole drama. Without this, it was scarcely intelligible. On came the immortal John, spoke his soliloquy pretty correctly. Wrench joined him. "Tell me," Wrench had to say, "how this occurred."—"I will," said John—but John didn't. He could not remember a single word. He stumbled and stammered; in vain I gave him the word, I might as well have given it to his wig. At length he caught Wrench's arm in a very friendly way, and exclaimed, "Hold! there are listeners! Walk through the garden, and I will explain all," and he forced Wrench off, to his utter surprise, and the author's indignation. The scene was changed, the piece proceeded, and terminated, without "further let or hindrance," but what it was about, or what it tended to, I defy the most sagacious audience in the world to have discovered.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.

Ducrow.—This "Napoleon" of the arena, as he has been called, was a singular mixture of conflicting ingredients—a sort of human bowl of punch. Courageous, yet superstitiously timid; bold, yet retiring; harsh and sensitive; bland but more often blunt; civil and at times insulting; by turns selfish and liberal; thoughtful and inconsiderate; unskilled in literature, yet having a good practical knowledge of ancient manners and costume. Unable to write, and limited in powers of speech, yet capable, in a few words, of being eloquent and perspicuous. Possessing a vigorous mind devoted to his profession, admiring talent wherever, and in whom—

soever it might be found, yet looking with supreme contempt upon all attempts to rival his own skill. Irascible, and even brutal, yet possessing the bump of philo-progenitiveness in an extraordinary degree; ambitious and enterprising, yet easily depressed and cowed.

In the summer of 1838, Van Amburgh appeared at the Amphitheatre with his wild animals,—it was their first introduction to an English audience. Ducrow had invented and arranged, as a tribute to Her Majesty, a sort of *tableau allégorique*. It consisted of a platform raised upon men's shoulders, upon which was a white charger bearing a female, supposed to represent the Queen; at her feet was Britannia, surrounded by a number of appropriate emblems. This exhibition produced a great effect and was rapturously applauded.

Ducrow's benefit was announced: a thought struck him. "Van Amburgh," said he, "how well your largest lion would look on the platform by the side of Britannia." "I calculate he would," replied the American. A rehearsal was called—the lion's rehearsal. All was prepared. Nero, a fine old shaggy veteran, one of the largest ever exhibited, was brought from his cage, and led by Van Amburgh on the platform. "Be careful men how you lift," said he, "be careful! if the lion feels the platform shake or slope, he will perhaps take fright and make a start. Now, lift!" The men did lift, but not all *together*. As Van Amburgh anticipated so it happened. The lion, who was crouching, rose; the men beneath became alarmed; down went the platform on one side, and off leaped the lion! A simultaneous rush took place, and in one moment the stage was cleared; Ducrow alone remained where he was standing, fixed and immovable. Van Amburgh pursued the animal, who skulked into the darkest corner he could find, and with the assistance of the keeper restored him to his cage. Ducrow was asked why he had not run: "Because," said he, "it was safer to stand quite still. A lion is like a bully; if you are afraid of him, he will attack you: if you boldly face him, he will not molest you." Ducrow was no doubt right.

Ducrow was driving through a toll-gate; the pike-keeper not knowing him, and that he was free of toll by the favour of the lessees, rudely arrested his progress. "Don't you know me?" said Ducrow. "Not I." "Then I'll soon let you know who I am." Out of his gig jumped Ducrow, off went his coat, and in a few minutes he polished "pikey" off to his heart's content. "There," exclaimed he, "that's for you! I can't write, so I've left my mark. Ducrow is my name—you'll know me in future!"

A most strange incident, not generally known, occurred a short time after the erection of the mausoleum in Kensal Green to the memory of his first wife. He drove to the cemetery, desired that the door of the mausoleum might be opened, entered it, and shut himself in. For one hour he remained in the presence of the dead. He was overheard to speak incessantly, as if addressing some one. At length he came forth, haggard and wild. The floor of the mausoleum was found to be strewn with small fragments of paper. He spoke to no one, and departed evidently heart-stricken.

At rehearsal one morning Ducrow listened attentively to a long dialogue, or "dialect," as he called it, between myself and Gomersal. "Stop, gentlemen!" said he, "there seems a great many words to

very little purpose. Hold hard! Wait one minute—" Then he considered for a moment,—“I have it!” he exclaimed. “Now, General, you say so and so—Campbell says no he won't,—you say, obstinate Englishman, then you die. There! that answers the end of all those long speeches; the audience will understand the matter better, and the poor horses won't catch cold!”

During the performances of the “Battle of Waterloo,” in which I personated a corporal of Highlanders, while we were endeavouring to take the enemy's guns, an athletic Scotchman, in the twinkling of an eye, climbed from the pit on to the stage, and flourishing his stick, called loudly to me, “Stan' till it, laddie! Back to back, and Scotland for ever!” Suited the action to the word, he placed his brawny back against mine, and commenced laying about with his bludgeon most unmercifully. At length he was carried off the stage *à arms* by the cuirassiers; and when last seen, was discussing sundry pots of half and half with them at “The Pheasant,” a neighbouring hostelry.

Van Amburgh was in the habit of causing one of his tigers to run round the ring for exercise, with a long rope attached to his neck. The animal was blown; he lay down, and Van Amburgh by his side. “Bring the beauty some water,” said he to the property-man, who happened to be looking on at a distance. “I'd rayther not, please,” said he; “I *feeds* the stage, I don't feed tigers.”

I may here narrate a circumstance that occurred many years since at Harrow, which, although somewhat out of place, may not be unacceptable.

A Mrs. Batt (many of the old Harrowians recollect her no doubt) kept a little school for children. Two of the professors of the college, taking their morning walk, called upon the old lady *en passant*: “Well, Mrs. Batt, there you are, as usual, quite occupied.” “Yes, gentlemen, you may say occupied, indeed,—none knows the trouble there is with children except *us that teaches*.”

A certain foreigner, whose name is of little import, and of less consequence, but who assumed a vast quantity of the latter, had engaged to perform upon the tight-rope. An announcement was made that he would ascend from the stage to the gallery. The rope was fixed in the morning for practice. Monsieur le Funambule appeared—felt the rope—tried its tension—found fault with this, altered that—one thing was not right, another wrong,—in fact, the gentleman seemed rather disinclined to the task.

Ducrow stood by *en robe de chambre* and slippers. His patience became exhausted. “I say, mounseer, that appears a very difficult job.” “*Mais, oui.*” “Well! let's see if Andrew can do it.” With the word Ducrow was on the rope, and in one minute more in the gallery and back down the rope upon the stage! The Frenchman looked aghast, nor did Ducrow's parting observation tend to relieve his astonishment,—“There's a good deal of humbug about you, monsieur,—that's the way to do it.” Mounseer declined the exhibition.

THE QUEENS OF SPAIN.*

Mrs STRICKLAND, in her "Lives of the English Queens," has most incontestably proved the influence for good or for evil which a Queen can exercise over the fortunes of a nation; the tone she can give to morals and manners, the political parties she can create and overthrow, the domestic contentions to which she can give rise, and the foreign wars she can stir up from her passions or her piques, from her partialities or resentments.

In Spain, as elsewhere, Queens have availed themselves of the various chances with which fortune has favoured them to obtain power and to wield influence. Sometimes they openly and daringly usurped authority, at others they intrigued deeply to obtain it, and carried out as they best could their various schemes and measures to advance and secure their own interests.

The volume before us treats of nearly one hundred Queens, who reigned during one thousand years, but little more than a passing notice could be given of a few among them. More, however, is given of the Gothic and the Oviedo Queens than could reasonably have been expected, and it is highly creditable to the diligence and patience and research of the fair authoress that she has found so much to say of persons of whom the world has hitherto known so little. Of some, indeed, of these it was not in the least necessary that we should know much, and of a few we should certainly not wish to know less, since the incidents of their lives form a highly interesting portion of Spanish history, and throw light upon facts which historians have only obscurely alluded to.

But there is so much of information in this volume upon the history and condition of the various kingdoms in Spain, and information so condensed and so difficult to find elsewhere, that we consider it a valuable addition to our general literature, and a work that will be highly acceptable to all who seek to know something of places and of people beyond our own shores. Occasionally the narratives are of the most thrilling interest, indeed they abound chiefly with tragedy and comedy, the tragical portions, however, largely prevailing, and becoming at times appalling from the peculiar atrocity of the deeds they refer to, and the treachery and bloodshed they disclose. We have no space for extracts, and it would not be easy, from any one or two passages, to give an idea of the vast variety of matter which the work contains, nor could we select from the memoirs of any one Queen anecdotes and incidents that might be supposed from their peculiar character to be of greater interest than the rest. The whole work is alike interesting, and whether we read of Blanche of Bourbon, of Catherine of Lancaster, of Eleanor of England, or of Juana of Portugal, we are equally entertained. With the life of this last-mentioned Queen this volume concludes, and we can scarcely conceive a stronger contrast than Spain presented during the reign of Juana of Portugal, and the reign of her immediate successor the renowned Isabella, with which the second volume will open.

* *Memoirs of the Queens of Spain, from the Period of the Conquest of the Goths to the Accession of her present Majesty, Isabella II.* By Anita George. 2 vols. Bentley. London 1850.

INEDITED LETTERS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS.

MRS. PIOZZI.

Is the first of the following letters, Mrs. Piozzi again alludes to the busy detraction of her English friends, who still continued to circulate ill-natured stories about her and her husband. It appears that they had now carried their malice so far as to give out that he had sold her jointure and shut her up in a convent; and all this time she was at Milan, moving in the best circles, receiving attentions and civilities from *sarans* and courtiers, and indulging her studious tastes in libraries and museums.

The allusion to the popularity of Mrs. Cowley's Comedies at Vienna is interesting, as supplying an additional link in the history of English companies in Germany, towards which so many contributions have been recently collected from various sources. We believe the earliest trace hitherto discovered of the appearance of English comedians in Germany, is found in Heywood's "Apology for Actors," which Mr. Collier supposes to refer to the year 1602. From that time downwards, these wandering actors continued their performances at intervals at Berlin, Dresden, Dantzic, and other principal cities; and it may be presumed that their representations were attended with success, as there is reason to believe that they opened the theatres at an advance upon the usual prices. The Elector of Brandenburg had an English company in his suite early in the seventeenth century, and recommended an English *troupe* to the favour of the Elector of Saxony.

The Lord Lyttleton spoken of by Mrs. Piozzi is the historian and poet, whose "Life," by Johnson, gave such offence to that nobleman's friends, amongst whom one of the most ardent was Mr. Pepys. Johnson entertained a strong dislike to Lord Lyttleton, and, being "a good hater," he was not content with speaking depreciatingly of him in private, but threw rather more of his personal feeling into the biography than was consistent with perfect candour. Looking back upon the biography at this distance of time, it is difficult to detect the points upon which Johnson sacrificed his judgment to his spleen; but we may readily believe that he did so, when we find all his lordship's intimate friends protesting against the injustice of his statements. Mr. Pepys was so indignant about it, that he got into an angry controversy on the subject one day after dinner with Johnson, who afterwards felt it necessary to make amends to him for his warmth. There is a letter of Pepys' extant, in which he begged of Mrs. Montagu, who was familiar with his lordship's life and character, to vindicate his literary reputation from the slurs cast upon it by his biographer. Mrs. Piozzi believed that Johnson's aversion to Lord Lyttleton arose from jealousy of the preference which Miss Hill Boothby showed for his lordship. They were both much attached to that lady, and the letters of Johnson to her which have been preserved, and in which he alternately addresses her as

"Dear madam," "Honoured madam," "Dearest dear," and my "Sweet angel," show that he tried every note in the compass of adulation to conciliate her regards. When she died, he was distracted with grief. It was Lord Lyttleton who was thus described in a scurrilous lampoon called "The Motion," written upon Sir Robert Walpole:

"But, who is this astride the pony—
So long, so lean, so lank, so bony?
Dat be de great orator Lyttletony."

One might almost suspect that the anecdote about Lord Lyttleton, quoted from the "Journal Encyclopedique," had a Johnsonian source; but no such circumstance is mentioned in the brief and ungracious biography.

I THANK you very kindly, dear Mr. Lysons, for the agreeable letter which last night's post brought to my hands; your friendship has ever been most disinterested, and if God grants me a continuance of life and health, I shall make my personal acknowledgments in two years time; for all the people in London say that Mr. Piozzi has shut me up in a convent. *This news I had from Mr. James.*

I wish they would inquire of those best known here. The Minister, Count Wilceck, has shown us many distinctions, and we are visited by the first families in Milan. The Venetian Resident will, however, be soon sent to the Court of London, and give a faithful account of, as I am sure, to all their obliging inquiries.

The favours which I have been most eager to accept, however, are literary ones; and we are kindly indulged with our choice of books from the public library, where I have seen a variety of things that would have pleased you exceedingly. Thirteen volumes of Psalms in MSS. written by the Friars of a lately suppressed Convent, and illuminated—oh! far beyond all my powers of description: one can only admire when things are so very perfect in their kind. We have here a Pliny printed at Parma in 1418, very fine, and a Livy printed at Milan about the same date in high preservation. The famous Sexto Quinto Bible, as it is called, and the same called in and reprinted, purged from error, exceeding scarce. It is a glorious library, in short, well kept and well disposed by an intelligent and learned man, who means to visit England in a year or two; and is well known by correspondence to Herschell, Maske-lyne, &c., as Professor of Astronomy. I shall get some nice fossils for you through his means, and be a greater favourite than the lady of the fifty Denarii. What a comfortable house for you is that of the dear Pepyses! to whom I am much obliged; as I shall one day, perhaps, have an opportunity of showing, when reparation shall be made between friends and enemies.

Ask Mr. Pepys do, whether there is any truth in the article we read here ("Journal Encyclopedique" for last December) about his friend the famous Lord Lyttleton—how he wrote some arguments for suicide, which persuaded a man to murder himself. I suppose it is like their saying Mr. Piozzi has sold my jointure and locked me up; but they should let the dead alone, the living may defend themselves.

What you say of the *Seleucidæ* is curious enough, but it is a subject I would rather hear than speak of; they have none of them written to me yet.

Our gothic cathedral is a most awful pile, indeed; as big as any two of the English churches, I verily think: the people here are impatient and ashamed that it is not yet finished; but to me there is an additional sublimity in the idea that though they have been working at it so many ages, one hardly can hope that it ever will be finished; yet still the expectation of *more*, without which nothing satisfies, is kept alive. I will write to Dr. Lort by the post—he is a man whose esteem I am proud of. The prose tale in Mrs. Williams's "Miscellanies" will make that book very valuable. I wish you would get me all the anecdotes you can of the *early* and *late* parts of a life; the *middle* of which no one knows as well as myself, nor *half* as well. Do not, however, proclaim either your intentions or my own, which are scarcely settled yet; I shall tell Sir Lucas Pepys in confidence, as I keep no corner of my heart from *him*; and you may show *him* my letters at any time, if you like it. I meant to enclose you some verses, translated by me from an Italian sonnet written on an air balloon sent up here at Milan, but there is no room in your letter, so I shall put them into *his*. Adieu, my dear Mr. Lyons, and may God bless you with fame and fortune, such as was ever prophesied you by your affectionate and faithful servant,

H. L. Piozzi.

My husband desires his compliments.

I cannot think how to direct to Dr. Lort: ask him when you see him, do, and ask if Mrs. Cowley, the author, is related to John Gay, the cotemporary of Pope, Swift, &c.,—our people here have a high esteem for her, and her plays are acted at Vienna. I believe your sweet drawing of Bath hangs in my dressing-room, and is admired by every one; I recollect many past scenes when I look on it—most of them very melancholy ones indeed. I hope I am grateful for the change,—I scarcely can be enough so. Mr. James is very good, however, and so is dear Mrs. Lewis; I love Bath for *your* sakes, as miserably as I lived there.

Adieu, dear Mr. Lyons, and continue your kindness to Mr. Piozzi and his H. L. P.

A Monsieur,

Milan, 20th, Jan. 1786.

Monsieur Samuel Lyons,

Chez le Rev. Monsieur S. Peach, à East Sheen,
near Murtleke, Surrey, Angleterre.

DEAR SIR,

Milan, 26th Feb. 1786.

Our friend, Mr. Bartolozzi (son to the great engraver), passing through this town, I take the opportunity to send you your fossils, which I hope and verily believe are exceedingly valuable.

The professor of natural history here gave them to me from his own private collection, and stripping himself, trusted to his correspondent for fresh supply. We are going to Venice after Easter, whither you must direct your answer: meantime, continue your kindness to me, and if you hear any false reports (all ill reports of us are false ones, I assure you), strangle them instantly. My hus-

band deserves the esteem of every one, as well as the entire love and fidelity of his wife, who is ever, with true regard,

Dear Mr. Lysons faithful and obedient servant,

H. L. Piozzi.

Mr. Piozzi sends his compliments, and hopes you will be pleased with your slates. At Naples we shall pick up something else perhaps.

To Samuel Lysons, Esq

At Godwin's Pocket-book Shop, No. 167, over against the
New Church in the Strand, London.

With a box.

The next letter contains the first allusion made by the writer to the death of Dr. Johnson, which took place in the previous December, little more than two months before. She does not express the regret which she must have felt at the occurrence. The booksellers, eager to convert the dead lion to profit as speedily as possible, had already written to her to supply them with any materials she possessed but, contemplating a book of her own, (as appears evident from the succeeding letter, written only a month afterwards,) she declined their proposal by saying that her papers were in England, and that she could do nothing till she returned. In the meanwhile, we see that she was preparing that charming volume of *Reminiscences* to which we are indebted for so much of our genuine Johnsoniana, and for which she was anxious to procure anecdotes from Dr. Taylor and Mr. Hector. These gentlemen, the former a clergyman, and the latter a surgeon, were both schoolfellows of Johnson's. Dr. Taylor, as Mrs. Piozzi anticipated, gave the bulk of his recollections to Sir John Hawkins, who employed them in his "*Life of Johnson*," published in 1787; and Hector placed his stores at the disposal of Boswell, the most indefatigable and successful collector of them all.

DEAR MR. LYSONS,

Milan, 26th Feb. '85.

I write this letter by the post, to tell you that I wrote you one yesterday by a private hand—young Bartolozzi, son to our great engraver, who is returning to England after visiting his friends in Italy, and promised to take care of your fossils, and deliver them safe into your own hand. I directed him to Godwin's pocket-book shop, and said nothing of country residence; but if he does not bring them to *you*, the place to find *him* is at Mr. Borghi's, No. 5, John Street, Oxford Road. My notion and hope is, that you will like your petrefactions: they are fish preserved in slate, very curious: Baron Cronthal, the great naturalist, gave them to me out of his own private collection, with an account of whence they came, on the paper that contains them. I hope to pick up other rarities in the course of my travels, and bring them you myself, but was impatient to send these, having found so good an opportunity; as I can rely on Mr. Bartolozzi's regard both for me, and for every branch of knowledge. Do write to us at Venice, and tell that they are come safe, and mind the date of this letter *do*, and say which came first.

the friend or the post; for he proposes travelling day and night, and outstripping the letter-carrier, if possible. God send him safe through the snows of Savoy! there was a waggon lost on the Tyrolean hills t'other day.

And now, dear sir, how shall I fill my paper, and give you an equivalent for your fourteen pence? Shall I tell you of a play I saw some time ago, acted by fryars in their convent, before Lent began? or shall I tell you of an oratorio we went to yesterday, where the crowd hindered us from breathing, and the noise from hearing, though performed in a church of vast capacity? Shall I tell you of the carnival masquerades, which in merriment and multitude exceeded anything I ever saw? Shall I lament the coldness of the weather, or rejoice in the warmth of affection every day shown me by my kind husband? while his friends pay me all possible respect, and try to make me regret leaving a place where I have lived very happily; but the name of Venice is *so* attractive, and there is a fine collection of natural curiosities to be seen at Verona, so that I shall set out again very cheerfully the week after Easter: so much the more so, as Mr. Piozzi's health is always best upon the road; though Bartolozzi says he never looked nor sung so well in his life.

Tell me something of home *do*; how the people tear Mrs. Siddons in pieces, and why they tear her. How the executors and Mr. Boswell quarrel over the remains of poor Dr. Johnson. I saw something of it in an English newspaper one day; but it only served to whet, not gratify curiosity; the particulars must come from you. The booksellers have written to me for materials or letters, but I told them truly enough that I had left most of my papers in England, and could do nothing till my return.

When you see Sir Lucas Pepys and his brother, present my best regards. I long to return, chiefly that I may express the esteem and gratitude I feel for that family; but nothing will I send by private hands till I hear your little box is safe arrived. Some trifles I trusted a man with for my little girls—or rather great girls at Kensington,—never reached them; so I am somewhat shy of venturing presents across the water. You must, however, accept your little fish; I hope they will swim very well. Here have I been writing on the fourth side of the paper, I swear, and took it for the third; what shall I do now? you will have to pay double postage, perhaps, (but I hope not,) for hearing that my husband sends you his compliments, and that I am, dear sir,

Your affectionate friend and humble servant,

H. L. Piozzi.

Milan, 22nd March, 1786.

I FEEL much obliged by your letter, dear Mr. Lysons, but between your own dilatoriness and that of the post, I thought it would never have reached me. You and I are fortunately situated for the accumulation of new ideas; I see something every day which I never saw before; the last image imprinted on my mind is that of the Cardinal Prince D'Orini, who most condescendingly and unexpectedly paid us a visit as he passed through the town. We had a

little concert in our best rooms and about thirty friends; who all stood up astonished at the entrance of the cardinal, while he kissed Mr. Piozzi, and blessed him in a manner equally venerable and graceful; and turning to me, said he hoped the Milanese nobility knew the respect that was due to so much merit, &c. He came again next morning at breakfast-time, sate with us two hours, I believe, invited us at our return to spend a week with him at his palace, in the Monte de Briança; and parted from us, leaving me his benediction: though my faith was not totally the same as his own, he said, but that I had given an example at Milan of that morality which it was the business of all religions to enforce. So cry mercy Mr. L., Mrs. Piozzi, we will now, if you please, talk a little about England. I am sorry you came so late into Dr. Johnson's acquaintance; you might have got some advice to write down, if that journey from Bath to London had not been prolonged so. My book is getting forward, and will run well enough among the rest; the letters I have of Dr. Johnson's are two hundred at least. I dare say, and some of those from Skie are delightful—they will carry my little volume upon their back quite easily.

Do you know who Dr. Taylor gives his anecdotes to? Dr. Johnson bid me once ask *him* for memoirs, if I was the survivor, and so I would, but I am afraid of a refusal, as I guess Sir John Hawkins is already in possession of all that Dr. Taylor has to bestow. There lives, however, at Birmingham a surgeon, Mr. Edward Hector, whom, likewise, Mr. Johnson referred me to: he once saw Mr. Thrale and me, and, perhaps, would be more kind, and more likely to relate such things as I wish to hear,—could you go between us? and coax him out of some intelligence,—the story of the duck is incomparable. Sir Lucas Pepys advised me not to declare to private friends alone, but to publicly advertise my intentions of writing anecdotes concerning Dr. Johnson, you will, therefore, see it proclaimed in all the papers, I hope.

This post carries a letter to dear Dr. Lort, for whom I always had a very great regard: you are lucky, indeed, in making such an acquaintance as the Bishop of Peterborough, surely you and I shall dream of red caps and lawn sleeves now every night. Have you had your little fish? I hear they are *flying fish*, having already passed the Alps, as I understand by a letter from Bartolozzino, who carries them, and whom you will find an extremely pleasing companionable young man. I am glad you have been to see pretty Tetbury; the writers of the next generation will be examining that neighbourhood for anecdotes of *your* early days, and then I shall come in for having in the year 1784 prophesied your future glories. What shall I tell you to divert you? About Milan nothing,—about the Milanese but little; the other Italians reckon them fat and heavy, and say there can be no vivacity in a country that is famous only for its butter and cheese. The language is offensive to one's ears, and all the people speak it; even those of the first fashion complain that it puts them in subjection, as they phrase it, to speak Italian; all this, however, the Bishop of Peterborough and Mr. Seward can tell you as well as myself. That the women are very pretty it were better hear from them; that they are kind to me I half wonder at, yet 'tis true; and some protest that they shall cry *for dispetto*, when we leave the country. Farewell, and continue me

your kindness, and let no tumults of business or pleasure make you forget your early friends. One sees instances of long and strong attachments in these idle countries, difficult to be matched in busy ones, where constancy is considered as a joke, and love and hatred are equally out of the question. "*Here's much to do with hate and more with love,*" as Juliet says, and the people stab one another in the streets of Italy for causes that would not induce an Englishman to cross the way. Be assured, dear sir, that the more I think of your present, and future occupations, the more I am flattered that you still continue to remember with regard,

Your truly faithful, affectionate,

H. L. Piozzi.

My husband sends his best compliments. Adieu, and do write soon, or I shall be run from Venice to Pisa, and you must direct thither.

À Monsieur,
Monsieur Samuel Lysons,
chez le Rev. Monsieur S. Peach, East Sheene,
near Mortlake, Surrey, Angleterre.

A month later, Mrs. Piozzi requests Mr. Lysons to inquire after a letter of Johnson's with which she was anxious to enrich her book. This letter was subsequently recovered and given to the world by Boswell. It was addressed to Mr., afterwards Sir Frederick, Barnard, librarian, and is a document displaying great learning on a variety of recondite subjects. Her recollection of its contents is not quite accurate. It is literary, as she describes it, but not controversial.

You are very lazy, indeed, dear Mr. Lysons, to take a short bit of paper, and write to a friend a thousand miles off, as if it was a letter sent by the Hampstead Hurry to fetch a turbot up the hill for a dinner at the long room; but I will scold no more, for joy that you like your playthings. It vexes me you missed Bartolozzino, as we call him; he is an amiable young man, and you would have had a hundred things in common besides talking about me. Never was I so mortified at my own worthlessness, as since I have seen myself in Venice, unable to make one sketch of the various beauties which present themselves; you are quite right though to cast your eyes on Canaletti's views when you have a mind of a little chat with Mr. and Mrs. Piozzi, as they lodge upon the Grand Canal, a good way below the Rialto; among, and over against such beautiful palaces as Palladio and Sansorino, who built them could alone have imagined. Oh! do talk to Sir Lucas Pepys about the Piazza St. Marco, and ask him if he was as much enchanted with the architecture there as I am? Had his brother ever seen it as I did the other evening, the moon rising out of the sea on one side, the setting sun gilding the horses which once drew Apollo's chariot on the other; men and women gaily chatting up and down the squares, while music and merriment resounded from the shops and coffee-houses that crowd

the arcades—he would (as I did) have fancied himself in a theatre. The churches and paintings are all known by heart to all the people you frequent, so I shall not tease you with descriptions that every *Venezia illustrata* can produce; but confess that the general effect has something inexpressibly striking, and from a tower that I mounted yesterday the little islands scattered about the Lagoon looked like fairy cities formed in water by the touch of some magical wand. At Verona as we came hither I was little less than transported to see an old Roman amphitheatre kept in such elegant preservation that they used it for the purpose of a ball feast the other day as the emperor passed through; by the other day I mean the time when he was journeying about, a few years ago.

At Padua *la dotta* I inquired after Mr. San Giorgio, but could not find him. Bozza, of Verona, has a very fine collection of petrified fish, most of which are the natural produce of the Pacific Ocean, the accidental produce of mountains here, in the Venetian State, about sixty or seventy miles from any sea, but nearest to the Adriatic, where such creatures as flying-fish were never seen, and he has some quite perfect; now if these are not proofs, and all but living evidence of the Deluge, what things will be ever acknowledged as such? In this age of infidelity, indeed, the strongest witnesses to the truth of Sacred Writ will be brought in question, and I found the Professor of Astronomy at Padua considered such a specimen as a mere *lusus naturæ*.

How happy you are, dear sir, to be thrown at your first launch on the ocean of this wide world not into deep water only, but (dear too) the company of Mr. Pepys, Dr. Lort, and the Bishop of Peterborough! whose true Christian faith, and steady principles of morality are valued by me far above their conversation talents, which, however, are as rare to be found as petrified fish; and dear Dr. Lort was dug out of the Welsh mountains you know. My book is in very pretty forwardness, but the letters I have in England are my best possessions. *A propos*, the papers said that Sir John Hawkins has had his house burnt down, is it true? Pray inquire for a letter which I know Dr. Johnson wrote to Mr. Barnard, the King's librarian, when he was in Italy looking for curious books; the subject was wholly literary and controversial, and would be most interesting to the public; I would give anything almost to obtain a copy now, and there was a time when I might have taken twenty copies. Do not you be as negligent of your opportunities of improvement, one always repents such negligence in the end. No end to my preachments, you'll say, but you always gave me permission to preach to you, so I am at least a *licenziata*.

The French people fly further than the English still, I find, or propose at least to fly further: they tell me Montgolfier means to look for the North-east Passage from his balloon. In the meantime as things come to perfection apace, I shall hope for aerial visits from English friends in a *diligence*, till every gentleman keeps his own machine. I knew, and always said, you would like Miss Burney; everybody likes her, I believe. The Cambridges will be a very agreeable house to you; it was cleverly done to get it, but you do make your way delightfully, and will make your early friends proud of you many a long year hence, I am confident. Tell me all about the Irish Bill, I do not understand a syllable of it; what do the

Irish people want? and what does Mr. Pitt refuse? You are in a nation where every one has a right to think and to talk about religion and government, *do pray* let me, who live under other regulations, hear what you think and say. Miss Thrale has written to me from Brightelmstone, and Susan and Sophy have thanked me for a little box I sent at the same time as yours, with females trifles in it. Mr. Piozzi is so good as to send them some token of our existence and regard by every opportunity, and the Venetian resident will be good-natured, and carry something, I am sure; but then he will not get to London these ten months. I hope you will all like him when he comes among you, and I rather think it, he is a man of an active mind and soft manners. What is there in this world, I wonder, unattainable by the old maxim well persisted in—of *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*? Very few things I do think. This place does not agree with me; I have never been the least indisposed since I left Dover till now, and I have never been right well since I entered Venice; we shall leave it as soon as the show of the Bucentoro is over. You must direct to Florence, and pray write soon and tell me of the weather; it is very extraordinarily cold here they say. It is very odd, but all the places bring some scenes of Shakspeare to my mind. My head ran more on *Romeo* than on Virgil at Mantua and Verona; and here, when I go to hear the causes pleaded by the eloquent Venetian advocates, fair *Portia* and *Dr. Bellario* of Padua meet my imagination in every long wig and black gown that I see.

Send me word how much you pay for this letter; it is *but one sheet* you see, but tell me the truth what they make you pay for it.

You have heard of the Casinos a hundred times, here are some for every purpose; we frequent a blue one, where there is very agreeable and very literary conversation on Tuesday and Friday evenings; a demi-English Lady Countess of Rosenberg, who has published a great many things in French, generally presides there. Tell me if the *Tableau d'Angleterre* makes a noise in London; it is thoroughly *tasted* on the Continent. Give my kindest words to all who still remember me with esteem and tenderness; and accept Mr. Piozzi's compliments with those of your affectionate friend and servant,

H. L. Piozzi.

Venice, 30th April, 1785.

Write me a long kind letter to Florence directly. I love to receive your letters.

À Monsieur,
Monsieur Samuel Lysons,
Chez le Reverend Monsieur S. Peach, à East Sheen,
near Mortlake, Surrey, près de Londres, Angleterre.

THE PAST AND PRESENT STATE OF FRANCE.

Of the events that have marked the stirring changes in France during the year 1848, one of the most striking and unexpected has been assuredly the re-installation of the name of Bonaparte at the head of the government. The circumstance naturally induces us to revert to the man himself, and to recall the impressions associated with the part he acted on the political stage. It likewise leads to the assumption that what is styled his system of government may, in all probability, be for a time revived. In which case the French will not have to be lauded or congratulated on their progress towards freedom.

The rule of Napoleon became debasingly oppressive, such as those alone can conceive who had the misfortune to live under its rule. No pen can describe the heartless sterility of those times. The fatal genius of the man had degraded a whole generation, smothered every generous expression of liberty, enforced a perfect moral and mental subjection. He kept alive only, for his own selfish purposes, a wild military enthusiasm, more akin to the devoted recklessness of dying gladiators, than to the noble ardour of the soldier animated by loyalty to his sovereign and love of his country. And even that he wore out at last.

Under the imperial sway the whole machinery of government was organized with the most diabolical subtlety against the spread or revival of liberal principles. The press was reduced to the most abject slavery. Few in number, and those only tolerated in Paris, the daily papers became the passive instruments of imposition and falsehood. Books were brought under strict control. No publisher was allowed to sell a book unless it had previously been examined by a committee of censors. Authors were expected, and even ordered to insert some allusion in honour of the Emperor, however irrelevant it might be to the matter in hand. If they declined, they were certain of being visited by persecution, and their works were mutilated or suppressed. In new editions of ancient authors, the censorship erased every passage that had reference to conquerors, to tyranny, or to liberty. Tacitus was officially termed a "shallow dreamer." If a modern writer quoted an ancient author he had to pay so much a line, and only half the sum if he translated. Popular almanacs were strictly examined, corrected, or improved, in obedience to the commands of the government censors. And in the Imperial Catechism, a most curious document ordered to be taught in all schools, a special article of faith enjoined was the Conscriptation.

What particularly characterized the government of Buonaparte was the excess of arbitrary illegality. Legal forms were despised. He thought nothing of setting aside the verdict of a jury. A decree, emanating from himself, ordered the erection of eight state prisons in the empire, and arrogated to him alone the power of incarcerating therein whom he pleased by the mere fiat of his will. These prisons became actual colonies for political helots, hunted down by a host of spies and informers, confined without previous examination, without trial, for an unlimited space of time, and kept

in torturing uncertainty as to their ultimate fate. Numbers have been imprisoned for years without ever knowing the cause. Nay, even more, some after having gone through a trial and been found guiltless, were immediately taken back to prison, and though acquitted remained in confinement at the will of the police.

The political and military measures of Bonaparte against England are matters for History. But if one could have the patience to wade through the pages of the inflexible *Moniteur*, in them would be found numerous instances of the ebullitions of the petty malice he entertained towards her. They were said to be, and no doubt with truth, his own individual effusions. One of them, the date of which is not recollected, was amusingly absurd. It began by deploring the sinfulness of mankind and the spread of vice and crime through the world, but assumed that all this evil would never have existed if Providence, at the creation, had kindly bade the waves of the sea to overwhelm the island of *La perfide Albion*. It is well known how, contrary to the law of nations, he detained in France and subjected to the daily annoyance of his police, a vast number of all classes of British subjects, both men and women. He ordered English manufacture or colonial goods to be seized wherever they were found, and ignominiously burnt. The British empire was placed under the ban of Europe, and the pain of death decreed against any one who held correspondence with England, or even received an English newspaper.* So indiscriminate was the interdiction that a large stock of Bibles, which had been sent out for the advantage of the English prisoners of war, was kept back and left to moulder away in some public store-house.

Furthermore must be held in remembrance the bold and unscrupulous designs of Bonaparte on the liberties of mankind. They stand without a parallel in modern history. By indulgence and success his natural despotic propensities finally reached their awful climax, when he had spread terror and despair throughout the civilized world, forcing at length all nations to unite cordially, for the first time, in a great political crusade against the intolerable tyranny under which they groaned. Madame de Staël has somewhere remarked that Bonaparte was not merely one man but a whole system, and that had he prevailed the human race would no longer have been what God had made it.

It is certain that Napoleon appears as the incarnation of self under its most heartless and ruthless aspect. He knew no motive for action but interest, he acknowledged no standard of excellence but success, he bent his conscience to every exigency of his ambition, he worshipped no being but himself—he was unto himself a God. This all-absorbing egotism, seconded by an unrelenting will of iron, found an apt and willing instrument in a splendidly endowed and eminently warlike people, who, just then shaking off the trammels of the past, had, in all the buoyancy of renovated life, rushed blindly forward

* An elderly gentleman, once an officer in the ancient "Brigade Irlandaise," happened to take to a coffee-house, where he usually spent his evenings, an English paper containing a detailed account of the battle of Albuera, an event that had been shrouded over, or imperfectly represented in the Paris papers. The next day he was arrested, brought up before a military commission, sentenced to death as an English spy, an epithet applied to him for the nonce, and shot in the *Plaine de Grenelle*.

on the untrodden paths of innovation. Under a new political dispensation they adopted Bonaparte as their leader and lawgiver.

Speaking as a prophet, styling himself the elect and the predestined, he flattered them with delusive promises, pandered to their love of vain glory, and, distorting their moral vision, brought them to lavish their blood and treasure both in unjustifiable aggressions, to satiate his own inordinate lust for masterdom. What ensued? The forfeit of the liberties they had sought to secure; two successive disastrous invasions of their country; the loss of every one of the conquests they had achieved, even of those in which he had had no share. And how was this? Bonaparte had striven for himself alone. In his aims there was nothing for justice nor for right; nothing for mankind; nothing even for France; nothing but for self. Hence his fall and her ruin. To aggravate, if possible, his guilt towards her, he despised the very people who had but too faithfully shown him the most unbounded devotion. Indeed he held all men in contempt; and of the French he would often speak as if he were foreign to them. *Tous autres Français*, was a familiar mode of speech when addressing them, thereby implying that he thought more highly of his Italian origin than of the country that had so generously fostered him in his youth, so magnificently exalted him in his prime. His fearful and all-engrossing passion of self is, moreover, manifest in the unscrupulous abandonment with which, after leading them into difficulties and dangers, he left his armies to shift for themselves. "Demoralized" soldiers, as he termed them, he would cast aside as worn-out instruments of no consideration whatever in his eyes, and then set about gathering more. Like an unprincipled gamester, he staked with desperate recklessness. His pawns were men, but men he cared not for, and verily believed they were created to be used for his own especial purpose and convenience. Thus, without any hesitation, he fled from Egypt, from Moscow, from Leipzig, from Waterloo; we may add from Vittoria; though he was not present, his spirit pervaded his lieutenants. He was deficient in the essential attributes of a great captain; the forethought that calculates the chances of a retreat; the prudence that provides for the safety of an army in such an emergency. With him it was ever a cut-and-run affair, nor was he troubled by any compunctious visitings for basely deserting his admirable soldiers in their need. After his flight from the appalling disasters of the Russian campaign, the only remark that was elicited from him, when entering the Tuileries, warming himself by a good fire, and rubbing his hands with glee, was, *il fait meilleur ici qu'à Moscou*, and nothing more was said on the subject.

The passage of such a meteor on the earth leaves, unfortunately, even after its total eclipse, lasting and corrupting influences behind. One cannot be but painfully impressed with the sort of heathenish rites paid in France to the name and memory of Bonaparte. His image, or a diminutive bronze or plaster representation of him, may be found in numerous houses and hovels, a species of *fetichisme*, which seems even to supersede a holier worship. *Celui-là est mon Dieu*, is an expression often heard to fall from the lips of Frenchmen.* This morbidly servile admiration of a man, to whom pos-

* General Sarrazin, at the time Minister of Police, entered unexpectedly one evening the apartment of his little daughters, then under the care of an English

, better enlightened and more morally advanced, will assign proper place, is a deplorable symptom of the state of the public in France, and may be the forerunner of evils yet to come. The French empire reached its apogee in 1811, the same year in which Napoleon obtained what he so ardently wished for, an heir to a waning but baseless throne. It extended on the south to the seas and the confines of Naples, on the north to those of Denmark. It was limited on the west by the Atlantic, the British Ocean, and the German Ocean; on the east by the Rhine and the Netherlands, and of this latter country it comprised the present provinces of Geneva, de Vaud, and Valais. At one time it was concerted to carry its southern boundaries beyond the Pyrenees, as the Ebro, taking in the Spanish provinces of Catalonia, Upper Aragon, Navarre, and Biscay, but the plan was thwarted through the events of the Peninsular war. Assuredly the rule of such an empire might have satisfied the utmost ambition. But its heterogeneous compound was alone sufficient to insure its dissolution at any period or another, without extraneous causes. The huge fabric had no solid basis of duration. It was not held together by sound political principles, nor cemented with those mutual ties which bind communities together. Engendered by violence and injustice, fostered by a grasping appetite for dominion, it was at all times threatened with overthrow from the reaction which must inevitably be aroused by the unprincipled ambition that would still dominate it. Besides, the polity that presided over this empire was radically opposed to that system of ponderation which had for centuries ruled the political relations of Christian Europe, and by which the strong was withheld and the weak secured. Yet the assemblage of so many hitherto distinct and independent nationalities, violently coerced into subjection under a novel and self-created empire, was a fact singularly calculated to strike the imagination of

A spectacle, never again to be beheld, was exhibited at the coronation of Napoleon with the Arch-Duchess Maria Louisa. The representatives and corporate bodies of the *bonnes villes*, by which is meant chief or principal cities, more than thirty in number, were ordered to appear in state at the ceremony. The magistrates of Rome and of Marseilles and Amsterdam, of Genoa and Hamburg, of Cologne and of Florence and Treves, of Rennes and Aix-la-Provence, of Bordeaux and Antwerp, of Turin and Strasburg, &c. came forth in all their civic splendour, and alighting from gorgeous carriages, received, bareheaded and on foot, the august pair, on their entrance into the capital, under the grand triumphal arch in the Champs Elysées, not then erected, but on the site of which a temporary construction had been raised in imitation of its destined appearance.

The highest numerical strength of the French army under Napoleon was 1,107,200. To this immense force must be added numerous troops called *hors ligne*, such as several Swiss regiments, divers Polish regiments "of the Vistula," the two tributary regiments of the Prince of Isenburg and of the Prince of Neufchatel, the Lusitanians.

They were preparing to retire for the night, and the lady bade her charge to repeat their accustomed devotions. When these were ended, she said—"tout cela est fort bien, sans doute; mais il faut prier l'Empereur; mon Dieu à moi."

nian or Portuguese Legion, one Spanish regiment, many so called Foreign regiments, recruited among deserters, loose characters, or French soldiers who had incurred punishment. One of these was the "Irish" regiment, that is, it was officered by Irishmen, not those of the ancient *Brigade Irlandaise*, but united Irishmen or individuals who had left Ireland on account of the rebellion. It behaved very gallantly in the campaign of 1813, at the battle of Bautzen, where its commander, Colonel Lawless, had his leg shot off. To the great detriment of the naval service were drafted into the army the four fine regiments of marine artillery, each 1500 strong. We need hardly mention a squadron of Mamelukes, forming part of the Imperial guard.

Bonaparte's kingdom of Italy, moreover, furnished a considerable and very efficient army of Italians, Illyrians, Dalmatians, and Croats.

Now, if it be considered that at the period of the Russian campaign, independently of all this force, the whole of Germany and its soldiers were at the disposal of Napoleon; that his brother-in-law, Murat, brought him his contingent of Neapolitan troops; that on crossing the Niemen, the "Grand Army" was flanked on the right by the eagle of Austria, on the left by the eagle of Prussia, both obediently marshalled under his standard, an idea may be formed of the war elements wielded at one time by this extraordinary man, whose ensign was also an eagle, and its talons held the thunder-bolt.

Under the reigns of the restored Bourbons, the Bonaparte insatiation was partially checked. It lay dormant, and without the disastrous events of 1830, it might have died away or fallen into comparative indifference. But in the July days of that year it revived with singular ardour, and, during the contest, the cries of "Vive l'Empereur" * were as numerous, if not more so, than those of "Vive la Charte;" for as yet the "Citizen King" was not thought of, and many voices were heard to declare that they would not have even the remnant of a Bourbon (*la queue d'un Bourbon*). When it became established, however, the government of Louis Philippe, instead of repressing the monomania, as it ought to have done, most culpably pandered to it, hoping, no doubt, to lay the evil spirit by caresses and concessions. Not content with inaugurating in person the statue of Bonaparte, the "Citizen King" went so far as to sanction the unbecoming mission inflicted on one of his sons, by a mischievous product of the Revolution, prime minister at the time, to bring back to France the remains of the murderer of his cousin, the Duke d'Enghien, whose death he had so pathetically bewailed and resented in his celebrated letter to the Bishop of Llandaff, and then presided over the theatrical obsequies that ensued.

It is surprising that so acute a man as Louis Philippe, who had witnessed the first Revolution, could not perceive what was apparent to every one but himself, that his advent was merely the prelude to a republic, and should for a moment have indulged the hope of bringing back monarchy to its original bearings, of planting his dynasty firmly on a revolutionary throne. Such were his illusions, however. He misunderstood the spirit of his age and country. We must re-

* The young Duke of Reichstadt was then living.

collect that he is a prince of high royal lineage, and entertains in his secret soul a thorough distaste for democracy, although, in 1800, he assured the too-confiding Lafayette that he was as good a republican as he (Lafayette) himself could wish.

The LAST King of France perished on the scaffold, and in him was monarchy uprooted. The ephemeral diadem of Napoleon upheld by the sword, fell by the sword. The reigns of Louis XVIII. and of Charles X., mere episodes of royalty, were feeble efforts only made to show that the unrelenting spirit of the Revolution was not laid but slumbered; and the very lowest expression of monarchy in France was the crown placed on the head of Louis Philippe by an unauthorized fraction of a Chamber of Deputies.

It may, perhaps, afford some amusement to enter into less serious details than the preceding ones, to give an account of the pomp and state with which Bonaparte was fond of being surrounded, and likewise of the titles of nobility he created.

His coronation had been of course got up with becoming splendour, and he was on that occasion accompanied by a suitable number of attendants; but it was only after the successful campaigns of 1805 and 1806, which insured for a while his supremacy over the continent of Europe, that he surrounded his court with all the appendages and paraphernalia of royalty. Then were appointed in incredible numbers, chaplains, almoners, ladies of honour, ladies of the palace, chamberlains, masters of ceremonies, prefects of the palace, eque-ries, pages, &c., under the superintendence of a grand marshal, a grand chamberlain, a grand master, and so forth.

In 1807, Bonaparte had, by a decree *de proprio motu*, conferred the title of Duke of Dantzic on Marshal Lefebvre, formerly a private in the French Guards, under the preposterous tenure that "all his descendants to the latest posterity were to shed their blood on the field of battle." The gallant marshal, however, left no posterity, having outlived all his children, and many years after his death a distant collateral relation was found in the person of a poor wheelwright at Brunswick, in Germany, to inherit his fortune of eight millions of francs. Now in March, 1808, Napoleon thought proper to order his obsequious Senate to legalize the establishment of a new nobility. A *senatus consulte* was therefore issued for the revival of the titles of duke, count, baron, and chevalier. Those of marquis and viscount were excluded.

His two brother consuls, Cambacérès and Lebrun, all the marshals and most of the ministers, were created dukes. All the senators and chamberlains *en masse* were declared counts. The same title was conferred on most of the lieutenant-generals, admirals, archbishops, and state councillors, whilst those of baron and chevalier were liberally distributed among prefects, major-generals, bishops, judges, colonels, savants, artists, and men of letters. The members of the legion of honour were authorized to style themselves chevaliers. By a special favour, Bernadotte, Talleyrand, and Berthier, were created princes, and raised to the dignity of serene highness, honours which were already enjoyed by Murat, Cambacérès, and Lebrun, in virtue of the offices they held of high-admiral, arch-chancellor, and arch-treasurer of the empire.

In order to support these titles, which were declared hereditary, a species of law of entail was wisely instituted, which, however,

had but little effect in arresting the indefinite subdivision of property. An original mode hit upon for bettering the pecuniary condition of penniless officers invested with titles, was the bestowing upon them in marriage rich and wealthy brides; and to this end instructions were sent to the *préfets* in the provinces, to draw up accurate lists of all marriageable women in possession of any competency; thus establishing a real conscription of females.

The names given to several of these titles were foreign, and sounded strange to Frenchmen's ears. "Auerstaedt, Elchingen, Reggio, Eckmühl, Diepholtz, Essling," &c., appeared harsh, and almost unpronounceable terms; nor did they recall any national remembrances. "Valmy" was the only one that enjoyed that privilege, and only one duke had the dignity conferred on his own name. This was Admiral Decrès, minister of marine.

With a new nobility a new system of heraldry was introduced. The coronet was superseded by a strange-looking black cap, called a "toque" which, instead of balls and strawberry leaves, was surmounted with one, two, three, or five white plumes, according to the four degrees of titles. On the restoration of the Bourbons, the black caps were quickly abandoned, and the coronet as eagerly adopted, though, after 1830, some few inveterate Imperialists resumed, or had perhaps never laid aside, the original toque.

The dukes bore in chief "gules" bespangled with "bees," "or." "A serpent entwined round a mirror" was the distinguishing cognizance assigned to senators; a "sword" to military officers; an "anchor" to naval officers; the "scales" to judges; a "cheese-board" to state councillors; a "key" to chamberlains, &c., all "proper," to be borne in the dexter quarter of the shield. But otherwise, every one was at liberty to ornament his escutcheon with such devices as his fancy or pretensions suggested. A "savant" of the Egyptian Institute took three pyramids and a sphinx into his shield. A general officer of gigantic stature, who, in his youth, had assisted in the attack on the Bastille, modestly represented himself under the figure of Hercules, his hand resting on a representation of the fortress. A sapient physician boldly appropriated the five "roundles" of the "Medici." One man had a figure of Fame floating on an azure cloud, blowing a trumpet, out of which flew a scroll, inscribed with his name, the date and the place of his birth. Most original were the armorial bearings of a brave, old, unsophisticated colonel. He had been born, bred, and educated among soldiers, and knew no other home but his regiment. He never dreamt of becoming *un noble*, and perhaps had never heard of titled gentry but on the stage. A subordinate accosted him one day as "Monsieur le Baron." "Hilloah!" exclaimed he, "what's that? what do you mean? do you take me for a player-man? don't you know that I am your colonel, sir?" It was a puzzling difficulty with him to determine upon what arms he should adopt to be inserted in his letters patent. He almost resolved upon giving the whole thing up; but it being represented to him that it was the will of the Emperor Napoleon (at the redoubted name the colonel always ducked his head) that all his brave lieges should adopt a coat of arms, he at last, after a deal of cogitation, hit upon the following device. In a field, "argent," indented all over with little spots, "sable," to represent bullets, as he said, was painted in the centre

like a full moon, a miniature and perfect likeness of his own burley face; supporters, two muskets with fixed bayonets.

Among other glittering appendages to a court, Napoleon could not neglect stars, crosses, and ribbons. Being first consul he had created the Legion of Honour, a semi-republican institution, having a smack of equality, for its members consisted of every branch of officials, of every class of society. It was munificently endowed with property confiscated from the church and the *émigrés*, and divided into five classes, to each of which was attached a pension. He impressed his own image on the badge to be constantly worn, suspended by a ribbon *moire* of deep scarlet, indeed the very same as that of the ancient military order of St. Louis. When he was declared Emperor, the institution assumed the style of "Imperial Order of the Legion of Honour." Though distributed among civilians, (these were not entitled to a pension) it was more especially employed to reward or to stimulate the military. In a spirit of calculation, which we leave to be appreciated, a vast number of crosses would be decreed away almost indiscriminately on the eve of a battle. The next day not one half of the promoted were alive, and thus the treasury of the order was spared the expenses of their pensions.

As King of Italy, Napoleon created the Order of the "Iron Crown." It was not limited to his Italian subjects, but frequently bestowed on French generals, officers, and dignitaries. The badge was attached to a ribbon of a colour called aurora, having an edging of green (the imperial colour).

Another Order was that of "La Réunion." When after placing him thereon, he deprived his brother Louis of the throne of Holland, Bonaparte, in annexing that country as an integral part of the French empire, adopted the Dutch order, founded by his brother. The decoration of "La Réunion" was plentifully distributed among French military and civilians, particularly in the latter years of the Empire. The ribbon of light blue.

In 1810, having assumed the sovereignty over Spain and married a Princess of Austria, Napoleon conceived himself invested with the united right inherent in the crowns of those realms of conferring the order of the Golden Fleece. But consistently with his bias for exaggeration he invented a "monster" order of the "Three Golden Fleeces." This was to have been something extraordinary in its way from the new and high sounding titles of its dignitaries, and from certain privileges they were destined to enjoy. But the project never went farther than the pages of the *Moniteur*, and the Imperial court almanac. From the very first ridicule was stamped on the conception, and the wags of Paris dealt most unmercifully with the quaint idea, and the uneuphonous sound of *trois toisons*.

All titles of nobility in France are now abolished by an article of the new Republican Constitution. The measure grieves none more than those on whom Napoleon and Louis Philippe had conferred the distinction, for the old *noblesse* are far too enlightened and high-minded to attach importance to any addition to their well-known and time-honoured names.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE EMPEROR CHARLES V.*

THE Emperor Charles V., although a mighty potentate in his early days, and a sovereign who drew upon himself the most marked attention of all the European continental states, would never have been much noticed by Englishmen had he not so directly interfered with Luther and his followers, and persecuted them with such unrelenting hostility and such fierce vindictiveness. His wars with France and his campaigns in Italy and Africa very little concerned us as a nation; and as he never interfered with the little territory we had, and we advanced no claims upon any of the least portions of his vast possessions, no *cusum belli* existed between us, and no cause for quarrel; and but for Wolsey's machinations, the name of the Emperor Charles V. would scarcely have appeared in our annals, certainly not as an adversary, or as one who interfered with us in our national policy.

It is, however, in his strong opposition to the Reformers that Charles V. stands out before us in such gigantic proportions: against them he brought out all the resources of his rich and extensive dominions, and in his repeated efforts to crush the Protestant States and to annihilate the Reformed Churches, we see especially the extent of his power, the absolutism of his will, and the determination of his character. Nationally, we know but little, and care less, for the Germanic Diets and their subjects of deliberation, but the Imperial Diet at Worms will be ever memorable to Protestant England, and will ever make the name and the history of Charles V., his triumphs and defeats, his glory and disgrace, topics of unceasing interest to all the successive generations of Englishmen, who acknowledge any obligations from Luther, and who build their faith upon the opinions of that very eminent Reformer.

We acknowledge to have opened this volume of the Emperor's correspondence with high expectations of pleasure and profit from its perusal. It contains the Emperor's own letters to his ambassadors in England and France, and their own masterly replies; and a very amusing portion of the correspondence is that which relates to Wolsey's expected elevation to the Papacy upon the death of Leo X. That the Cardinal's expectations were not realized was clearly not the fault of the Emperor, and that Wolsey was again rejected ten months subsequently upon the death of Adrian VI. was wholly irrespective of either the wishes or commands of Charles V. Indeed, the whole of the correspondence that relates to this event is far more favourable to the character of the Emperor than to the heart or temper of bluff King Henry's prime minister.

A perfect curiosity in its way is the Emperor's itinerary from 1519 to 1551.

A singular report made to the Doge and Senate of Venice by their ambassador to the court of Charles V., very fully describes the Emperor in his character and pursuits — his policy and his tastes — his court, his army — his likes and his dislikes — and which makes us far better acquainted with him than any modern historian could succeed in doing

* Correspondence of the Emperor Charles V. and his Ambassadors at the Courts of England and France, from the Original Letters in the Imperial Family Archives at Vienna, &c. By the Rev. William Bradford, M.A. Bentley, London, 1820.

by any general observations, or by any summing up of his virtues and failings.

As the correspondence relates to widely different subjects, and to widely distinct periods, the editor has most judiciously connected the disjointed portions of his subject by a narrative of his own, and by some able biographical notices of the chief personages in the camp and household of the Emperor; among these we find a notice of the renowned Marquis of Pescara, and of the still more renowned Ferdinand, Duke of Alva.

Dark as was the Duke's character, and cruel as was his nature, he was generosity, and candour, and mercy itself, when compared with the master he last served in the person of Philip II. It was Philip who urged on the Duke, by the most positive commands, by reproaches, and by threats, to those shocking atrocities which have rendered him for ever infamous, and especially in the Netherlands: the Duke was but the servant of a master far more treacherous and blood-thirsty than himself; and little scrupulous as he was in any cause to shed blood, yet even he recoiled at the sanguinary orders he received and the treachery he was commanded to practise.

A fouler and more unnatural character than Philip, the son of Charles V., could not probably exist—a more unfeeling son never lived—nor a more treacherous man, nor one more cruel or selfish, or revengeful or vile—with no one virtue to command respect, and with every vice that men most loathe and hate, Philip II. will be execrated by all ages, as a monster of baseness and falsehood, and bloodthirstiness.

It may be from the utter baseness of the son that the father's character in this volume appears in comparison so much better than we are in general taught to believe it to be. The Correspondence certainly speaks well, in its way, for the heart and the mind of the Emperor. That he had a mind, and no common one, is very manifest; and it enabled him to choose out with great skill, the most fit men in his empire, for the chief places in his Government, and the highest posts in his armies; he was, in consequence, always well served, and he was rarely unmindful of the service.

It always pains one to remember that the few faithful friends who followed Charles in his retirement; who were the companions of his seclusion in the monastery of St. Jerome, in Estremadura, should from the unnatural wickedness of the son, have been sent immediately upon his father's death to the dungeons of the Inquisition; there did the celebrated Carranza, Archbishop of Toledo, wear out in weary confinement twenty years of his existence. Torture and the stake more speedily released the others from the power of the Holy Office; other causes, however, and those connected with the Council of Trent, led, we believe, to the arrest and persecution by the Inquisition of so many of the most eminent Spanish divines and jurists at that period.

The portrait of Charles, which faces the title-page, is from a picture by Titian; and it presents to us the man as historians have depicted and described him; a man of stern purpose, with not a particle of imagination.

PRINCE TALLEYRAND.

FROM A SKETCH BY CHATEAUBRIAND.

I HAD occasion to make some remarks about M. Talleyrand on his first appearance in the political world ; but now, to use the beautiful expression of one of the ancients, his last hour has revealed his whole life to me. I have been at different times connected with M. Talleyrand, and it may have been observed that I always remained constant to him as a man of honour, especially in the vexatious affair of Mons, when I allowed myself to be politically ruined for him. My simplicity induced me to share with him all the odium which he brought upon himself ; I pitied him, while Montreuil struck him in the face. At one period he spared no pains to win me ; he wrote to me at Ghent, to seek my support, declaring that I was a man of consideration, whose services would be very valuable ; when I was living at the Hôtel de la rue des Capucines, he assigned me in the most delicate manner the post of Minister of Foreign Affairs. He became my enemy merely because I would not encroach upon his generosity—unless, perhaps, he felt jealous on account of my obtaining some advantages which were not the result of his own efforts. The remarks which he did not hesitate to make very freely about me, did not in the least offend me, for it was impossible for M. Talleyrand to offend anybody ; but his intemperate language has absolved me, and since he has chosen to constitute himself my judge, he has certainly invested me with the same right with regard to himself.

M. Talleyrand's vanity deceived him ; he believed that the part which he had to play was the consequence of his genius ; he imagined himself a prophet, yet he was always mistaken ; his opinions respecting the future were not of the slightest value ; he could not look beyond the present—he was master only of the past. He was unable to take a comprehensive view of anything, and was unassisted by the light of conscience. He did not discover any extraordinary penetration, and integrity was not at all appreciated by him. He was unacquainted with that lofty ambition, which embraces the interests of the public welfare as one of the most active means of conducting to private interest. First, we find kings, cabinets, foreign ministers, and ambassadors, formerly dupes of this man, and who were never able to fathom his character, endeavouring to prove that they were compelled to bow to an irresistible authority, and that they would just as readily have taken off their hat to Napoleon's scullion. Then again, the members of the ancient French aristocracy, connected with M. de Talleyrand, are really quite proud to be able to include in their circle a man who was obliging enough to assure them of his importance. Lastly, the revolutionists, and the immoral tribe, though they were ready to cry out against titles and honours, yet had a secret leaning towards aristocracy. These singular converts eagerly sought baptism at its hands, and expected that this would endow them with refinement and high-breeding. The double apostasy of the prince flattered at the same time one of the features of the amour propre of the young democrats ; for from this they concluded that their cause was just, and

that a noble and a priest are indeed very much to be despised. However it may be with regard to M. de Talleyrand's want of moral perception, it is quite clear that his mind was not of sufficiently lofty stature to admit of his creating a lasting illusion, nor were his faculties of so extensive a kind as to enable him to turn falsehood to account in raising his character. He has been viewed too closely; his fame will not endure, because no national idea, which would remain after he had passed away—no celebrated action—no useful discovery, nor extraordinary invention, which would be a feature in the epoch, is connected with his life. A life remarkable for virtue appeared to be denied to him, and his days were not distinguished by any perils through which he had passed, for he did not remain in his own country during the Reign of Terror; nor did he return till the forum was changed into an anti-chamber.

The political monuments serve to prove the comparative mediocrity of Talleyrand: it would be impossible to mention one thing by which he rendered himself useful or remarkable under Bonaparte; no important negotiation was carried on through his means; whenever he was left to act according to his own will, he almost always allowed opportunities to escape without availing himself of them, or contrived to spoil whatever he undertook. It has been asserted that he was the cause of the Duc d'Enghien's death; if this be true, it is a stain upon his character never to be wiped away.

I was, however, far from accusing the Minister, when I was giving my testimony with regard to the Prince's death; on the contrary, I was, perhaps, somewhat too careful of his feelings. M. Talleyrand showed surprising effrontery in making groundless assertions. I have not before alluded to the speech which he read to the peers at the congress of Verona, relative to the address upon the war of Spain. He began his speech with the following solemn words:—"It is now sixteen years ago since I was called upon by him who then governed the world, to offer my advice respecting the policy of engaging in a struggle with the Spanish people. I had the misfortune to give him offence, in laying bare the future before his eyes, in exposing to him all the dangers which would rise up in a host before him, if he persevered in an aggression which was not less unjust than rash. My disgrace was the result of my sincerity. How singular is my fate; that after so considerable a time has elapsed, it has placed me again in a similar position with the legitimate sovereign, to renew the same efforts, and to offer the same advice."

In this statement there is so much want of memory, or so much falsehood, as to make one shudder; you open your ears and rub your eyes, for you feel quite sure that you must be either in a trance or you must be dreaming. You cannot resist gazing with a mixture of terror and admiration upon the person who has made these fearless assertions with so much calmness, and who, on descending the tribune takes his place without showing any sign of emotion. You almost begin to wonder if this man has not been endowed with the power of creating and annihilating truth at will. I did not answer: it seemed to me that the shade of Napoleon would suddenly make its appearance, and, resuming the power of speech, would openly accuse M. Talleyrand of the awful falsehood he had just uttered. Witnesses of the scene were still sitting among the peers, and among the number were M. le Comte de Montesquiou; the virtuous Duc de Doudeauville

has often related the particulars to me, for he heard them from that same M. de Montesquieu his (brother-in-law's) own mouth. M. le Comte de Cessac, who was also another witness of this scene, described it to any who wished to be acquainted with it; he fully believed that the grand elector would be arrested on quitting the privy council; and that Napoleon, in his anger, would shout to his pale minister, 'It becomes you certainly to cry out against the war in Spain, you who were the person who advised me to that course—you from whom I have a heap of letters in which you endeavoured to prove to me that the war was as necessary as it was politic.' These letters were mislaid when the archives were removed from the Tuileries in 1814. M. Talleyrand observed in his address, that he had been unfortunate enough to offend Napoleon, by unveiling the future to him, and by pointing out the dangers which would arise from an aggression not less unjust than rash. As M. de Talleyrand had never been subject to this misfortune, pray let him console himself in his grave; there is not the least occasion for his adding this calamity to all the afflictions of his life.

The principal error of M. de Talleyrand towards legitimacy, was his having dissuaded Louis the Eighteenth from concluding a marriage between the Duc de Berry and a princess of Russia, but his unpardonable error towards France was his consenting to the revolting treaties of Vienna. The result of M. Talleyrand's negotiations is, that we are left without frontiers; a lost battle at Mons or at Coblenz, would allow the enemy's cavalry, in eight days, to make their appearance beneath the walls of Paris. Under the ancient monarchy France was not only shut in by a circle of fortresses, but she was defended on the Rhine by the independant States of Germany. It would have been necessary first to invade the Electorates or to negotiate with them before they could enter our country. Switzerland, a free and neutral country was another of our frontiers; there were no roads, no one dared intrude upon her territory. The Pyrenees, too, were impassable, being guarded by the Bourbons in Spain. This was exactly what Talleyrand never understood; these are the errors which will remain for ever a blot on his character as a politician, errors which have deprived us in one day of the result of Louis the Fourteenth's labours, and Napoleon's victories.

It has been remarked that Talleyrand's policy was superior to that of Napoleon. When Napoleon became intoxicated with success, he was undoubtedly guilty of enormous errors, which could not fail to strike the minds of everybody, and M. Talleyrand certainly perceived them as readily as other people; but that does not prove that he was gifted with the vision of a lynx. He compromised himself strangely in the affair of the Duc d'Enghien; he was quite at fault on the subject of the war in Spain in 1807, although he was so anxious to deny the advice which he had given, and to recall his words.

The old engravings of the Abbé de Perigord give us the idea of rather a handsome man. However, as he grew old his physiognomy looked the very image of a death's head; his eyes were so dull that it was with difficulty their expression could be read. He possessed an air of high-breeding, which belonged to his birth; he was a rigid observer of etiquette, and exhibited an air of coldness and disdain, which served to cast a kind of illusion about his person. His manner exercised an extraordinary influence over the humbler class of people, and

over men of modern society, who were unacquainted with that of the old times. Formerly a man resembling M. Talleyrand was met with here and there, but nobody noticed him particularly; but standing alone amidst democratic manners, M. Talleyrand appeared quite a phenomenon. Through Madame de Staël's exertions he obtained his nomination to the ministry by Chenier. M. Talleyrand, who was then in bad circumstances, several times recommenced building his fortune. On one occasion, he received a considerable sum from Portugal, in the hope that a treaty of peace would be signed by the Directory, however the treaty was never signed. On another by a sale of the public securities of Belgium at the peace of Amiens; and again, on the creation of the transient kingdom of Etruria, by the secularization of church-property in Germany; and by the bartering of his opinions at the Congress of Vienna. He would have gone even to the length of ceding to Austria the oldest papers in our archives; but this time he became the dupe of M. Metternich, who, after having the documents carefully copied, religiously restored them. The Prince of Benevento was by nature idle, frivolous, and dissipated, and study was utterly distasteful to him; he prided himself on that which ought to have humbled him, upon maintaining his position after the fall of empires. Minds of the first order, authors of revolutions disappear, but those of a second order, who profit by them, remain when all has changed.

M. Talleyrand unable to write a single phrase by himself, could manage to make people work under him tolerably well; by dint of scratching out and altering, his secretary contrived to arrange his despatches methodically, and as he wished, and then he copied them with his own hand. I have heard him read some interesting passages from his *Memoirs* relating to his youth. He was most fickle in his taste, for he would detest on the following day what he had liked exceedingly the previous one; so that if these *Memoirs* are still preserved entire, of which I have considerable doubt, and the opposite versions are preserved as well, it is very probable that the opinions about the same facts, and especially about the same name, will be prodigiously at variance. I have no faith in the depôt of these manuscripts in England; the order which was pretended to have been issued that the *Memoirs* should not be published for forty years from that time appears to me only a posthumous piece of juggling.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE PEOPLE.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

CHAPTER IV.

Out-door Amusements. — Vauxhall: its Antiquity. — The Farmer and the Weather. — The Black Prince the original Landlord. — Guy Fawkes. — Mr Addison and Sir Roger de Coverley. — First "Ridotto al Fresco." — Admission Prices. — Newspaper Reports. — Bill of Fare. — Prices. — Royal Visits. — 1739, new Proposals advertised. — Illumination. — Conveyance only by Water. — Fall from Victoria. — Mr. Lockman's Letter. — Pepys' his mock modesty. — Vauxhall, its varying popularity. — Tom Browne's satirical Notice. — Walpole's Visit. — His Letter to Montague. — The noble Cooks. — A Vauxhall Supper. — Polite Life. — Mr. Lockman's praise of Drinking *al Fresco*. — A special Providence over Drunkards.

OUTDOOR amusement, in a climate so variable as ours, has always been very uncertain and speculative; yet such a love of the *al fresco* exists in our foggy climate that speculators have always been found ready to cater for the public, even with almost certain failure staring them in the face.

Vauxhall has for nearly two centuries held its place as the first for this class of entertainment, although a careful calculation of the wet nights for nearly two hundred years would show the fearful damp thrown upon such attempts, the barometer, as in this country, very seldom for two days together remaining at set-fair.

Such indeed is the fatality connected with this particular garden, that the continual need of umbrellas on the appointed gala-nights have given rise to many jokes practical and otherwise. One of the early proprietors, who held the gardens longer and with more success than any of his successors, named Tyers, was a man of very nervous and sensitive character. He was one morning, just before the commencement of his season, waited upon by a wag attired in the dress of a respectable farmer, who requested that, as a particular favour, he would inform him whether he intended to open the gardens positively on the date specified, as he was anxious to plant his turnips, and wished to choose that day, to be sure of rain.

Notwithstanding the serious drawback of climate, fortunes have been realized to a large amount upon the Royal Property, as it is called, from its being originally, with the surrounding manor, granted by Edward the Third to the famous Black Prince, by whom it was given to the Church of Canterbury. It subsequently, however, became vested in the Crown, and was made part of the Duchy of Cornwall, to which it still continues annexed.

A tradition asserts that the manor was once called Fawkes' Hall, and was the property of the celebrated Guy Fawkes; but such a statement has never been ratified from any authentic source.

The premises, in 1615, belonged to a widow lady named Jane Vaux, or Faukes, the mansion then being called *Stockden*, noticed by that title in the records of the Duchy of Cornwall. It seems to have taken her name at her death or removal, for we find it in the possession of Sir Samuel Moreland in 1675, who made it his residence.

and considerably improved the property, and it was for the first time called Vauxhall.

At what exact period it became a place of public amusement we have no clear or satisfactory account, but that it was so on Tuesday, May 20, 1712, now one hundred and thirty-eight years ago, is certain, as, in No. 383 of the *Spectator*, Mr. Addison records his visit there with his friend Sir Roger de Coverley; the exact particulars are described thus:—

No. 383, Tuesday, May 20, 1712.

"Criminibus debent hortos."—*JUVENAL., Sat. i. 75.*

"A beauteous garden, but by vice maintained."

"As I was sitting in my chamber, and thinking on a subject for my next *Spectator*, I heard two or three irregular bounces at my landlady's door, and at the opening of it, a loud cheerful voice inquiring whether the philosopher was at home. I immediately recollected that it was my good friend Sir Roger's voice, and that I had promised to go with him on the water to Spring Garden, in case it proved a good evening.

"We were no sooner come to the Temple Stairs, but we were surrounded by a crowd of watermen offering us their respective services. My old friend, after having seated himself, and trimmed the boat with his coachman, who, being a sober man, always serves for ballast on these occasions, we made the best of our way to *Fauxhall*. We were now arrived at Spring Garden, which is exquisitely pleasant at this time of year. When I considered the fragrant of the walks and bowers, with the choirs of birds that sung upon the trees, and the loose tribe of people that walked under their shades, I could not but look upon the place as a kind of Mahometan paradise. We concluded our walk with a glass of *Burton* ale, and a slice of hung beef."

Eighteen years after this very questionable account of these gardens by the worthy *Spectator*, they were leased to Mr. Jonathan Tyers, who devoted nearly two years to arrangements and great improvements, to render them in every way worthy of public approbation and patronage; and when accomplished, he issued the following novel announcement:—

"At the particular desire of several persons of quality,

"AT SPRING GARDENS, VAUXHALL,

"On Wednesday next, being the 7th of June, 1732, will be the

"RIDOTTO AL FRESCO."

"The doors will be opened at nine o'clock. No person whatever to be admitted with swords, or without a printed ticket, which will be delivered at Mr. Powell's, at the Gloucester Tavern, St. James's Street; Mr. Worsdale's, a painter, in Marybone Street; Mr. Crawford, at the Bear and Harrow Tavern, Temple Bar; at Tom's Coffee House, in Cornhill; or Spring Garden, Vauxhall; at One Guinea each.

"N.B. For the convenience of chairs only, the ferry-boats are obliged to attend at Westminster and Lambeth from nine o'clock at night till five the next morning."

The novelty of this scene it was anticipated would have caused all persons with guineas in their pockets to have rushed to the promised enjoyments, and filled the gardens and the proprietor's pockets

to overflowing; but that such was not the case may be inferred from the following accounts collected from the daily papers of the period:—

"This night (June 7) was the *Ridotto al Fresco* at Spring Gardens, Vauxhall; there were about one hundred soldiers planted about, with their bayonets fixed, at the outward doors and along the avenues to the house to prevent any disturbance. The chief of the company went in between nine and eleven, and the dresses, for the most part, were dominoes and lawyers gowns, though one-third of the company had no dresses or masks. It is reckoned that there were about four hundred people there, but about ten men to one woman. The company broke up between three and four on Thursday morning, and about five the soldiers crossed the water to return home. His royal highness, attended by several noblemen, gentlemen, &c., went in about ten and staid about two hours, and then returned with his company."—*Croftman*, June 10, 1732.

The *Daily Advertiser* of June 21, 1732, however, gives a somewhat different account; it says that—

"On Wednesday night, June 7, at the *Ridotto al Fresco* at Vauxhall, there was not half the company as was expected, being no more than two hundred and three persons, amongst whom were several persons of distinction, but more ladies than gentlemen, and the whole was managed with great order and decency, a detachment of one hundred Foot Guards being posted round the gardens."

"A waiter belonging to the house, having got drunk, put on a dress and went to *Fresco* with the rest of the company, but being discovered he was immediately picked out."

The price of admission to the masqued *fête* seems to have been too high, which in some measure accounts for its failure, as the value of a guinea at that day must have been equal to two at the present time. The proprietor had not the advantage of living in these days, when the million is the desideratum.

The provisions vended in the early days of Vauxhall were confined to hung beef, Burton ale, mead, tea, coffee, chicken, &c. The price of a dish of beef being one shilling, a dish of ham one shilling, a quart mug of table-ale fourpence, bread and cheese threepence, port and sherry at two shillings a bottle, and cyder at one shilling; a reasonable sized fowl was charged two shillings and sixpence.

Vauxhall from its earliest days was honoured by royal patronage, as an extract from the daily paper of August 16, 1736 will show:—

"On Monday evening His Royal Highness the Prince, with the Viscountess Torrington, Lord Baltimore, and several other noblemen and gentlemen of distinction, took water at Whitehall, and about *seven* o'clock came to the Spring Gardens, Vauxhall, where, after taking several turns and viewing the pavilion, the music temple, and the illuminations, they retired into the grand pavilion, the inside of which was lighted with chandeliers on that occasion.

"They drank tea and coffee; after which they again walked into the grove, and returning to the grand pavilion supped there. His Royal Highness and his company were so well pleased with the splendour of the entertainment that they did not leave the garden till *one* the next morning."

His Royal Highness here mentioned was the Prince of Wales, son of George the Second, and no doubt a well-behaved and regular

young man, as his hour of retiring from "the gay and festive scene" proves him.

Although, according to the newspapers, "he was so well pleased," there is no notice of his repeating his visit until the next year, May 24, 1737, on a Saturday evening, which accounts for his retiring before midnight, so as not to set a bad example by dancing himself into the Sabbath. The notice runs thus, viz.

"On Saturday evening about seven His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, accompanied by several persons of distinction, among whom were the Ladies Torrington and Irwin, Earls of Dartley and Crawford, Lord Torrington and Lord Baltimore, went from the Lord Torrington's to Vauxhall Gardens.

"His Royal Highness and his company, after taking several turns in the walks, retired to the great room, and danced for some time. They then supped, and a *little before twelve* retired to Whitehall, a concert of trumpets and French horns attending them on the river.

"It being a very fine still night, His Royal Highness would not go into his coach or chair, but being *illuminated by his own domestics*, walked with the lords and ladies above-mentioned through St. James's Park to his apartments in the palace."

Here we find that His Royal Highness condescended to visit these gardens, which from all accounts were very little better than the common tea-gardens of the present day, and further to recreate himself in public by dancing until nearly twelve at night. Of what grade the company was, as the notice is confined to him and his suite, or whether they were admitted to join in the royal set, or were only lookers on at a respectful distance, we have no information; but that the price of admission was lowered is certain, from the positive failure of the guinea nights.

Two years, however, after (1739), we find that, although season tickets were advertised, any person could enter upon the payment of a shilling.

The printed notice was as follows, viz.

"March 31, 1739.

"Vauxhall.—Proposals for the entertainment of Spring Gardens.—The entertainment will be opened the 1st of May next (or before), and continue *three months* or longer, with the *usual illuminations*. Band of music, &c., and several considerable additions and improvements. A thousand tickets only will be delivered out at *twenty five shillings* each; the silver of every ticket to be worth *three shillings and sixpence*, and to admit two persons *every evening* (Sunday excepted) during the season.

"Every person coming without a ticket to pay *one shilling* each time for admittance.

"No servants in livery to walk the gardens.

"All subscribers are desired not to permit their tickets to get into the hands of persons of evil repute, it being absolutely necessary to exclude all such.

"All possible endeavours will be used that the particulars provided at the entertainment may be the best, in their several kinds; and that the company may judge of the reasonableness of them, printed tables of the prices of each will be fixed up in different parts of the garden.

"Receipts are now delivering, and will continue to be so, till Thursday the 17th of April inclusive, and no longer, by Mr. Cox, bookseller,

under the Royal Exchange; by Mr. John Stagg, bookseller, in *Westminster Hall*, and at the Spring Gardens. At all which places the silver tickets will be ready for delivery on Saturday, the 21st of this instant April.

"N. B. As considerable time must be employed in striking the tickets, and engraving the names, the subscribers are desired to take out receipts as soon as may suit their convenience, in order that the tickets may be delivered at the time abovementioned."

By this scheme it was evident that the proprietor, if successful in the sale of his tickets, must have realized a sum sufficient to cover any alterations or improvements he might contemplate for the entertainment of the shilling public, at the same time giving a tone of respectability to the concern.

As there are no amusements noticed in the advertisement we must suppose that the public went there to amuse themselves by dancing to a small band of music, and eating and drinking, *al fresco*. The illumination, as shown by the illustrations of the time, were nothing more than a number of street-lamps fixed to the trees in various parts of the garden, giving no doubt an astonishing light for those days, when gas was not even dreamt of. It was many years before the illuminations approached in splendour the brilliant ones of the last half century, during which time advertisements have been issued promising the public upon some particular *fête* nights to indulge them with "*half a thousand more lamps*," to add, if possible, to the already dazzling brilliancy of the scene.

These gardens contained originally about twenty acres, and were surrounded by bloomy meads and wild hedges, so that the frequenters felt themselves in a complete modern Arcadia, although within so short a distance of the great Babylon. Visitors then had to flout down the silver Thames to this rural place of amusement, which delightful trip added considerably to their pleasure, although the etiquette of the time obliged them to be full dressed, which was considered only due to their stations whenever they appeared in public; for in those "good old days" the ladies walked in these and in Mary-le-bone Gardens, in their hoops, sacques, and caps, as they appeared in their drawing-rooms; whilst the gentlemen were generally uncovered, with their hats under their arms, and wore swords and bags.

Mr. John Lockman, the author of "*Rosalinda*," "*David's Lamentation*," and other celebrated works, speaks in high praise of these gardens in a letter to his friend and patron Lord Baltimore, at whose request the letter seems to have been written. We shall here and there extract some of his quaint *morceaux*, which will give the reader a very correct idea of the garden in its primitive state.

"Being advanced up the avenue, by which we enter into the Spring Gardens, the first scene that catches the eye is a grand vista or alley about nine hundred feet long (?) formed by lofty sycamore, elm, and other trees. At the extremity of this vista stands a gilded statue of Aurora, with a Ha! Ha! over which is a view into the adjacent meads, where haycocks and haymakers sporting, during the mowing season, add a beauty to the landscape. Advancing a few steps within the garden, we behold a quadrangle or square, within which is a grove. This grove is the grand rendezvous of the joyous multitudes who visit the place, and the seat of the music when the weather is fine. As it contains a great variety of embellishments, it will be necessary (for

perspicuity's sake) that I postpone a little my description of the grove itself, and proceed to that of its four sides.

"But as we walk, let us (with your Lordship's permission) attend a moment to the extempore muse.

"Says Apollo to Bacchus, 'For a frolic let's fly
To yon hussening speck, on the skirts of the sky,
To the earth, where we'll visit man's whimsical race,
And rove till we fix on some fav'rite place;
On some shade to which nymphs, blest with awains, shall retire,
Allured by the charms of your juice, and my lyre;
For these, when united, must fondly control,
The war'ring impulses of each human soul.'

"Agreed!" says blithe Bacchus. So their godships descend,
Quickly range o'er this hall; and, at last, gaily bend
To a grove whose winged choristers ravish the ear,
When Apollo says, smiling, 'We must pitch our tents here:
For, see how the Graces exult in yon bower.—
By your nectar, my warbling, and their magic power,
Sweetest joys shall rise round, and pale spleen mix with wind:
They opened the scene, and enchanted mankind."

"Most of the above mentioned vistas or walks are the boundaries of wildernesses composed of trees, which shoot to a very great height. These wildernesses are the verdant abodes of nightingales, blackbirds, thrushes, and other feathered minstrels, who, in the most delightful season of the year, ravish the ears of the company with their harmony.

"With what rapture might a lover, who was blessed with the presence of his fair one, and tired of the noise and tumult of London, cry, as they were musing in the lonely parts of the garden!

"Retired from the town, life's idle cares forgot,
How have I hailed with ecstasy my lot,
When folding thee, from bower to bower we strayed,
Whilst sportive moonbeams glittered thro' the glade,
Or darkling sought the glowworm's twinkling ray,
Or listen'd to the nightingale's fond lay.
Thus blest, what mortals could with us compare—
Eden this spot, and we the happy pair."

He then continues to give loose to his imagination, and fancies that "these wildernesses might be inhabited by Comus, and that he, with his jocund companions, was gazing invidiously at the company, who were amusing themselves with so much innocence (?) in this delightful garden."

"And so many of our lovely countrywomen visit these blissful bowers—that was Zeuxis again to attempt the picture of Venus, 'tis from hence, and not from Greece, that he would compose his image of perfect beauty."

All this rhapsody of the worthy poet might have been real, although it appears somewhat overcharged to us matter-of-fact people of the present day; but it is to be considered that Spring Gardens or Vauxhall was the first and only thing of the kind known in the country. Its great success, however, soon gave rise to many imitations in the suburbs of the metropolis as well as in different parts of the country; but they were so far below the original in grandeur and effect, as well as patronage, that they were all short-lived: so far more than a century has it continued to hold its place, although many of the old school mourn over its yearly departing glories, and sigh over the days of bags and minuets.

In "Pepys's Diary" we find that these gardens were a place of great and fashionable resort in his time, although a mere wilderness, where you paid for admission, gathered the fruit, or ate and drank as you liked; in fact, a kind of meeting-place for ruralisers and pic-nic parties.

"20 June, 1665.—By water to Foxhall, and there walked an hour alone, observing the several humours of the citizens, that were this holiday pulling off cherries and God knows what."

"22 July, 1665.—To Foxhall, where Spring Gardens; but I do not see one guest there."

This note shows that the gardens had, from some cause or other, lost their attraction; but his next note upon the subject shows a great improvement after two years.

"28 May, 1667.—By water to Foxhall, and there walked in Spring Gardens. A great deal of company, and the weather and garden pleasant, and it is very pleasant and cheap going thither, for a man may go to spend what he will or nothing, all is one. But to hear the whistlingale and the birds, and here fiddlers, and there a harp, and here a Jew's trump, and here laughing, and there fine people walking, is mighty diverting."

"30 May, 1668.—To Foxhall, and there fell into company of Harry Killigrew, a rogue newly come back out of France, but still in disgrace at our court, and young Newport and others, as very rogues as any in the town, who were ready to take hold of every woman that comes by them, and so to supper in an arbor—but Lord! their mad talk did make my heart ache."

Pepys's prudery is very amusing, considering the times in which he lived and the people he consorted with, but, like many persons, he condemned others for being at questionable places, where he himself must have been to have seen them, and made them the objects of his censure; for, notwithstanding his pious feeling at the "goings on" there practised, we find, by his own diary, that he only allowed one day to elapse before he was at the wicked and immoral place again, as witness the date.

"1 June, 1668.—Alone to Foxhall—saw young Newport and two more rogues of the town seize on two ladies, who walked with them an hour, with their masks on (perhaps civil ladies); and there I left them."

We find him again here in the next month of July, but this time he is accompanied by Mrs. P. and others, upon which occasion he made it his cue to be exceedingly shocked at the scenes he witnessed, and of course dragged his wife and company away at a very early hour, like a discreet and moral citizen.

"27 July, 1668.—Over the water, with my wife and Deb and Mercer, to Spring Garden—and there eat and walked: and observe how rude some of the young gallants of the town are become to go into people's arbors, where there are not men, and almost force the women, which troubled me to see the confidence of the vice of the age. and so we away by water with much pleasure home."

Tom Brown, in a more satirical vein, somewhat more than thirty years afterwards, seems to agree with the staid Pepys in his opinion of the fascinating groves and wildernesses of the far-famed Foxhall. He thus expresses himself in page 54 of his 8vo. volume, called "Tom Brown's Amusements."

"The ladies that have an inclination to be private, take delight in the close walks of Spring Gardens, where both sexes meet and

mutually serve one another as guides to lose their way, and the windings and the turnings in the little wildernesses are so intricate, that the most experienced mothers have often lost themselves in looking for their daughters." 1700.

The arbours, or eating places, were about this time nothing more than compartments formed by the trees, as in our present suburban tea-gardens, afterwards canvassed in so as to form booths or little tents, to keep off the chill of the evening air.

Walpole writes to Montagu, June 23, 1750, thus:—

"I had a card from Lady Caroline Peterham to go with her to Vauxhall. I went accordingly to her house, and found her and the little Ashe, or the Pollard Ashe, as they call her. They had just finished their last *layer of red*, and looked as handsome as crimson could make them. . . . We marched to our barge, with a boat of French horns attending, and little Ashe singing. We paraded some time up the river, and at last debarked at Vauxhall. . . . Here we picked up Lord Granby, arrived very drunk from Jenny Whim's. At last we assembled in our booth, Lady Caroline in the front, with the vizor of her hat erect, and looking gloriously jolly and handsome. She had fetched my brother Orford from the next box, where he was enjoying himself with his *petite partie*, to help us to mince chickens. We minced *seven chickens* into a china dish, which Lady Caroline stewed over a lamp with three pats of butter and a flagon of water, stirring and rattling and laughing, and we every minute expecting the dish to fly about our ears. She had brought Betty, the fruit girl, with hampers of strawberries and cherries from Rogers's, and made her wait upon us, and then made her sup by us at a little table.

" . . . In short, the whole air of our party was sufficient, as you will easily imagine, to take up the whole attention of the Gardens, so much so, that, from eleven o'clock till half an hour after one, we had the whole concourse round *our booth*. At last they came into the little gardens of each *booth* on the sides of ours, till Harry Vane took up a bumper and drank their healths, and was proceeding to treat them with greater freedoms. It was *three o'clock* before we got home."

A pretty picture this of the polite people of the time, who were the great patrons of Mr. Tyers, and from whose frolics he soon realized a large sum of money! thus supping at Vauxhall soon became the fashion, and the prices charged for such suppers made the price of admission a secondary consideration.

Mr. Lockman, when he wrote his curious letter, surely never could have seen or imagined such a scene as this, for he says, "that many people might not scruple to intoxicate themselves with wine when concealed by a room, who yet would not hazard their being seen in liquor in a place free and open to thousands;" by which he implies that Vauxhall was a place conducive to sobriety, although he seems to think, in another part of his letter, that it needed a special Providence for the protection of the sober parties (?) returning, as they were then obliged to do, by water.

"Providence," says he, "seems to have indulged these Gardens with one especial mark of its favour, in not permitting a single person to be drowned, though so many people have returned from them by the Thames."

PERSONAL NARRATIVES OF THE HUNGARIAN WAR.*

THE ashes of the Revolution are still smouldering in Hungary. The fire is not yet extinguished, although the brands are scattered and trampled down. No man who is acquainted with the history of the country, the character of the people, and the course of the recent war can entertain a doubt that it will break out again. Fire and water are not more opposed than the bureaucratic system of Austria, and that love of constitutional liberty which is the traditional and conspicuous characteristic of the Magyar race. The intrigues of Jellachich, the perfidy of Görgey, and the appearance of Russia in the field, with an overwhelming force, have for the present succeeded in arresting the great national movement; but the formation of new combinations, and the choice of a favourable opportunity to resume the struggle for independence, can be regarded only as a simple question of time. Disciplined by the experience of the past, and sustained by the irresistible progress of liberal institutions and the sympathy of nations, the next demonstration of the Hungarians may be looked forward to as an event not unlikely to involve larger and graver interests than the maintenance of the absolutism of the House of Hapsburg.

In the mean while, the work of preparation is going quietly forward in the most efficient of all possible modes. The people of other countries have hitherto been very imperfectly informed on the true state of the case between Austria and Hungary. Even here in England, where the key-note of liberty is struck for the whole of the civilized world, some influential instructors of the people treated the affair as a rebellion against the rightful sovereign of the country—a wanton outbreak of radicals, having hardly any higher justification or nobler aims than the famous Chartist rising on Kennington Common with Mr. Feargus O'Connor at its head. It is perfectly clear that if Hungary is resolved not to submit hereafter to the ignominious fate of Italy and Poland, she must dispel this fatal ignorance, and by diffusing abroad a thorough knowledge of the nature of her relations with the Imperial government, her domestic circumstances, her resources and her objects, rally to her side the collective public opinion of the populations of Europe.

Such is the work of preparation for the future to which the distinguished Magyars, who are now expiating in exile the crime of patriotism, have addressed their talents and their energies. It is wiser than cabals and conspiracies—and more powerful than loans and levies. It is also peculiarly characteristic of that attachment to constitutional modes of redress which may be said to have its roots in the life and history of the country, and which so honourably marked every step of the early

* *Memoirs of the War of Independence in Hungary.* By General Klapka, late Secretary at War to the Hungarian Commonwealth, and Commandant of the Fortress of Komorn. Translated by Otto Wenckstern. 2 vols. Gopin.

The War in Hungary, 1848-1849. By Max Schlesinger. Translated by J. E. Taylor. With Notes and an Introduction, by Francis Pulsky. 2 vols. R. Bentley.

Memoirs of a Hungarian Lady. By Madame Pulsky. 2 vols. Colburn.

Adventures and Anecdotes of the South Army of Austria during the late Hungarian Campaign. By an Eye-witness. Edited by J. Warre Tyndale. R. Bentley.

measures and remonstrances by which Kossuth and his colleagues endeavoured in vain to avert the horrors of a civil war. The works which are issuing from the press of England and Germany, illustrative of the origin and events of the war, and descriptive of the political institutions and social condition of Hungary, are admirably calculated to enlighten Europe on those questions of internal policy and national rights which are at issue between the people and the Emperor. Singularly moderate in tone, earnest in conviction, and as remarkable for their sound sense as for the absence of political fanaticism, angry prejudices and extreme views, it is impossible not to be struck by the candour and integrity of their statements, the practical spirit which everywhere pervades them, and the eloquence and literary power with which they are written.

The first of these works which appeared in England was a Memoir by Madame Pulszky, with an historical introduction by her husband, who is rendering good service to the cause by thus authenticating such publications. Although Madame Pulszky's volumes did not adequately satisfy the great curiosity they excited in a personal point of view, as the work of an heroic woman who had passed through perils of the most romantic cast, they are invaluable for their details of public events, their pictures of scenery and domestic life, and for that healthy tone of feeling which imparts such sustained dignity to all these Hungarian books. The next work was a novel of Hungarian life, by Baron Eotvos, one of the members of Batthyani's short-lived cabinet, a poet of some celebrity, who was ardent in the patriotic cause till it took a shape of open hostilities, when he threw it up and fled, and is now in Germany, or elsewhere, a voluntary exile. This work was also introduced to the English public by M. Pulszky; it is essentially political in its tendency, and having for its main purpose the exposure of the disgraceful abuses under which the peasantry suffered from the local tyranny fostered by the government, throws a useful light upon the system of rural oppression, and class antagonism, so universally cultivated in those remote districts by the policy of Prince Metternich. The moral of that system is pronounced in the fate of its arch-priest, who, after a long lease of impunity, was compelled to fly before the reaction of popular feeling.

Since the publication of the works we have alluded to, others have appeared of still greater value and importance, in which the causes and courses of the campaign are developed with a fulness and clearness of detail that leaves scarcely a single incident of the war in doubt or obscurity. The first of these to which we shall call attention, is a Memoir by General Klapka, one of the most famous of the Magyar heroes, one of the earliest in the field, and the last to leave it. When all was lost, when the Provisional Government had dissolved itself, and Görgey had surrendered his army unconditionally into the hands of the Russians, General Klapka still held the fortress of Komorn, and kept it in the face of the Austrians till he compelled them to accept a capitulation on honourable terms.

To this distinguished man, who, at the age of thirty, has already won a brilliant reputation by his sagacity in council, and his intrepidity in battle, both parties agree in according a high character for integrity and talents. The account which he has given of the war in these volumes is precisely such as might have been looked for from a soldier, a patriot, and a man of letters. It is a close and accurate military narrative, wonderfully touching from its simplicity, and bearing the manly impress of

truth upon every page. We hardly know any better way of describing General Klapka's book in a few words than by saying that it is in all respects the very reverse of that bombastic class of books known as French Memoirs. In this most affecting narrative, there is not a single touch of vanity or exaggeration—it is the plain, onward story of an honest soldier; fact is never sacrificed to effect; there is no inflation in the style, no attempt at concealment or evasion in the statements, no partizanship or spurious enthusiasm in the patriotism; plain sense, honest intentions, great military skill, unflinching courage, and an intimate knowledge of the subject are its predominant qualities.

General Klapka does not trace the war to recent circumstances. He is too well acquainted with the history of his country to commit such an error. The grievances of Hungary are of three hundred years standing, and the indictment against the House of Hapsburg covers a long roll of hereditary injustice, transmitted with accumulating interest from one sovereign to another. The outbreak of popular revolutions in other countries, spreading at last to the streets of Vienna, and showing, in the death of Latour and the flight of Metternich, the fury of long-suppressed discontents, even under the walls of that palace where the paternal despotism was always supposed to be secure, awakened a terror in the Austrian cabinet which forced them, for a moment, to dissemble an interest in the complaints of Hungary. Had they listened earlier to Kossuth's warnings, all the bloodshed that followed might have been spared; had they been sincere in the concessions which they granted at last, but never meant to confirm, that frightful civil war might have been averted; had they not acted treacherously with reference to Jellachich, and, after denouncing him as a traitor, punished him for his treason, instead of using him as a tool to decoy the Hungarians into the field; the policy of a constitutional experiment might have been tried with honour and advantage to the empire at large. But the perfidy of Austria, at a crisis when Western Europe was vindicating the principles of civil and religious liberty throughout its length and breadth, left no choice to the Magyars. It was not of their own will they entered upon the campaign; still less was it a revolution against the sovereign authority for the purpose of substituting any other form of government. In fact it was no revolution at all, in the ordinary acceptation of the term; it was literally an armament for self-defence, to preserve the rights which, after ages of misrule, they had recently recovered; and when they were denounced as "rebels" by such men as Windischgratz and Haynau, the proud indignation with which the whole country flung back the term affords the strongest possible proof of the true character of the movement.

The immediate circumstances in which the war had its origin may be briefly described. The peasantry were borne down by urbarial burthens, and the country was fraudulently taxed for the benefit of the German provinces. Its industry and commerce had long been sinking under the pressure. The Estates demanded an account of the income and expenditure, but never could obtain it. They then devoted themselves to the advocacy of a measure which should abolish the feudal system, establish the legal equality of the people, and give to every citizen the right of acquiring and holding property. This step in the progress of reform was urged as constitutionally in Parliament as any common measure of necessary improvement would be advocated in

England. In 1847, the peasantry were emancipated. In March 1848, a legal and distinct constitution was granted to Hungary, by which, for the first time, under the Austrian rule, she obtained a ministry of her own, with full powers to manage her own affairs. This constitution developed no new rights—it was nothing more than the re-establishment of her ancient and inalienable liberties, recognized in the coronation oath, and guaranteed, but hitherto always withheld, by the Hapsburg dynasty.

With an independent ministry it was no longer to be supposed that Hungary would submit to an extortionate and one-sided tariff; that she would consent to see her industrial resources swept away to swell the secret-service chest of Francis and Metternich, or that she would allow herself to be oppressed and beggared by the state-debt of Austria. She accordingly set herself assiduously to the task of internal improvement. The army was sworn under the constitution, and was at the command of the Parliament; the country, through all its races and divisions, was safe. How came the spirit of Austrian intrigue to undermine and demolish the very constitution the Emperor himself had granted? Serbia, which had been lifted by the new order of things from a condition of barbarous slavery to independence, was first tampered with. It was spread amongst them that Hungary desired to destroy their nationality and religion; and, with the secret help and countenance of Austria, an outbreak was brought about, and the Magyars found themselves at once involved in a border war. The Ban of Croatia next rose in arms, and was at first declared a traitor by Austria; but the real nature of the imperial conspiracy was soon made apparent when the "traitor" Jellachich was found fighting side by side with the Austrians, who, throwing off the mask, took the field against the Hungarians for defending those liberties which Austria herself had so recently ratified in the most formal manner. The case is very intelligible. Austria granted a Constitution to Hungary because she could no longer withhold it with safety; and took the earliest opportunity of annihilating by force what she had yielded to necessity. Free institutions so close in the neighbourhood of Vienna were no doubt to be regarded with apprehension by an absolute government. But the problem is—how long can Austria maintain this absolutism in the face of the growing intelligence of the civilized world?

It appears from General Klapka's narrative of the war that there was a want of cordiality and confidence from the beginning between Görgey and the government. A smothered jealousy existed at a very early period between him and Kossuth. The consequence was that the operations of the campaign were not conducted with unity and decision, although the distracted army enacted wonders under the circumstances. The personal conduct of Görgey was inexplicable. He neglected the most tempting opportunities, adopted the most obviously dangerous courses, would not concentrate his strength, or follow up his successes, although he was implored to do so on all sides, and held a tone of haughtiness and contempt in his communications with the government, which outraged all decorum, and prevented the possibility of co-operation. He wasted time in a way that drew down distrust upon him at a juncture when energy and promptitude might have saved the country; and he obstinately persevered in besieging Buda when he ought to have crossed the frontier and passed into Austria. Had he then acted on the

offensive, Vienna might have been in his hands. Yet, notwithstanding these suspicious proceedings, this wilfulness and indecision, he fought bravely and desperately to the last; and when the order arrived that finally superseded him in the command, he had just achieved a brilliant victory, and left the field with a wound in his head. That order was, undoubtedly, imperative. The salvation of the country depended on it; and the wonder and the blame is that it was not issued long before. When it did come it was too late.

Görgey's character and motives are still involved in mystery. Some of the Hungarian patriots openly denounce him as a traitor. Others hesitate. Nobody can clear up the obscurity. Klapka conjectures that he meditated a dictatorship all along; Kossuth believed him to be a traitor. Time alone will determine how he is to extricate himself from these conflicting accusations. All that is known of him at present is that he is enjoying the luxury of repose and independence at Klagenfurt, while the flower of his brave compatriots have been shot, hung, or ex-patriated.

The position of the Parliament of Hungary during this period resembled, in some points of view—but with an important difference—the position of the English Parliament in the time of the Civil War. In the comparison the former shows at a great disadvantage. It never acquired a complete control of the army. All went well so long as the administration acted in the name of the Imperial government; but from the moment it assumed the functions of a national administration it was perpetually thwarted and embarrassed by men who should have implicitly obeyed its commands. Kossuth, a great orator and an able politician, was deficient in the boldness and decision demanded by the occasion, and being ignorant of military tactics, his plans were not always judicious. How the campaign was carried on so successfully as it was, in spite of the cabals, confusion, and perplexities that impeded the operations of everybody concerned, is marvellous.

Our next contribution to the history of the war is a work published in Germany, where it excited a deep sensation, and now translated into English, and edited by M. Pulsky. The author, Max Schlesinger, we are informed, is an Hungarian by birth, who long ago quitted his native country, first residing at Prague, and afterwards at Berlin. This remarkable work, in which he relates numerous episodes not hitherto made known, unites to the charm of a singularly free and picturesque style, a close familiarity with the modes and customs, the domestic life and institutions of the different races engaged in the struggle, that imparts a living reality to the narrative of facts. Of all the Hungarian memoirs hitherto given to the world, this is likely to be the most popular. It possesses the enchaining interest of a romance; its pictures of the country and the people are full of colour and animation; and the action passes before us with the impressive effect and life-like movement of a highly-wrought drama. In General Klapka's book the military incidents of the war are related with the precision of a soldier;* in Max Schlesinger's work the artist and the historian light up the scene of battle, and show us the costume and gathering of the levies, the mid-night bivouacs, and all the other strange and startling features that

* It is a curious fact that this thoroughly military production, describing sieges, battles, skirmishes, and executions, should issue from the house of a Publisher who is a prominent member of the Peace Society.

especially marked the short and sanguinary campaign. The personal adventures and sketches of character scattered through its pages give it a permanent illustrative value, and being written all throughout in a spirit of earnest responsibility, the particulars it contains, endorsed by the hand of M. Pulsky, may be received with implicit credit.

The reader of any of these books—but especially of this by Max Schleisinger—must be struck by one very remarkable fact which shines out steadily and conspicuously throughout the whole course of the war, from its origin to its close. We allude to the loyalty of the Magyars to their Sovereign. They were arrayed in arms against the Austrian army—yet they avowed, asserted, and *felt*, the sentiment of loyalty to the throne as strongly as the most devoted of its adherents. This looks excessively like a contradiction in terms. It is not so in reality. The Hungarians have always had before them the image of that constitutional liberty which is the tradition of their political faith, and which can exist only in the monarchical form. It was not change they demanded, but restoration. It was not that they wanted to destroy, but to reconstruct. They did not demand any novelties—they were not carried away by any new-fangled theories of liberty, equality, and fraternity—there was nothing vague, illusive, or destructive in their views; what they wanted was simply the re-establishment of their own constitutional form of government to which the Sovereign head was an essential condition. They did not want to drive the Emperor of Austria out of the country, to curtail his authority, or to sap his influence—they only wanted to make him King of Hungary. They did not require him to surrender any of his privileges, but simply to fulfil his duties. They did not ask him to do violence to his Austrian conscience, they only asked him to discharge the obligation of his Hungarian oath. The language held by Kossuth in the Diet, when the news of the Paris Revolution reached Presburg, and when the country was thrown into a state of excitement by that event, is conclusive of the fact, even if we had not abundant confirmations of it in the entire character of the subsequent proceedings. After urging, to quote his exact words, “*in a spirit of warm and faithful attachment to the reigning Dynasty*” the necessity of seeking in constitutional liberty the safety and security of the throne; he proposed an address to the Sovereign in which these sentiments were embodied. “In my proposition,” he said, “I start from the Dynastic point of view, and, thank God, this is in close connexion with the interests of my country * *. I will pass on to a motion which is suggested no less by my faithful attachment to the Dynasty, than by a sense of duty to my country.” The opening words of the address were these: “Your Majesty! Events which have recently transpired impose on us the imperative duty of directing our attention to those exigencies which our fidelity toward the reigning House, the loyal relations of the monarchy at large, and our love for our country prescribe.” The whole address was conceived in the same strain; and after pointing out the only means of consolidating the throne by extending justice to the people, it closed with these words: “On such a basis those intellectual powers would be awakened, and that material welfare be attained, in which your Majesty would find the firmest support of your august House under all imaginable accidents of the future.”

Such was literally the spirit with which the Magyar patriots entered upon the discharge of their labours—and they never relinquished this

view of the question throughout. Two or three men of eccentric opinions, and fond of indulging in abstract crotchets, leaned towards a Republic; but no such doctrine was ever broached publicly, and the individuals who are said to have entertained that tendency fought for constitutional liberty as gallantly as all the rest, merging their peculiar doctrines in the general creed, just as some loose thinkers on the subject of religion conform, for the sake of society, to its ceremonials.

We regret that the limitation of our space precludes us from the pleasure of bringing some of the picturesque passages of this work under the notice of the reader; but he will derive a higher gratification from our abstinence if he goes to the work itself. It is a book not to be laid down till the last page is finished—a book of tearful interest, in which the personal sacrifices of the great tragedy are related with such profound feeling as to wring the heart of the most inveterate enemy of the Magyars. Out of the very manliness of the book speaks a voice of suffering that will reach the remotest corners of Europe, and awaken a response of sympathy to cheer the banished survivors of that unfortunate contest for freedom. Most painful and pathetic is the account which the writer gives us of the Austrian courts-martial, and the revolting executions at Arad. It appeals to the sorrow and indignation of the whole civilized world; and in this, the nineteenth century, an age of rational progress and political enlightenment, reflects indelible shame upon the authorities that sanctioned, and the hands that performed these inhuman and most unnecessary atrocities. Even the Austrian soldiers who, says our author, had for a whole year faced the fire of the Hungarian artillery, when they were brought out to shoot General Kiss, “trembled before their defenceless victim: three separate volleys were fired before he fell—his death struggles lasted full ten minutes.” It is but slight comfort to know that the butcher Haynau, who was elevated to the governorship of Hungary for the sanguinary and demoniac rage he exhibited on these occasions, has been recently degraded from the service he so signally disgraced.

There is one volume more relating to these scenes, which will be read in England with different feelings, but which is deserving of being read, as it assists us to a curious view of the war and the actors in it from an opposite point of sight. It is an anthology of anecdotes, collected on the Austrian side by eye-witnesses, and contains, amongst other varieties, a series of Austrian estimates of the principal Hungarian leaders. Some of these outlines of character are as fair as could have been expected—others are merely extravagant misrepresentations. It is hardly necessary to say that the work is not to be relied upon as a statement of facts. It has not even the tone of authenticity. It is written with a flippancy and superciliousness that will at once put the reader on his guard against the wild and braggart assertions with which it abounds. But it is a curious specimen of the temper with which Austrian writers review these events, and of the false medium through which they examine Hungarian politics. Apart from considerations of a higher kind the volume is entertaining in its sparkling extravagance, and crowded with personal adventures and anecdotes of battle and intrigue which, whatever other effect they may have upon the reader, cannot fail to furnish him with abundant entertainment.

THE AMERICAN SEASONS.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

THERE is nothing to which mankind are so prone as to overlook common objects. The startling, the wonderful have their charms, but usual things are almost entirely disregarded. We have from our earliest remembrance seen the sun "rejoicing like a strong man to run his course," the moon "walking in her brightness," and the stars spreading out their "poetry of heaven." We have so often looked upon the rainbow winging his flight from the west, and lighting with curved pinions upon the cloud, to tell us that the tempest is past; we have so constantly beheld the flower, that frail child of the light and dew looking up in our face with a smile, as if beseeching us not to trample upon it in our ramble, that we attach to these objects but little interest.

Still let us dwell for a space upon the common occurrences of the seasons as we find them in America, and we may possibly find things which (if neither new nor original) yet possess some claim to interest and beauty.

We will suppose ourselves in the commencement of March. The earth is yet covered with the white mantle of Winter, but there is a softening in the air occasionally, which tells us that the chain of the cold monarch is broken. Still is he lingering with us, but with an ear bent as if listening for the footstep of the approaching Spring.

At length a mild grey overspreads the heavens, a light rain falls, and the snow commences to vanish. All around there is a sweet gurgling music from the rills that have started into being, and if the hearing be acute, you will be aware of tinklings as of fairy music beneath the pearly covering which is so rapidly dissolving. The hemlock shakes down its burthen, and the meadow shows its bosom of russet.

At last a warm wind peels off the grey veil from the sky at sunset, and morning brings in a south air so gentle and downy that you are surprised you do not hear the warble of a bird above you, or see the delicate shape of some blossom at your feet.

But again will the black clouds sweep over,—again will the snow stream down, and all the fairy beauty of blue sky and soft sunshine appear like a passing dream. Once more, however, will spring show her sweet face, until the sap which has coiled itself in the roots to sleep, like a bear during the winter, begins to awake and ascend into the tree to pay its compliments to the buds.

But whilst this struggle is progressing between Spring's vanguard month and Winter for the supremacy, April steps in and determines the conflict in favour of its mistress of the green robe and the flowery sandals. Still this month is a weeping, shrinking creature, appearing as if unwilling to undertake, because fearful of her ability to perform, her destined task. The sunshine and streaks of rain frequently make braids in the air, and the cloud does not more than show its black plume, e'er the rainbow comes flashing out, and kindles up the sky like the ladder in Jacob's vision. The grass begins to spread its green carpet, and the buds, unlike sappy heads in general, are displaying

great promise of something within them. At length, on some beautiful morning, we hear with a thrill of pleasure the sweet carol of the blue bird amongst the trees, as if commissioned to tell them that Spring is indeed here, and that the little violet has sprung up at their roots, to show it was high time for their buds to open. And the trees "take the hint." The birch hangs itself over with tassels, like the mantle of an Indian sachem,—the maple breaks out into a crimson glow, like a cloud at sunset,—the beech shows at the tips of its sprays down as soft and glossy as the breast of the cygnet,—and the wild cherry displays its banner white as the coat of the ermine. The shadbush has been for sometime scattered along the sides of the dark glens and hollows, as if Winter in his retreat had dropped patches of snow there, and the wind flower has kept it company with its little wreath of silver in the paths of the forest, whilst a slight perfume upon the air tells you that the tender sprout of the Winter green has just pushed aside the dead leaf of the last Autumn that had fallen over the spot of its birth.

The clink of the farmer's hammer is now heard about his fences, his whistle sounds as he drives his flock and herd to feed upon the rising pastures, or his loud call echoes as he guides his plough through the greensward, leaving behind him rows of tawny furrows.

By and by the pleasant sound of the dropping seed is heard in the fields, like the fine patterings of a shower upon water, growing quicker, as great dun streaks on the distant horizon tell that April's tears are forthcoming. The grain is all this time rising higher and higher, and at length the strengthening sun brings us the last of the spring trio, delightful May.

The fringes of the maple by this time lie like live coals upon the forest earth, the birch has dropped its brown tassels upon its roots, and the fine down of the beech has floated through the air like the white stars of the thistle. In place of these, young leaves are spotted over the boughs, springing as it were out in a day, and expanding with the passing hours.

The fruit trees now break out into a perfect glory of fragrant blossom, each tree resounding like a harp with the low monotone of the honey-bees. There is a perfect jubilee of flowers also over the earth, as though a multitude of gems had been scattered around, all uttering their language of joy to man, and praise to God. The birds too have all made their appearance. The warble of the robin is heard from the apple tree, the wren chatters as busily as a village gossip from roof to roof, the tap of the woodpecker is constantly sounding like the house-builder's hammer in a thriving village, whilst the drum of the partridge is heard as pertinaciously as that of the corporal and his file in search of recruits. At last the fruit trees manufacture mimic snow storms underneath their branches, and May stands forth in full growth with flowers at her feet, green boughs upon her head, and a mantle completely enveloping her bosom of the richest and brightest emerald.

Human life hath also its infancy as have the seasons. It hath its scarce formed elements of mind and body; its promises, which merely show what will be; it is in the March of its existence.

Childhood, like April, then succeeds; the tear is chased away by the smile—the voice has broken into language—the mind bears its first few flowers of intelligence, and everything indicates that the soul is waking, whilst the heart is being rapidly developed. Then are the seeds of instruction dropped within the mind, to bear their fruits

in due season, and the fringes, tassels, and down of the faculties be-taken the future glory of their leaves.

The May of youth then steps in, the heart and the intellect are still developing, and at last the threshold of manhood is reached, with the physical stature fully reared, and the moral nature showing what the man will most probably be in the future stages of life.

June—the beautiful first-born of summer—is, in our circuit, now brightening the earth and the heavens. The oak, that laggard of our forests, has put on his coronet of foliage, and one pomp of green is spread over the woodlands. Amidst it, however, are later blossoms than those of the spring-tide. The chestnut has braids of gold scattered over its dark dome of leaves, the basswood and whitewood are spangled with yellow flowers, and the dogwood lifts at its summit a diadem of gauzy silver, whilst all around, in the glens, dingles, and glades, the laurel has burst into great nosegays of splendid blossoms swinging over the brooks, lighting up the shadowy coverts, and making the mountains blaze out into one universal floral smile.

The golden chalices of the water-lilies are strewed over the shallows of the ponds, frequently palpitating to the passage of the canoe or skiff which the angler urges amongst them in search of the speckled trout or hungry pike. The wild brooks are also visited by the lovers of the rod, who drop their lines in the sparkling rifts or deep black pools that coil themselves amidst the roots of the alders and willows.

And how beautifully morning lifts her bright lids during this enchanting season! How the first grey dreamy light trembles along the air, making the stars disappear one by one, until the east is kindled into the tints of the rainbow! How the colours stream up and out, spreading into the heavens, and glowing more and more intensely, until a flash appears, and at last, amidst the gorgeous hues of the clouds, and the general gladness of nature, up rolls the sun.

And the blue calm noontide, how lovely! The white clouds are asleep in the sky, like snowy sails in a breathless ocean, and the earth basks in the rich yellow sunlight. In the garden walks there is a profusion of roses luring the wandering bees and butterflies to them; and behold that feathered spangle, the humming bird, darting like thought from flower to flower, and thrusting its little needle-like bill into the perfumed goblets, as if to taste every drop of the golden wine that is hidden within.

But the shadows begin to creep out from under the trees, and the long slanting light tells us that the day is drawing to its close.

The sunsets of this month possess not the gorgeousness of those belonging to Autumn. The rich crimson and the lustrous purple are wanting, but instead, they have a pure transparent beauty, a fine gold melting up into a clear pearly grey, with sometimes the young crescent moon stealing forth with a timid air, like beautiful girlhood just stepping upon the arena of existence.

July now salutes us. Noon blazes over the earth; there is a constant glimmer of fierce heat in the atmosphere, dancing over the fields and tree-tops; the peaked clouds are like piles of brass, and all nature seems as if fainting with lassitude. The aspen flickers occasionally, and the broad leaf of the maple now and then turns over, but the rest of the woodland seems cut in rock. The cattle are standing in the dark cool basins of the stream lashing off the insects, and the flock has sought the highest hills and ledges, panting to catch the air.

Suddenly a deep distant growl is heard in the heavens, and, glancing up, you see the black point of the thunder-cloud which is coming to claim dominion over the sky.

A few minutes succeed—the lightning glitters—the growl has become a roar and crash—the cloud is overhead—it swallows the sun—the horizon is obscured, and, at last making the trees writhe and toss, and fall nearly upon their faces, on speeds the mighty blast. A few great drops fall as if they were tears wrung from the affrighted day, then come a blinding flash and fearful roar, and, like the fall of a torrent, down tumbles the ponderous rain. Now the storm is at its height. How the lightning darts and wavers and cuts athwart the eye-sight! How the thunder bounds with a roar across the sky like a wild beast let loose from his den! how the blast dashes and drives on! how the rain is whirled into a fine mist and smokes along—the *Camilla* of the tempest—pursued even by the furious wind.

At last the tumult ceases, the clouds are rent asunder, the sun bursts out, the rainbow gleams forth like hope in the season of sorrow, the light winds shake down diamonds from the trees, the birds sing in full chorus, and all is pure and fragrant quiet, bright and golden beauty.

Now smiles the glad month of the reaper, plenteous August. There is a flashing of scythes—the lightening of the fields all around—there is a pleasant cutting rustling sound in the meadows as the grass falls—the maize lifts its tall stalk furnished with green bandrols like a lancer's spear, and hangs out its silken fringes like a dragoon's helmet, whilst the blossomed buckwheat makes the air delicious with its odours.

How gladly the tired harvester, as the first star glitters like a diamond on the forehead of the west, shoulders his scythe, and hastens homeward through the glimmering twilight. Hark! it is the merry laugh of his little child who is bounding forth to meet him as a turn in the footpath brings him to his home, and instantly that little hand is linked in his, and that lisping voice is prattling in his ear. As the door swings open, his wife is there to greet him with her smile that immediately transmutes, like a fairy charm, the humble cottage into the very palace of content. His arm-chair is his throne—love and obedience are his subjects—he is the monarch of a realm of happiness.

And the harvest moonlight, how beautiful! There walks the superb queen of night in her azure kingdom whilst her broad silver mantle flows down to and spreads over the earth. Several stars are around her, the pages of her court, one heralding her way with his sparkling torch, whilst there are two others following, doubtless engaged in holding her train.

How she turns into white splendour the lull'd water! How she makes the leaves flash out with a pearly brilliance! The most common objects are invested with a lovely garb, and the distant landscape is touched with a tender and romantic interest. All around there breathes a peace—a sweet, holy peace; the passions are stilled, the heart is lifted, joy is sobered, sorrow is chastened, prayer takes possession of the soul, for the solemn heavens and the brightened earth are full, deeply full of God.

The June of mankind is probably the most happy, as undoubtedly it is the most radiant period of life. The faculties, the fresh green leaves of the former blossoms, have now become expanded. There are a

few bright flowers of boyhood's feeling yet lingering, giving a grace and beauty to the thoughts of the man—beautiful and fragrant as the summer blossoms of the whitewood and chestnut, whilst all around his path, shedding a glory over existence, the laurels of distinction show their splendid bloom to his hopes. Love, too, at this season lights her purple torch, and thus on the altar of his heart is kindled a flame which brightens his future course with pure undying lustre.

As man advances deeper in the pathway of being—as the July sun of his life beats upon him—the fierce heat and burthen of the day is to be borne, and frequently there come across him a lassitude and weariness when his energies would gladly retreat to the cool shadowy nooks of life, but the fierce storm of circumstances rises to startle him from his repose, the lightning and thunder of adversity gleam and crash around him, the blasts and rains of sorrow dash upon him, and his nature is convulsed to its very centre in struggling against the fury of the tempest. But again does the sun of joy and prosperity beam out,—again glitters the rainbow of glad anticipation, and existence smiles once more around him in its freshened beauty.

In the later period of his manhood, in his August prime, the fruits of what he has sown in his early years begin to ripen. Knowledge spreads her stores, sober experience stands by his side, calm deep wisdom of men and things sways his actions, his ambition has become chastened, hope no longer sheds her deceitful glow over all things, but in her stead is a wise calculation of future chances—disappointment does not prostrate his energies, but, on the contrary, there is a cheerful acquiescence to whatever comes to pass, and a reasonable expectation that the future may have something more favourable laid up in its mysterious depths for him—that the ever-revolving wheel of fortune, or, rather, the never-ceasing round of God's allwise providence may vouchsafe to him joy and prosperity on the morrow to compensate the sorrow and adversity of to-day if he resigns himself to the righteous will of Him who "doeth all things well:" in short, it is in the August of life that the man, the true noble man—man as God destined him to be, and whom in heaven the angels will hail as brother, towers up into the real elevation of his nature, if he ever does attain in this life that exalted summit.

At times, also, amidst the cares, toils, and distractions of existence, there beams around the wise and virtuous man a pure sweet moonlight of felicity, when his being seems but a reflection of that which he shall enjoy in heaven, in that glorious realm where all care and sorrow shall be swept away, and where the weary soul, like the babe upon the bosom of its mother, shall repose in full faith and security upon God.

And now September, the first of the three parts of that sermon which Nature annually preaches to man, is here. The hazy heat has dissolved from the sky which glows in its witchery of blue—the clouds are soft and silvery, but there is a slight tint of change over the leaves of the woodland—the first token of Autumn. That practical Pythagorean, the hoblink, has now departed, to be transformed to the ortolan of Maryland, and the brown rice-bird of the Carolinas, the wedge of the wild-geese, begins to be seen with its point directed from the northern lakes towards southern skies, the yellow-bird darts up hill and down through the clear atmosphere, whilst the crow, which always seems to hold its congress in Autumn, commences, politician that he is,

to make the groves echo with his wise solemn interminable tones, addressed to the "dear people," his fellow-crows, with the difficulty, however, against him that they are talking all the while as busily as he is.

The purple hues of the aster now gleam in the forest glens—the golden rod curls over its rich plumes of yellow, the crimson apples of the thorn-tree are dropped upon the grass, the whortleberry crouches with its blue misty fruit in the sterile "barrens," and the blackberry, with its glittering cones, like fairy beehives, chambers along the fences, whilst the plum and peach glow overhead, the thistle sends its stars to float like winged creatures upon the breeze, the burr of the chestnut is changing to light brown, the braid of the mouline shows its flowers, whilst, forerunners of the October tints, there are spots of crimson scattered along the edges of the oak, and the beech displays, here and there, amidst its green, a leaf of brilliant gold.

Thick amongst the shorn grass of the meadow are stretched from grass-tip to grass-tip the white threads of gossamer, until the whole space is covered with a web upon which the dews of the morning flash, like the pinions of the bee, humming-bird, or hues upon changeable silk or (what are as splendid) the fancies of Tennyson's poetry.

The most interesting and beautiful incident in natural history, occurring in this month, is the labour of the field-spider. Gluing one end of his slender thread to some shrub, he launches himself forward upon the other, until he strikes the opposite twig where he fastens his little silver railroad to glitter in the sun; or he detaches it altogether, and, taking advantage of some passing breeze, trusts his brown frame to his delicate parachute, and is wafted through the air, like the Chapel of Loretto to the desired spot, and there he "locates" his downy cabin as does the American settler far from the place of his former labours.

October succeeds; and now occurs the gala-show—the very carnival of the seasons. A stern black frost comes some chilly night, and the morning sun looks upon a splendid pageant. The whole forest is in one blaze of glory. A thousand rainbows—a thousand sunsets seem to have melted upon them until the splendid scene appears the very garden of Aladdin, where the topaz, the sapphire, the amethyst, and the ruby vied with each other in their glittering colours. The maple is in a flush of scarlet, the oak is swathed in the imperial purple of the Cæsars, the birch flaunts out with its golden banner, the beech has the orange tint of the sky just over the spot where the sun sinks, the pine still lifts its changeless plume of green, meet emblem of fidelity in a faithless world, whilst a multitude of tints are upon the plants and bushes as if the leafy gems on the branches above had flushed their superb hues beneath them.

But now the fierce Autumn wind is let loose, and the air is darkened with the flying leaves, whirling here and scattering there, until the paths of the forest are covered with their scar and withered heaps, and with a leaden eye and tearful cheek, November steals along as if mourning over this decay of nature.

But amidst her gloom, like a sweet tone of love mid the harsh accents of wrath—like one hope that remains when all others have fled—or like the fortitude of woman when life has been withered into a desert, and the boasted courage of man has departed—the beautiful Indian summer glides upon the scene. A purple haze is mingled with the

azure of the sky—purple smoke glimmers over the earth—the sun is like a great moon in the heavens, and his light falls upon the earth in red and timid hue. The bark of the squirrel is heard as the ripe nuts of the forest click upon the dead leaves in dropping, the most distant sounds are borne to the ear, and the whole landscape is one soft and lovely picture, in which all the rich colouring and deep shadows and bright lights are shaded and toned down by that matchless artist, Nature, into a harmony of tempered and subdued beauty.

In the September of life we feel the change that steals gradually over our habits and feeling. The first grey shadow of advancing time creeps upon our path—the excitement and consequent reaction of our vigorous manhood are past, together it may be with the wild gusts of passion and sorrow, and a clearer beauty falls upon our being. Still do our years press on, and we come to the October of our days, when the fruits of our early labours are gathered. Perchance then, when the energies of our existence are decaying, and we are approaching the grave, the goal of our ambition may be reached; suddenly our life may blaze out into the pomp and glory of wealth, fame, or power, but alas! there is a warning voice even then for ever whispering in our ear “beware!”

“All that’s bright must fade!”

The most beautiful portion of a truly good man’s life however is, when the leaves of his ambition and worldly hopes and aspirations have fallen, and a calm, mild, peaceful serenity spreads its Indian summer hush over his existence. His sun glows with a tempered radiance—a holy quiet broods around him—the soft light of good deeds sleeps upon his daily walk—and although the haze of old age mingles with his horizon and glimmers on his path, he is cheered with the consciousness of integrity and virtue, and he awaits the period when his life will glide like a calm river into the ocean of eternity.

There is an interest and charm surrounding Autumn which no other season possesses. It is the season of memory—tender, chastened, softened memory—when the mind is directed backward upon the past, and the heart communes deeply with itself. Spring, that season of hope, the very reverse of Autumn, when Nature awakening from her winter torpor with the song of the blue-bird upon her tongue, and her hand full of breathing violets—aweeet, joyous Spring has departed. Summer with her roses has given us her brief presence, and likewise gone in the eternal system of change, “which is the order of the universe.”

Winter now “rules the scene.” But to this cold dreary season there are few phases—a cold monotony takes possession of Nature. Still there are some points of interest which should not pass unnoticed.

The sweet Indian summer may be lingering and kissing with its bland breath the forehead of December, when, towards the close of the shortened day, a leaden bank of clouds rises from the south-west, whilst the snowbirds are twittering around our dwellings, as if forewarning us of a change.

Presently the sullen covering is drawn over the sky like a grey blanket, and a few flakes flutter along the harsh cutting air. The flakes soon thicken until they stream down in dense columns upon the earth, which momentarily whitens. Then the black night strides over the scene, and the morning dawns with a fierce wind. How the bitter blast rushes from the north-west! how it howls and shrieks in its

fury ! how it whirls up the snow into clouds, or drives it along like the spray of a tossing ocean ! how the forests groan and rock and sway, as if in agony, and how the summits of the distant hills seem to reel and stagger as the snow flies over them !

But the tempest wails and sobb itself into repose, and the wild struggling landscape at last is still. The earth is wrapped in its soft mantle of ermine, here ruffled up in great wreaths, and there streaming out like the surges of some pearly sea. Here are edges brushed to a delicate fineness — here basins scooped beautifully out, and there are domes smoothly rounded as if by the hand of an architect. All is pure bright, and quiet beauty.

January follows ; and a clear cold day shines upon the earth. The sky is blue as steel, and sparkles with cold, and the dark smooth ice spreads like a polished mirror amidst a landscape of ivory. Then how the merry skater launches away upon his gleaming path, the trees appearing to skim past him in a contrary direction ! how the pulse leaps and the blood glows, and how every sinew is strung to high and vigorous life ! whilst the gladdening sleigh-bells ring a joyous chorus o'er the beaten snow upon the shores.

Then comes February, and with it a mild air and fine rain that freezes however as it falls. As the morning sun rises a magical scene is presented. The leafless trees stretch out their branches even to the minutest twigs as if they had been carved from silver ; the hemlock is covered with a rich gleaming glaze, every roof flashes back the sun from its polished coat, whilst the wide landscape around is blazing in smooth armour to the cloudless but heartless light. All over, too, are a million of dancing atoms in rainbow colouring like the hues that glitter and chase each other along the threads of the gossamer.

And the winter night, how full of quiet peace and household content it is ! The wide blaze goes crackling and sparkling up the spacious chimney, casting its red light upon chairs and tables, soft carpet and drawn curtain, and making fantastic shadows stream and waver upon the walls. In the warmest nook of the fireplace sits the venerable grandsire, the flame bathing his snowy head, and, clustering around him, are vigorous manhood, lovely matronage, smiling youth, and innocent childhood.

As our linked round of the seasons is brought to a close let us, with reference to them, in the language of Thomson, Nature's secretary, exclaim—

“ These as they change, Almighty Father ! these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee,

• • • • •
Come then, expressive Silence, muse His praise.”

THE SIEGE OF VENICE.*

THE attempts of the Italians, in 1848-49, to overthrow the power of the Austrians—the success which at first crowned these attempts—the fatal distrust which withheld support from Charles Albert, and the final triumph of Radetzky and the Austrians, are already becoming matters of history. Want of union, always the curse of Italy since the decline of the Roman empire, was on this occasion the sole cause of the triumph of the Austrians. An Italian born in the fair city of Florence styles himself a Florentine; the inhabitant of sunny Naples calls himself a Neapolitan; the descendants of the merchant princes of Venice, justly proud of their lovely city, speak of themselves as Venetians; whilst the stern native of the Eternal City owns only the name of Roman. No man says "I am an ITALIAN."

Before the French Revolution of 1848, symptoms of another revolution in Italy became apparent. In January of that year, the Austrian Government in Venice took the alarm, and proceeded to extremities by arresting a man of the name of Manin, who had made himself obnoxious by the presentation of a petition, on the 21st of December, 1847. This man, not related to the last Doge of Venice, but obscure in origin, afterwards became President of the Republic of Venice.

When the arrest of Manin was known, people began to assemble on St. Mark's Place, and the crowd rapidly increased; papers appeared in different parts of the city, styling Pius IX. the Saviour of Italy; these placards were pulled down by the police, but they reappeared immediately. The troops were called out, and fired, but little mischief was done, for the people were unarmed, and not as yet prepared for resistance. The excitement continued to increase until the 17th of March, when the people forced the doors of the prison in which Manin was confined, and carrying him on their shoulders, bore him in triumph to St. Mark's Place. It would have been to the honour of the Republicans had they confined themselves to the work of achieving their freedom, but heated by their triumph, they sullied a fair cause by the dastardly murder of Marinovik.

The incompetency of the military governor Zichy completed the overthrow of the Austrian power in Venice. Zichy resigned his office and embarked with his troops for Trieste, and the Venetians, intoxicated with their triumph, surrounded Manin, who was proclaiming the Republic. From St. Mark's to the Rialto there was but one cry, *Viva la Repubblica Veneta*. So far the Republicans prospered, but in Paris and Vienna they had not learnt to use their victory with moderation, and the excesses to which they went worked their defeat. The first day of reaction was the 10th of April, and in Paris the excitement was intense to know the result of republican propagandism in England. On the 16th of May occurred the second triumph of reaction in Paris, and a few days afterwards the Austrians were in a condition to threaten the blockade of Venice.

On the evening of the 13th of June, 1848, General Pepe landed in Venice, and was hailed with acclamations by the Venetians, who clung

* Narrative of Scenes and Events in Italy, from 1847 to 1849. By Lieutenant-General Pepe. 2 vols. Colburn

to him, calling him their deliverer. He was immediately appointed Commander-in-Chief of all the land-forces, and at once commenced the formation of a camp. For some time Venice was left in peace, and the troops under Ferrari and others made occasional sorties until the end of July, when the disastrous news arrived that the Austrian army had driven back the Piedmontese beyond the line of the Mincio, and were preparing to attack Milan, which had been deserted by Charles Albert. The King of Sardinia was compelled to abandon Venice, its port and territory, and the ardour of the Venetians, damped by long delay, was in danger of being wholly extinguished by this new disaster. And now began the sufferings of the Venetians; Venice was besieged by land and by sea, disease carried off hundreds, and provisions became scanty. Haynau, fresh from his atrocities at Brescia, summoned Venice to surrender, but the Venetians unanimously resolved on resistance at all hazards.

The Austrians now began to send up fire-balloons, to which were attached grenades charged with combustible matter. Many of these dropped harmlessly into the waters of the Lagoon. The Venetian navy, incompetently commanded, was worse than useless, and became eventually the ruin of Venice by deserting, and by these means admitting the Austrian fleet to a closer blockade of the city.

On the 4th of May, 1849, the Austrians commenced seriously to bombard the city, and continued the attack for seven hours, until night-time. They scourged the country with the view of depriving Venice of her resources. But nothing now served to daunt the spirit of the Venetians, they had resolved upon resistance, and had the other states of Italy been true to her, she would have undoubtedly regained her freedom. The railway-bridge which connected Venice with the mainland, and which had been built at an enormous expense, was partly destroyed by the Republicans, so as to cut off any approach from the mainland. Had the fleet been true, there were still hopes for the city. Even after the horrors at Brescia, the surrender of Milan, and the entry of the French into Rome, the Venetians defended themselves with a bravery which excited the liveliest hopes here that they would be successful.

In June the stores began to fail, and the Venetian artillery complained of a scarcity of gunpowder. In the mean time affairs in Hungary were progressing favourably for Kossuth and the Hungarians, and this circumstance induced the Court of Vienna to open a negotiation with Venice, but as the Venetians would listen to no terms, save to those which freed them from the German, the negotiation soon came to an end. The Austrians recommenced the attack, and at the end of June, Lieut.-Colonel Rosaroll received a mortal wound whilst directing the artillery. These accumulated disasters only added fresh determination to the brave Venetians. Fever, and the enemy's fire, diminished their ranks, but not their courage. The famine was becoming more terrible, and General Pepe himself sent four carriage-horses to the butcher. At the end of July, the Austrians, successful elsewhere, were enabled to bring fresh guns to the contest, and missiles of all sorts were hurled into the devoted city. The cholera kept steadily progressing, and its victims were daily increased. Siege, famine, and cholera!

Still was there no cry for peace; in Venice itself, at least, there was no disunion. One bomb entered the gallery of pictures, and traversed the room, containing some of the noblest pictures of Paul Veronese.

Another entered the theatre, La Fenice; many entered the private houses, but there was only one fear in Venice, lest the government should make peace! Venice was now wholly abandoned to its own resources, and the people cheerfully endured every suffering. One hundred and fifty persons, at least, died daily of the cholera, which was rendered more fearful by the food which they were compelled to eat. Still they returned shot for shot, and the women of Venice, not more celebrated for their beauty than for their bravery, cheered on the drooping and the dispirited. At last the bread wholly failed, as did also the gunpowder, and Manin left the government in the hands of the municipality. When it was found that all further resistance was unavailing, the Venetians consented to an honourable capitulation; and so fell Venice, not from any want of brave defenders, but for want of the actual materials of war.

General Pepe quitted Venice on the 25th of August, 1849. His work recently published is not without value, as containing documents not before given to the world. He is, however, a better patriot and soldier than writer; there is a want of lucid arrangement in his account, which loses much of its interest from this circumstance, and from an unpleasant dash of egotism. These, however, are faults which are not worthy to be remembered in the career of a man, who has spent his whole life in the service of his country.

GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH THE MEDICINES.

THE LIFE OF A LOUISIANA "SWAMP DOCTOR."

"Now, Mr. Tensas," said my kind preceptor, a few days after I had got regularly installed in the office, "your first duty must be to get acquainted with the different medicines. This is a Dispensatory—as you read of a drug, you will find the majority mentioned on the shelves, take it down and digest"—here, unfortunately for the peace of mind and general welfare of a loafing Indian, who hung continually around the office, seeking what he might devour, or rather steal, the doctor was called away in a great hurry, and had not time to finish his sentence, so "take it down and digest," were the last words that remained in my mind. "Take it down and digest." By the father of physic, thought I, this study of medicine is not the pleasant task I anticipated—rather arduous in the long run for the stomach, I should judge, to swallow and digest all the medicines, from Abracadabra to Zinzibar. Why, some of them are vomits, and I'd like to know how they are to be kept down long enough to be digested. Now, as for tamarinds, or liquorice, or white sugar, I might go them, but aloes, and rhubarb, and castor-oil, and running your finger down your throat, are rather disagreeable any way you can take them. I'm in for it; though I suppose it's the way all doctors are made, and I have no claims to be exempted; and now for the big book with the long name.

I opened it upon a list of the metals. Leading them in the order that alphabetical arrangement entitled it to, was, "*Arsenic: deadly poison.* Best preparation, Fowler's Solution. Symptoms from an overdose, burning in the stomach, great thirst, excessive vomiting," &c. With eyes distended to their utmost capacity, I read the dread enumeration of its properties. What! take this infernal medicament down, digest it, and run the chances of its not being an overdose? Can't think of it a moment. I'll go back to my plough first; but then the doctor knew all the dangers when he gave his directions, and he was so precise and particular, there cannot be any mistake. I'll take a look at it anyhow, and I hunted it up. As the Dispensary preferred Fowler's Solution, I selected it. Expecting to find but a small quantity, I was somewhat surprised when I discovered it in a four-gallon bottle, nearly full. I took out the stopper, and applied it cautiously to my nose. Had it not been for the label, bearing, in addition to the name, the fearful word "*Poison,*" and the ominous skull and cross-bones, I would have sworn it was good old Bourbon whiskey. Old Tubba, the Indian, was sitting in the office door, watching my proceedings with a great deal of interest. Catching the spirituous odour of the arsenical solution, he rose up and approached me eagerly, saying, "Ugh; Injun want whiskey; give Tubba whiskey; bring wild duck, so many," holding up two of his fingers. The temptation was strong, I must confess. The medicines had to be tested, and I felt very much disinclined to depart this life just then, when the pin feathers of science had just commenced displacing the soft down of ducklingdom; but this Indian, he is of no earthly account or use to any one; no one would miss him, even were he to take an overdose; science often has demanded sacrifices, and he would be a willing one; but—it may kill him; I can't do it; to kill a man before I get my diploma will be murder; a jury might not so pronounce it, but conscience would; I can't swallow it, and Tubba must not. These were the thoughts that flashed through my mind before I replied to the Indian's request. "Indian can't have whiskey. Tubba drink whiskey, Tubba do so." Here I endeavoured to go through the pantomime of dying, as I was not master of sufficient Choctaw to explain myself. I lifted a glass to my mouth and pretended to empty it, then gave a short yell, clapping my hands over my stomach, staggering, jerking my hands and feet about, as I fell on the floor, repeating the yells, then turned on my face and lay still as though I was dead. But to my chagrin, all this did not seem to affect the Indian with that horror that I intended, but, on the contrary, he grunted out a series of ughs, expressive of his satisfaction, saying, "Ugh; Tubba want get drunk too."

The dinner hour arriving, I dismissed old Tubba, and arranging my toilet, walked up to the dwelling-house, near half a mile distant, where I was detained several hours by the presence of company, to whom I was forced to do the honours, the doctor not having returned.

At length, I got released, and returned to the office, resolving to suspend my studies until I could have a talk with my preceptor; for, even on my ignorant mind, the shadow of a doubt was falling as to whether there might not be some mistake in my understanding of his language.

Entering the office, my eyes involuntarily sought the Solution of Arsenic. Father of purges and pukes, it was gone! "Tubba,

you're a gone case. I ought to have hidden it. I might have known he would steal it after smelling the whiskey; poor fellow! it's no use to try and hind him, he's struck a straight line for the swamp; poor fellow! it's all my fault." Thus upbraiding myself for my carelessness, I walked back into my bed-room. And my astonishment may be imagined, when I discovered the filthy Indian tucked in nicely between my clean sheets.

To all appearances he was in a desperate condition, the fatal bottle lying hugged closely in his embrace, nearly empty. He must be suffering awfully, thought I, when humanity had triumphed over the indignation I felt at the liberties he had taken, but, Indian-like, he bears it without a groan. Well have his race been called "the stoics of the wood, the men without a tear." But I must not let him die without an effort to save him. I don't know what to do myself, so I'll call in Dr. B.; and away I posted, but Dr. B. was absent, so was Dr. L., and, in fact, every physician of the town. Each office, however, contained one or more students; and as half a loaf is better than no bread, I speedily informed them of the condition of affairs; and quickly, like a flock of young vultures, we were thronging around the poisoned Indian.

"Stomach-pump eo instanti!" said one; "Sulphas Zinci cum Detraction Tabacum!" said another; "Venesection!" suggested a third; "Puke of Lobelia!" suggested a young disciple of Thompson, who self-invited had joined the conclave; "Lobelia. Number six, pepper-tea, yaller powders, I say!" "Turn him out! Turn him out! What right has young Roots in a medical consultation? Turn him out!" and heels over head, out of the room, through the middle door, and down the office steps, went "young Roots," impelled by the whole body of the enraged "regulars"—save myself, who, determined amidst the array of medical lore not to appear ignorant, wisely held my tongue and rubbed the patient's feet with a greased rug. Again arose the jargon of voices.

"Sulphas Zinci—Stomach, Arteri, pump,otomy—must—legs—hot-toddy—to bleed him—lectricity—hot blister—flat-irons—open his—windpipe;" but still I said never a word, but rubbed his feet, wondering whether I should ever acquire as much knowledge as my fellow-students showed the possession of. By the by, I was the only one that was doing anything for the patient, the others being too busy discussing the case to attend to the administration of any one of the remedies proposed.

"I may stimulate, the system is sinking," screamed a tall, stout-looking student, as the Indian slid down towards the foot of the bed.

"Bleeding is manifestly and clearly indicated," retorted a bitter rival in love as well as medicine; "his muscular action is too excessive,"—as Tubba made an ineffectual effort to throw his body up to the top of the mosquito-bar.

"Bleeding would be as good as murder," said Number 1.

"Better cut his throat than stimulate him," said Number 2.

"Pshaw!"

"Fudge!"

"Sir!"

"Fellow!"

"Fool!"

"Liar!"

Vim! Vim! and stomach-pump and brandy-bottle flashed like mirrors.

"Fight! fight! form a ring! fair play!"

"You're holding my friend."

"You he! you rascal!"

Vim! Vim! from a new brace of combatants.

"He's gouging my brother! I must help! foul play!"

"Let go my hair!" Vim! Vim! and a triplet went at it.

"I stopped rubbing, and looked on with amazement. "Gentlemen, this is unprofessional! 'tis undignified! 'tis disgraceful! stop, I command you!" I yelled, but no one regarded me; some one struck me, and away I pitched into the whole lot promiscuously, having no partner, the patient dying on the bed whilst we were studying out his case.

"Fight! fight!" I heard yelled in the street, as I had finished giving a lick all round, and could hardly keep pitching into the mirror to whip my reflection, I wanted a fight so bad.

"Fight! fight! in D——'s back office!" and here came the whole town to see the fun.

"I command the peace!" yelled Dick Locks; "I'm the mayor."

"And I'm the boss for you!" screamed I, doubling him up with a lick in the stomach, which he replied to by laying me on my back, feeling very faint, in the opposite corner of the room.

"I command the peace!" continued Dick, flinging one of the combatants out of the window, another out of the door, and so on alternately, until the peace was preserved by nearly breaking its infringers to pieces.

"What the devil, Mr. Tensas, does this mean?" said my preceptor, who at that moment came in; "what does all this fighting, and that drunken Indian lying in your bed, mean? have you all been drunk?"

"He has poisoned himself, sir, in my absence, with the solution of arsenic, which he took for whiskey; and as all the doctors were out of town, I called in the students, and they got to fighting over him whilst consulting," I replied, very indignantly, enraged at the insinuation that we had been drinking.

"Poisoned with solution of arsenic, ha! ha! oh! lord! ha!" and my preceptor, throwing his burly form on the floor, rolled over and over, making the office ring with his laughter; "poisoned, ha! ha!"

"Get out of this, you drunken rascal!" said he to the dying patient, applying his horse-whip to him vigorously. It acted like a charm: giving a loud yell of defiance, the old Choctaw sprang into the middle of the floor.

"Whoop! whiskey hour! Injun big man, drunk heap. Whoop! Tubba big Injun heap!" making tracks for the door, and thence to the swamp.

The truth must out. The boys had got into the habit of making too free with my preceptor's whiskey; and to keep off all but the knowing one, he had labelled it, "Solution of Arsenic."



H. Brownham

OUR PEN AND INK GALLERY.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

LORD BROUGHAM.

HENRY, LORD BROUGHAM AND VAUX, was the eldest son of Henry Brougham, Esq., of Scale Hall in Cumberland, and Brougham in Westmoreland (in which latter place the family were settled prior to the Norman Conquest) by Eleanor, eldest child of James Syme, D.D., and niece of Dr. Robertson, the celebrated historian. He was born at Edinburgh on the 19th of September, 1779, received the rudiments of his education at the High School, and at the age of fifteen was entered of the University of his native city.

That Henry Brougham would become no common man he showed at the early age of sixteen, when he drew up a paper containing a series of experiments and observations on the inflection, reflection, and colours of light. Sir Charles Blagden transmitted this performance to the Royal Society, who printed it in their Transactions. In the following year our youthful philosopher communicated to the Society further experiments and observations on the same subject, which were also printed in the Transactions, and in 1798 he put forth "General Theorems, chiefly Porisms in the Higher Geometry." These contributions excited considerable interest, although the youth of the author was not known. At this early period of life he maintained a Latin correspondence on scientific subjects with some of the most distinguished philosophers of the continent.

Whilst very young, he accompanied Lord Stuart de Rothsay in a tour through the northern parts of Europe, and on his return he was called to the Scots Bar. About the same time he became a member of a celebrated literary club called the Speculative Society, where, amongst other distinguished men, he made the acquaintance of Jeffrey and Francis Horner, who in conjunction with him and Sydney Smith, in the year 1802, established the Edinburgh Review.

His work entitled "An Inquiry into the Colonial Policy of the European Powers," displayed such depth of thought, extraordinary acuteness and extensive information, that when in 1806 he was called to the English bar, he found that his reputation had preceded him, and many eyes were soon directed towards him. In 1808 he was engaged in a cause of very considerable magnitude. The merchants of London, Liverpool, Manchester, &c., presented a petition to the House of Commons, praying to be heard at the Bar by their counsel and witnesses, against the celebrated Orders in Council, restricting the trade with America. On the 16th of March, Mr. Brougham appeared at the Bar, and on the 6th of April (the examination of the witnesses having occupied the intervening time) he addressed the House for five hours with great ability and eloquence. He was unsuccessful; but his

exertions gained him such reputation that his practice in the King's Bench and on the Northern Circuit from this time began rapidly to increase.

In 1810, Mr. Brougham obtained a seat in the House of Commons, sitting for the borough of Camelford. On the 5th of March of that year he made his first speech, on a debate upon Mr. Whitbread's motion, reprobating the Earl of Chatham's private transmission to the King of his narrative respecting the expedition to the Scheldt. This his first speech disappointed the expectations of his friends. It was likely to do so, being delivered in an unassuming manner. Although never very remarkable for his caution, Brougham was too wise not to know that the characteristics of his oratory, which have since made him so famous, were precisely such as the House would not endure from a new member.

On the 15th of June, 1810, he addressed the House in a speech of great length and ability on the Slave Trade. He now became a frequent speaker, taking a conspicuous part in public business. He particularly distinguished himself this session as member of a committee having for its object a repeal of the obnoxious orders in Council, which, so far as they regarded America, were at length rescinded.

The successful opposition of Mr. Brougham to these Orders in Council obtained for him such popularity, that at the general Election of 1812, he was invited to stand for Liverpool in opposition to no less a statesman than George Canning. As might have been expected, he was defeated, and had no seat in Parliament for four years afterwards.

By this time his professional reputation had been thoroughly established. He was especially employed to defend persons charged with political offences. Having successfully defended Messrs. John and Leigh Hunt, Editors of the *Examiner*, against whom a criminal information had been obtained for an alleged libel, in the following year he was again counsel for these gentlemen, but with no such success. They were tried and convicted of a libel on the Prince Regent,—a conviction being the consequence of the extraordinary summing up of Lord Ellenborough. The bold and uncompromising course pursued by Mr. Brougham on this occasion is said to have been (and no doubt was) the original cause of the dislike with which he was afterwards regarded by George IV., and which a subsequent trial of a very different character did not serve to mitigate.

In the Session of 1816 he commenced those exertions to promote national education which have so eminently displayed his enlightened views, and have entitled him to the lasting gratitude of his countrymen. On this occasion, after alluding to the flagrant abuses in several charity schools in the country, he suggested the appointment of a Commission of Inquiry, and expressed his determination of again bringing the subject before Parliament. What Lord Brougham has since done for the cause of education, and for the correction of the abuses of charitable trusts, is matter of history. We may here mention that the London University owes its origin to him, and that he divides, with Birkbeck, the honour of establishing Mechanics' Institutes.

Mr. Brougham's defence of Queen Caroline is one of those events which cannot be passed over, but need not be dwelt upon. The cause was so momentous, and the ability shown in its conduct was so amazing, that it is a story this age, which knows it so well, requires not to hear: it has become a story for posterity.

In 1822, Mr. Brougham defended Mr. John Ambrose Williams, against whom a criminal information had been obtained for a libel on the Dean and Chapter of Durham. His speech on that occasion—as a combination of wit, humour, sarcasm, vituperation, and argument, has not its parallel in the history of British forensic eloquence. He was elected Lord Rector of Glasgow in 1825.

On the downfall of the Wellington Administration in 1830, and the consequent general election, Mr. Brougham was returned to Parliament as one of the Members for Yorkshire. This, the greatest honour of his life—for so he esteemed it—he did not wear many weeks, being on the accession of the Whigs to office, on the 22d November of the above year, appointed Lord High Chancellor of England, and created a Baron.

From his first introduction to Parliament in 1810 to his acceptance of the Chancellorship in 1830, and from that date to the present—a period of forty years—the name of Henry Brougham has been associated with every question that has interested or agitated the country. Some few, with more or less truth, may plead an equal amount of zeal in the advocacy of great national questions; but what living statesman can lay claim to an equal amount of ability? An admirer of this eminent man has said—

“The distinguishing characteristic of his eloquence is its great energy and irresistible strength. His generous and noble sentiments, his copious and nervous diction, the aptitude of his illustrations, the earnest solemnity and occasional vehemence of his manner, his bold and dauntless bearing, the bitterness of his irony, and the fierceness of his invective, produce the most powerful effects on the passions of his auditors.”

But it is not merely as the greatest orator of his age that Henry Brougham is to be regarded. No candid person but will consent to the justice of this brief eulogium.

“He has ever proved himself the foe of tyranny, corruption, injustice, and intolerance; the advocate of the oppressed, the friend of humanity, and the intrepid defender of popular rights: his exertions to increase the commercial prosperity of the country, to reform and improve its institutions, and to diffuse the advantages of education amongst all classes of the community, have justly endeared him to his fellow-countrymen.”

Lord Brougham married in 1819, Mary Anne, eldest daughter of Thomas Eden, Esq. (brother of Lords Auckland and Henley) and relict of John Spalding, Esq., by whom he has had two daughters, the elder of whom died at a very early age, and the younger a few years since.

LITERATURE.

The Secretary. A Novel. By Lieutenant-Colonel Hort. 3 vols. Darling.

There is a "fatal facility" in the making of novels as well as octo-syllabic verse. Colonel Hort possesses this easy faculty in perfection. No considerations of consistency, probability, or constructive art, are permitted to interfere with the flow of his invention. To dissect this novel of the "Secretary" would involve an unwarrantable expenditure of space, for which we could offer no equivalent to the reader in the way of utility or amusement. The author assures us that the story is taken from real life; and if that be so, all we have to say is that it is terribly marred in the telling. The story may be founded on facts—but we should be glad to learn what the characters are founded upon. No such men and women—so prosy, so melodramatic, so intolerably absurd in their conduct and notions of life—are to be met with in the ordinary paths of society, and can only belong to that singular class of people, with which the author alone appears to be acquainted, amongst whom the most preposterous things in the world are matters of every-day occurrence. When an English marquis can be cheated out of his magnificent estates by a scampish companion, and be suffered to die in some obscure lane in the Borough, without anybody knowing anything about it, leaving his son, at five years old, behind him, ignorant of his name and birth; when an apothecary, in attendance upon this mysterious case, discovers such extravagant philanthropy as to take home the unknown orphan, and educate him to manhood; and when an accident, such as the concoctors of Christmas pantomimes bring about by the agency of beneficent fairies, introduces the orphan in a confidential capacity to the house of a peer of the realm, who turns out to be in possession of the title and estates that rightfully belong to the aforesaid orphan, we shall be better able to appreciate the merits, and comprehend the drift of a novel in which these astonishing incidents, and many more of a like kind, are submitted to the public as a leaf out of the actual experiences of life in London.

Julia Howard. A Romance. By Mrs. Bell Martin. 3 vols. Bentley.

Ireland in the middle of the last century, groaning under the infliction of the Penal Code, supplies the source of this romance. An O'Connor, descended from a race of kings, is robbed of his inheritance by the apostacy of his younger brother, and, following a course very common at that time amongst the Roman Catholic gentry who had nothing to live upon at home, he goes abroad, and enters the Austrian army under the auspices of an uncle who holds the commission of general in the service. But before he takes his departure, we make the discovery that he leaves his heart behind him. Julia Howard, an English heiress, a girl of high resolution, great beauty, and almost masculine accomplish-

ments, is the object of his devotion. She returns his love with all the energy and enthusiasm of her nature. Unfortunately, however, she has been plighted from her childhood to a certain graceless cousin of hers, and nothing remains to the lovers but separation without hope. O'Connor conducts himself through his German campaigns brilliantly, and falls in with a variety of startling adventures—not the least startling of which is that one of his uncle's daughters falls in love with him, and, believing Julia to be married, he consents to make her his wife to gratify his uncle. The ceremony, however, is merely nominal, as the young lady, aware of the real state of his feelings, falls into a consumption and dies. Shortly afterwards, O'Connor returns to the home of his ancestors in the western wilds of Ireland. Julia is free. Her affianced lover had run away with an opera dancer, and she had shut herself up to dedicate her widowed heart to the exile who had possessed it all along. The sun shines on the sad story at last, but it never shines long upon Irish destinies. There is now no impediment to their marriage, except that benevolent law which confiscated the property of a Protestant who should marry a Catholic: and Julia is a Protestant. This difficulty, it seems, was to be got over by interest at headquarters; and O'Connor, having first secured the lady's hand by a concealed marriage, goes up to Dublin to effect its legalization. While he is absent his apostate brother appears in Connemara, and by an act of violence carries her off. Abduction was common at all times in Ireland, and it may be presumed that the penal laws gave it an additional impetus in cases where differences of creed interposed legal obstacles. O'Connor returns just in time to rescue his wife, but is shot in the fray, and dies of his wound. Julia speedily follows him to the grave, and the curtain that drops on their loves is a pall.

Like most people, we are prejudiced in favour of romances which, after conducting their heroes and heroines through imminent perils and disasters, make them happy in the end; but if there must be some romances with dismal conclusions, it is a satisfaction to feel that there is an historical propriety in the final misery that sends the reader "weeping to his bed." The whole of this story is consistent with the traditions of the country in which its catastrophe is laid, and true to the character and circumstances of the people.

It is written with considerable eloquence and power; and the main action is thrown into skilful relief by the legitimate backgrounds and elemental machinery of romance. It abounds in descriptive passages remarkable for sustained and picturesque beauty; and the sketches we obtain in the opening of the highlands of the west, and the wild life of their denizens, are full of vigour and fidelity. The German scenes, the quiet, hospitable interiors, the campaigning, and the *fêtes*, are equally excellent.

In a romance the story is of more importance than the characterization; but the variety of portraiture in this work divides the interest with the excitement of the plot. The love scenes are carefully discriminated, and two opposite phases of the passion successfully shown in the gentle Alma, and the ardent Julia. The characters of Alma and Rika are charmingly drawn, and with the usual result—that much as we sympathise with the sweetness and patience of the one, we like the gay German frankness of the other a great deal better.

Yad Namuh ; a Chapter of Oriental Life. Hatchard and Son.

A picture of life in India some forty years ago, in the form of the auto-biography of a young gentleman who goes out a cadet, and, after running the usual routine, comes home a major, emaciated and burnt up to begin the world again amongst forgotten customs and strange faces. The experiences detailed in this book are obsolete. The East is no longer what it was when Ensign Hopeful passed through his career ; although there are many yet surviving who will probably be amused by his reminiscences. The narrative aims at humour ; but to the mere English reader, who is ignorant of the masked *personnel*, and cannot enter into the local pleasantry, we are afraid it will be rather flat and unprofitable.

The Charities of London : comprehending the Benevolent, Educational, and Religious Institutions. Their Origin and Design, Progress, and Present Position. By Sampson Low, Jun.

This work, if not the only one of its kind, has the merit of being more exact and comprehensive than any which have preceded it. It is exceedingly well arranged ; and being furnished with a copious table of contents and a good index, presents to us the statistics of our Metropolitan Charities, derived from the most authentic sources, in a clear, impartial, and concise form. A twofold application may be made of the information condensed in this volume. The benevolent can at once select the channels for their gratuities, and find in what direction to refer suffering humanity, whether from sickness or poverty, for relief. Much credit is due to the compiler of this useful book for the care evidently bestowed upon it.

The Rifle Rangers ; or, Adventures of an Officer in Southern Mexico. By Captain Mayne Reid. London : Shoberl, 1850.

If we are to believe that the incidents contained in this work are not fictions, "allowance being made for a poetic colouring which fancy has doubtless imparted," all we can say is, that the author has gone through more extraordinary adventures within the time comprised in his narrative, than it has often fallen to the lot of man to encounter. Be this as it may, he has given us a work which contains all the interest of a striking romance, and which is as like one as it can stare—making the public stare when they are told it is not one.

The author was an officer in the American army during the late war with Mexico, and has to tell of military exploits, of hair-breadth 'scapes of other kinds, and of love passages ending, after the approved manner, in marriage. There are some nice descriptions of Mexican scenery, dashed off with a free hand, and the peculiarities in the character, costumes, and customs of the natives, are well delineated. The comical story of the Guyas-Cutis is capital.

Captain Reid is a fine manly "go-a-head" fellow, who will be sure to win his way to the good opinion and regard of the reader.



THE LADDER OF GOLD

An English Story.

BY ROBERT HELL,

AUTHOR OF "WAYSIDE PICTURES THROUGH FRANCE, BELGIUM,
AND HOLLAND."

BOOK THE FIFTH.

CHAPTER IV.

In which the Green Willow shows symptoms of turning Yellow.

ANY man may drive a coach and six through an act of parliament. To keep close to the letter of the law, to flirt in the very mazes of the web and laugh at the spider, is an ordinary exploit. Incalculable are the depredations committed every day on society with complete impunity.

All throughout the searching investigations of Sir Peter Jinks' committee, Richard Rawlings was able to give a colourable justification to every item of the charges brought against him. He had the law on his side—let equity or public opinion decide as they might.

But it was necessary for his defence to procure the liberation of Dingle and Costigan. Their evidence was indispensable. They had signed cheques innumerable, of the destination of which they knew nothing—but then they could swear that they had signed them. Every transaction was perfectly regular. There was the chairman, and his quorum, or chorus, of two directors, and the secretary who entered everything duly in the minutes. What was it to the purpose that they were creatures of his own? Each particular was duly vouched, and incontrovertibly legal.

But how was the liberation of these important witnesses to be effected? To anybody else it would have been difficult—Rawlings alone possessed a necromantic influence over the railway attorneys. This requires a little explanation.

The law was vague and unsettled. It was impossible to decide who was responsible and who was not. The judges had ruled both ways and every way; and their decisions contradicted each other so flatly, that if precedents went for anything, every man was safe and no man was safe. In this state of affairs creditors saw that it was rather a costly experiment to try the question of

liability with men of straw. But how were the men of substance to be got at? The proofs of their liability were contained in the official registers of extinct or scattered boards. And where were they? Absconding secretaries had dropt tears upon the records, and locked them up.

Now it was quite clear that Dingle and Costigan were men of straw; and when Rawlings offered to supply the names of a few solvent directors, with a private understanding that the proofs of their liability should be forthcoming, on condition that the proceedings against his friends were abandoned, the creditors eagerly closed with so advantageous a proposal. And so Dingle and Costigan were liberated at once, an exchange of hostages common enough in that happy age of chicane.

When Dingle found himself in the open air again, he fluttered round and round like a bird that, after being lamed on a bough, has suddenly disengaged itself, and is trying its air-cells in chirping circles about the green woods. Down to Westminster and back to Park Lane, and exulting through St. James's Street and Pall Mall, his recent vexations had no other effect on him than that of a victory. He knew all along it was merely an attempt to frighten him; and he was now more triumphant than ever. The examinations before the committee were not quite so agreeable. They endeavoured to make him confess that he was a mere instrument in the hands of Rawlings, at which he showed great indignation, and was immediately desired to confine himself strictly to the interrogatories that were put to him. They next cross-questioned him about the election for Yarlton, and tried to extract a confession from him that upon that occasion he acted as a catspaw, which threw him into such a rage that they ordered him out of the room. Mystifications of this kind met him at every turn; but he threw them off with juvenile elasticity as long as his funds lasted. When scrip was no longer convertible into cash, and nothing remained on hand but a quantity of waste paper, once preserved as a treasure of similar potency to the inexhaustible purse in the fairy tale, it was easy to see that his high spirits were rather forced and unnatural. His life was no longer a pleasant morning dream at the Colonnade Hotel, and a saunter on the sunny side of the street, with his gallant bamboo swinging between finger and thumb; he dwindled insensibly down to an obscure bed-room, and the cheap eating houses, into which he would dart in the dusk of the evenings with his coat buttoned up round his ears, and his hat over his eyes, so that nobody should know him. Still through all transformations and vile tricks of fortune, Captain Scott Dingle maintained the same easy and negligent air that had always distinguished him. All was threadbare with him, save and except the gentleman.

Costigan took the matter differently. He bewildered the committee. They might as well have examined "Punch" himself. Instead of affording them information, he made them

laugh. The contrast between him and Dingle showed what a sway Rawlings exercised over men of the most opposite character; for while the one was evidently innocent of all intentional deception, the other was as evidently guilty of it—yet both were equally the dupes and agents of the master-spirit.

The first thing Costigan did, as soon as he got out of White-cross Street, was to inquire after Harry Winston; and he had the satisfaction of being informed by Mrs. Stubbs that she expected that young gentleman in town the following evening at nine o'clock. Costigan was punctual to the time, and arrived just as Harry Winston drove up to the door. Mr. Sloake had been accommodated in the atticks to make room for the new-comer in his old apartments.

Harry Winston was grievously changed. He had grown pale, and thin, and nervous. "Men have died," says Beatrice, "and worms have eaten them, but not for love." But there is a living death that is not put at rest in the grave. And Harry Winston had suffered it. The body survived, but the heart had perished. The brightness of youth had fled from his face; his animal spirits were extinguished; there was no enthusiasm left to stimulate him to exertion; he took no pleasure in the life around him; and every exertion he made to affect an interest in it, was visibly an effort as painful as it was unsuccessful. He lighted up instantly on meeting Costigan; but, as he pressed his hand, old memories (they were old to him, and seemed to have gone back years and years into the mists of childhood) came upon him, a hectic colour mounted into his cheeks, and he turned away his head to stifle his emotion.

Mrs. Stubbs overwhelmed him with welcomes, and even Mr. Sloake, with Eugene looming out at his elbow, could not help coming clattering down the stairs to shake hands with him. Mrs. Stubbs had provided a little supper in his own apartments, and almost looked as if she expected to be asked to stay and partake of it. Her anxiety to hear all that had befallen him, carried her beyond that strict line of etiquette which she prided herself upon observing towards her lodgers, and Costigan's gallantry was put to its last shifts in dexterous devices to get rid of her. At last they were alone.

"Now," said Costigan, "you must eat something before we open our budget. There's a roast fowl that might pass for a turkey in the dark. Just try a wing."

"I don't think I can eat anything," returned Harry; "let me see you begin."

"You're tired? Ah! my poor fellow, the room brings back the old trouble. Don't think of it now. I was in hopes by this time it was all forgotten."

"Forgotten!" cried Harry; "I wish it was—I try to forget it—but that morning—it is swimming before me now—it is always before me. No matter! we'll talk of it by and by. What's this?"

"Well," said Costigan, "I suppose Mother Stubbs means it for sherry. Try a glass of it. Wasn't it very odd I never got your letters? Where did you direct them to?"

"To the address you gave me."

"It's easy to say we live under free institutions—the freest institution in it is the post-office, for it does what it likes. The irregularities of that establishment is enough to engender a revolution. Another glass of wine—not so bad!"

"Do you ever see anything of the Rawlingses now?" inquired Winston.

"I see Rawlings himself,—I saw him to-day; and I have a strong suspicion he's beginning to break down."

"I'm sorry to hear it. He treated me ill—but I have no hostility against *him*. What do you mean by breaking down?"

"The committee are cutting him to pieces. Conjuring tricks are all very well till they're found out; and it was a 'cute touch of legerdmain in Rawlings to buy and sell to himself, and put the profits into his own pockets. But he'll have to refund every penny of it."

"I don't exactly understand."

"Well, I can tell you, he understands it. When there was lead, and iron, and coals wanted for the railways, being in the secrets beforehand, he bought them up on his own account, then bought them from himself on account of the company. It's a little intricate, but an astonishing short cut to a fortune."

"And the enormous wealth that made him sacrifice everything to a false ambition, is not so secure after all?"

"It's just on the cards that they'll beggar him before they've done with him. The bare costs would eat up another man's fortune. But you haven't told me what you've been doing all this time. What became of you that blessed morning that you left me to keep guard over Mother Stubbs? And a pretty handful I had of her. Nothing could persuade her but that you were going to fight a duel, as if I'd be sittin' quietly in the parlour lettin' you have all the fun to yourself. But I thought it best to give her her own way. 'Perhaps he is, ma'am,' says I: 'and I'm afraid it's a kind of duel that'll be attended by fatal consequences, for devil a second will be at it, I know.'"

Harry Winston now briefly related the circumstance that occurred at the park gate. He spoke in a low tone, and his manner was composed and collected.

"What could I think?" he said; "there she sat, with the only man in the world I could regard as my rival—the man she had over and over again protested she would never encourage—the man she had made me solemnly promise, on the faith of her pledges to me, not to seek a quarrel with. She first tied up my hands, and then—oh! the perfidy of woman. Why did she suffer me to think she loved me? What object could she have in that systematic deception? I have asked myself the question a thousand times, and it is a mystery to me still—unless, unless,

she meant to increase his triumph, and give him a crowning proof of her attachment to him by sacrificing me before his eyes. The cruelty of her conduct is inexplicable."

"But are you sure it was her? Are you sure she saw you?"

"Sure! Do you think it possible I could be mistaken? She looked at me—looked full at me—and smiled! I shall never forget it—that bent head is for ever before me—at night I cannot close my eyes upon it—it is before me in the morning the moment I awake. It is only surprising that I have preserved my senses. Often and often I meditated something—God forgive me! I hope I have vanquished that cowardly thought! I can talk calmly to you about it now, for time has accustomed me to it; but it has eaten into my life—it is killing me."

"Come, come," said Costigan, "this will never do. A young fellow like you musn't fret yourself to fiddlestrings in this way. She isn't worth it."

"That reflection, too, has come to my relief," returned Winston; "there have been moments when I felt that she was unworthy of my true-hearted love, and pride has helped me to struggle against it—but in vain. It was only to sink back again into despair. I have never said so much to anybody else. My sister alone knows my secret, but I couldn't bear to say much to her about it, I was so ashamed of my folly, so humiliated by the consciousness of my own weakness. After all, why should I struggle any more? I have nothing to live for. All joys and hopes are at an end for me; every hour of my life is a dreamy blank. I wish it were otherwise—I would make it so if I could."

"You don't mean to say seriously that you still love this woman that has treated you so shamefully?"

"Call it by what name you please, I cannot banish her from my thoughts. The memory of the past consumes me like a slow fire. I live and die in it. She was false—I know it. Her marriage puts it beyond a doubt. Now listen to me quietly, and spare your arguments, for you can urge nothing that I have not urged to myself a thousand times. I never can be satisfied that she did not love me once. Why did she confess it? Why did she commit herself to it before her father? Her tears were not false—her white lips—her shuddering hands. Why did she write to me and receive my letters up to the very last? I believe that she loved me with her whole soul; if there was deceit in her then, the angels are impure, and there is no trust in anything human. What happened afterwards I know not—why or how, that black infidelity entered her heart is inscrutable to me. But my reliance is upon her early love, her first, true, deep, passionate feeling. There is a gulf—wide as the heavens—between us; but let her be what she may, or where she may, I believe that the recollection of what has been between us must haunt her with remorse."

"My dear fellow," cried Costigan, filling his glass, and push-

ing the decanter over to Winston, "you're labourin' under a melancholy delusion. *Why* a woman pretends to love a man when she doesn't, is a conundrum that'd baffle ould Nick himself; but when they determine to perjure themselves, depend upon it they have their own reasons for it; and as to the remorse they have a knack of shuttin' the door on their consciences that makes it mighty easy to them. You're only deludin' yourself. She has given you up for good and all; and I wonder you haven't more spirit than to waste a thought upon her."

"There's the point, Costigan. That's the thing that nobody can judge of but those who have passed the ordeal. I once thought as you do. I believed that if the woman I loved had been false, I should have flung her from me with scorn, and that my love for her would have turned into contempt and aversion. We all think that before the trial comes. I was inexperienced then, impetuous, and proud. I am changed. My spirit is broken and humbled. At first, maddened by cruel provocation, I resolved to think no more of her, and tried to convince myself that she was base and hideous. But all this time that I was endeavouring to hate her, there was hope at the bottom. So long as there was hope, I was strong in my resentment. But when there was no longer any doubt of her faithlessness, then I felt how much I loved her and how necessary she was to my existence. She is lost to me for ever, and the bereavement has widowed my heart, and drawn out all its love afresh. It is like the love that mourns over the grave, full of tenderness and compassion; and I would cheerfully relinquish my life if I could see her for one moment, to tell her that I forgive her."

"No, no!" cried Costigan; "rather a dangerous experiment! Take my advice, and keep clear of her. Why did you come to town?"

"I wanted change of scene. My sister got married and went away, and the place was lonely; and, in fact, I was sick of the country."

"There is an ould saying. — 'the longer the chain, the heavier the weight to drag.' But any place is better for you than London."

"No, no. London is the best place to dissipate one's feelings. If you suspect that I have the slightest intention of throwing myself in *her* way, you are wrong. Let us change the subject. I wish you would tell me some news."

"Do you know," cried Costigan, throwing himself back in his chair, and looking searchingly at Winston, "I'm not quite satisfied with the account you gave of yourself. Why didn't you come back here that night?"

"No, no — I couldn't bear it. I was ashamed of what had happened. No man likes to be baffled, and have his feelings trifled with; and, hardly knowing what to do, I walked about half the night, lurked in the Park the whole of the next day, and

then in a paroxysm of fury made off into the country, determined to let her see how indifferent I was. Brave, wasn't it, Costigan?" he added with a bitter smile.

"It's a wonder you didn't write to her?"

"Write? I *had* written to her; gave my letter to her sister, and never got an answer. It was in that letter I made the appointment, and there can be no doubt she got it, for she kept the appointment, kept it with a vengeance by bringing *him* to the spot to point me out to him. I was blinded by the sight—there was no time to think—it didn't occupy a second: they drove past and were gone before I could recover myself. Had I known as much then as I know now, I should have taken my revenge upon the spot."

"Much better as it is," observed Costigan; "let them have rope enough, and the devil a doubt but they'll give you your revenge in full."

"What do you mean?"

"Only a bit of a scrimmage between Rawlings and Lord Charles. You know they live in the uncle's house?"

"That dreary house! I dined there once; and that recalls an incident that ought to have opened my eyes. What a fool I have been, Costigan, not to have perceived it all long ago. They live with the uncle?"

"Ay, and a pleasant time they have of it. Lord William's a mighty stiff ould buck, and wouldn't touch one of the Rawlingses with the end of a pair of tongs. He's as proud as Belzebub of his dirty blood, and marches up and down amongst the family pictures like a sentry, for fear, I suppose, somebody would steal one of his fusty ancestors—bad luck to the kit of them, and their health to wear it! You may be sure he crowed like a bantam when Rawlings was attacked about the railways, and there has been the devil to pay between them. The butter's out of the stirabout. Lord Charles has turned his back on her family, and if she hasn't reason by this time to repent of her bargain, she must have wonderful beating out in her."

"Has there been a quarrel?"

"What else could be expected from such a match? The young wife, poor thing! has found out to her grief that it was for her money he married her. Better for her to be dead than to be doomed to live with such a cold-blooded snake."

"Does he ill-treat her?"

"Oh! I'll answer for it he does nothing you could lay your finger on. But there's more ways than one of breakin' an egg, and the worst of all ways is to let it fall. And that's just what he's doing with his wife."

"Costigan," cried Harry Winston, leaning across the table, and grasping his friend by the arm; "this is more than I can bear. When that man married her, I cast jealousy to the winds. I knew him well—I knew he could never make her happy—but I had no right to be jealous. She was his—lawfully his—and,

crushed as I was, I bore it, and resolved to wrestle with the feeling of hatred he had inspired. For her sake—for her sake, Costigan, whom I loved, whom I love still—whose place never can be filled in the heart she has broken—I stifled my vengeance. But now—now,” and, starting from his chair he paced the room in a state of high excitement.

“Easy weather!” said Costigan. “What has got into your head now?”

“My poor Margaret!” exclaimed Henry Winston; “we never can be anything to each other. But that you should be wretched too! Costigan, I could have suffered for her a thousand deaths, and this misery should have worn me out without a word of complaint or reproach so long as I thought she was happy. If this were the last word I had to utter, I swear solemnly that I would have died rather than she should know the anguish I am enduring. I would have spared her that. But she is now as wretched as I am myself; and she is brought to this by him who has made life a burthen to me.”

“True enough,” replied Costigan, “but there’s no help for it.”

“Help!” cried Winston. “We shall see that. As sure as there’s a God in heaven I’ll avenge her wrongs and my own!”

Costigan saw the humour he was in, and that it was useless to argue with him. It was evident that Winston was too glad to seize upon any pretext for quarrelling with Lord Charles Eton, and that it would have been injudicious at that moment to offer any strong opposition to his design. Costigan, therefore, contented himself by simply advising him to be careful what steps he took in the matter, and above all things to throw the *onus* on Lord Charles. “If anything comes of it,” he added, “remember, my darlin’ boy, I’m your man!”

“You know,” said Costigan, after a soothing exordium, which was specially calculated to produce an inflammatory effect, “it’s the easiest thing in life to put your opponent in the wrong, so that whatever happens nobody can blame you. I’m a great enemy, on principle, to duelling—when it can be avoided. There are cases, of course, when there’s nothing but a shot can settle a difference of opinion between gentlemen. And when it comes to that—there’s not a word more to be said. But whether this is a case of that kind, I’m not exactly prepared to say. It requires consideration. One thing for your comfort I can tell you, that you couldn’t be in better hands for an impartial conclusion upon that point than Mick Costigan’s; and if it should appear that there’s any reasonable ground for fighting his lordship, I don’t hesitate to acknowledge that there isn’t a gentleman of my acquaintance I’d have greater pleasure and satisfaction in going out to see pinked.”

While Mr. Costigan was delivering the concluding words, he was also employed in drawing the cork of a second bottle of sherry, for the obvious purpose of sitting down to discuss the

merits of the question in *extenso*. Winston was in the right moral to acquiesce in this proceeding. He was elated at the prospect of any desperate suggestion that was likely to bring him into collision with the man he hated so cordially; and we are afraid that there was mixed up with his eagerness on this occasion a sinister hope, too vague and fluttering to take any definite shape, in which Margaret had more concern than in his wiser moments Harry Winston could have fairly justified to his honour or his conscience.

They sat long together, and their conversation took many crooked and confused turns, carrying them far into the small hours; and the tangled hum of their voices indicated that their conference traversed sundry topics, and was, upon the whole, of rather a desultory and speculative cast.

BOOK THE SIXTH.

CHAPTER I.

The beginning of the end.

MR. MICHAEL COSTIGAN had by no means exaggerated the perils that surrounded Richard Rawlings. In fact matters were worse than he suspected. Bills in Chancery, actions at law, and the discharge of heavy balances upon unsettled accounts had made such fearful inroads on the colossal fortune of the railway *millionaire* as to reduce it to a dubious speculation whether he should be able to fight the battle out, and stand his ground.

In this extremity, a new enemy appeared in the field. This was the old Earl of Dragonfelt, who thought it a favourable opportunity to try to recover the borough, and procure a transfer of the mortgages on his estates to more friendly hands. The notable scheme was detected by Crikey Snaggs, who had been tampered with by some of the Earl's agents, and who lured them on till he wormed out their design, which he immediately communicated to his master. Crikey was not to be bribed, and the turn which affairs were taking made him more staunch in the interests of his benefactor than ever. Crikey alone was behind the curtain, and witnessed those private moments, in which the racking anxieties so successfully concealed from the world, involuntarily betrayed themselves. He was proud of his post of confidence, and, regarding himself as a functionary deeply engaged in the secret service of his master, he seemed to have as many eyes in his head as a fly; was close, wary, and full of stratagems, and stopped at no artifices by which he could fish out information from the people who came with letters and inquiries to the house. If he was not very comely to look upon, he had a heart worthy of as fine a person as ever graced a palace, with no slight dash in him, too, of that genius for intrigue which is so useful in back-stairs diplomacy. A strange mixture was Crikey

Scorers, uniting to the cunning and subtility which are the frequent characteristics of deformity, a courage and fidelity not always found amongst handsome and well-shaped men.

The intelligence he obtained concerning the Dragonfelts determined Richard Rawlings to nip their design in the bud. He had not forgotten the old grudge—the scorn of the truculent peer, and the supercilious insolence of Lord Valteline and his mendacious toady, Mr. Pompey Ragstaffe. In the interval of years that had elapsed since he first winced under their contempt, he had triumphed over them in many ways; the fashionable world had crowded about him, so long as he was believed to wield a great money-power; they had now abandoned him; and the ~~patrons~~ who had been flattered and followed in the zenith of his prosperity, was trampled upon and despised the moment the tide of fortune appeared to be ebbing from him. This galling experience of the falsehood and selfishness of society revived all the bitter feelings of his youth with aggravated force; and he resolved that if he was to fall, he would drag down some of his illustrious time-servers with him. The Dragonfelts presented themselves opportunely as his victims.

Mr. Pompey Ragstaffe, the meanest of the crew, had already worked ample poetical justice upon himself. That vivacious little gentleman had no sooner been deprived of his seat for Yarlton, the only hold he had upon the Dragonfelts, than his noble patrons unceremoniously dropped him. Lord Valteline alone kept in with him; but it was secretly, and without the knowledge of his father, and solely for the sake of using his signature on bill-stamps, and employing him as a scout among the discounters. This was a connection that could not last very long. Dishonoured acceptances brought Mr. Pompey Ragstaffe to a stand-still. He had hitherto filched a fluctuating living out of the discounts by cheating both his lordship and the money-lenders, whom he took good care never to bring face to face; but an exposure of some of his complex frauds having unluckily taken place, he was blown upon as a person who did not possess even the sort of honour which is said to be sacred among thieves. Fortunately, however, he had a large acquaintance amongst that class of swindlers who have ostensible offices in the inns of court, or flashy addresses at the west end, and who carry on a wide-spread system of plunder with an attractive appearance of credit and respectability. The chief victims of these professional sharpers may be catalogued as elderly-estated gentlemen who are ready to cut off entails, and sell their posterity, for the gratification of their craving vices— young men of family let loose upon town, who are equally ready to sell their fathers and mothers for an unrestrained indulgence in the pleasures of the *coulisses*, the bells, and other resorts of fashionable vagabondage— officers in the guards— profligate spendthrifts holding patent offices under government— expectant clergymen—and needy members of parliament. Out of this floating population, half knaves and half dupes, a thriving trade

is at all times to be driven by the dealers in post-obits, notes of hand, and warrants of attorney. No man understood the complicated machinery through which the plant is made, and the victim trapped, better than Mr. Pompey Ragstaffe; and, with a view to an elaborate series of depredations upon the public, he got up a firm under a fictitious name, and advertised extensively (without sixpence in his pocket) to lend money on approved securities in any sums from five hundred or a thousand upwards; none but principals to be treated with; and the strictest secrecy observed. The firm had astounding success at first. Their plan of doing business was exceedingly simple. When they got possession of a good bill, the acceptor might as well hope to obtain an estate in the moon as get it back again; and the transaction generally ended in a compromise for a sum of money, or, if the gentleman grew restive, and threatened law, the bill was passed to third parties who recovered the whole amount. There was no escape. Swindlers of this description know very well that people holding any position in society will consent to a sacrifice rather than have their names dragged before the public, and so they take advantage of their cowardice, as beasts of prey fall upon the weaker animals, and eat them up. It sometimes happens, however, that these adroit rogues overreach themselves and are caught in their own nets. A misfortune of this nature befell the Ragstaffe firm. As ill-luck would have it, too, the case was not quite clear of a suspicion of felony; and Mr. Pompey Ragstaffe, taking alarm, made his escape to Boulogne, leaving his confederates to get out of the scrape as well as they could. He is still enjoying the breezes of that pleasant seaport, and is said to make a conspicuous figure at the whist-tables of the *Etablissement*, although, in common with many other members of the fashionable circles of Boulogne, the resources whereby he lives furnish a topic of much curious speculation.

Mr. Rawlings thought it a pity, perhaps, that Lord Valteline should be divorced from his friend, and having it in his power, by foreclosing the mortgages, to give his Lordship an opportunity of rejoining him, he no sooner discovered the underhand courses which the Earl was pursuing than he made up his mind to bring the great Dragonfelt estates to the hammer. The proceeding was severe—but it was an act of retribution, not altogether indefensible on the score of justice. The consequence was the total prostration of that noble house. The Earl, old, decrepit, and full of venom, paralyzed in his own toils, was put out like a crippled pensioner to live upon a small annuity; and Lord Valteline, hunted from post to pillar by legions of desperate creditors, and unable to raise a guinea upon a name which he had brought up untarnished to town, but which was now smeared and blackened, saw that the game was up, and, dropping down the river at midnight in a crowded steamer, bade adieu, for an indefinite period, to his native land. So distinguished a person, however, could not be suffered to sink into oblivion; notoriety tracks him

wherever he goes; and to this day the name of Lord Valteline continues to be announced with all the honours in that select list of outlaws which is periodically proclaimed by the sheriffs of London and Middlesex.

This affair was productive of great scandal at the west end. It was the common topic at the clubs. Lord William Eton made no disguise of his indignation, and, glad of any excuse to show the world the contempt he entertained for Mr. Rawlings, took special pains, wherever he went, to proclaim his scorn of that gentleman. Even Lord Charles was tempted out of his usual caution and reserve; and was so anxious to express his disapproval of an act which consigned one of the oldest families in the kingdom to a state of dependency, that he wrote a letter to the old Earl, in which he declared that Mr. Rawlings's conduct had given him the greatest pain, and that he felt it necessary for the satisfaction of his own feelings to assure his Lordship that he had for some time ceased to hold any intercourse with that person. During an angry correspondence, which afterwards took place between the Earl and Mr. Rawlings, his Lordship was mean and spiteful enough to enclose this very letter to the father-in-law of the writer.

At home, Lord Charles took no trouble to conceal the mortification he suffered from the odium that was gathering over his wife's family. The freezing *hauteur* with which he treated Margaret when her father's railway transactions first began to be talked about, soon settled down into indifference, and it was but a step from indifference to something that might almost be called aversion. In a thousand little nameless ways, by the tone of his scanty conversation, and, above all, by his distant and lofty manner, he kept that conventional gulf that lay between them perpetually before her. He let no opportunity pass of making her feel the superiority of his birth and position. As they sat at breakfast or at dinner, they seemed to her to be separated as widely apart as if "mountains and seas rose up and rolled between their hearts." There was not one point of attraction to draw them together, and the points of repulsion increased day by day. Tenderness and love were as essential to Margaret as air is to life itself. She had never looked for love in this marriage; but sinking that feeling in oblivion, she believed herself secure of contentment—the stagnant calm in which sensitive natures take refuge from the wreck of happiness. She had not calculated upon the inadequacy of the qualities she ascribed to Lord Charles, even if he possessed them, to satisfy the wants of her heart. She had deceived herself in supposing that she could subsist upon dull amenities and strict respect; although, had there been no worse she might have lived on very quietly to all outer appearance, with a dreary void in her affections; and had Lord Charles been wise he might have filled that void, and won back from its secret anguish a heart that was too much alive to kindness, not to be susceptible of generous emotions. But he

sacrificed that heart to his pride. Selfishness stepped in between him and the true happiness which might have graced his life, and turned the issues of that unequal union to bitterness and ashes.

She bore it all in silence. She never complained. How could she put into words the small wounds inflicted by looks and tones? How could she describe the minute items of hourly humiliation—the slights which were so plain to her, and invisible to the rest of the world—the trivial indications of systematic neglect—the growing antipathies—the slow sundering of sympathies, wishes, interests, and of all ties of domestic feeling that had hitherto bound them to each other? Her complaints were not in words—but in the pale face, the sad eyes, and wasted health.

Soon after the downfall of the Dragonfelts, there was a little dinner-party at Park Lane,—quite an accidental gathering, got together at a short notice. Mr. Trumbull, who was always hovering about collecting social statistics for the book upon English life which he intended to publish the moment he returned to America, happened to make a call, and was invited by Mrs. Rawlings. Then there was Mr. Farquhar, whose dreadful secret put Mrs. Rawlings upon thorns every time he came into the house; and Mr. Trainer, the literary friend of the Baroness de Poudrebleu, who had lately disappeared all of a sudden, an event that awakened Mrs. Rawlings's curiosity so violently that she asked Mr. Trainer on purpose to talk to him about it; and Lord Clickerley, a young exquisite of high breeding, one of the last drops after the shower of Clara's aristocratic admirers.

The party was unexpectedly increased by a visit from Margaret. She only came to sit an hour with her sister; but they would urge her to stay. She confessed that she did not expect Lord Charles home to dinner, that he said he thought he should dine out, and that she was not to wait for him; but then he might come, and she would not leave him to dine alone on any account. Mr. Rawlings overruled all these objections, and finally decided the difficulty by sending an express messenger to Portman Square, to say that Lady Charles was dining in Park Lane; so that her ladyship was pressed into the service, in spite of her conjugal protest to the contrary.

As the guests slowly assembled, the conversation before dinner deployed into the established topics. Mrs. Rawlings remarked that the weather was unusually cold for that time of year, and that she was actually obliged to order a fire in the drawing-room last Thursday. Mr. Trumbull observed that the cold in this country was very different from the cold in America; and Mr. Trainer informed the company that the glass was down to 60°. Somebody thought there would be a very mild winter; and somebody else thought that the seasons in England had undergone a wonderful change within the last few years. Several other recondite subjects were touched upon with similar brevity and freshness, when the agreeable, but languid, conversation was

interrupted by the announcement of dinner. Mr. Trumbull, who, notwithstanding his long residence in this country, still persisted in turning down his collar, and in wearing a glossy black silk waistcoat, offered his arm to Mrs. Rawlings, but she had already bespoken Mr. Trainer, and, by way of compensation, handed Mr. Trumbull over to Lady Charles. Lord Clickerly stood still, expecting, as a matter of course, that he should be appointed to attend Clara, but, to his infinite vexation, Mr. Rawlings requested Mr. Farquhar to take down his daughter.

"We must take care of each other," said Mr. Rawlings to Lord Clickerly, as they moved together in the rear.

"Y-e-s," simpered his lordship, drawing out a cambric pocket-handkerchief, pinching it accurately in the centre between his forefinger and thumb, and then, with a gentle shake, letting it drop by the four corners. "One doesn't think of being particular—really—in these family parties, you know. By the bye, Rawlings, who the deuce is Farquhar? Any of the Farquhars of Rottenborough?"

"No—" returned the other, adding in a husky and rather humorous whisper, with a slight squeeze of lemon in it—"the Farquhars of Mark Lane."

"Ha!—good!—really—one of *your* aristocracy, Rawlings, eh?"

"Well—I shouldn't be disposed to exchange him for one of *yours*," replied Rawlings, with a very grim smile, as he passed to his chair, and motioned Lord Clickerly to a seat beside him.

The success of a dinner-party mainly depends upon selecting people that can go well together in harness. Something depends on the start, and a great deal on the adroitness with which the reins are managed. Your accomplished host knows when to give his team their heads, when to check them, when to draw up, when to dash off at full speed, and when to turn off into new routes and by-roads. Mrs. Rawlings was by no means a proficient in this art; yet, when there were no very great people at table to daunt and flutter her, she made her dinners pass off triumphantly (without knowing it) by the unconscious way she had of chattering and putting everybody at his ease. Her friendly parties were the most unceremonious, lively little gatherings possible. The dinner was first-rate, the style expensive; and, there being no restraint on the gaiety of the guests, who felt as if they could say anything to Mrs. Rawlings, they surrendered themselves to the comfort of relaxing under her hospitable auspices from the formalities they were obliged to observe elsewhere. The combination was undoubtedly rare and perfect; for in what other house was there to be found an entertainment and appointments so costly united to such freedom of enjoyment? To be sure, some of the lords and ladies who partook of these banquets used to laugh in their sleeves at them, ridicule Mrs. Rawlings before her face, which she always received as a marked compliment, and when they were gone, criticise her under-

breeding with the most relishing hilarity. But it is open to a doubt whether these pleasant sallies showed their own breeding to as much advantage as they imagined.

The small party in which we are interested at present could not be cited as an example of a well-assorted company. But harmony of colour is sometimes attained by strong contrasts, and here were contrasts enough of the most decided cast. There were no two persons, except the ladies, who could be said to blend with each other; and out of these opposite materials came such collisions of taste and opinion, as made the dinner pass off with remarkable clatter and vivacity, which may be set down as constituting a better thing than the funereal solemnity which at some grand tables turns the cloth into a pall.

Mr. Trumbull entertained the board at intervals with numerous remarks upon English habits, especially on those points on which they differed from the habits of America. This was his *pièce de résistance*, his *cheval de bataille*. Lord Clickerly, who had a singularly thin voice, like the upper notes of a bird, chirped in every now and then with brief notes and comments on Mr. Trumbull; and Mr. Trainer, in the pauses of the high debate, came out with something strong *au courant* to the literature or politics of the day. As for Mr. Farquhar, who was habitually an observer, he was too agreeably employed to trouble himself much with the general discussion.

"I guess," observed Mr. Trumbull, in reply to an observation hazarded by Mr. Rawlings, "that there is nothing in which the two nations more particularly differ than in the value of time. I expect you don't know the value of time in this country, no more than high-pressure steam-power. That's my deliberate conviction."

"Don't we though!" chirped Lord Clickerly.

"No, you don't," returned Trumbull; "you're far away out of sight behind us in that. I could tell a man that was London raised from one that was State bred, by that infallible test."

"Really?" said his lordship; "by what test, pray?"

"By the simple test," replied the other, "of putting 'em down to dinner together; and, if the State man wouldn't beat him to a stand still, I'm an alligator, and you may eat me alive, that's all. I have made my speculations on most of your European customs, and I have come to this conclusion, that there is no human being, under Almighty compass, can go-ahead with his dinner like an American. One of our citizens will clear off a pound of steaks, and wind up with a considerable sprinkle of mint-julep, in four minutes and sixteen seconds—that's a fact. I do expect we're a long chalk ahead of you in that line. And if that aint an everlasting proof of the value of time, I wonder what is!"

The validity of the proof was admitted at once. Nobody appeared inclined to dispute the question, and even Lord Clickerly, who had fought hard for the English up to this point,

allowed, with a lambent smile, that the Americans beat them in voracity.

"Do you hear what Mr. Trainer says of the Baroness, Rawlings?" said Mrs. Rawlings, who had been engaged in a low conversation, nine fathoms deep, with that gentleman: "Do tell Rawlings. You know we're all friends here,—now, there, go on, that's a good creature; I'm dying to hear all about it."

"I'm afraid," replied Mr. Trainer, glancing down the table under his eyebrows, "it will look malicious—and I am the last man—"

"Yes, yes, we know all that," cried Mrs. Rawlings.

"What is it?" inquired Mr. Rawlings; "if you make a mystery of it, we shall suspect it to be something worse than it is."

"No mystery at all," returned Trainer; "the fact is, the Baroness, without communicating with anybody, not even with me—and I thought I was in most of her secrets—has disappeared, no man knows whither—although," looking down the table again with an under glance, full of suppressed information, "I could make a tolerably shrewd guess."

"Disappeared!" hisped Lord Clickerly; "why, we knew that already. Can't you tell us any more?—The honour of a glass of wine, Lady Charles?—We want the full particulars."

"Tell them about the broker," whispered Mrs. Rawlings.

"Now really, Mrs. Rawlings," cried Mr. Trainer in a loud deprecating voice for every body to hear; "really that's too bad. Tell them about the broker! No, no; that was quite confidential between ourselves you know."

"Come, come, Trainer," exclaimed Mr. Rawlings, "let us have it at once."

"Certainly," echoed Lord Clickerly; "leave off your—hem!—faces and begin. I say, Rawlings," he inquired in a whisper, "who is Trainer?"

"An author," returned Rawlings.

"No!" rejoined his lordship, fixing a small gold eye-glass on his right eye, and scrutinizing Trainer; "who the doose would guess that to look at him?"

"Well, if you will have it," said Trainer, looking round the table to insure attention before he began; "but remember it's under protest."

"Oh, of course; go on."

"You shall have the story of the broker, but you must not ask me for any more, positively. Having an elegant ambition for fashionable life,—I don't wish to put it too strong,—the baroness became inextricably involved. A charming little house in May Fair, a job carriage, and a title, will ensure credit to a certain extent; but credit has a limit—I needn't explain that. Well, it came to a full stop. I wont enter into particulars; I'd rather not. But it seems that finding herself fairly wound up, she borrowed a few hundreds from the job-master on the security

of her furniture (which, by the way, isn't paid for yet), and on her way home called on a broker to value it, got an advance on the estimate, and was off to the continent that night with the proceeds in her pocket. The whole thing was quite in character; whatever the Baroness undertook she executed with spirit, I must say that for her."

"Spirit!" exclaimed Mr. Trumbull; "it may be what you call spirit, but it is a long way off what we call honesty in our country."

"Now, don't interrupt," cried Lord Clickerly.

"After all, this may be only a report," interposed Mr. Rawlings.

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Rawlings; "I am afraid it's too true. Now go on."

"I never repeat scandalous reports," said Mr. Trainer; "when I say anything to the prejudice of a friend, I am scrupulous in ascertaining the truth of it beforehand. In this particular case I happened to come to a knowledge of the truth by rather a curious accident. Every body knows I was on the most confidential terms with the Baroness,—in fact she consulted me in every thing; but latterly she grew reserved and mysterious. So long as people could be useful to her, she kept them about her; but I didn't mind that in the least. I knew her peculiarities, and was too much her friend not to try to serve her if I could. The last time I called she was out." Here Mr. Trainer threw in a significant cough, which made them all laugh. "I knew what that meant. When I called yesterday she was gone, and I found a little sallow man in possession of the house, in high altercation with a red-nosed fellow that looked big enough to eat him up at a single mouthful."

Clara and Margaret glanced at each other with an expression in their faces as much as to say, "How very shocking!" but every body else smiled and laughed, and even Mrs. Rawlings herself, in spite of her good-nature, felt the ludicrous prevail over the pathetic, in the misfortunes of her friend, the Baroness. Mr. Trainer went on.

"The sallow man was the broker, and the red-nosed fellow was the job-master, and there they were contending over the remains of the poor Baroness, like a couple of vultures. They appealed to me, but as she had not consulted me in the matter, I declined to interfere, when the little broker, taking me aside, whispered, 'It's all right, sir, she's off. There's my card. Mangin's Alley, first door on the right after the lamp. If you'll give me a call I'll tell you all the particulars.'"

The imitation of the little broker's tremulous voice, and the spasm with which he shot his card into Mr. Trainer's hand, set them off laughing afresh.

"Did you call on the broker?" demanded Trumbull, who looked as if he was taking notes with his eyes.

"This very day. Had some difficulty in finding Mangin's Alley."

Alley, first door after the lamp. What a place for the Baroness to be on a visiting acquaintance with!—a perfect stifle of darkness, with a dingy burner to make it visible; second-hand chairs, washhand-stands, cages, screens, shower-baths, old books with the covers torn off, rat-traps, chests of drawers, and all sorts of ironmongery, pitched together in a state of indescribable chaos. The little broker was distressingly communicative. He knew all about her affairs, and as he never expects to see her again, didn't care telling every thing he knew; he had often helped her with loans, and had secured her furniture inch by inch, up to the last moment, when he took the whole into his possession, and told me, with a chuckle, that he cleared the house in two hours after I left it."

"But really," said Mrs. Rawlings, growing all at once quite pitiful, "it's a very sad business; I am quite sorry for the poor Baroness. I wonder what's become of her son."

"She packed him off," exclaimed Mr. Trainer, "to his uncle, Lord Huxley, who has never seen him, and has always declared he never will; and he'll keep his word."

"Well, I declare," said Mrs. Rawlings, "I don't know what to make of it. To think of her going to the continent by herself. I am sure, when I was abroad, I don't know what I should have done if it hadn't been for Rawlings. I never could have travelled alone."

"Ah! my dear!" said Rawlings; "that was a great many years ago—great alterations since then."

"To be sure," said Mrs. Rawlings, "the Baroness is very different from me—she's so clever. I'm sure if it were to save my life I couldn't write a novel. What was the name of it, my dear?" she inquired, turning to Clara.

"Agatha; or The Bride of the Barricades," returned Clara.

"Ah! to be sure, I remember now."

During these observations a strange satirical smile was quietly settling on the face of Mr. Trainer, who, with his eyes fixed upon his plate, was amusing himself idly turning over a bunch of grapes with his fork. There was something so remarkable in his look that it attracted Mrs. Rawlings's notice.

"Ah! Mr. Trainer, you're a critic, and we know what your opinion of 'Agatha' is. It's very clever,—now, is it not?"

"Do you think so?" returned Trainer, opening his eyes, and looking full at Mrs. Rawlings, then dropping them on his plate again, and smiling more remarkably than before.

"I've heard you say so yourself," said Mrs. Rawlings; "you know you did, I won't let you escape from it."

"Perhaps—I don't remember—I may have said something of the book, but I don't think you heard me say anything about the author."

"Ah! that won't do. The Baroness must be clever to write a book that Mr. Trainer condescends to approve."

"The Baroness!" exclaimed Mr. Trainer, and here his mys-

terious smile became quite formidable. "You are very good-natured, Mrs. Rawlings—very. But do you really believe the Baroness wrote that novel?"

"Do—I—really believe?—what a question! Haven't I heard her speak of it a hundred times? Isn't her name on the title-page?"

"Quite true—incontestably true," returned Mr. Trainer; "but the name on the title-page is not always an infallible proof of the authorship;" and he laid a humorous stress on the word *infallible* that set them all off tittering. Never did the dissection of an absent friend yield such involuntary pleasantry.

"But you don't mean to say," began Mrs. Rawlings—

"That the novel," continued Clara and Margaret in a breath—

"Wasn't written," cried Mr. Trumbull—

"By the Baroness?" finished Mrs. Rawlings, in a slight half scream.

"How deliciously cool this claret is!" said Mr. Trainer, sipping his wine with invulnerable *nunchalunce*; "let me recommend you to try it."

"It's very shabby of you, Mr. Trainer," returned Mrs. Rawlings, drawing away her glass; "but we will not let you off. It is really provoking of you to throw out such dark hints about the poor Baroness, and to say that she didn't write her own book."

"Did I say so?" said Trainer.

"No, not exactly; but—"

"And if I did—there's nothing very extraordinary in it. Did anybody ever think the Baroness could write a novel? I knew her pretty well, and I never could discover her literary capacity."

"Oh! then," observed Mr. Farquhar; "it is only surmise after all."

"No, sir!" returned Mr. Trainer, "I don't rob people of their laurels on surmise. The Baroness never wrote a book in her life. A friend wrote that novel—a friend—and she implored him to let her put her name to it to give her a little *éclat*. In a moment of weakness and mistaken kindness that friend yielded." Mr. Trainer raised his glass to his lips, and drinking it slowly off, to conceal a grand emotion, fixed his eyes upon the ceiling.

"Hem!" murmured Mr. Rawlings; "we needn't ask who that friend was."

"I reckon we see *him* pretty clear," observed Mr. Trumbull.

"That you will admit is a point of some delicacy," said Trainer; "but as it was an act of strict friendship, and done to oblige a lady, I see no reason why I should disavow it. It was very silly, but none of us are wise you know, Mrs. Rawlings, where ladies are concerned. Capital, though, wasn't it? to see how the poor Baroness used to pass it off as her own, and swallow the flattery wholesale! One thing is quite certain, that

had it been published as mine, nobody would have read a line of it but a Baroness! It is astonishing how the circulating libraries gulp down a titled author."

"Well," said Mr. Rawlings, "you've contrived to work a moral out of it after all, which is more than I expected. If titles give books popularity, your lordship ought to turn author."

"I!" cried Lord Clickerly, throwing up his head and adjusting his collar, by way of indicating that he was born for higher things. "I! 'Pon my honour I should never have patience to write a book."

"Then," cried Mrs. Rawlings, with the most innocent laugh in the world, "you ought to prevail on Mr. Trainer to write one for you!"

Mr. Trainer tried to smile at this joke, but there was too much wormwood in it to make it pleasant; and Mr. Rawlings, thinking that the conversation had been carried far enough, conveyed a hint to Mrs. Rawlings, by a telegraphic signal which was well understood between them, that it was time for the ladies to withdraw. A little hubbub of chairs and rustling of silks, and the gentlemen were left to themselves over their wine.

The discussions that followed were noisy and desultory. A new light had been let in upon fashionable life and fashionable literature, and nooks and crannies which none of the present company had ever penetrated before were explored by its help. Mr. Trainer became elevated into a sort of oracle, but was tackled so pertinaciously from opposite points, with curious questions and contradictions by Lord Clickerly and Mr. Trumbull, that he was obliged to drink a great deal of claret to sustain his oracular dignity. Mr. Rawlings and Mr. Farquhar alone comprehended the true state of the case, and agreed perfectly, more by gestures than words, that it was not altogether very friendly in Mr. Trainer to betray the Baroness's secret, and that he would never have done so if she had not in some way offended him. Probably they were right, if the malicious report that afterwards got abroad was true—that his speculation in the "The Bride of the Barricade," had not been as successful as he had been led to hope.

The drawing-room was unusually merry. One might have thought that the misfortunes of the Baroness had infected the whole party with the most ridiculous spirits. This rebound from the calamities of others, which may be observed amongst even the most good-natured people, shows us how quickly individuals drop out, are dismissed, and forgotten in the whirl of life. But we mustn't stop to pick up moralities. The evening was vanishing imperceptibly (being now full half-past nine) when a servant announced that the carriage had come for Margaret. Everybody was taken by surprise, for she had not ordered her carriage till eleven; but it appeared that it had been sent by the direction of Lord Charles, a discovery which called up a sudden shadow over the face of Mr. Rawlings. Presently

Crikey Snaggs glided into the room, and dropping close to his master's chair whispered:—

"He's in it—I saw him sitting behind the blind."

"Who?"

"Lord Charles himself."

"Ho! Lord Charles is below, is he?" adding aloud, "Give Mrs. Rawlings's compliments to Lord Charles Eton—regrets he should stay at the door—begs he will come up and wait till her ladyship is ready."

Crikey Snaggs, who did not hold Lord Charles in his especial love, was delighted to be charged with this message, which he did not use much ceremony in delivering.

There was a general hush and subsidence in the room. They were all aware of the terms on which Mr. Rawlings and his Lordship stood towards each other, and awaited the issue in profound suspense. Margaret made a movement to leave the apartment, and anticipate any unpleasant consequences; but Mr. Rawlings would not suffer it, and had already set the general conversation again in motion, as if there was no such person as Lord Charles in question, when the door opened and his Lordship appeared upon the threshold. He looked pale and haughty, and the whiteness of his lips not only betrayed his passion, but the evil way in which passion affected him.

Glancing for a moment round the room, he made a ceremonious bow to Mrs. Rawlings, recognised Clara with a slight wave of his hand, and advanced at once to Margaret, without taking notice of her father.

"I am sorry, Lady Charles," he said, "to take you away from your friends; but if I had been aware you had an engagement, I should not have made arrangements for the opera this evening."

"The opera?" returned Margaret; "I was ignorant of your arrangements, but I am quite ready to accompany you."

She was, indeed, eager to go; anything to get Lord Charles away. But Mr. Rawlings placed his hand on her arm to hold her back, and turned to her husband.

"Do you consider it creditable, Lord Charles Eton, to make a display of the contempt in which you hold your wife's relatives, by sitting in your carriage at the door, and sending up a message by a servant for my daughter, instead of waiting upon her yourself?"

"I disclaim such an intention, sir," returned Lord Charles.

"I cannot fathom your intentions—I know you only by your acts; and this petty slight, paraded in the face of servants, is too premeditated a discourtesy to be passed over in silence. For myself, I despise it; but I am resolved that my family shall be treated with respect; and if my daughter feels what is due to herself, and to us, she will remain where she is. Your Lordship is at liberty to go, or to wait her pleasure."

"Am I to understand, Mr. Rawlings," said Lord Charles, "that you step between me and my wife to estrange her from her duty?"

"Duty!" exclaimed Rawlings, looking steadily into Lord Charles's face, who affected to turn off his gaze with a supercilious frown; "yes! you have discharged *your* duty well and honestly, and like a husband to her, in trying to estrange her from her family. Have you consulted her happiness, her position, her wishes in anything? Have you not taken pains,—infinite pains,—to make her feel, every hour of her life, that she was not born in your sphere? Have you not treated her with every species of cruelty, except that which you know you dare not resort to? Duty!"

"You are protected, sir, by your relation to Lady Charles," replied his lordship, summoning up an expression of perfect composure, "and by the roof under the shelter of which you have the good taste to insult me, or you know I should make you answer for this language. I feel that I ought to apologise to your friends for an exposure of domestic matters which I have certainly not sought to provoke, and which ordinary decency would reserve for a more private occasion."

"Paltry evasion!" exclaimed Mr. Rawlings; "it is you, not I, who have industriously published to the world the dissensions that exist between us: it is you, not I, who have made the breach and widened it, and who have spread abroad through every society that you have felt it necessary for your own credit to disavow your wife's family. And now you would creep away from the responsibility of this exposure by a plausible appeal to domestic privacy. Why there is not one individual known to either of us who is not familiar with every tittle of our family affairs. While others have talked freely of us, I have been silent. I spared you, but I will spare you no longer."

"Sir," said Lord Charles, "I am indifferent to your slanders. My character is the best answer to them. Disavow your family? I deny it. The supposition is absurd."

"Do you deny that you have industriously circulated amongst your friends, not by hints and whispers and innuendoes, but in the plainest and most offensive language, that you considered it due to your own character—a thing of starch and paint, which a shower of rain would wash into the kennel—to hold no further intercourse with me? Do you deny this?"

"I really am at a loss to comprehend you."

"Then I will enlighten you."

During this rapid dialogue the company distributed about the room exhibited their discomfort and uneasiness in various ways. Mrs. Rawlings, at a distance behind Mr. Rawlings, was making imploring signals to Lord Charles, whenever she thought she caught his eye, in which she was generally deceived; Margaret had partially turned away, and only ventured to look timidly over her shoulder, now and then; while Clara and Mr. Farquhar sat apart, revolving the matrimonial disclosures in their own minds, and thinking, doubtless, what a very different sort of life they should lead when they were married. Lord Clerk-

erly considered it good fun, and Mr. Trainer stood scrutinizing the group with morose eyes and beetling brows. Mr. Trumbull alone took a direct and active interest in what was going forward, and drawing over his chair leaned out, with his elbows on his knees, to watch the progress of the scene, with a view to make a chapter of it in his book on the social manners and customs of the English.

"Then I will enlighten you," exclaimed Mr. Rawlings, drawing a letter from his pocket; "here is a letter you wrote to the Earl of Dragonfelt—ah! I see you remember it—in which you volunteer an opinion upon transactions between his Lordship and myself, of many years standing, and of the merits of which you were as ignorant as the sheet of paper on which you wrote, begging of his lordship to believe that you entirely disapproved of my conduct, and that, indeed, you—you!—had already broken off all personal connection with me."

"By what means did you become possessed of that letter?" demanded Lord Charles.

"By what right, sir, did you presume to thrust yourself into my affairs?"

"By the right, sir, which every gentleman is justified in asserting, but which I hardly expect Mr. Rawlings will acknowledge—the right of vindicating my own honour."

"Your honour!—cobwebs!—what had your honour to do with my business?"

"Simply this, that I am connected with you, although I *do* hold no intercourse with you, and that I will not suffer the shadow of a suspicion to fall upon my name from any act of yours. You basely take advantage of the power which the law places in your hands to hunt down a noble family, and, without giving them time to enter into any arrangements for the preservation of their property, you turn them out of their estates, and embitter the declining age of a peer of the realm. The law was designed for the protection of honest men, not to abet the practices of usurers and money-jobbers."

"You would do well to economise your clap-traps for the reporters' gallery," retorted Mr. Rawlings; "they are lost here. Again I ask you, why you presumed to interfere between me and the Earl of Dragonfelt?"

"I will not answer you further. I am not called upon to explain any part of my conduct to you. It is enough if I feel justified to myself in apprising a family you have wronged and oppressed that I abhor a proceeding which must fill every honourable mind with indignation."

"You talk so much about honour, Lord Charles Eton, that I am afraid you have very little to spare for any purpose but mouthing. Who told you this fine story about taking advantage of the law? Where did you pick it up? Did you stop to ask whether the Earl of Dragonfelt had done anything on his side to prevent this extreme measure? I grant you it is an extreme

measure; but the law which was designed for the protection of honest men, as you say, invokes extreme measures in extreme cases, and sanctifies them by the name of justice. It will hang extreme villains sometimes, and I do not find that people write to their families to express abhorrence. Did you ask anybody how long this mortgage had hung over the Dragonfelt estates? What indulgences I had already given? What scorn and insult I had endured from the man whose credit and station I had saved at a critical moment? Did you inquire whether that respectable old nobleman had returned my forbearance with treachery, and condescended, through his agents and hirelings, to bribe my servants, in the hope of getting at my private papers? Did your honourable mind make any of these inquiries before it took upon itself to abhor my proceedings?"

"Most unquestionably I never dreamt of making such inquiries."

"Yet, wholly ignorant of the circumstances, you assumed to yourself the right of pronouncing an opinion upon my actions; and this you call asserting the right of a gentleman. How that unhappy word is prostituted by persons like yourself, who believe that they are born with an exclusive title to it! Why the Earl himself, who is as cunning as a serpent, and as sharp eyed as a ferret, must read your fawning parasite character through and through, and despise you as heartily as I do. You thought it a grand thing to stand well with your order, to show a generous sympathy for a ruined lord. Had he been a man who had built up his own fortune, like me, you would have let him rot in the mire before you would have opened your lips to utter one word, unless it were a word of opprobrium. You lick the feet of the Earl, because you believe the current is set in against me—you sacrifice me to pander to his nobility. Lord Charles Eton we must understand each other better henceforth—let the distance between us be clear, wide, and impassable—be careful how you advance one step upon it."

"I will not interchange scurrility with you, sir; you are free to use those weapons of vulgar abuse at which I confess my inferiority. The distance between us is impassable; and I am only too happy to feel myself relieved for the rest of my life by the gross outrage you have committed upon me, from exercising any further delicacy towards you. But before I leave you, with the aversion your language and conduct inspires, I again demand of you by what means that letter came into your possession?"

"For what reason do you make that demand? Do you suppose I came by it surreptitiously?"

"I do. I know more of your history than you suspect; and can readily believe that a man who could turn a death-bed confidence to his own ends—the death-bed of his employer and benefactor—is eminently capable of purloining a letter. Come, Lady Charles, my arm is at your service."

As he spoke—his face whitening with gall—he offered his

arm to Margaret; but his last words had taken so strange an effect on Richard Rawlings, who seemed overwhelmed by astonishment rather than shame or anger, that she stood gazing in fear and irresolution upon her father, hardly aware of the action of Lord Charles. His Lordship again proffered his arm to her in silence, but she did not observe him—her eyes were riveted upon her father's face, in which, for the interval of a second that elapsed during this movement, there was an incomprehensible expression of mixed surprise and hesitation, as if he were trying to gather up memories of things forgotten, and to trace their connection with the dark allusion of Lord Charles. But his lordship was not disposed to wait the result, and, withdrawing his extended arm, muttered in a low voice to Lady Charles, "Perhaps you will follow me," and left the room.

This sudden action recalled her to a full consciousness of her situation. Mrs. Rawlings and Clara came to her, apparently to prevail upon her to stay a little longer, till she had recovered from the agitation into which this painful scene had thrown her. She looked like a person awakening from a dream—a heavy stupor seemed to have locked up her senses—and when it passed away, she made a violent effort to collect herself for the struggle it was necessary to make.

"No—no,"—she whispered in broken tones—"no—no—I must not stay—my duty lies there—God bless you! mother!—sister!—He shall have nothing to reproach me with—I will speak to him alone—and if it comes to parting, it must be clear and open, and before the world—not thus—not thus!"

As she went towards the door, two or three of the gentlemen hastened forward to attend her, but she waved them back, and went out alone.

When she was gone, everybody was standing about the room with an air of embarrassment.

"I am sorry our little party should have been so unluckily broken in upon," said Mr. Rawlings; "pray be seated, gentlemen."

"As far as I can judge," observed Mr. Trumbull, "there's no occasion to repent it. It was a noble manifestation on your part, Mr. Rawlings; and in the name of every free-born man I must tender you my gratitude for your magnificent vindication of the rights of the many against the usurpation of the few. That's the way I look at it. Reduced to its elements, in a popular sense, it was a complete triumph of democracy over aristocracy, and no mistake; and I reckon if we had you in Congress, we'd make everlasting smash of the fine people in our country that ape the exclusive views of your society. The fact is, Mr. Rawlings, these marriages never come to good. The graft won't take; and you'll never have a wholesome state of things in this country till you clear the snags out of the water, and let the current of industry free—the live human tide, that must go boiling down, whether you like it or not, and that, if you attempt

to dam it up by unnatural impediments, will burst the banks at last. You may set that down as an eternal truth, Mr. Rawlings."

This speech was chiefly delivered into the ear of Mr. Rawlings, who was standing close to him; but there was no time for a reply. The guests were already taking their leave, and half way out of the room.

As they were retiring, Mr. Rawlings drew Mr. Farquhar back. "Let them go," he said; "I wish to have a few words alone with you to-night."

CHAPTER II.

The Lover and the Husband.

To what conclusion the conference between Henry Winston and Mr. Costigan finally led, it would have been difficult for either of them to determine with any exactitude. It left so complicated a net-work of crude strategies in their brains the next morning, that no one particular point could be said to be more clear or satisfactory than another. Strange, indeed, would it have been had it turned out otherwise; for it surpassed even the ingenuity of Mr. Costigan to discover any justifiable pretext Mr. Henry Winston could set up to himself for making an onslaught on Lord Charles Eton. The more they sifted the matter, the more obvious it became that he had no right whatever to interfere with his Lordship; and that, indeed, he could not very well do so without giving his Lordship a direct advantage, with all the respectable sympathies to back him, and exposing himself to the risk of failure and derision. Henry Winston allowed himself reluctantly to be convinced of this at last. He felt that his first impetuous notion of calling his Lordship to account for his conduct to his wife, or making it in any way an excuse for picking a quarrel with him, had a remarkably awkward resemblance to breaking into his Lordship's house. But, although he relinquished that boyish view of the case, and saw the necessity of dealing with Lord Charles on independent grounds,—a necessity forced upon him by a careful consideration of the respect that was due to Margaret,—he by no means relinquished his fixed determination to throw himself in his Lordship's way, and leave the rest to chance.

For several days he made a diligent promenade in the neighbourhood of the clubs, and through the streets where he thought it likely he should fall in with his Lordship. But he might have exercised himself in this way for twenty years, and not have met the man he wanted. He might miss him twenty times a day by the breadth of a brick at the corners of streets, or by the shadow on a shop-threshold, or by taking the wrong side of the street, or by looking in at a window, or looking round when he ought to look straight before him. Pins in bundles of hay are not more unconsciously obstinate in their whereabouts than gentlemen

who are looked after, without knowing it, in the streets of London. Day after day passed over in this fruitless search; although once he thought he saw Lord Charles in a cab, and ran after it up and down several streets till he overtook it, and had the satisfaction of discovering that it contained a fat man who didn't bear the slightest resemblance to the gentleman he was in search of.

How little Lady Charles, in the solitude of her dismal house, suspected that there was a young man going about town all day long looking for her husband, with dire intent more haggard than his looks! We wonder did it chance to her in any of those solitary hours, when the heart is so apt to live over its old memories again, to expend a thought upon Henry Winston? Did she ask herself how the estrangement, and sudden eclipse of his love, came about, and think, with a shuddering doubt, that she ought to have cleared it up before she raised a barrier between them for ever? And it was now too late for repentance, too early for doubts! If she did, if she yearned with regret towards the past, and looked with dark misgivings on the present and the future, who was to blame? Her husband, at least, who should have obliterated all such feelings, instead of leaving them to prey upon her in loneliness and desertion, had no right to complain of the change they wrought in her.

One night, Henry Winston, weary of a wretched day of disappointments, wandered into the Opera, with the same object incessantly before him. The lustre of the scene, the buzz of voices, the stories of whole lives in their spring and decay, revealed in the fluctuating incidents that marked the movements of the groups around him, not a stir of which escaped him, recalled with many keen and bitter pangs the evening when he had last visited this very place with the man whom, of all the world, he now most wished to encounter. Several times he fancied he saw him—but was still disappointed. It was growing late; he had scrutinized every box, ran eagerly over every head in the stalls, with the same result, when his attention was attracted by the opening of a box, which had been hitherto vacant, on the grand tier. A lady and gentleman entered. The gentleman came quickly to the front, and glanced with an appearance of impatience about the house. Henry Winston knew him by instinct before he recognised a feature in his face. It was Lord Charles Eton at last! The turn of his shoulder, the easy grace and confidence of his action, and that calm, statuesque face and sculptured shirt, could not be mistaken. Henry Winston's heart bounded as if the blood in it were leaping to get free. In a moment or two the lady, who had lingered at the back of the box, advanced slowly to the seat looking towards the stage, and drawing the curtain forward, took a chair behind it. Her face was almost wholly screened from the audience, and her figure, muffled in a large white cloak, could not be sufficiently made out to help the speculations of the watcher below. Henry Winston

fixed his glass upon the box, and did not lose an articulation of those who sat in it.

For some time the lady was motionless, while Lord Charles was scanning the circles and scattering about recognitions from the tips of his fingers. They didn't exchange a word. At length Lord Charles flung himself back in his chair, and, although Henry could not see his face, he felt that he was speaking. The lady moved a little forward—she was fluttered, and pushing aside the curtain, apparently to avoid the conversation, turned her face towards the audience. The light of the old enchantment fell once more upon Henry Winston! There was a great change—the pallor of a death-sickness was in her cheeks, and her eyes betrayed an expression of profound sadness; yet still there was the same sweetness, the same entrancing beauty, he remembered so well. With a wild tumult of emotions he sat and gazed upon her, intently observing the progress of the dialogue which was going forward. Lord Charles was speaking with considerable emphasis, twitching his glass backwards and forwards, sometimes stooping out over the box, and sometimes standing up, by way of making a pantomime to perplex the scrutiny of inquisitive *lorgnettes*; but Henry Winston could see that he was speaking vehemently all the time, and the most vehemently when he desired to appear most unconcerned. Sometimes Margaret turned and spoke—once with marked animation; and then Lord Charles, after an energetic movement in the shadow at the back, suddenly left the box. When he was gone, Margaret hustled a little with her fan, then laid it down, and hid herself again behind the curtain. Henry Winston caught a glimpse of a white handkerchief and fancied she was in tears.

There was not much time for reflection. If he had followed his first impulse upon seeing Margaret alone, Henry Winston would have instantly gone to her box; but one fatal thought rose before him, like a spectre, and warned him to take any direction but that. He recoiled from it with a shudder, such as one undergoes who tears himself from the edge of a gulf whose sightless depth had fascinated him to frenzy. The feeling of despair with which he turned from that sight, where every hope of his life was withered, imparted increased intensity to the eagerness with which he now looked round for Lord Charles. That satisfaction, at least, mad and wretched as it was, still remained to him. The consummation of the revenge he had sleeplessly nourished was at hand, and he had not long to wait for it. Before he had even time to collect himself, or determine what course he should take on meeting Lord Charles, his Lordship appeared in the lounge within a few yards of him, looking as cool and *insouciant* as if nothing in the world had lately happened to ruffle his tranquillity.

A mist passed over Henry Winston's eyes—the house seemed to swim round him; the intolerable calmness with which Lord Charles sauntered through the crowd, aggravated his offences

tenfold. Had he shown a tinge of emotion when they met,—as they did all at once, face to face,—Henry Winston might have felt it as a rebuke to the violent passion that agitated him; but there was not the slightest change in his Lordship's face, except a faint and somewhat lofty expression of surprise.

"Ha! Winston!" exclaimed Lord Charles, "how d'ye do? What has become of you all this time? How d'ye do, Forrester—how d'ye do?"

"I have looked eagerly for this meeting, Lord Charles Eton," cried Winston; "things have happened since we met last that have altered our positions towards each other."

"Things are happening every day, my dear Winston," returned Lord Charles, "that alter everybody's position. Very true, as you say"—here his Lordship nodded, with a most gracious smile, to a lady on the grand tier,—“I don't think I have seen you since my—marriage."

"No—it was a subject upon which you were not very likely to wish to see me."

"And why not? Still as sentimental as ever? My dear Winston, you must be more a man of the world. You shall positively come and see us."

"My lord!" exclaimed Winston, "I'm not in a humour to be jested with. I have sought you, Lord Charles Eton, and my purpose is with you in private. Let us retire from this place."

"Retire, Winston? Quite impossible. Lady Charles is up stairs—there, go and talk to her; and if you wish for a private scene with me, you shall have it whenever you please to honour me with a visit. Lady Charles will be delighted to see you, and I promise you I shan't be jealous in the least."

At this moment Lord Charles had got into a crush of people he knew, and in the pressure Henry Winston was separated from him. He was bewildered by the indifference and frankness of his Lordship's accomplished manner; and the open invitation to visit Lady Charles took him by surprise and directed the current of his thoughts into a new channel. The temptation was too great to be resisted. Whatever reception he might meet from Margaret, he could, at all events, plead her husband's sanction for intruding upon her, and he would gain the opportunity, for which his wayward love had long panted, of speaking to her, and getting some explanation of the mystery in the darkness of which they had been so strangely sundered. This was sweeter to him than vengeance—which, after all, it only postponed, perhaps to heighten and refine its zest.

He was not very well acquainted with the lobbies of the house, but love is a keen guide through the most difficult labyrinths. Arrived at the door of the box, he hesitated for a moment, and when the box-keeper came to his help and opened it, he felt himself trembling violently. Lady Charles was the first to speak. She did not recognise him till he came near the front.

"Mr. Winston!"—there was a slight convulsion in her voice,

but she controlled it, and drawing herself quietly up, waited for an explanation.

"You are surprised to see me," said Henry; "but not more surprised than I am to find myself here."

"I am sorry Lord Charles is not here to receive you."

"It was Lord Charles who desired me to come. I should not otherwise have ventured to intrude upon you. I feel, Lady Charles, that I have no right to ask a few minutes' conversation—perhaps I ought not—but there is something due to past memories—to present suffering—I intreat you to forgive me if I say one word which I ought not to utter in the altered circumstances under which we meet."

"I cannot believe, Mr. Winston, that you could say anything I ought not to hear."

"When we last parted, there were pledges between us—"

"Upon that subject I cannot—will not—hear you."

"Well—I will only speak of it as a matter gone by, in which neither of us have any further interest than to clear up doubts that, so far as I am concerned, render my life miserable. I could not have sustained myself up to this hour, only in the hope that some day I should have from your own lips an explanation—"

"You amaze me. Explanation?"

"I beg it from you as the one solitary favour I shall ever have to seek in this world from her, who—" his voice faltered.

"This is unreasonable—unjust; it is wrong, Mr. Winston, I cannot suffer it," said Margaret.

"Do not fear," returned Henry; "I know what is due to your position, and will not compromise it. When we parted—I ask you this to ease me of a load of wretchedness that presses upon me day and night—a few words, and it will all be over—we had promised each other—no matter! you remember all that—I will hasten to the end—your father insisted upon this marriage—well, I wrote to you—I believed then that your heart was mine—"

"To what end is this?" cried Margaret.

"I proposed the only alternative open to us—that you should fly with me—I sent that letter by your sister."

Margaret looked confused, as if she did not quite understand him.

"What letter?"

"Two days after your father desired you to receive Lord Charles Eton."

"No—no—you are mistaken—you forget—you never sent me such a letter—no—no—"

"Try to recollect—you are agitated. I mentioned that I should wait for you in the Park. You remember?"

"No—you are confounding things. I never heard of such a letter. Sent to me by Clara?"

"Endeavour to recall the circumstance. I waited at the ap-

pointed spot. It will be clear to you, if you can remember the morning when you drove out with your father and Lord Charles. You recollect?"

"Let me think. Yes—I do remember that morning—but nothing about you."

"I entreat you to look back and think—did you not see me? Waiting with a carriage? Think—think—what horrible mystery is this?"

"Never—I never saw you—never heard of such a letter."

"What fiend has done this? I saw you as plainly as I see you now—and I believed you came to mock and humiliate me. And it was not so?"

"It was not so," returned Margaret, in a voice almost inarticulate; "no—I heard nothing from you—I was led to believe that you had left the country—I heard other things—but I believed in nothing but your silence. That was enough, and it closed all between us. We must speak no more on this subject; and I should not have said so much, but that I would not have you think me capable of doing a wrong to you or others. Be satisfied and leave me."

"Great God!" exclaimed Henry, "could your sister have suppressed the letter? She had it, and knew its contents—and knew the misery I was enduring—slight to what I have endured since, and to the horrors of the future. And this marriage followed, without bringing you happiness, while it consigns me to despair!"

"I cannot listen to such language. Happiness! We must seek for happiness in the discharge of our duties. You have the explanation you desired—resignation and hope must be sought elsewhere—not here—not in conversations like these—and now leave me—leave me. Lord Charles is in the pit—he is looking up—had you not better rejoin him?"

"I will," cried Henry Winston; "if I have given you pain, forgive me—Margaret! There, it is the last time. If you should ever think of me after this night—think kindly of me. God! my heart will break!" and he rushed out of the box.

As ill fortune would have it, he met Lord Charles in one of the passages. The wild expression of his face startled his lordship, who rarely suffered himself to be betrayed into astonishment at anything.

"Why, my dear Winston," exclaimed his Lordship, "what is the matter?"

"Come this way, Lord Charles Eton," retorted the other, "and I will tell you."

"Why can't you tell me here?"

"We shall be more private this way," cried Winston, drawing him towards the extremity of the passage, where it was comparatively dark and retired.

"I told you," he continued, "that I sought this interview with you."

"Well, I am here. What is your object?"

"To tell you that you have availed yourself of your rank, your station, your influence to undermine your friend, and blast his prospects. To tell you that your conduct to me has been base, and treacherous; and to demand from you that satisfaction which, as a gentleman, I have a right to seek at your hands for the wrong you have done me."

"Come—come," returned Lord Charles, "this is sheer idiocy, Mr. Winston. I beg you will explain what you mean?"

"Explain? It ought to be explicit enough. I brand you, Lord Charles Eton, with falsehood and treachery. You have done me a wrong that cries out for atonement, and must be satisfied. It is useless to shift and equivocate. I know your subtle and devilish nature well—but you shall not escape me. Give me an answer, if you would not provoke me to extremities."

"Give way, sir, and let me pass. If you have any demand to make upon me, seek a proper opportunity."

"Coward!" exclaimed Winston, wrought upon to a height of ungovernable rage, "will nothing move your stagnant blood!" then drawing his hand violently, he struck him on the face, at the same moment flinging his card upon the ground.

The incident caused a slight commotion amongst a few gentlemen who witnessed the latter part of the rencontre. One of them stepped forward, and, picking up the card, handed it to Lord Charles Eton. In the meanwhile, Henry Winston had passed rapidly out into the street.

THE ARGOSY OF LIFE.

(From the German of Eschenburg.)

STately ship, with silken sails,
Heaving down my humble boat,
Sound of song and bote ne'er fails
Thy gay crew, as on they float!
I must sing my song alone,
While stormy winds around me moan,

Stately ship! when night's dark realm
Chokes round thee, grey and pale,
Stands a stranger at the helm,
While the loud blast rends thy sail.
Angry waves are rolling high,
But they daunt not his fix'd eye.

Equal wind and equal wave,
Stately ship and humble boat,
On the same sea round ye rave,
Rich and poor alike afloat.
On the same dark reef ye break,
For DEATH the pilotage doth take!

JOHN CAMPBELL, THE HOMICIDE.

BY W. H. MAXWELL, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "STORIES OF WATERLOO," ETC.

A HARDER matter to accomplish in the land of Cockayne could not be propounded to a London house-agent, than to find some solvent citizen who, *studens diabolo*, not the auctioneer, would become an occupying tenant of the domicile to which I had just removed, with all my establishment, biped and quadruped. I was thirty miles' distance from the next post-town, and the journey, moreover, was one by land and by water, unless it were accomplished at spring-tides, when the sands at lowest ebb, were for a brief space only left perfectly uncovered, and firm as a garden walk.

The community inhabiting this wild corner of the earth seemed properly assimilated to their climate. They were rude and turbulent—no sticklers themselves for exploded doctrines touching *meum* and *tuum*, and ready, from fellow feeling, to extend their sympathies to any offender who sought them for "the nonce." Hence, smugglers, deserters, and felons, might evade justice in Ballicroy, so long as their cases should require an asylum there; provided always, by foul means or by fair, their treasury was solvent.

On my arrival in this new locality, I found that the *stellæ minores* in crime had been extinguished by the comet-like superiority of a malefactor, in mercantile parlance "recently imported." He was a homicide for the third time. Through fear or affection the peasantry harboured him, and it was officially notified to me that his expulsion or apprehension were pleasant pieces of magisterial work expected at my hands.

It may be easily imagined, therefore, that for several months after I had taken up my residence at the lodge of Aughniss, the relations existing between me and Mr. Campbell (as this wholesale homicide was called), were everything but amicable. I thought it beneath the dignity of a poor esquire of the King, to allow an *unmistakeable* malefactor to remain in my immediate vicinity; and hence I denounced pains and penalties, if he the delinquent did not forthwith vanish from my bailiwick. The decree went forth, and in a few posts after it was received, I was favoured with a prompt reply. Mr. Campbell acknowledged the intimation which I had officially conveyed to him; but added, that as his health was excellent, he could discover no necessity whatever for change of air. In return for the polite communication which he had the honour of receiving, he took the liberty to hint, that the sooner I ordered a coffin, and arranged my worldly affairs, it would be all the better. I, as in duty bound, indignantly anathematized the sinner, and declared him altogether "past praying for." By the next mail-bag, Mr. Campbell responded by an enigmatical quære—though, faith! I guessed the import readily;—it went to ask whether I considered my skin impervious to a musket-ball? and in this pleasant position matters continued between us until the following autumn had come round.

In the interim, from what I felt myself and heard of my homicidal correspondent, neither of us appeared to be exactly on a bed of roses.

My domicile was thatched, and hence the most adventurous fire-office would not touch a policy proposed by me at any premium. A lighted turf inserted in the straw, in five minutes would have rendered my residence and the city of Troy on tolerably equal terms, as far as combustion went. On the other hand, I having obtained a reputation for a light foot and restless temperament, if at christening or dragging-home* Mr. Campbell should honour the festivity with his presence, what would be more likely to occur, than that I, unwelcome as Alonzo the Brave at a fashionable wedding in "lung syne," should tumble in with half a score of "knaves in Kendall green," and that, too, without being announced by the master of the ceremonies? Our relative positions were far from pleasant—but accident fortunately came to the rescue.

Campbell had one advantage—he knew my person intimately; for, twenty times (as he told me afterwards) occult himself, he could have struck me with a peat, while in slow security I was riding and reading the newspaper—a common trick of mine, close to his ambuscade. Him I had never seen; and the personal descriptions of him I received were so conflicting, that to form any accurate idea of the malefactor from such discrepant reports, would have puzzled a conjuror. Some ascribed to him every satanic personality, excepting hoof and horn; while others assured me that the outlaw was a marvellous proper man, the very fellow to bother any tender-hearted young gentlewoman at a dance; and who (were both behind a mountain) was likely to prove an ugly customer to the best man in Ballycroy, should there be any who had a fancy to try conclusions with him.

The last week of close-time had been so wet, that, excepting on some elevated tammock, a grouse could not find a spot to lay his breast upon. I had made a hopeless venture, and, with no trifling personal fatigue, ascended the higher ranges of the hills, but, like the moors beneath, the surface was so saturated with eternal rain, that birds took wing long before anything short of a stand of grape could reach them. I gave the attempt up—it was evidently bootless labour; and I started, accordingly, in a home direction, and headed towards the lodge of Aughneas.

If there was no lion in my path, there was an obstacle to overcome,—ay, and to the full as formidable—a turbid river interposed its inky waters, a deep but narrow gully, venting some score of tributaries that came roaring down the hill-sides, and hurrying on, at racing speed, to discharge its swollen stream into the aridlet of the sea that shut me from my home, determined to force a passage, if that were practicable. I sent away my gilly and his dogs to reach their destination by a safe but tedious detour.

For a long half mile I followed the angry flood, and not a spot presented itself that came within a spring, such as I knew my best-taxed energies could accomplish. I was, in truth, in what Jonathan calls "a fix," and came to a hopeless halt. It was a moment of despondency. Curse upon mountain gullies! I taxed classical and poetical authorities, and no case in point presented itself—*expectat rusticus dum defuit annis*. More fool he! a night unhoused might do in Italy well enough, while it would be anything but agreeable among the swamps of Ballycroy. The sunny skies of that fair region—we mean Itabau—

* The induction of a lady after marriage to her new residence.

differ slightly from the atmospheric superincumbency that veils "the Land of the West,"—a bituminous concoction, especially adapted for the aborigines, or, as *Romeo* hath it, "sweets to the sweet;" being for the comfort of that bog-trotting community, a nicely-assimilated admixture of tar and treacle. "Push on! keep moving!" quoth *Young Rapid* in the play. Whither? in my case, asked common sense,—a mere toss up, was the reply; exchange *Scylla* for *Charibdis*—on farther and speed worse. In a word what was to be done? For half a mile I plodded down the stream—stream! call you a vile gully, overcharged with fluid. To what shall we liken it?—coffee, stout, printers-ink-washings, or any abomination, as far as colour goes and fancy can wander—and not a practicable spot to be discovered! Below the height, I knew that a tributary of no small extent debouched its waters, and, consequently, all chance of transit would be hopeless.

At that moment of despondency, a human figure rose slowly over a hillock which had hitherto masked his approach. He was a tall, athletic fellow, wrapped in a *cota-mora*,* and, as is the prevailing custom of the peasantry in that country, provided with a trusty sapling.

He made me a rude obeisance—said that he had observed me try vainly for a passage, and intimated, what I knew well, that one hundred yards lower down, all chance of effecting a transit would be hopeless. Night was closing fast, and every moment precious.

"Mark ye that bend in the stream?" he said.

"I see it."

"That was the place where the herdman's body floated in—him who was drowned there some fifteen years ago. Dare you venture a lung leap? or would you rather toil for six long miles over swamps and black-bass?"

"Hit or miss, we'll try the jump," said I, "and, if we fail, 'tis but a swim for it."

"Stoutly spoken, come on. There is the only spot," he pointed out a bending in the river, and led the way.

When we reached it I measured it with my eye.

"Is that too much for you, sir?"

"Upon my word! my friend, it will tax me hard."

"It is your only chance," he added.

"Barring a slip, I think I can manage it."

"If you can," and he laid emphasis on the word, "except myself, I'll call you the best jumper in Ballycroy."

"We must send the gun across before us," said I, and I prepared to throw it to the opposite bank.

"What!" said the stranger, "risk injury to such a piece as this?" and he took it from me, examined the barrels, tried the action of the locks, and then expressed his admiration.

"It is, in truth, a splendid piece of workmanship. Trust it to me, —we'll go in or over together. Then jump your best."

"As if a bailiff were in chase—"

"A mad bull behind, or Campbell the murderer,—you have heard often of that scoundrel?—at your elbow," said he, and he smiled as he finished the sentence.

"Faith! my friend, I have no fancy for an introduction to either mad bulls or murderers. I have heard of a choice between the devil

* A frisco great-coat.

and the deep sea; and I think of the alternatives that you propound, I would prefer a set-to with the quadruped."

"It would be a toss-up," returned the stranger. "So, here goes—in or over!"

He retired some thirty paces, seemed to collect his energies, made his rush and spring, and landed full three feet inside the river bank.

I had never met before a better jumper than myself, and stimulated by a successful example, I screwed my courage to the sticking-point, made the essay, and landed in sporting style.

"Well done! Come, sir, we'll drink 'luck' after that: I was half-persuaded you would have jumped short, and I should have been obliged to fish you from the shepherd's corner there. After that spring, I'll back us two against any pair in Rallycroy."

I took the flask he offered, drank to him, a compliment he returned politely, and on we jogged at a pace that proved us both to be good mountain men. In half an hour we topped a rising ground that commanded an unbroken view of the country for miles around.

"In that direction lies *your* route, *mine* lies in this," and he pointed north and south.

"What! are we to part company?" said I; "and will you refuse good quarters and warm welcome? In faith! my friend, I owe you the double debt."

He shook his head.

"Come, come—the warmest corner in the lodge is yours, and none deserve it better."

He smiled. "Shall I speak one short sentence, and will you repeat the invitation?"

"Try me."

"Say, that I proved some person of whom the world spoke lightly—a deserter—or the—"

"Devil, to fill the blank up," I added. "The best cheer that my poor residence affords shall still be yours."

"There is your gun,—and now will you repeat your invitation?"

"Yes."

"One who held you at defiance, now trusts you with both life and liberty; and I know you have too much manhood to take him at advantages—John Campbell is beside you!"

I started back a pace or two, and never was one of the King's poor esquires more desperately bothered than myself.

"I am at your disposal," said the outlaw, with perfect coolness;—"am I a freeman or a prisoner?"

"If you never be the latter 'till I arrest you,—but come along, let us push homewards. Call yourself by any name—priest, parson, or any craft you please—none will seek your secret."

"I will only trespass on you for this night. My determination is already taken. You were the only man I feared,—you pressed me hard,—I know the risk I run. If ever neck was sure of halter, mine is the one. But I am weary of a ruffianly existence. Will you but promise me one week's freedom, and ere the eighth day passes, I'll swear to return, and ask you to lodge me in the gaol?"

"Upon my life, the compact will be a strange one—agreed!"

"Shall I carry the gun?"

I handed it to him, and on we jogged in perfect amity.

"Know ye any of my people at the lodge?"

"Whether I do or not, none of them will claim an acquaintance. The New Police have a faithful description of me, for I furnished it myself," and he laughed heartily. "By heaven! I always fancied that you and I should become friends at last. Many a good supper and sound sleep I owe you. Little did you imagine that when you were picking a brandered grouse in the parlour, I was engaged with grilled mutton in the servants'-hall. I, threatened death, and you, the gallows; and, strange but true, the same ink traced both writings more than once."

"What a false gang my villanous establishment must be!"

"No; they are true to you, one and all. They knew right well that I would not harm you,—ay, not one hair upon your head,—could I have bought the King's pardon by it."

Before breakfast it was announced that the visitor I had brought home on the preceding evening had beaten an early retreat, after a due acknowledgment of the night's hospitality, and an intimation that he might be expected back in a few days.

The period he named when he should return came round; night had set in, but the outlaw did not present himself. Some wild adventure had probably engaged his truant disposition, and I began to fear that his professions of amended life, like "dicer's oaths," were already half forgotten. It was to me a subject of regret; for, sooth to own it, I had taken an interest in the fellow.

Presently, the voices of several persons were heard in the farther department of the lodge, which was allotted to the servants, and also used for the accommodation of such strangers as it might be considered *infra dignitatem* in me to admit to our private presence. Whoever the guests might be, they were welcome; for, from broken sentences which I overheard, their reception was friendly. In a few minutes my butler appeared, and announced that the outlaw had returned, and at my desire he was speedily introduced.

"You see, sir," he said laughingly, "that having once found my way to the lodge, I am not likely to forget it."

"I should be sorry if you did, Campbell; and let me add, that you are more welcome than many an honest man would be."

He gave me a melancholy smile, and thanked me gratefully; even when he laughed, there was something in the sound that was depressing to the spirits. In the Highlands, there is a prevailing fancy that "doomed men" bear indications in their features which foretell their fate; and even when assuming, if he did not feel it, a mirthful mood, Campbell's countenance exhibited an expression not to be described; but in effect it was absolutely heart-sinking.

"Well, sir, you have given the words of welcome to me, will you extend them to two others? I have not returned alone."

The announcement startled me. Was Campbell going to take advantage of a trifling service, and colonize my domicile with criminals? He saw that I was not much gratified at his communication.

"I fear, sir, that I have trespassed too heavily on your kindness. It may be easily remedied, however; for, half a mile farther, I have a kinsman who will afford us all we want—bumble fare and the shelter of the roof-tree."

"To be candid with you," I responded, smiling, "although always happy to have your company when alone, I am in nowise ambitious of

extending my visiting circle, *noscitur à sociis*. You need not tax your latin heavily to construe what I mean—one gentleman who, like yourself, has adopted the system of free-trading, is as much as I can tolerate. In a word, who may your companions be? Are they, as Shakspeare has it, regular clerks of Saint Nicholas—gentlemen who have discharged themselves from the army without pay or pension,—cracked a skull without the power of its being repaired, or—or—

"On all these points I can plead for them a 'not guilty,'" replied the fugitive.

"Well, if they have neither given employment to the coroner, or called stand to a true man, what devil's errand drove them in your good company to Ballycrov?"

"I think I might offer my security against any of these imputed charges. But satisfy yourself, sir, for if we are to move on, the sooner we reach our night-quarters the better," and he called to the new comers to appear.

Criminals indeed they were not—for a woman of uncommon beauty, with a child in her arms, next minute stood before us."

The outlaw's cold and daring mood instantly was changed. A deep and desponding expression succeeded the reckless bearing his features had just now exhibited; and, with a heavy sigh, he thus continued—

"The die with me is cast—my resolution is immovably formed—and, to end a fugitive career, I risk a felon's doom. Here," and he pressed his companion with an ardent impulse to his bosom. "Here, all that John Campbell loves, all that would offer an inducement for prolonging an existence such as a branded criminal like himself must ever lead—here, all are centered. But for these," and he raised his eyes to heaven, "as I trust for mercy, sinner that I am! the thrust that sped me—the ball that reached this heart—would be welcomed dearly as the first confession of a woman's love. Hap what will to me, will you protect them?"

I am no braggart, but I would scorn to acknowledge that any womanly ingredients were mingled in a physical conformation, which, I am proud to say, and would fain hope, has hitherto, and will in future, carry me through life as a man should bear himself—but, on my soul! the outlaw had found and touched the weak point of my nature. I took the smiling infant in my arms—kissed a tear away that was stealing down his mother's cheek—and before heaven, attested myself for life their protector! Faithfully that vow has been observed.

Time hurried on—the assizes were fast approaching—and his wife and child were domiciled in my house; Campbell kept the hill-side. If he ventured down after night, I was kept in ignorance that a murderer, by proclamation, was sheltered beneath my roof. All, to speak *hibernice*, that I wished to know, was to know nothing. I had no tancy to play Paul Pry—and none volunteered the trouble of enlightening the ignorance of a gentleman who evidently considered it a folly to be wise.

Since Ballycrov had attained a felonious celebrity, which, for a century, none had disputed, two greater scoundrels than Wade and Brady had never there sought and found an asylum. The former ruffian, after his desertion, had been recognised by a soldier of the same regiment, and, in attempting his arrest, had been shot dead by

the fugitive. Of every crime held lethal, his companion, as it was believed, might have been safely accused. In fact, two more atrocious malefactors had never a price placed upon their heads. I had been using vigorous exertions to effect their apprehension—and they had resolved to quit my bailiwick, and seek some safer concealment.

Bad as he was, Campbell had refused to consort with them; and when his alliance with me was bruited over the country, rumour falsely added, that their betrayal into my hands, was promised in return for my favour. In this belief, the last act of their felonious career, before they should take their departure from Ballycroy was to be the murder of Campbell and myself.

Late on the last evening of his life, the doomed man set out at dusk, to reach Newport in the night, and hold a consultation with the lawyer I had retained to conduct the defence of the unfortunate man, in whose fate I had taken a lively interest. By some undiscovered means the intended journey and its object became known. The loneliest of the mountain-passes is called from some former scene of blood by the ominous name of *Craig-na-moina* (the bloody rock). That fatal defile Campbell was seen to enter; but he never left it living. Two shots were heard by a peasant boy, and my unhappy henchman was found perforated with a dozen alugs and bullets—any of the numerous wounds sufficient to rob the victim of his life.

On the third evening after the murder, a travelling stocking-man entered the lodge, and asked for a turf to light his pipe with. I passed accidentally through the kitchen, and a meaning look and sign, made to me unobserved by any of the servants, told me that the stranger had some secret to communicate. I gave him a speedy opportunity—walked carelessly behind the offices—he promptly followed, and his intelligence was important. Within an hour, he had seen poor Campbell's murderers, seated in the inner room of a sheebien-house, not a mile's distance from the lodge. He saw them distinctly through a crevice in the window-shutter, as they sat carousing at the fire. They seemed in full security, and their arms, five or six stands, were laid upon a bed in the further end of the apartment.

To select half-a-dozen of the police—provide myself with weapons—and start for the murderer's haunt, was but the work of a few minutes—and in a quarter of an hour we reached the hostlerie.

Our approach had created no alarm, and unsuspected I reconnoitered the room. My orders were to burst in at once, and overpower the villains before they could resume the weapons which fortunately they had laid aside.

Nothing could have been more promptly and successfully executed than the surprise; and before daylight broke, the scoundrels were lodged in the county gaol—and in three months after they exchanged time for eternity, dogged and impenitent to the last.

It will only remain for me to say, that the main incidents of this wild tale are authentic, and that, however numerous my other sins of omission might have been, the recording angel had no cause to register against me in heaven's chancery, any accusation for neglecting the widow and orphan of

JOHN CAMPBELL, THE HOMICIDE.

THE BATTLE OF NOVARA.

A TALE.

BY THE BARONESS BLAZE DE BURY.

CARLO and PEPINA had been brought up together. He was some five years older than her; she was barely nineteen. Carlo had one sister, Teresina, and they were orphans. Pepina, with her brother Gaetano, rejoiced still in their mother; their father had died whilst they were children. These two families inhabited Vignall, a small town, or village rather, not far from what a distinguished female writer of our times calls the "gloomy and truly antique town of Novara." * Neither of them was rich. Childhood had passed away, and Carlo and Pepina had "grown up side by side," like Allan Ramsay's "two oaks," without counting the years that had turned infancy into youth, or the change that had been made by those years in themselves. Carlo was one of the handsomest among the young men of the canton, and no *contadino* of all Lombardy, Piedmont, and Savoy to boot, was more lovely than Pepina.

"How very beautiful she is, Carlo!" said Teresina one day to her brother, as they met on their road home from church, Pepina leaning on Gaetano's arm (Gaetano was a soldier, and was for the moment *en congé* on account of ill health).

Carlo looked up at his sister's words, and for the first time seemed struck by their truth.

"Well!" said he, in a thoughtful tone, "I believe she *is* beautiful."

Teresina stared at her brother. "Did you never remark it before?" asked she.

"I am not sure that I ever did," was the reply, and Carlo was a little pensive all the way till they reached home.

The winter of 1848 was a troublesome one in the North of Italy. The old opposition of the Lombard aristocracy began to show itself once more in Milan, and the greatest, highest names were again inscribed upon the banner of revolt. The conduct of the King of Sardinia had, within the last few months, attracted the attention of his neighbours, and there were not wanting many who began to conceive hopes of possible aid from Piedmont in the event of an open struggle with Austria.

The Revolution of February in 1848 broke out in Paris, and the downfall of Louis Philippe's throne echoed through every land of Continental Europe. By the side of the nobles of Milan rose now another party, till this period kept almost entirely in the background—the ultra democrats, represented here, as in every other country, by the noisy and the needy. The alliance that would alone have been a cause of ultimate failure, was made between the class, which, once victorious, was from its very nature, conservative, and the *overthrowers*; and Milan beheld its streets bristling with barricades. Towards the last days of the month of March, the Imperialists were driven from the capital of Lombardy, and the insurgents solicited aid from their neighbours of the Peninsula, to right and to left. Charles Albert answered the appeal, and putting himself at the head of his army, marched

* Lady Morgan.

into the Lombard territory, sending forth, on the 23rd of March, the famous proclamation to the Lombardo-Venetian populations, in which he repeated *l'Italia farà da sé*.

Politics did not much preoccupy our villagers of Vignall, and the question of mere Italian independence left them pretty indifferent; but when their own king, Charles Albert, joined the Lombard cause, then indeed they began to speculate upon what might be the end of the war which was likely to ensue; and some there were among them—above all, Pepina's mother—who did not think the sovereign's conduct quite commendable, and who, in the vain-glory of the name of *Spada d'Italia*, did not exactly find a compensation for what looked to her marvellously like an ungenerous advantage taken of a very ancient ally's embarrassments. Monna Lucia would shake her head when her son tried to awaken her patriotic pride at the behaviour of the King; and, to say the least, she persisted in it that a great imprudence had been committed, and that Charles Albert might be made to repent of it all, *Spada d'Italia* though he was.

Giuliano was furious at the idea of being prevented from joining his regiment, for he was still very ailing, and altogether unfit for service; and the joy of his mother at finding herself possessed of her son, under any pretext, joined to her contentment at his not fighting for a cause which she could not be brought to regard as honest, found no echo in the young soldier's breast.

"We have nothing to gain from a victory of the Lombards," Monna Lucia used to say. "They are troublesome neighbours at best; and if the ambition of our king lead him to the project of uniting us all together, Piedmontese and Lombards, under one crown, he will find himself mistaken, and we shall see what it will cost us. I am old enough to remember all the different foreigners whom our country has seen, and from whom it has suffered; and I tell you, children, a Croat or a Frenchman is better than an Italian any day."

It was one evening in the month of May. Pepina had gone to fetch in her goats. The sun was spreading a last golden glow over the earth as she climbed the hill where she was used to lead forth her dumb companions to their daily pasture. Of the three she had left there, two only were to be found. Pepina's favourite, a white goat which she had fondled from its birth, and which followed her about like a dog, was missing. To the trunk of the tree where she had bound it, there still hung a piece of cord that seemed to have been violently torn in twain.

"Ciola! Ciola!" called Pepina—it was the abbreviation of *Picciola*, the name of her favourite. At first the call was unanswered, but, at the end of a few moments a distant and dismal bleating caught her ear. Leaving the other two, she hurried on in the direction whence the sound came, and soon was made aware of the danger that threatened Ciola. At about the distance of three or four hundred yards, a deep crevice in the hill-side gave passage to a little stream that came dancing down the declivity, and making as much noise as though it were ten times bigger. On the side of the chasm opposite to that on which stood Pepina, was the goat, but in a position that sent despair to the heart of its mistress. It had contrived so to entangle the long end of the cord it dragged after it amongst the underwood upon the brow of the crag, that (at the first step it had taken downwards towards the stream) it had found itself in danger of being strangled. Every effort it made to remount only pulled

the cord tighter, and its sole resource was to bleat, which it did lustily.

"Oh, Ciola! Ciola!" exclaimed Pepina, wringing her hands; "what am I to do? Ciola, *carina*, how can I save you?"

A rustling was heard in the trees behind the girl, but her grief and her preoccupation for her goat were too great to allow her to remark it. The crag, at the side where she stood, was too steep to allow of any one descending it so as to reach, in that way, the opposite side; and, higher up, to the right hand, the little ravine was almost choked up with chestnut trees.

"Pepina!" suddenly cried a voice, as it appeared almost from the clouds. "Pepina!" She looked up, and from the flowering branches of a chestnut tree, the face of Carlo looked down upon her.

"Don't be afraid for Ciola," cried he; "I will let her loose," and, with these words he disappeared amongst the boughs.

Pepina's heart beat—she did not herself know why; and, as she watched Carlo's passage from branch to branch, until he at length let himself drop upon the opposite side of the ravine, close to the goat, she did not quite understand why all of a sudden Ciola's safety seemed to her of comparatively small importance. Still, she was very happy when she saw her loosened favourite bound down the side of the rock, jump over the stream, and clamber up the crag whereon she herself stood. Pepina stooped down to caress the goat, and snatched from her mouth a large bunch of rose-coloured chestnut blossoms, which she had seen Carlo give her, and which the goat had not yet had time to eat. Ciola, loth to be deprived of what she thought her right, clamoured for the flowers, and plucked persistently at the sleeve of her mistress' arm wherewith the latter held what she refused to restore.

Pepina seated herself upon the edge of the rock, and putting one arm round her favourite's neck, rested her own delicate brown cheek against the long silky-white hairs of the goat. Why did not Pepina go home? what was she waiting for? why did her heart still beat, and why, over her brown cheek, was there suffused a glow as brightly rose-coloured as the flowers she held in her hand? The sun had sunk behind the hill, and the short twilight would soon be over. Pepina rose. "Naughty Ciola! for shame!" said she, as the goat, ever on the watch, succeeded at last in snatching one flower from the branch, which now the girl brought nearer to her bosom.

"I can gather you another," said, behind her, a voice which trembled imperceptibly.

"Is that you, Carlo?" asked Pepina, dropping the chestnut flowers from her hand, and blushing still more deeply; "how could you?—it was so dangerous!—it was—"

"Let me put them in your hair, Pepina," said he, picking up the fallen branch, and unable, from his own emotion, to rejoice in her evident confusion.

Timidly did his hand approach her pretty head, which bent forwards, as it were, involuntarily to his touch. Very awkward was Carlo. "I cannot fix them," murmured he.

"Not so," objected, gently, Pepina; "not so!" and she raised her hand—it met his. The eyes of both were cast downwards, but the hands of both were joined, and, in a second, Pepina was clasped to Carlo's breast.

"*Tanto tanto!*" It was all he could say.

"*Ed io!*" It was all she could answer.

The moon had risen and was shining brightly when Carlo and Pepina thought of returning home. At their feet lay Ciola, eating complacently the last of the rose-coloured chestnut blossoms, which had dropped from her mistress' head.

Monna Lucia wondered where her daughter had staid so long. Gaetano knit his brow thoughtfully as he saw his sister enter the house, followed by Carlo. The latter walked up to the spinning-wheel of Pepina's mother, and taking his beloved by the hand—"Madonna," said he, as he knelt down upon a low stool at the feet of the aged dame, "I will have no other wife than Pepina; Pepina will take no other husband but me; give us your blessing."

The blushing girl threw her arms round her mother's waist, and hid her face in her mother's lap. Monna Lucia gave up her spinning, crossed her hands upon her daughter's bending head, and, whilst two large tears rolled over her furrowed cheeks, she breathed a loud and fervent benison on the youthful pair.

"A brother's and a soldier's benediction go with you, Carlo," said Gaetano, holding out his hand to his new brother-in-law; "but in such times as these, I would rather be betrothed to a good sword, than to the fairest maid in all Italy."

And thus were Pepina and her Carlo affianced.

Ten months went by, and it was once more spring. Many causes had prevented the marriage of Carlo and his beloved, but the event was now fixed to take place upon the 25th of April, the day on which Monna Lucia herself had, in by-gone years, espoused her own husband. Early in March there was again a talk of war, and fresh levies of troops were raised. One evening Gaetano entered his mother's abode as the frugal board was spread for supper. His step was more elastic, his look gayer than usual. Carlo and Teresina were of the party.

"Mother," said the young soldier, "I am come to say good-bye to you all. I start to-night."

Surprise and alarm were the characteristics of every exclamation to which this announcement gave birth.

"But, my son," argued his mother, "in your state of health you will not be received into your regiment."

"All that is settled, mother, I go as a volunteer—they are received at all times. This is no moment," he continued, with kindling eye, "to leave the King's service, and if I, too, should one day take a wife to myself" (here was a half glance at Teresina) "she will have the satisfaction of feeling that I shrunk from no duty when it came to the push."

Carlo bit his lip and passed his hand gloomily over his brow, as he marked how Pepina, through her tears, looked with involuntary pride at her brave brother.

When Gaetano took a definitive leave of his family, Carlo announced his intention of accompanying him a short way. He returned late to his own home, whither Teresina had gone hours before. Pepina hardly closed her eyes all night for wondering what had become of her affianced, and from a vague presentiment that would not let her rest.

When, on the 12th of March, 1849, Charles Albert denounced the armistice at Milan, amongst the volunteers who had obeyed the King's call to arms were Gaetano and Carlo.

On the 23rd of March, the day rose dull and dim, grey clouds veiled

the horizon, as though to hide from heaven's face the dread work that was so soon to ensue. The dark walls of Novara looked darker and more grim than they were wont, and the very birds of the air, as they flew by, seemed anxious to gain some distant home, far from the scene of strife.

At ten o'clock the first sound of the cannon announced to the veteran commander of the Austrian forces that the attack had commenced. Radetsky, with his staff, was at Lavezzaro. At one o'clock his horse was brought, and the grey-headed marshal, surrounded by his captains and chiefs, took the way towards the field where the fate of the empire was pending. For long, long hours did that fearful *mêlée* last, and when the shades of evening sank upon earth, the work of death was still going on, and its fearful echoes were still filling space.

As the marshal and his staff rode on, ever and ever were they met by the dismal aspect of the wounded, who came in crowds, and formed a ghastly procession along the road.

"They do not yet give in," cried some.

"Our brave gallant officers, how we are losing them!" said others.

"Never fear, comrades! we'll pay them with interest!" exclaimed the fresh troops, as they encountered their bleeding companions.

And so they did, in truth; for history has few examples in her annals of a more complete defeat and rout than that of the Piedmontese. Early in the morning General Hess had observed to the marshal, that if Charles Albert's arms gave the meeting to the Austrians at Novara, things were so settled that a miracle only could save the Sardinian king, and that miracle came not. The double eagle of Hapsburg was spreading its wide wings over the battle-plain, whilst Charles Albert fled from land and crown, homeless and overcome. Where the din of battle raged loudest, where the hailstorm of balls fell thickest, there might be seen the figure of the king, desperately seeking for death that never came. At the storming of Novara he stood, affronting the fire of countless guns, until absolutely torn from the spot by one of his own generals. The only words he uttered were:—"Let me die, general; it is the last day of my life."

When the last sounds of the monster struggle had faded away, and silence reigned with her sister night over the world, shortly after midnight a travelling berline came rolling down the road to Nice, and stayed its course before a dwelling of no vast appearance, inhabited by Count Thurn, the commandant of the fourth *corps-d'armée*. It was at some six or eight miles from Novara, and the berline was escorted by Austrian hussars. A tall dark man stepped from the carriage. His face was of ashy paleness. He asked to see Count Thurn, to whom he was immediately led. To him he announced himself as Count Bargas, a Piedmontese colonel, who had left the Sardinian service, and wished to retire to Nice. The army, he added, had been entirely defeated, and was very generally in revolt against its own officers, who had much ado to prevent the pillage and massacre of their own country people.

"Does Novara still resist?" enquired the Austrian commander.

"No," rejoined the Piedmontese officer; "the fortress was in bad condition, and has had no repairs. The citadel was barely fortified—Novara, too, has fallen."

After these few questions, hastily made and answered, the stranger asked to pass on freely upon his road. The night was cold, the rain poured down in torrents, Count Thurn looked at his visitor in silence for an instant, and then begged him, before pursuing his journey, to

accept of some refreshment. A cup of coffee was handed to him which he took, and, as he re-entered his carriage, Count Thurn, with uncovered head, approached the door of the berline saying respectfully, and in a low tone:—"Sire, let me wish you a good journey." The carriage rolled off, and the unfortunate monarch sped towards his destiny—an obscure death in a foreign land.

Whilst emperors and kings were warring, humbler hearts were beating fast and suffering sore. At every booming gun which shook the air the heart of Pepina sank within her, and with Teresina and Monna Lucia ceaseless prayers were breathed to heaven for Carlo and Gaetano. Towards evening the latter returned, and ere the first words he uttered had been heard, Pepina was far upon the road towards Novara, running distractedly, and stopping but when, from moment to moment, breath absolutely failed her.

It was between three and four o'clock in the morning when she reached Novara. The traces of death and suffering were everywhere, even in the streets. She entered the precincts of the great hospital. Upon their couch of straw lay all around the more lightly wounded, waiting until a place should be vacant in the interior of the building; and even while she stayed, many a one was borne away to fill the room of a comrade whose future place was now the grave alone. A priest, whom she met, conducted Pepina to the upper portion of the hospital, and she walked hurriedly from bed to bed, gazing anxiously at each wounded inmate.

Many were the different degrees and forms of suffering in that dread dwelling, but few were the outward signs of pain. Those whose wounds were slight hoped for a speedy return to health; some who, after the horrors of amputation, were told that life might yet be spared, thanked the Divine mercy; many begged for the aid of a comrade's hand, in order to send news to those at home; some spoke, even here, of the glory that had been gained, and of the enemy's defeat; but almost all found strength to enquire after the officers who had led them on to battle, and to hope that they had escaped unhurt.

Pepina wandered on, but found not what she sought.

"There is another spot," remarked the priest; "you must go to Santa Rosalia," and he prepared to show her the way.

The rain was pouring down heavily from the black sky, and the wind sighed and coughed through the lonely and dimly-lighted streets, as though it too were mourning for the slain. As Pepina crossed the threshold of the hospital, four men entered it, carrying a sort of bier, on which lay a human form. Lightning-like, the girl darted forwards, and before the bearers could prevent her, she had snatched the sheet from off the hidden countenance, and let it fall again from her hand, as she gazed upon a strange face, apparently stiffening beneath the grasp of death.

"Santa Rosalia!" murmured she, leaning upon the arm of the priest for support.

"I must leave you here, for I am wanted," said her conductor, as he led her to the door of the chapel of a Capuchin convent. "Go in there, my poor child, and the Almighty speed you and give you comfort!"

The stone figures in the niches around the entrance-door looked mysteriously alive by the faint light. The snow, which had so unexpectedly fallen a few hours before, remained still in the folds of their draperies, and that which had been melted by the ensuing rain dis-

solved into dew, dropping and trickling over their faces, as though they wept over all the misery that was contained in the walls they guarded. Before the door lay masses of straw, dirty with having been much trodden, and here and there were assembled groups of attendants of the *Santa*, most of them Piedmontese, mixed with some medical officers belonging to the Imperial army.

Pepina for an instant stayed her course, and looked timidly at the strange faces round her, then advancing, she laid her hand upon the heavy curtain which masked the entrance, lifted it, and went into the church.

After the chilling damps of the rainy night without, it felt warm. The odour of incense, so inseparable from a Catholic church, seemed to hang round the walls, and give warmth and comfort, recalling perhaps even more irresistibly than either organ-tone or song, the holy practices of religion, the merciful miracles of piety. Here and there a lamp had been placed to guide the steps of those, who, in the melancholy service to which the sacred aisles had been newly consecrated, might need to see their and work clearly. From these small luminaries flickering rays fell upon the mild faces of saints and virgins, who all seemed to speak of consolation, even to the most unhappy. But most of all the soft warm perfume of the incense diffused a kind of nameless comfort all around, wrapping, as it were, everything, animate or inanimate, in a heaven-breathing cloud. At the high altar which, unless for the candles that illumined it, would have been in total darkness, an aged Capuchin friar was celebrating mass—the earliest morning mass; and as he stood upon the highest step, near to the holy table, and turned round to pronounce a *Dominus vobiscum*, a ray of light fell upon his shorn head and long white beard, giving to him an air singularly venerable.

Pepina felt, too, the softening influence. Raising her streaming eyes to the fair face of a Madonna, which hung upon a pillar close to her, she joined her hands in prayer, and sinking involuntarily upon her knees, remained during the whole time that mass lasted, with brow inclined towards the earth, prostrate in the presence of Him who alone can console, when he has not been pleased to save.

The pavement of the church was strewed with straw, on which were thrown cushions and coverings for the use of the wounded. The latter were of both parties, Austrians and Piedmontese, and of every description, horse, foot, and artillery. Here lay remnants of a broken saddle, there a musket, beside it a snapped sabre. Against the pillars were piled arms of every different kind, and by the side of the sufferers themselves were heaps of clothes and linen, red with the fearful evidence of strife. Germans, Bohemians, Croats, Hungarians, Savoyards, Italians, Piedmontese, each nation might be distinguished by complexion and feature. Many there were who, from their couch of pain, turned their heads towards the high altar, where now a younger friar had replaced the white-bearded Capuchin, and was saying mass, and on many a pale lip hung the trembling murmurs of a faint but fervent prayer.

Pepina went from bed to bed, here, as in the hospital, and still she found not what she sought. She scarcely knew whether to hope or fear, when suddenly, in a corner of the church, her eye rested upon a object towards which she instantaneously sprang. A mattress had been thrown down upon the ground, and the pillow which supported the head of him who occupied it, rested upon the low wooden step of a confessional.

"Carlo!" cried the girl, and in an instant she was kneeling by her lover's side.

The first greeting was a mute one. The young soldier was much changed. There was something horrid in the way in which the features seemed to have shrunk, leaving the upper jaw to protrude in a strange unnatural manner. The skin, habitually sallow, was now waxy pale, like ancient ivory, and the large eyes looked larger still, and glared more darkly than ever. Every now and then the face was convulsed by an unmistakeable agony, and a quiver passed over the frame. He was enveloped in woollen coverings up to the very throat.*

When Pepina could speak—"Carlo," said she, with a look such as they only who are accustomed to such scenes have watched in human eyes—a look of such terror and such determined self-delusion; "you will soon be well; where are you wounded?"

He shook his head, and tried to kiss her cheek as she bent over him. "Give me your hand, Carlo," she continued through her tears. He stretched the right hand forth to meet her grasp.

"And now," she added, breathlessly, "the other, Carlo—the left one;" and he gave her the left hand too.

"Oh! blessed virgin, thanks!" sobbed Pepina, as she covered the two hands with passionate kisses. "I was so frightened lest they should have shot off a hand, an arm. The Lord be praised," she added, fervently, and again she kissed the fingers she held in hers. "But how cold your hands are, Carlo!" she resumed, after a pause of a few seconds; "they are quite damp, and so cold that my kisses even do not warm them (a ghastly smile broke over Carlo's countenance); yet it is not so very cold here, inside the church."

And then she came nearer to him, and as she pressed one of his hands to her bosom, with her own other hand she smoothed his pillow, and parted upon his forehead the hair which hung matted over it.

"If you could but know, my own Carlo," said she, "what we suffered yesterday, as we listened to every shot that was fired, and every shot seemed to strike on our own hearts! All day long we lay upon our knees, Terecina and I, and we prayed, and listened, and cried, and then prayed again; and last evening, when Gaetano came home, and said you had been wounded, I was afraid lest they would not let me come; and I ran, and ran, and even now I do not know how they did not catch me and try to stop me: but Gaetano, poor fellow! was very weak, and could hardly walk, he looked so pale—oh! much paler than you, my own Carlo; for you are not so very, very pale," she added, interrupting herself; "you will soon get well, will you not, my own, dear, best beloved, my *only* Carlo?" and she gently laid her head upon his forehead and kissed his eyes. "But your forehead is damp and cold as your hands, Carlo," she suddenly resumed; "what can be done to warm you?"

"*Nothing!*" muttered he, in an almost inaudible tone, and unable from emotion to say more, he made signs with his hands as though he wished Pepina would leave him.

"Oh, Carlo!" she softly answered, "you would not surely send me from you?"

The wounded man averted his head, as though to hide from Pepina's sight the tears that fell down his cheeks.

* As a corroboration of the absolute truth of all these details, it would only be necessary to refer to Hackländer's work on the Italian campaign of 1849, called "A Soldier's Life in Times of War."

"You have been better cared for than many others," recommenced the fond girl; "how I should like to thank those who have attended to you so well when I was not there! You have a bed, whilst almost all the rest are lying upon straw; but perhaps you have not covering sufficient;" and, leaving her reclining position at his pillow, she felt the bed-covers to judge of their thickness. Suddenly the paleness of death overspread her whole countenance. "Carlo!" she exclaimed, in hoarse accents; "Carlo! stretch out your feet; lie straight—you must not draw yourself up so together . . . Carlo!"

"I cannot, *Madonna mia*," was his answer; "a cannon ball struck me, and—"

"And carried off your foot—your left foot?" stammered Pepina, staring at her lover with eyes in which fear had dried up the tears, and speaking as though an iron hand were on her throat and impeded utterance.

Carlo's first look was for her—it was one of absolute despair; and then, raising his eyes to heaven—"Yes!" said he, in stifled tone, "my left foot, and my right foot—both! both!"

The low, quivering cry that came from Pepina's lips, as she sank forwards upon her wounded lover's couch, would have rent any heart to hear. The aged Capuchin friar, who had said mass an hour before, was standing close to the confessional, and had for the last few moments been a witness of the melancholy scene. Stooping down, he raised the unhappy girl, and tried to speak words of comfort. "Be strong, my daughter," whispered he; "be resigned—God is merciful."

"We were to have been married in four weeks!" murmured she, with an accent of desolation no words can render.

The friar passed his rough sleeve over his eyes, and gently drawing Pepina towards him, he induced her to sit down upon the step of the confessional, which was broad enough to admit of her being seated beside her lover's pillow.

After a silence of a few minutes.

"Do you remember, Pepina," said Carlo, "the day when I set Ciola loose upon the hill? Poor Ciola! she must take care and not do such things again, for I cannot now climb over tree-tops to prevent her from being strangled."

Pepina slid down from the step of the confessional, and burying her face in her lover's bosom. "Oh! *Carlo mio*!" sobbed she, "Can I not care for you always? will you not be able to walk when you can lean upon my arm? we may yet be very happy! I shall always say to you what you said to me then: *l'amo tanto*! you do not, cannot know how much, Carlo!" and thus she went on, murmuring of love, and cheating herself into the belief that what was but the life of her own heart, was met by life as warm in his. At length, from sheer fatigue, and the exhaustion of too-powerful emotion, the girl's eyes closed as children's do, who cry themselves to sleep. Half an hour passed, and Pepina knew not what had awoke her. "Carlo!" she exclaimed wildly, and started to her feet. The venerable Capuchin friar was standing at the foot of the bed, and in Carlo's hands, which were folded on his breast, lay a crucifix. Pepina staggered forwards, and, with arms outstretched, as in a mute appeal for help, sank senseless at the friar's feet. "*Coraggio! figlia mia*," said he, with faltering voice, as he stooped down towards her—"Dio è grande!"

TAKING GOOD ADVICE.

THE LIFE OF A LOUISIANA "SWAMP DOCTOR."

"Poor fellow! if he had only listened to me! but he wouldn't take good advice," is the trite exclamation of the worldling when he hears that some friend, impelled by despair, has cut his throat, or has become bankrupt, or employed a famous physician, or is about to get married, or has applied for a divorce, or paid his honest debts, or committed any deprecated act, or become the victim of what the world calls misfortune; "poor fellow, but he wouldn't take good advice." Take good advice! yes, if I had obeyed what is called good advice, I should be now in my grave; as it is, I am still on a tailor's books, the best evidence of a man's being alive.

Whilst a medical student, I was travelling on one of the proverbially fine and accommodating steamers that ply between Vicksburg and New Orleans. Before my departure, the anxious affection of a female friend made her exact a promise from me not to play cards; but the peculiarity of the required pledge gave me an opportunity of fulfilling it to the letter, but breaking it as to the spirit. "You've promised me, Madison, not to play cards whilst you're on earth: see that you keep your word." I assured her I would do so, as it applied only to shore, and when the boat was on a sand-bar.

It was a boisterous night above in the heavens, making the air too cool for southern dress or nerves; so the cabin and social hall were densely crowded, not a small proportion engaged in the mysteries of that science which requires four knaves to play or practise it. I had not yet sat down, but showed strong premonitory symptoms of being about to do so, when my arm was gently taken by an old friend, who requested me to walk with him into our state-room. "Madison," said the old gentleman, "I want to give you some good advice. I see you are about to play cards for money; you are a young man, and consequently have but little knowledge of its pernicious effects. I speak from experience; and apart from the criminality of gambling, I assure you, you will have but little chance of winning in the crowd you intend playing with: in fact, you are certain to lose. Now promise me you won't play, and I shall go to bed with the satisfaction that I have saved you from harm." The charm was laid too skilfully upon me; I would not promise, for what was I to do in the long nights of present and future travel? so my old friend gave me up in despair, and retired to rest, whilst I sought the card-table.

Young and inexperienced as I was, an unusual strain of good luck attended me; and when the game broke up at daylight, I was considerably ahead of the hounds.

I retired to my state-room to regain my lost sleep, and soon was oblivious of everything. How long I slept I do not know; my dreams ran upon the past game; and just as I held "four aces," and had seen my opponent's two hundred, I was aroused from my slumbers by the confused cries of "Fire! Back her! Stop her! She'll blow up when she strikes!" and a thousand-and-one undistinguishable sounds, but all indicative of intense excitement and alarm.

Stopping for nothing, I made one spring from my berth into the middle of the cabin, alighting on the deserted breakfast-table, amidst the crash of broken crockery; three jumps more were taken, which landed me upon the hurricane-deck, where I found nearly all the passengers, male and female, assembled in a fearful state of alarm, preventing by their outcry the necessary orders, for the preservation of the boat, from being heard. I took in the whole scene at a glance. I forgot to mention, when I retired to rest, the wind was blowing to such a degree that every gust threatened to upset the boat. The captain, who was a prudent, sensible man, had tied his boat to the shore, waiting for the storm to subside. After the lapse of a few hours, a calm having ensued, he cast loose, intending to proceed on his way; but scarcely had he done so, when the wind, suddenly increasing, caught the boat, and, in despite of six boilers and the helm hard down, was carrying her directly across the Mississippi, towards the opposite shore, where a formidable array of old "poke-stalks" and low, bluff banks were eagerly awaiting to impale us upon the one hand, or knock us into a cocked hat upon the other. At this time I arrived upon the scene—the boat was nearly at the shore, the waters boiling beneath her bows like an infernal cauldron.

"Look out!" rang the shrill voice of the captain, and, with a dull, heavy thump, the boat struck the bank, jarring the marrow of every one on board, save myself; for, just before she struck, I calculated the distance, made my jump, landed safely, and was snugly concealed behind a large log, hallooing for some one to bring me my clothes.

No damage of consequence, contrary to expectations, was done our craft; and after digging her out of the bank, we proceeded on our way, a heavy rain having succeeded the storm.

I was lying in my state-room, ruminating sadly over the pleasantness of being the laughing-stock of the whole boat, when my old adviser of the night previous entered the room, with too much laughter on his face to make his coming moral deduction of much force.

"You see now, Madison, the result of not having followed my advice. Had you been governed by me, the disagreeable event of the morning would never have occurred; you would have been in bed at the proper hour, slept during the proper hours, been ready dressed, as a consequence, at the breakfast-hour, and not been the cause of such a mortal shock to the delicacy of so many delicate females, besides making a fool of yourself."

I said but little in reply, but thought a great deal. I kept my room the rest of the trip, sickness being my plea.

I transacted my business in the city, and chance made my old adviser and myself fellow-passengers and room-mates again on our upward trip. Night saw me regularly at the card-table, and my old friend at nine o'clock as constantly in bed. It was after his bed-hour when we reached Grand Gulf, where several lady-passengers intended leaving.

At the landing a large broad-horn was lazily sleeping, squatted on the muddy waters like a Dutch beauty over a warming-pan. Her steering-oar,—the broad-horn's, not the beauty's,—instead of projecting, as custom and the law requires, straight out behind, had swung round, and stood capitably for raking a boat coming up alongside. The engines had stopped, but the boat had not lost the impetus of the steam, but was slowly approaching the broad-horn, when a crash was heard—a state-room door was burst open, and out popped my

ancient comrade, followed up closely by a sharp stick in the shape of the greasy handle of the steering-screw. It passed directly through my berth, and would undeniably have killed me had I been in it.

It was my turn to exult now. I pulled "Old Advice" out from under the table, and, as I congratulated him on his escape, maliciously added, "You see, now, that playing cards is not totally unattended with good effects. Had I, agreeably to your advice, been in bed, I should now be a mangled corpse, and you enjoying the satisfaction that it was your counsel that had killed me; whilst, on the other hand, had you been playing, you would have escaped your fright, and the young ladies from Nankin, in all probability, would never have known you slept in a red bandana."

A CAMP-MEETING IN AMERICA.

EVERY one is acquainted with the horror that the presence of the small-pox, or the rumour—which is as bad—of its being in the neighbourhood, excites. A planter living some thirty or forty miles from where I was studying, had returned from New Orleans, where he had caught, as it afterwards turned out, the measles, but which, on their first appearance, had been pronounced by a young, inexperienced physician, who was first in attendance, an undoubted case of small-pox. The patient was a nervous, excitable man, and consequently very much alarmed; wishing further advice, he posted a boy after my preceptor, who, desirous of giving me an opportunity of seeing the disease, took me with him.

The planter lived near a small town in the interior, now no more, but which, in the minds of its projectors—judging from its lithographed map—was destined to rival the first cities of the land. The nature of the disease was apparent in a moment of my preceptor's experienced eye; but the excitability and fear of the patient had aggravated the otherwise simple disease, so that it presented some really alarming symptoms.

A liberal administration of the brandy bottle soon reassured the patient and moderated the disease, so that my preceptor, whose presence was urgently demanded at home, could intrust him to my care, giving me directions how to treat the case. He left for home, and I strutted about, proud in the consciousness of being attending physician. It being my first appearance in that capacity, you may imagine that the patient did not suffer for want of attention. In despite of the disease and doctor, the case continued to improve, and I intended leaving in the morning for home, when the alarm of the small-pox being in the settlement having spread, I was put in requisition to vaccinate the good people. Charging a dollar for each operation, children half-price, I was reaping a harvest of small change, when the virus became exhausted, and plenty of calls still on hand. Knowing that there was no small-pox in the first instance, and apprehensive that the fears of the good folks, unless they imagined themselves protected, might produce bad effects, I committed a pious fraud, and found on the back of my horse, which fortunately had been galled lately, an ample supply of virus. My labours at length terminated, and I prepared to depart, taking the small town before-mentioned in my way;

I dismounted at the tavern, to get a drink and have my horse watered. On entering, I found several acquaintances whom I did not expect to meet in that section of the country. Mutually rejoiced at the meeting, it did not take us long to get on the threshold of one of those wild carouses, which the convivial disposition of the Southerner—either by birth or adoption—so unfortunately disposes him to. The Bacchanalian temple was soon entered, and not a secret recess of its grand proportions but what was explored. Night closed upon the scene, and found us prepared for any wild freak or mad adventure.

It was the southern autumn, when the dark-eyed night has just sufficient compassion on old winter's wooing to allow him the privilege of the shadow of a kiss,—just cool enough, in other words, it was, to reconcile us to a single blanket upon the bed, and draw from the meditative minds of poverty-stricken students a melancholy sigh, when the empty pocket reflects upon the almost equally naked back, and curses it for needing winter clothes at all.

As yet, however, there had been no frost, and the forests still remained decked in their holiday suits, the gorgeous apparel of a southern clime.

With those who have a soul that the shoemaker cannot save, this is the great season of camp-meetings, love-feasts, protracted preaching, and other religious festivals. At this particular time the religious world, and many who were not of that stamp, were on the lookout for the end of the world, and the day of judgment, which some theological calculator had figured up for this year, and no postponement on account of the weather, sure!

The prediction had produced great excitement amongst all with whom the prophet had any credit; and some of the knowing ones, who firmly believed the prophecy, purchased any amount of goods at exorbitant prices, at twelve months' credit, thinking they would be in "Kingdom Come" before the notes fell due.

Camp-meetings were being held in all parts of the country, and prayers of all kinds, from the unpremeditated effusion of the conscience-stricken negro to the elaborate supplications of the regularly initiated circuit-rider, arose, making the welkin ring with the name of Jehovah. A large meeting was in full operation not far from the place where we were passing the night in less commendable pursuits; and, judging from the fervency of the prayers, declamations, singing, screamings, and glorifications, salvation was being obtained in a very satisfactory manner. The location of the camp was in the verge of the Loosa Chitta swamp, at the termination of a long lane, which extended from where we were.

The night was waning away, but still the zeal of the camp-meeting continued unabated, and bid fair to hail the morning. We had also reached our wildest state of excitement, and were consequently ready for any foolish scheme or reckless undertaking. The proposal of one of the most imaginative of the number, that we should personify the fiery consummation which revelation tells us shall terminate this world, met with unanimous and wild approval.

Each man furnishing himself with a flowing robe of white, half the number—nearly thirty—carrying horns, and the remainder large turpentine torches, we prepared to make our descent upon the camp-meeting in the character of the "Day of Judgment." There was a large stray mule in the stable-yard of the tavern, and we cruelly im-

pressed him as a chief actor. By this time the religionists, exhausted by their long-continued exertions, had sunk into repose.

Saturating the mule's hide—which was long and shaggy—well with turpentine and tar, all but his head and neck, which we wrapped in a wet sheet, we led him to the mouth of the lane and applied a torch.

Quicker than lightning the fire spread over the body of the devoted animal. With a scream of terror and anguish it darted off up the lane in the direction of the camp, whilst we mounted, with our long mantles floating behind us, yelling like incarnate fiends, sounding our horns, and, our many torches flashing like meteors through the night, pressed on after it in hot and close pursuit.

On! on! rushed the mule, the flames swelling tumultuously on every side, eddying above the trees, and lighting the darkness with a vivid, lurid gleam; fiercer and faster than the dread tempest, carrying death in its track, sped he on under the terrible infliction.

We had nearly reached the camp-ground, when we were discovered by an old negro, who, seated on the flat roof of his cabin, had gone fast asleep, watching through the long hours of the night, for fear that the end of the world, and the day of judgment, might slip upon him unawares.

Waking at the critical time our hellish *cortège* approached, he gazed a moment, with eyes stretched to their utmost capacity, upon the rapidly nearing volume of fire; then springing from the roof, he ran shrieking his dolesome summons to the camp: "White folks riz! De Laud be marsyful! De end of de world an' de day of judgmen' hab pass, and here cums hell rite up de lane!"

The meeting, awakened from their slumbers by his turmoil, rushed out, and when they too saw the approaching fire-breathing mass, they believed with the negro, that the day of judgment had passed, and Pandemonium was coming with its awful torments.

Supplications for mercy, screams of anguish, prayers and blasphemies, horror-stricken moans of the converts, the maniacal shouts of the conscience-stricken sinners, and the calm collected songs of the really righteous, swelled on the wind; mingled with the roaring of the flames, our piercing yells, discordant horns, and the horrible cries of the consuming animal.

The thousand echoes of the swamp took up the sound, and the wild woad, if filled with screaming devils, could not have given back a more hideous outcry.

On! on! sped the victim—we in his train—in his haste to reach the waters of the "Loosa Chitta" and allay his sufferings. The stream was nearly reached; with ecstasy the poor brute beheld the glistening waters; he sped on with accelerated steps—one more spring, and he would find rest from anguish 'neath their cooling waves. But he was destined never to reach them; he fell exhausted on the brink, vainly endeavouring, with extended neck, to allay his fiery thirst; as the flame, now bereft of fuel, sent up its last flickering ray, the poor mule, with a low reproachful moan, expired.

THE SNAKES AND SERPENT CHARMERS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

BY W. COOPER,
AUTHOR OF "LORD BACON IN ADVERSITY," ETC.

Our friend the Hippopotamus has of late so completely monopolized the public interest at these agreeable Gardens, that comparatively little attention has been bestowed on other interesting objects contained within their precincts. Of these, one of the least appreciated but most remarkable, is the collection of Reptilia formed within the last eighteen months, and which is already without its equal in Europe. To D. W. Mitchell, Esq., the zealous and accomplished Honorary Secretary, is the credit due of originating and carrying into execution this important addition to the collection—an addition which has already been the means of introducing several new and undescribed species to the notice of naturalists, but which is yet only in its infancy; for in all quarters of the globe competent persons are seeking after rare and monstrous reptiles, which will in a few years render this already remarkable collection absolutely unique.

At the present time there are at the Gardens two Arabs, who are eminently skilled in what is termed "Snake-Charming." In this country, happily for ourselves, we have but little practical acquaintance with venomous serpents, and there is no scope for the development of native skill in the art referred to; the visit, therefore, of these strangers is interesting, as affording an opportunity of beholding feats which have hitherto been known to us only by description. We propose, therefore, to give some account of their proceedings, and hope to draw attention to that portion of the collection which has been mentioned.

Visitors to the Zoological Gardens will remark, on the right hand side, after they have passed through the tunnel and ascended the slope beyond, a neat wooden building in the Swiss style. This is the reptile-house, and whilst our readers are bending their steps towards it, we will describe the performances of the Serpent Charmers.

The names of these are Jubar-Abou-Haijah, and Mohammed-Abou-Merwan. The former is an old man, much distinguished in his native country for his skill. When the French occupied Egypt, he collected serpents for their naturalists, and was sent for to Cairo to perform before General Bonaparte. He described to us the General, as a middle-sized man, very pale, with handsome features, and a most keen eye. Napoleon watched his proceedings with great interest, made many inquiries, and dismissed him with a handsome "backsheesh." Jubar is usually dressed in a coarse loose bernoose of brown serge, with a red cap on his head. The gift, or craft, of serpent-charming, descends in certain families from generation to generation; and Mohammed, a smart active lad, is the old man's son-in-law, although not numbering sixteen years. He is quite an Adonis as to dress, wearing a smart, richly-embroidered dark-green jacket, carried—hussar fashion—over his right

shoulder, a white loose vest, full white trousers, tied at the knee, scarlet stockings and slippers, and a fez or red cap, with a blue tassel of extra proportions on his head. In his right ear is a ring, so large that it might pass for a curtain ring.

Precisely as the clock strikes four, one of the keepers places on a platform a wooden box containing the serpents, and the lad Mohammed proceeds to tuck his ample sleeves as far up as possible to leave the arms bare. He then takes off his cloth jacket, and, opening the box, draws out a large Cobra de Capello, of a dark copper colour: this he holds at arm's length by the tail, and after allowing it to writhe about in the air for some time, he places the serpent on the floor, still holding it as described. By this time the cobra has raised his hood, very indignant at the treatment he is receiving. Mohammed then pinches and teases him in every way; at each pinch the cobra strikes at him, but, with great activity, the blow is avoided. Having thus teased the snake for some time, Mohammed rises, and placing his foot upon the tail, irritates him with a stick. The cobra writhes, and strikes sometimes at the stick, sometimes at his tormentor's legs, and again at his hands, all which is avoided with the utmost nonchalance. After the lapse of about ten minutes, Mohammed coils the cobra on the floor, and leaves him whilst he goes to the box and draws out another far fiercer cobra. Whilst holding this by the tail, Mohammed buffets him on the head with his open hand, and the serpent, quite furious, frequently seizes him by the forearm. The lad merely wipes the spot, and proceeds to tie the serpent like a necklace around his neck. Then the tail is tied into a knot around the reptile's head, and again head and tail into a double knot. After amusing himself in this way for some time, the serpent is told to lie quiet, and stretched on his back, the neck and chin being gently stroked. Whether any sort of mesmerism influence is produced we know not, but the snake remains on its back, perfectly still, as if dead. During this time the first cobra has remained coiled up, with head erect, apparently watching the proceedings of the Arab. After a pause, the lad takes up the second cobra, and carrying it to the first, pinches and irritates both, to make them fight; the fiercer snake seizes the other by the throat, and coiling round him, they roll struggling across the stage. Mohammed then leaves these serpents in charge of Jubar, and draws a third snake out of the box. This he first ties in a variety of apparently impossible knots, and then holding him at a little distance from his face, allows the snake to strike at it, just dodging back each time sufficiently far to avoid the blow. The serpent is then placed in his bosom next his skin, and left there, but it is not so easy after a time to draw it out of its warm resting place. The tail is pulled; but not the serpent is round the lad's body, and will not come. After several unsuccessful efforts, Mohammed rubs the tail briskly between his two hands, a process which—judging from the writhings of the serpent, which are plainly visible—is the reverse of agreeable. At last Mohammed pulls him hand-over-hand—as the sailors say,—and, just as the head flies out, the cobra makes a parting snap at his tormentor's face, for which he receives a smart cuff on the head, and is then with the others replaced in the box.

Dr. John Davy, in his valuable work on Ceylon, denies that the fangs are extracted from the serpents which are thus exhibited; and

says that the only charm employed is that of courage and confidence,—the natives avoiding the stroke of the serpent with wonderful agility; adding, that they will play their tricks with any hooded snake, but with no other poisonous serpent.

In order that we might get at the truth, we sought it from the fountain-head, and our questions were thus most freely answered by Jubar-Abou-Haijab, Hamet acting as interpreter:—

Q. How are the serpents caught in the first instance?

A. I take this adze (holding up a sort of geological hammer mounted on a long handle) and as soon as I have found a hole containing a cobra, I knock away the earth till he comes out or can be got at; I then take a stick in my right hand, and seizing the snake by the tail with the left, hold it at arm's-length. He keeps trying to bite, but I push his head away with the stick. After doing this some time I throw him straight on the ground, still holding him by the tail; I allow him to raise his head and try to bite, for some time, in order that he may learn how to attack, still keeping him off with the stick. When this has been done long enough, I slide the stick up to his head and fix it firmly on the ground; then taking the adze and forcing open the mouth, I break off the fangs with it, carefully removing every portion, and especially squeezing out all the poison and blood, which I wipe away as long as it continues to flow; when this is done the snake is harmless and ready for use.

Q. Do the ordinary jugglers or only the hereditary snake charmers catch the cobras?

A. We are the only persons who dare to catch them, and when the jugglers want snakes they come to us for them; with that adze (pointing to the hammer) I have caught and taken out the fangs of many thousands.

Q. Do you use any other snakes besides the cobras for your exhibitions?

A. No; because the cobra is the only one that will fight well. The cobra is always ready to give battle, but the other snakes are sluggish, only bite, and can't be taught for our exhibitions.

Q. What do the Arabs do if they happen to be bitten by a poisonous snake?

A. They immediately tie a cord tight round the arm above the wound, and cut out the bitten part as soon as possible—some burn it; they then squeeze the arm downwards so as to press out the poison, but they don't suck it because it is bad for the mouth; however, in spite of all this, they sometimes die.

Q. Do you think it possible that cobras could be exhibited without the fangs being removed?

A. Certainly not, for the least scratch of their deadly teeth would cause death, and there is not a day that we exhibit that we are not bitten, and no skill in the world would prevent it.

Such were the particulars given us by a most distinguished professor in the art of snake-charming, and therefore they may be relied on as correct; the matter-of-fact way in which he acted as well as related the snake-catching, bore the impress of truth, and there certainly would appear to be far less mystery about the craft than has generally been supposed. The way in which vipers are caught in this country is much less artistic than the Arab mode. The viper-catcher provides himself with a cleft-stick, and stealing up to the

reptile when basking, pins his head to the ground with the cleft, and seizing the tail, throws the reptile into a bag. As they do not destroy the fangs these men are frequently bitten in the pursuit of their business, but their remedy is either the fat of vipers or salad oil, which they take inwardly, and apply externally, after squeezing the wound. We are not aware of any well-authenticated fatal case in man from a viper bite, but it fell to our lot some years ago to see a valuable pointer killed by one. We were beating for game in a dry stony district, when suddenly the dog, who was running beneath a hedgerow, gave a yelp and bound, and immediately came limping up to us with a countenance most expressive of pain; a large adder was seen to glide into the hedgerow. Two small spots of blood on the inner side of the left foreleg, close to the body of the dog marked the seat of the wound; and we did our best to squeeze out the poison. The limb speedily began to swell, and the dog laid down, moaning and unable to walk. With some difficulty we managed to carry the poor animal to the nearest cottage, but it was too late. In spite of oil and other remedies the body swelled more and more, and he died in convulsions some two hours after the receipt of the injury.

The Reptile-house is fitted up with much attention to security and elegance of design; arranged along the left side are roomy cages painted to imitate mahogany and fronted with plate-glass. They are ventilated by perforated plates of zinc above, and warmed by hot water pipes below. The bottoms of the cages are strewn with sand and gravel, and in those which contain the larger serpents strong branches of trees are fixed. The advantage of the plate-glass fronts is obvious, for every movement of the reptiles is distinctly seen, whilst its great strength confines them in perfect safety. Each cage is, moreover, provided with a pan of water. The chief inmates of this house at present are first a magnificent Python (*P. Seba*) from West Africa. He is upwards of nineteen feet in length, and his girth is equal to that of a small tree. In the next cage are two fine specimens of the Oular Suwa (*P. reticulatus*) from Ceylon. These two compartments fill the end of the room. Three large rattlesnakes (*Crotalus durissus* and *C. horridus*) occupy the next division; and their fit neighbours are, in succession, three large Cobra de Capellos from Egypt, an Anaconda, so fierce that on being enraged some time ago, he bit himself severely; six horrid-looking and most deadly Puff-Adders, also from Egypt, and so called from the power possessed by them when angered, of inflating their bodies to the size of a man's arm. On the same side are six immense Boa Constrictors, just now shedding their skins, which shows them off to great advantage. We are in the habit of connecting with serpents the idea of everything that is horrible and repulsive—notions applicable indeed to the Puff-Adders and that tribe, but certainly not to the Boas and Pythons, for the variety and lustre of their colours bear out that noble description of Milton,—

“ On his rear
Circular base of rising folds that towered,
Fold above fold, a surging maze! his head
Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes,
With burnished neck of verdant gold, erect
Amidst his circling spires that on the grass
Floated redundant.”

Several specimens of Cleopatra's Asp (*Cerastes Hasselquisti*), (the first brought to this country,) are well worthy of attention. The flat broad head of each is provided with two horny processes immediately above the eyes; and as these snakes have a habit of burrowing in the sand, so as to completely conceal the body and head, these processes may serve to give timely warning of their vicinity, for if trod upon, their bite would be very severe, if not fatal. According to good testimony, this species will continue for days together in one position, and as it never seeks to avoid danger, however imminent, its presence is often only discovered when the foot which has trampled on it is seized. It retains its hold with great tenacity, and considerable exertion is often required to detach the asp. This is a peculiarity characteristic of the viper tribe, and is strong evidence in favour of its having been a poisonous serpent which bit St. Paul at Melita, it being described as *hanging* on his hand after fastening thereon. The Asp has a singular mode of progression—a lateral wriggling of the whole body causing it to advance sideways like a crab. Besides these mentioned, there are numerous other serpents great and small, now introduced for the first time, and not yet named.

Not less rich is the collection in Lizards. There is a huge Iguana from the West Indies, the flesh of which is very palatable, and is much esteemed as an article of food. They live principally in trees, and have the power of changing their hues according to the colour of the spot on which they happen to rest.

In another cage is a very rare and active black and white carnivorous Lizard, which is continually whining and scratching against its cage, presenting a great contrast to three huge brown Lizards, his immediate neighbours, who are remarkable for their sluggishness. On the other side of the room are numerous specimens of the little *Hyla*, or Tree Frog, very beautiful creatures, dwelling amidst the foliage of the woods in the South of Europe, and, like the Chameleon and Iguana, changing their hues in accordance with the colours of surrounding objects.

There are other very curious Frogs and Lizards, and fine specimens of the edible Snails, which hold so high a place in the estimation of continental gastronomes. Except when roused by hunger, the Serpents are generally in a state of torpor during the day, but as night draws on, they, in common with other wild denizens of the forest, are roused into activity. In their native state the Boas then lie in wait, coiled round the branches of trees, ready to spring upon the antelopes and other prey as they pass through the leafy glades; and the smaller serpents silently glide from branch to branch in quest of birds on which to feed. As we have had the opportunity of seeing the repulse-house by night, we will describe the strange scene.

About ten o'clock one evening during the last spring, in company with two naturalists of eminence, we entered that apartment. A small lantern was our only light, and the faint illumination of this, imparted a ghastly character to the scene before us. The clear plate-glass which faces the cages was invisible, and it was difficult to believe that the monsters were in confinement and the spectators secure. Those who have only seen the Boas and Pythons, the Rattlesnakes and Cobras, lazily hanging in festoons from the forks of the trees in the dens, or sluggishly coiled up, can form no

conception of the appearance and actions of the same creatures at night. The huge Boas and Pythons were chasing each other in every direction, whisking about the dens with the rapidity of lightning, sometimes clinging in huge coils round the branches, anon entwining each other in massive folds, then separating they would rush over and under the branches, hissing and lashing their tails in hideous sport. Ever and anon, thirsty with their exertions, they would approach the pans containing water and drink eagerly, lapping it with their forked tongues. As our eyes became accustomed to the darkness, we perceived objects better, and on the uppermost branch of the tree in the den of the biggest serpent, we perceived a pigeon quietly roosting, apparently indifferent alike to the turmoil which was going on around, and the vicinity of the monster whose meal it was soon to form. In the den of one of the smaller serpents was a little mouse, whose panting sides and fast-beating heart showed that it, at least, disliked its company. Misery is said to make us acquainted with strange bedfellows, but evil must be the star of that mouse or pigeon whose lot it is to be the comrade and prey of a serpent!

A singular circumstance occurred not long since at the Gardens, showing that the mouse at times has the best of it. A litter of rattlesnakes was born in the Gardens,—curious little active things without rattles,—hiding under stones, or coiling together in complicated knots, with their clustering heads resembling Medusa's locks. It came to pass that a mouse was put into the cage for the breakfast of the mamma, but she not being hungry, took no notice. The poor mouse gradually became accustomed to its strange companions, and would appear to have been pressed by hunger, for it actually nibbled away great part of the jaw of one of the little rattlesnakes, so that it died!—perhaps the first instance of such a turning of the tables. An interesting fact was proved by this, namely, that these reptiles when young are quite defenceless, and do not acquire either the power of injuring others, or of using their rattles until their adolescence.

During the time we were looking at these creatures, all sorts of odd noises were heard; a strange scratching against the glass would be audible; 'twas the Carnivorous Lizard endeavouring to inform us that it was a fast-day with him, entirely contrary to his inclination. A sharp hiss would startle us from another quarter, and we stepped back involuntarily as the lantern revealed the inflated hood and threatening action of an angry cobra. Then a rattlesnake would take umbrage, and, sounding an alarm, would make a stroke against the glass, intended for our person. The fixed gaze too from the brilliant eyes of the huge Pythons, was more fascinating than pleasant, and the scene, taking it altogether, more exciting than agreeable. Each of the spectators involuntarily stooped to make sure that his trousers were well strapped down; and, as if our nerves were jesting, a strange sensation would every now and then be felt, resembling the twining of a small snake about the legs. Just before leaving the house, a great dor beetle which had flown in, attracted by the light, struck with some force against our right ear; startled indeed we were, for at the moment our impression was that it was some member of the Happy Family around us who had favoured us with a mark of his attention.

In feeding the larger serpents, the Boas and Pythons, some care is necessary lest such an accident should occur as that which befell Mr. Cops, of the Lion Office in the Tower, some years ago. Mr. Cops was holding a fowl to the head of the largest of the five snakes which were then there kept; the snake was changing its skin, consequently, being nearly blind (for the skin of the eye is changed with the rest), it darted at the fowl but missed it, and seized the keeper by the left thumb, coiling round his arm and neck in a moment, and fixing itself by its tail to one of the posts of its cage, thus giving itself greater power. Mr. Cops, who was alone, did not lose his presence of mind, and immediately attempted to relieve himself from the powerful constriction by getting at the serpent's head; but the serpent had so knotted itself upon its own head, that Mr. Cops could not reach it, and had thrown himself upon the floor in order to grapple, with greater success, with his formidable opponent, when fortunately, two other keepers came in and rushed to the rescue. The struggle even then was severe, but at length they succeeded in breaking the teeth of the serpent, and relieving Mr. Cops from his perilous situation; two broken teeth were extracted from the thumb; the wounds soon healed, and no further inconvenience followed. Still more severe was the contest which took place between a negro herdsman, belonging to Mr. Abson, for many years Governor at Fort William, on the coast of Africa. This man was seized by a huge python whilst passing through a wood. The serpent fixed his fangs in his thigh, but in attempting to throw himself round his body, fortunately became entangled with a tree, and the man being thus preserved from a state of compression which would have instantly rendered him powerless, had presence of mind enough to cut with a large knife which he carried about with him, deep gashes in the neck and throat of his antagonist, thereby killing him, and disengaging himself from his frightful situation. He never afterwards, however, recovered the use of the limb, which had sustained considerable injury from the fangs and mere force of the jaws, and for many years limped about the fort, a living example of the prowess of these fearful serpents.

The true *Boas*, it is to be observed, are restricted to America, the name *Python* being given to the large serpents of Africa and India. It is related by Pliny that the army of Regulus was alarmed by a huge serpent, one hundred and twenty-three feet in length. This account is doubtful; but there is a well-authenticated instance of the destruction of a snake above sixty-two feet long, whilst in the act of coiling itself round the body of a man. The snakes at the gardens will generally be found coiled and twined together in large clusters, probably for the sake of warmth. Dr. Carpenter knew an instance in which no less than *thirteen hundred* of our English harmless snakes were found in an old lime kiln! The *battle* which ensued can better be imagined than described.

The cobras, the puff-adders, and some of the other highly-venomous serpents are principally found in rocky and sandy places, and very dangerous they are. Mr. Gould, the eminent ornithologist, had a most narrow escape of his life when in the interior of Australia: there is a serpent found in those arid wastes, whose bite is fatal in an incredibly short time, and it springs at an object with

great force. Mr. Gould was a little in advance of his party, when suddenly a native who was with him screamed out, "Oh! massa! dere big snake!" Mr. Gould started, and putting his foot in a hole, nearly fell to the ground. At that instant the snake made its spring, and had it not been for his stumble, would have struck him in the face; as it was, it passed over his head, and was shot before it could do any further mischief. It was a large snake, of the most venomous sort, and the natives gathered round the sportsman anxiously enquiring if it had bitten him? Finding it had not, all said they thought he was "good for dead," when they saw the reptile spring.

There is no branch of knowledge, perhaps, in which prejudices adhere with so much tenacity, nor in which the general public are so little informed, as the organization and habits of serpents. This doubtless arises from the absence of these reptiles in any number from public or private menageries, so that but few opportunities have hitherto been afforded of gaining instruction in that branch of Natural History. In this respect the collection at the gardens will be very valuable, and will do much to explode errors and impart correct information. Nine out of ten persons do not know the ordinary harmless snake of this island from the poisonous adder, and the strangest ignorance yet exists respecting the structure of that class. Of this we had two striking examples whilst waiting in the reptile-house: a respectable-looking artisan, with a wife and three children, came in, and presently he began in an oracular tone to lionise his family. One of the rattlesnakes happened to vibrate his tongue, after the manner of his tribe, when the father exclaimed, "There! you see that! now if that snake were to touch anybody with that sting of his, he'd be dead in the twinkling of a hyc!—that sting is the most venomistat thing in natur!" Another group were watching the asp as they wriggled about, and one remarked, "I s'pose they be deadly poisonous?" A friend rejoined, "Lor' bless you, nothing so deadly as the blindworm. I've heard say that if a dog be stung by a blind worm, he'd be dead in no time." The tenacity of life of popular errors is perfectly wonderful; and, curious enough, the blunders of these worthy men were prevalent at the time of Shakspere, and shared by him. A more harmless creature than the blindworm, or slowworm (as it is sometimes called), does not exist, although from time immemorial it has had the misfortune to possess an evil reputation. The great poet speaks of

"Adder's fork and blindworm's sting."

Hermia also says to *Demetrius* :—

"And hast thou killed him sleeping? Oh, brave touch.
Could not a worm, an adder do so much?
An adder did it, for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung."

The expression "sting," as applied to snakes, is altogether incorrect; the tongue has nothing to do with the infliction of injury. Serpents bite, and the difference between the harmless and venomous serpents generally is simply this; the mouths of the harmless snakes and the whole tribe of boas are provided with sharp teeth, but no fangs; their bite, therefore, is innocuous; the poisonous serpents on the other hand, have two poison-fangs attached to the upper jaw

which lie flat upon the roof of the mouth when not in use, and are concealed by a fold of the skin. In each fang is a tube which opens near the point of the tooth by a fissure; when the creature is irritated the fangs are at once erected. The poison bag is placed beneath the muscles which act on the lower jaw, so that when the fangs are struck into the victim the poison is injected with much force to the very bottom of the wound.

But how do Boa Constrictors swallow goats and antelopes, and other large animals whole? The process is very simple; the lower jaw is not united to the upper, but is hung to a long stalk-shaped bone, on which it is moveable, and this bone is only attached to the skull by ligaments, susceptible of extraordinary extension. The process by which these serpents take and swallow their prey has been so graphically described in the second volume of the "*Zoological Journal*," by that very able naturalist and graceful writer, W. J. Broderip, Esq., F.R.S., that we shall transcribe it, being able, from frequent ocular demonstration, to vouch for its correctness. A large buck rabbit was introduced into the cage of a Boa Constrictor of great size:—"The snake was down and motionless in a moment. There he lay like a log without one symptom of life, save that which glared in the small bright eye twinkling in his depressed head. The rabbit appeared to take no notice of him, but presently began to walk about the cage. The snake suddenly, but almost imperceptibly, turned his head according to the rabbit's movements, as if to keep the object within the range of his eye. At length the rabbit, totally unconscious of his situation, approached the ambushed head. The snake dashed at him like lightning. There was a blow—a scream—and instantly the victim was locked in the coils of the serpent. This was done almost too rapidly for the eye to follow; at one instant the snake was motionless—the next he was one congeries of coils round his prey. He had seized the rabbit by the neck just under the ear, and was evidently exerting the strongest pressure round the thorax of the quadruped; thereby preventing the expansion of the chest, and at the same time depriving the anterior extremities of motion. The rabbit never cried after the first seizure; he lay with his hind legs stretched out, still breathing with difficulty, as could be seen by the motion of his flanks. Presently he made one desperate struggle with his hind legs; but the snake cautiously applied another coil with such dexterity as completely to manacle the lower extremities, and in about eight minutes the rabbit was quite dead. The snake then gradually and carefully uncoiled himself, and finding that his victim moved not, opened his mouth, let go his hold, and placed his head opposite the fore-part of the rabbit. The boa, generally, I have observed, begins with the head; but in this instance, the serpent having begun with the fore-legs was longer in gorging his prey than usual, and in consequence of the difficulty presented by the awkward position of the rabbit, the dilatation and secretion of lubricating mucus were excessive. The serpent first got the fore-legs into his mouth; he then coiled himself round the rabbit, and appeared to draw out the dead body through his folds; he then began to dilate his jaws, and holding the rabbit firmly in a coil, as a point of resistance, appeared to exercise at intervals the whole of his anterior muscles in protruding his stretched jaws and lubricated mouth and throat, at first against, and soon after gradually

upon and over his prey. When the prey was completely engulphed the serpent lay for a few moments with his dislocated jaws still dropping with the mucus which had lubricated the parts, and at this time he looked quite sufficiently disgusting. He then stretched out his neck, and at the same moment the muscles seemed to push the prey further downwards. After a few efforts to replace the parts, the jaws appeared much the same as they did previous to the monstrous repast.

In conclusion, we would offer a remark which visitors to the Gardens would do well to bear in mind; the glass which incloses the cages is incapable of being broken by any efforts of the serpents themselves, but we have seen many persons tapping on it with sticks and parasols to irritate those creatures. An accidental push from behind, or too sharp a blow, might break the glass, and the consequence, of the escape of half-a-dozen angry Puff-Adders, a leash of lively Rattlesnakes, or even a couple of active Boa Constrictors into a crowded room, might be exceedingly unpleasant.

WHITE BAIT.*

"IN EST SUA GRATIA PARVIA."

Asper quâ juxta Thamesim regalia surgant
Mœnia, et Hospitii nobilis aula patet;
Sed nec emeritis hic nautis otia fecit
Securam præbens Anglia grata domum.
Stat vicina domus, minus haud celebranda, Trafalgar,
Ad quam convivos atria celsa vocant.
Huc longos cupiens urbis vitare labores
Turba ruit variis luxuriosa modis.
Nunc Aldermannos, pisces consumere natos,
Per fluvium lentè civica pompa trahit.
Nunc regni proceres, ferro via strata, senatus
Elapsos strepitu fert, populique duces
Qualescunque sunt, omnes coguntur eodem,
Omnes quippe gulæ auscitatur unus amor.
Nec mora, quin dubiam videas apponere cœnam
Servos, et lauto pondere mensa gemit.
Hic pinguis Salmo, et boreali ex equore Rhombus,
Hic Solem et Mulli, luscus atque vorax.
Attamen haud Salis est, frustra fluviique marisque
Thesaurus, habiles apposuerunt coqui:
Convivæ quiddam proprium notumque requirant,
Nempe sua est albis gratia pisciculis.

WESTMINASTERIENSIS.

* We have much pleasure in introducing the above verses to our readers. They are the production of one of Westminster's most gifted sons.—ED.

ALISON'S FALLACIES ABOUT THE FALL OF ROME.

WE have before us the third volume of a re-publication of papers by Mr. Alison, which originally appeared in "Blackwood's Magazine." The system of collecting and re-editing contributions to our periodical literature is becoming common. It is good both for authors and for the public; but works which are thus deliberately reprinted, and laid before the world in what is intended to be a permanent form, while they challenge for their composer a higher celebrity than that of an ordinary magazine-writer, become amenable to stricter criticism, than is usually exercised towards them in their ephemeral stage of existence.

As our limits prevent us from dealing separately with all, or with any number of the contents of this volume, we will select the most ambitious of Mr. Alison's essays, and the one which, on its appearance in "Blackwood," was paraded as a masterpiece of learning and eloquence by a large band of political admirers. We mean the essay on "The Fall of Rome," pp. 440—496.

This was written in 1846, at the time when the great statesman, of whom we have been recently bereaved, was completing his measures for the liberation of English commerce. Every word of Mr. Alison's paper was written *at* Sir Robert Peel, and its whole object was to show that Free Trade in corn ruined Rome; *ergo*, Free Trade in corn was sure to ruin England.

We are far, very far, from objecting to arguments drawn from ancient history, and applied to modern politics, merely because the source from which they are taken *is* ancient. On the contrary, we believe that England may find more valuable examples and warnings in the careers and fates of Athens, Carthage, and Rome, than any modern history can supply. But he who undertakes to point out these examples and warnings, must bring to the task the qualifications of sound as well as copious learning, of patient accuracy in investigating facts, and of clear-sighted intelligence in discerning their comparative importance and their relative influences on each other. How far Mr. Alison possesses or is deficient in these attributes, may be readily shown by a few specimens from this his reputed *chef-d'œuvre*.

It is to be premised that Mr. Alison, in speaking of the "Fall of Rome," uses the word "Rome" with a degree of lax inconsistency, which may have been convenient enough for the argument which he wished to construct, but which is very inconvenient for those who wish to test his facts, or grapple with his logic. Sometimes his "Rome" means the city, sometimes it means ancient Italy, sometimes the Western Empire; and sometimes occurrences in the last ages of the Byzantine History are thrust forward as connected with the fall of Rome. The second of these senses is the one which it is really material to consider; and Mr. Alison's true position may be stated thus, that ancient Italy was ruined by free trade in corn.

Mr. Alison utterly rejects, as unfounded, or as inadequate, the causes which are usually assigned for the fearful deterioration which undoubtedly did take place in the moral and physical condition of the inhabitants of the city of Rome, and of all Italy. In particular, he denies the fact of this deterioration having been caused by a displacement of the lower

and middle classes of the free population through an enormous increase in the numbers of the slaves. In his own words he asserts (p. 472)—“During the Republic, and from the commencement of the Empire, agriculture was in the most flourishing state in Italy; and it was in its sturdy free cultivators that the legions were recruited which conquered the world.

“*From the time of Tiberius** cultivation declined in the Italian and Grecian plains, and continued to do so till the fall of the empire.

“Even so early as the latter days of the Republic the system was introduced of feeding the Roman people with grain derived by tribute from the provinces. In the time of Augustus the annual quantity distributed to the poorer citizens of Rome was 1,200,000 modii, or 55,156 quarters. But Tiberius went a step further, and actually gave bounties on the importation of foreign grain. The necessary effect of this system was the cessation of agriculture in Italy, the ruin of the small proprietors, and the engrossing of the land in the provinces by a few great landholders, who cultivated their extensive estates by means of slaves.” We have omitted some extracts from another Scotch writer, called Finlay, whom Mr. Alison seems to rely on as a huge authority, and we have not set out all the slightly-varied repetitions in which Mr. Alison (like an old-fashioned special pleader) states his case; but we have given the words in which he asserts most emphatically his main position; i. e., that agriculture and a large free population flourished in Italy till the time of Tiberius, when the large introduction of foreign corn ruined Italian agriculture, and destroyed the free peasantry. We will also quote his words, in which he denies the immense increase of a slave population in Italy before the time of Tiberius. “Rome itself, in its great and glorious periods, when it vanquished Hannibal, conquered Gaul, subdued the East—in the days of Scipio, Cæsar, and Trajan—was full as dependant on slave labour as it was in those of its decrepitude, under Honorius or Justinian. Cato was a great dealer in slaves; the Sabine farm was tilled by the arms of rural serfs; Cincinnatus and Regulus worked their little freeholds entirely by means of that unhappy class. Rome was brought to the verge of destruction, nearer ruin than it had been by the arms of the Carthaginians, by the insurrection of the slaves shortly after the third Punic contest, so well known under the appellation of the Servile war. It is perfectly ridiculous, therefore, to assign as a cause of the destruction of Rome a circumstance in the social condition of its people which co-existed with their greatest prosperity.” P. 456.

This is a favourite tenet of Mr. Alison's, and we find it asserted in another essay in this volume:—“It is always to be recollected that slavery existed to just as great an extent in the most flourishing as in the decaying periods of the Roman dominion.” P. 251.

A few lines further on in this last-mentioned essay, he again asserts, “The free race of Italian cultivators, the strength of the legions, disappeared before the fleets which wafted cheap grain from the banks of the Nile, and the shores of Africa to the Tiber.”

We suppose that Mr. Alison would consider it an affront if he were to be referred to the pages of any historian of our times for correction. We will, therefore, give him some authorities to which he cannot demur, passages from the ancient writers of Rome herself, and see how his

* The Italica are Mr. Alison's.

theories square with them; or whether they do not confirm the opinion generally held by educated Englishmen,—that ancient Italy, during the early centuries of the Roman Commonwealth, teemed with a hardy free agricultural population;—that, though slavery existed, the number of slaves was small, and these slaves were generally Italian prisoners of war, who were well worthy to become, and frequently did become, the civic equals of their captors, emancipation being frequent, and the freedman easily obtaining his enrolment among the citizens; that when Rome's conquests began to extend all along the coast of the Mediterranean, when shoals of Africans, Asiatics, Sardinians, Corsicans, and others were sold by thousands in the Forum, the employment of slave labour increased fast and fearfully;—that in the latter ages of the Commonwealth the Roman nobility acquired by the command of provinces, the monopoly of the state domains, and other modes of aggrandizement, enormous wealth; while the citizens of the middle classes were destroyed in the incessant wars, or, if they survived, found that their farms had been ruined during their absence, and frequently taken from them by some large landholder in the neighbourhood;—that the possession of the greater part of the lands of Italy had thus before the time of the Gracchi been placed in the hands of a small body of wealthy men, who used slave labour in preference to free, and found pasturage more profitable than tillage; that these evils went on rapidly increasing during the last century of the Republic, when the fearful carnage of the Social War, and Sylla's and the Triumvirs' confiscations completed the desolation of Italy, and almost exterminated some of the best and bravest of the Italian races;—and, finally, that this change in the land and its inhabitants was complete before the time of Tiberius, the epoch which Mr. Alison assigns for the sudden ruin of previously prosperous Italy.

It would of course far exceed our limits were we to quote in detail all or any large part of the passages in the classics which bear upon these topics, but we will take two or three which are decisive of the question.

We have the means of examining a detailed muster-roll of the military strength of Italy just before the second Punic war, when threatened with an invasion by the northern barbarians, and of contrasting it with the means which Augustus possessed for raising troops in Italy, when a similar invasion was threatened in *his* time. If Mr. Alison's theory be correct, we shall find that Italy under Augustus abounded in "sturdy free cultivators" for recruiting the legions, just as much as was the case at the earlier period. Now let us see what are the facts.

Polybius, in the twenty-fourth section of his second book, gives us an account of the levy which the Romans made among themselves and their Italian allies, A.U.C. 529, to resist the Cisalpine Gauls. It is to be remembered that Italy then was considered not to extend northward beyond the frontier of Etruria and the Rubicon. The rest was Gallic territory. Yet the Italy of that date could furnish upwards of 700,000 foot soldiers and 70,000 cavalry. It is also to be recollected that among the Romans of that period the needy populace (the *proletarii*) were not allowed to serve in the legions. Every Roman soldier was then a man of some property.

Turn we now to the state of things under Augustus, when the news of the defeat of Varus came to Rome, and the Roman Emperor used all the power of despotism to raise a fresh army to encounter the victorious

barbarians who were expected to follow up their success by invading Italy. Be it remembered that Varus's army had only contained three legions, so that the loss, though severe, was far less than the Commonwealth had made good after many a bloody battle with Carthaginians, Gauls, and Cimbrians. Remember, also, that all the peninsula up to the Alps was now included in the term "Italy;" that all restrictions about enrolling citizens of the lowest class had long been abrogated; and let us see whether Augustus found the ancient abundance of "sturdy free cultivators" to recruit his legions with. We will take the account of Dion Cassius (lib. lvi. sec. 23) as being the most minute; he is fully corroborated by Velleius Paterculus and others. Dion says—"Then Augustus, when he heard the calamity of Varus, rent his garment, and was in great affliction for the troops he had lost, and for terror respecting the Germans and the Gauls. And his chief alarm was that he expected them to push on against Italy and Rome; and there remained no Roman youth fit for military duty that were worth speaking of, and the allied populations, that were at all serviceable, had been wasted away." Yet he prepared for the emergency as well as his means allowed, and when none of the citizens of military age were willing to enlist, he made them cast lots, and punished by confiscation of goods and disfranchisement every fifth man among those under thirty-five, and every tenth man of those above that age. At last, when he found that not even thus could he make many come forward, he put some of them to death. So he made a conscription of discharged veterans and of emancipated slaves, and collecting as large a force as he could, sent it, under Tiberius, with all speed into Germany."

If Mr. Alison will read through the first decade of Livy, he will find many instances in which that historian contrasts the populousness of Italy in the early ages of the commonwealth with its exhausted state in his own time, that is to say, in the reign of Augustus. In particular, he will find a remarkable passage in the twelfth section of the sixth book, where Livy, in speaking of the districts which formerly furnished the Volscian and Equian armies, says of them,—"*Eis locis, quæ nunc vix æmulario æquo militum relicto servitia Romana ab solitudine vacillant.*" Were we to borrow Mr. Alison's style of criticism, we should say "it is perfectly ridiculous" to talk of the extended system of importing foreign corn, which Tiberius introduced, being the cause of a desolation which was complete before Tiberius began to govern.

We will give two references more, one to Plutarch (Vit. Tib. Græc. c. 1.), which shows that as early as the time of the Numantine war the number of small landed proprietors in Italy had fearfully decreased; and that a man might even then travel through whole districts, and see far and wide nothing but the overgrown estates of wealthy individuals, with no free labourers on them, but swarming with gangs of foreign slaves.

The other is to Cicero, "De Officiis," lib. ii. c. 21, where the Consul Philippus is censured for having publicly announced the great fact that in his time (A.U.C. 662) there were not 2000 Romans who were not in a state of destitution.

The truth is that Mr. Alison has utterly confounded cause and effect. The free agricultural population of Italy had been almost exterminated

* Καὶ οἱ τοιοῦτοι ἡ ἁλὶς ἀφύλκῃς ὑπῆλθοντο καὶ τὰ συμφορὰ, οἱ τε οὐ σφάλλει οἱ, κατακτανόμενοι.

before Tiberius became emperor, and Italian agriculture was, and continued to be, nearly ruined. Hence, in order to supply the millions of Rome with bread, it was necessary to import corn from abroad. Mr. Alison says that Italian agriculture was ruined because foreign corn was imported. The fact is that foreign corn was imported because Italian agriculture was ruined.

Mr. Alison is as unhappy in his individual instances as he is in his general assertions. We have not space for many proofs of this ; but we will take one or two from the passages of his essay already quoted. He there says, speaking of Roman slaves :—"Cincinnatus and Regulus worked their little freeholds entirely by means of that unhappy class." We thought every school-boy knew that the deputation of the Senate, which announced to Cincinnatus his appointment to the Dictatorship, found him tilling his four-acre farm with his own hands. The story is detailed by Livy in the twenty-sixth section of his third book, with strong comments on the altered state of things in Livy's own time. As for Regulus, we should be glad if Mr. Alison would particularly examine the fourth book of Valerius Maximus, sects. 4 to 6, where he will find the story how Regulus, when he was continued in command of the Roman army in Africa, represented to the senate the necessity of his return home, because his bailiff, whom he had entrusted to manage his farm, was dead, and the *hired servant* (mercenarium) on whom the management of it had devolved, had robbed him of all his stock. The passage is worth attention, not only because it negatives the assertion about Regulus having cultivated his farm entirely by slave-labour, but because it proves the existence, at that period, of a class of free agricultural labourers in Italy, who worked on the lands of others for wages.

Perhaps we have been wasting space in disproving Mr. Alison's scholarship. There are blunders of such a nature, that one of them instantly betrays the mere superficial reader of the classics. At page 45 of this volume, we find the following specimen of Mr. Alison's Latinity, which, in a re-edited essay cannot be set down as an error of the press. Mr. Alison's words are : "When the Mantuan bard wrote

" *Sæpe exiguus mus*
Sub terram posuit domos atque horrea fecit."

The writer who can foist such a hideous false quantity upon Virgil, needs no elaborate refutation, when he dabbles dogmatically with classical literature.

THE TOURIST IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY CHARLES LANMAN,
AUTHOR OF "LETTERS FROM THE ALLEGHANY MOUNTAINS," ETC.

THE SUGAR CAMP.

Among our more agreeable recollections of the wilderness are those associated with the making of *maple sugar*. Our first taste of this sweetest of woodland luxuries was received from the hands of an Indian, into whose wigwam we had wandered from our father's dwelling on one of the Saturday afternoons of our boyhood. It was many years ago, and long before the frontier of Michigan was transformed into a flourishing member of the national confederacy. Since that time we have not only eaten our full proportion of the luxury in question, both in wigwam and cabin, but we have seen it extensively manufactured by the Indian, as well as the white man; and we now purpose to discourse upon the article itself, and upon a few incidents connected with its manufacture.

Maple sugar is made from the sap of a tree, known by the several names of rock maple, hard maple, and sugar maple, which is found in great abundance in various portions of the union, but chiefly in the Northern States. It is a lofty and elegantly-proportioned tree, and its foliage is particularly luxuriant; and, when touched by the frosts of autumn, is pre-eminently brilliant. The wood is also highly esteemed for the beauty of its fibre, which consists of concentric circles, resembling the eye of a bird, and hence the term *bird's-eye maple*.

Generally speaking, the sugar-making season commences early in April, is universally considered as one of festivity, and seldom continues more than about four weeks. The sudden transition of the temperature from winter to spring is essential to its production, for at this season alone does the vital principle of the tree pass in large quantities from the roots into its branches. Hence it is that, while making this passage, the sap has to be withdrawn; and this is accomplished by making an incision in the tree some three feet from the ground, and receiving the liquid in a vessel prepared for the purpose. And it has been observed that, when a frosty night is followed by a dry and sunny day, the sap flows abundantly, at which times three or four gallons are obtained from a single tree in twenty-four hours. The process employed for converting the sap into sugar is perfectly simple, and consists in boiling it first into a sirup and then into a more tangible substance. Of this sugar there are two kinds, viz., the hard or cake sugar, and that of a friable character, which is produced by constantly stirring the thick sirup when it is becoming cool. The taste of the sap or juice, when taken from the tree, is just sweet enough to be noticed; and though we have never ascertained the quantity commonly obtained from a single tree, we have been told that a very fruitful tree, in a good season, may be made to yield five pounds of the best sugar. To the human palate this juice is not generally agreeable, but wild and domestic animals are said to be inordinately fond of it, and slake their thirst with it whenever they can. Although a sufficient

quantity of maple sugar has never been manufactured in America to rank it among articles of exportation, it has, for many years past, been about the only sugar used by a large number of people—especially those who live in the more thickly-wooded districts of the States, and those inhabiting the northern and western frontiers of the United States and Canada. In the opinion of all who manufacture the article it is held in high estimation, both as a luxury and on account of its nutrition. In regard to this last quality, we believe it is superior to all other sugars; for we know, from personal observations, that when eaten by the Indian children, during the manufacturing season, they become particularly hearty, though exclusively confined to it as an article of food for weeks at a time.

From the very nature of the business, the making of maple sugar is commonly carried on in an encampment, and we now purpose to describe the various kinds with which we are acquainted, beginning, as a matter of course, with an Indian camp. We are speaking of the remote past, and of an encampment of Ottawa Indians, in one of the maple forests skirting the western shore of Green Bay. It is in the month of April, and the hunting season is at an end. Albeit, the ground is covered with snow, the noonday sun has become quite powerful, and the annual offering has been made to the Great Spirit, by the medicine men, of the first product of one of the earliest trees in the district. This being the preparatory signal for extensive business, the women of the encampment proceed to make a large number of wooden troughs (to receive the liquid treasure), and, after these are finished, the various trees in the neighbourhood are tapped, and the juice begins to run. In the mean time, the men of the party have built the necessary fires, and suspended over them their earthen, brass, or iron kettles. The sap is now flowing in copious streams, and from one end of the camp to the other is at once presented an animated and romantic scene, which continues, without interruption, day and night, until the end of the sugar season. The principal employment to which the men devote themselves is that of lounging about the encampment, shooting at marks, and playing the moccasin game; while the main part of the labour is performed by the women, who not only attend to the kettles, but employ all their leisure time in making the beautiful birchen mocucks, for the preservation and transportation of the sugar when made; the sap being brought from the troughs to the kettles by the boys and girls. Less attention than usual is paid by the Indians at such times to their meals, and, unless game is very easily obtained, they are quite content to depend upon the sugar alone. If an Indian happens to return from the river with a fish, he throws it without any ceremony into the boiling sap, dipping it out, when cooked, with a ladle or stick; and therefore it is that we often find in the maple sugar of Indian manufacture the bones of a trout, or some more unworthy fish. That even a bird, a rabbit, or an opossum, is sometimes thrown into the kettle instead of a fish is beyond a doubt; and we are not positively certain that the civilized fashion of eating jelly with roast lamb may not be traced to the barbarous custom of cooking animals in hot sap. That this sap itself, when known to be clear and reduced to the consistency of molasses, is a palatable article, we are ready to maintain against the world; and we confess that, when not quite so fastidious as now, we have often eaten it in truly dangerous quantities, even in the cabin of an Indian. As we have already intimated, the

sugar season is dependent upon the weather; but, even when it is prolonged to four or five weeks, it continues from beginning to end to be one of hilarity and gladness. At such times, even the wolfish-looking dogs seem to consider themselves as entitled to the privilege of sticking their noses into the vessels of sap not yet placed over the fire. And in this manner does the poor Indian welcome returning spring.

It is now about the middle of June, and some fifty birchen canoes have just been launched upon the waters of Green Bay. They are occupied by our Ottawa sugar-makers, who have started upon a pilgrimage to Mackinaw. The distance is near two hundred miles, and as the canoes are heavily laden, not only with mocucks of sugar, but with furs collected by the hunters during the past winter, and the Indians are travelling at their leisure, the party will probably reach their desired haven in the course of ten days. Well content with their accumulated treasures, both the women and the men are in a particularly happy mood, and many a wild song is heard to echo over the placid lake. As the evening approaches, day after day they seek out some convenient landing-place, and, pitching the wigwams on the beach, spend a goodly portion of the night carousing and telling stories around their camp fires, resuming their voyage after a morning sleep, long after the sun has risen above the blue waters of the east. Another sunset hour, and the cavalcade of canoes is quietly gliding into the crescent bay of Mackinaw, and, reaching a beautiful beach at the foot of a lofty bluff, the Indians again draw up their canoes, again erect their wigwams. And, as the Indian traders have assembled on the spot, the more improvident of the party immediately proceed to exhibit their sugar and furs, which are usually disposed of for flour and pork, blankets and knives, guns, ammunition, and a great variety of trinkets, long before the hour of midnight. That the remainder of this night is devoted to feasting and dancing, and tumultuous recreation, is a matter of course. But the trader who would obtain from the Indians their more unique articles of merchandize, usually visits the encampment on the following morning, when he is always certain of obtaining from the young women, on the most reasonable terms, their fancy mocucks of sugar, all worked over with porcupine quills; and a great variety of beautifully-worked moccasins, and fancy bags, made of the sweet-smelling deer-skin. In about a week after their arrival at Mackinaw, the Ottawa Indians begin to sigh for the freedom of the wilderness; and, before the trader has left his bed on some pleasant morning, there is nothing to be seen on the beach at Mackinaw but the smoking embers of a score or two of watch-fires.

We would now conduct our readers into the sugar camp of a Frenchman. It is situated in one of the maple forests of Michigan, on the banks of the river Raisin, and within half a mile of the rude comfortable dwelling of the proprietor. Very much the same process is here pursued in making the sugar that we have already described, only that a large proportion of the labour is performed by the men and boys, the women participating in the employment more for the purpose of carefully packing away the sugar when made, and having a little romantic sport in the way of eating hot sugar in the aisles of the church-like forest. The season of winter with our Frenchman has been devoted almost exclusively to the pleasures of life, and the making of sugar is the first and probably the only really lucrative business which he ever

travellers. By the term *lucrative* we mean a business which allows him to lay aside a little spare money, for, generally speaking (like the class to which he belongs in the north-west), he is perfectly satisfied if the agricultural products of his small farm yield him a comfortable living. Maple sugar and maple molasses are considered by our friend and his family as among their greatest luxuries; and, while he makes a point of taking a small quantity to market, he never fails to keep a plentiful supply of both under his own roof. In transporting his sugar (as well as all other marketable articles) to the neighbouring town, he employs a rude two-wheeled vehicle, made exclusively of wood, and drawn by a Canadian pony. On his first visit to the town after the sugar season is ended, he will be accompanied by his entire family, decked in their more tidy garments; and, before his return home, you may be certain that the Catholic priest, whose church he regularly attends, will receive a handsome present of the newly-made sugar, with perhaps a small keg of the delicious maple sirup or molasses. And thus does the Frenchman of the frontier welcome the return of spring.

But we have spent some pleasant days in the sugar camps of the Dutch community on the eastern and southern side of the Catskill Mountains, and we must not omit to pay our respects to them. The very best of sugar is made in this region, and much of it into solid cakes of various sizes, from one pound to twenty. It is manufactured here both for home consumption and the market, and the price which it has usually commanded during the last ten years has been about one York shilling per pound. The labour in this region is about equally divided between the women and the men, and considerable attention is devoted to the cultivation of the maple-tree. In cooling their sugar, or rather in performing the business called "sugaring off," the Dutch employ immense wrought-iron pans, which are undoubtedly a great improvement upon the Indian and French fashions, which are simply no fashions at all, since the kettles employed to boil the sugar are used to cool it off.

But the Dutch of whom we are speaking, those especially who are more wealthy than their neighbours, have a very sensible mode of winding up their sugar-making labours by giving what they term a "*Sugar-bee*," or party. The elements which go to make up one of these rustic entertainments it would be difficult to describe. We may mention, however, that everybody is invited, old men and their wives, young men and maidens; that the principal recreation is that of dancing to the music of a fiddle; that a most sumptuous and excessively miscellaneous feast is spread before the multitude; that the people assemble in the afternoon, and generally succeed in getting home an hour or two after the break of day. That an abundance of maple sugar is met with on these occasions will be readily imagined, and we may add that, in those districts where temperance societies are unpopular, the sugar is taken considerably adulterated in whisky.

The last sugar-bee to which we ever had the pleasure of being invited, while once sojourning among the Catskills, was given by an old Dutchman who resided on the side of a mountain, some ten miles from our temporary abode. We started for his house about sundown, in a large lumber-waggon, which was packed by no less than eight buxom damsels and four young men besides ourself. Although when stepping into the waggon we were a perfect stranger to nearly all the party

we were received as an old friend. The damsels were in high glee; we had a reckless driver and a span of capital horses, and, of course, the young men were not at all backwards in their deportment. The first five miles of the road was very good, and, as we rattled along, the songs, uncouth and shrill, which were sung awakened many a mountain echo. But while all this was going on, and other things which we have not time to mention, the sky became overcast, and in a short time it began to rain, and a most intense darkness settled upon the world. Our driver became bewildered, and the first that we knew was that he had lost the road, and that our horses had halted directly in front of a huge stump. Having thus unexpectedly been brought to a stand, the male members of the party proceeded to reconnoitre, and one of them fortunately discovered a light at the distance of half a mile. Towards this light did the entire party direct their march, and about twelve o'clock succeeded in reaching a log-cabin, which was inhabited by an old hunter; and, as the guests of this man, did the party, in a very disagreeable mood, spend the remainder of the night. Long before the mists had left the valleys on the following morning, the party had worked its way out of the woods, and for a week afterwards we were frequently complimented for the important part that we had taken in the last sugar-bee.

We cannot conclude this article without remarking that maple sugar of rare quality is manufactured in the States of Vermont, New Hampshire, and Maine; but as we have never visited that section of the Union in the spring, we cannot, from personal observation, speak of the New England sugar camps. That the maple sugar usually offered for sale in the Boston and New York markets is chiefly brought from this section of country we know to be a fact, and it is one which forcibly illustrates the true idea of Yankee enterprise.*

ACCOMAC.

UPWARDS of two hundred years ago, the long peninsula, now divided into the counties of Accomac and Northampton, in Virginia, was known by the Indian name of *Acohawmack*. An extensive tribe of aborigines who occupied the country bore the same title, the meaning of which is said to be *People who live upon shell-fish*. Next to a scanty record embodied in Captain Smith's "*History of Virginia*," the earliest printed account of this region may be found at the conclusion of a pamphlet written by one Colonel Norwood, of England, wherein he describes "*A Voyage to Virginia in 1649*." At the conclusion of his perilous voyage across the Atlantic, it was the author's misfortune to be wrecked upon one of the islands on the eastern shore of Accomac, and that, too, in the stormy month of January. To comment upon Norwood's well-written and very interesting pamphlet is not now our

* Since writing the above, we have had the pleasure of reading an interesting description of a maple sugar camp, by the eminent ornithologist Mr. Audubon, from which we gather the following particulars, viz., that the juice of the sugar-maple was to him a most refreshing and delicious beverage; that it takes ten gallons of this juice to make one pound of grained sugar; that the best of the syrup is made at the close of the sugar season; and that the sugar-maple is found in abundance from Maine to Louisiana, invariably growing on rich and elevated grounds.

object; but we will remark, in passing, that this document, taken in connection with the county records of the peninsula, which extend as far back as the year 1632, and also with the ancient graveyards of the region, would furnish material for an exceedingly valuable and entertaining volume, and we are surprised that some enterprising antiquarian of Virginia has not, long before this, taken the matter in hand. It is our province to speak of Accomac (by which we mean the ancient dominion known by that name) as it appears to the traveller of the present day.

What the distance may be from Washington to the northern line of Accomac we cannot imagine, but we know that if the morning cars to Baltimore are punctual, and you are fortunate enough to meet the Whitehaven steamboat at Baltimore at eight o'clock, you may enjoy your next breakfast at Horntown, a few miles south of the Maryland line, and within the limits of Accomac. On board of the steamer which brought us down the bay there was rather a scarcity of passengers, but among them were some intelligent gentlemen, from one of whom we gathered the following items of information. The entire length of Chesapeake Bay, from Havre-de-Grace to Norfolk, is two hundred miles; in width it varies from five to twenty-six miles, and in depth from four to twenty-four fathoms. Its shores are low and level, with occasional bluffs, however, and its waters clear and of a greenish hue. It contains a great number of islands, some of which are exceedingly fertile, but destitute of all picturesque beauty. During the autumn and winter its shallower waters are filled with almost every variety of waterfowl; it is said to yield a larger quantity of oysters than any other section of the globe of the same size; and it is also famous for the abundance and quality of its shad, striped bass or rock-fish, its drum, sheepshead, and a species of sea-trout. On approaching the Wicomico River, an island of one thousand acres was pointed out to us called Bloodsworth Island, which is the property of two men, who reside upon their domain, a pair of veritable hermits, who live upon fish and waterfowl instead of cultivating their soil. Our attention was also directed to a neighbouring island, which seemed to be in a state of high cultivation, and we were told that the owner thereof had refused the handsome price of one hundred dollars per acre for the entire island.

With regard to Deal's Island and Dames Quarter, in this vicinity of the bay, we heard the following anecdote. The original name of the first was "Devil's Island," and that of the second "Damned Quarter," as any one may see by referring to some of the older maps. Once upon a time, as the story goes, a Connecticut skipper in his smack chanced to make his course up the Chesapeake, and as he was a stranger in this region, he hailed nearly every vessel or boat he met with a lot of questions. "What island is that?" inquired the Yankee of a downward bound brig. "Devil's Island," was the brief reply; whereupon the stranger's conscience was a little disturbed. About an hour afterwards, "What island is that?" again vociferated the skipper; and a Chesapeake fisherman replied, "Damned Quarter." At this intelligence the Yankee was so much alarmed that he immediately made a sudden tack, and with his helm "hard up" started for the outlet of the bay, and was never heard of more in southern waters.

The peninsula of Accomac, as nearly as we can ascertain, varies in width from eight to twelve miles, and is not far from seventy miles

lung. Generally speaking, it is almost as level as the sea, the highest ground not attaining a greater elevation than some twenty feet. The soil is of a sandy character, and the forests, which are quite extensive, are composed chiefly of pine and oak. The country is almost entirely destitute of running streams, and nearly all the inlets, especially on the bay side, are lined with extensive marshes, where snakes, turtles, and lizards are particularly abundant. Along the sea side of Accomac lie a succession of sandy islands, which render the navigation dangerous, and between which and the main shore the water is shallow and far from clear. Two of the above islands, Assateague and Chingoteague, are inhabited by a peculiar people, of whom I shall have something to say in another place. The only villages in this district, properly so called, are Drummontown and Eustville; they are the county seats, and though bearing an ancient appearance, they contain some good houses, and are well worth visiting. You can hardly travel eight miles in any direction without coming to a post-office, which glories in a village name, and therefore appears on paper to much better advantage than in reality. In some parts of the country we frequently noticed houses which seemed to have been abandoned by their owners, as if the soil in the vicinity had been completely worn out, and could not be profitably cultivated. These household ruins, together with the apparent want of enterprise which one notices everywhere, conspire to throw a gloom over the traveller's mind, thereby preventing him, perhaps, from fully appreciating the happiness which really prevails among the people. And these (as is the case, in fact, with every nook and corner of the world) constitute the principal attraction of Accomac; for man by nature is a lover of his kind, and "we have all one human heart by which we live."

If we were called upon to classify the Accomacians, we would divide them into the gentry, the miscellaneous fraternity, and the slave population. The gentry are a comparatively small class, but the principal landholders of the district. They come of good old English families, and are highly intelligent and well educated. The houses they occupy are homely in appearance, but well supplied with all the substantial that can add to the pleasures of country life. They seem to think more of comfort than display, and are distinguished for their hospitality to strangers. The miscellaneous fraternity to which we have alluded is more extensive. A very large proportion of them obtain their living from the sea, annually bringing up from its bed an immense quantity of oysters and clams, which they sell to the fishermen of Philadelphia and New York; but these fishermen not only send to market large numbers of fish, but during the winter and autumn months they make a good deal of money by killing waterfowl, which abound on all the shores of the peninsula. The more legitimate fishermen of Accomac, who number between thirty and forty voters, reside on the neighbouring islands of Chingoteague and Assateague. They are an exceedingly hardy, rude, and simple-hearted race, and a little more at home on the water than on the land. The dangers to which they wilfully expose themselves are truly astonishing, and almost lead one to suppose that they are web-footed. We have been told of one individual who, for the want of a boat, once swam a distance of three miles in midwinter merely for the purpose of examining the wreck of a brig which had been abandoned by its owners; and we have heard of others who had been upset at sea, a distance of ten

miles from shore, but who have regained their mother earth with the ease and carelessness of wild geese. In the miscellaneous fraternity may also be included the mechanics of the country, and all such people as stage-drivers, dram-shop keepers, pedlars, and other kindred birds.

The slave population of this district is decidedly the most extensive, and, if we are to judge by their general deportment and by what they say, they are undoubtedly by far the happiest class on the peninsula. We questioned them occasionally with regard to what we have been educated to look upon as a hard lot, but we never saw but one individual who succeeded in rousing our sympathies, and before he finished talking to us we discovered that he was a scamp of the first water, and therefore not worthy of credit. Every negro in this section of country has the evening hours to himself, as well as the entire Sabbath, and, instead of being "lashed" into obedience, is constantly treated with the utmost kindness.

And now, with regard to those traits which the inhabitants of Accomac possess in common. In religion they are Methodists and Baptists, and in politics they belong to the rank and file of the untried Democracy. Those who are at all educated are highly educated; but of the twenty-five thousand souls who inhabit the peninsula, we suppose that not more than one thousand could distinguish the difference between the English and the Chippewa alphabet. In the two counties of Accomac and Northampton, the idea of even a weekly newspaper was never dreamed of. The people are fond of amusements, which consist principally of dancing and card-playing parties, and the Saturday of each week is usually appropriated as a holiday. Any event which can bring together a crowd is gladly welcomed, so that court days, training days, election days, the Fourth of July, Christmas Day, New Year's Day, and Thanksgiving Day are among the white days of the unwritten calendar of the people of Accomac. The roads of the country are all by nature very good, and the people exceedingly fond of going through the world as pleasantly as possible; so that each man who can own a horse is sure of owning a gig, and many of them are particularly unique and tottleish, something like a scow-boat in a gale of wind.

But the crowning peculiarity of this nook of the great world has reference to the custom of raising and taming wild horses. Like everything poetical connected with the habits of our people, this custom is rapidly becoming obsolete, and will soon be remembered merely as an idle and romantic tale. The very idea of having to do with wild horses excited our fancy the very moment we heard the custom alluded to; and we made every effort to collect reliable information upon it, as it existed half a century ago. As good fortune would have it, we found out an intelligent and venerable gentleman, who supplied us with many interesting particulars. The "oldest inhabitant" to whom we allude is the Rev. David Watts, of Horntown, who is now in the 82d year of his age, and the substance of his information is as follows:

In the Atlantic Ocean, off the north-eastern shore of Accomac, lies a long and sandy island known by the name of Assateague. The distance from one extremity to the other is perhaps ten miles, and in reaching it you have to cross a bay that is perhaps eight miles wide. At the present time, there are only four families residing upon the

island, one of them having charge of the lighthouse, the remaining three being devoted to the fishing business. From time immemorial it has been famous for its luxuriant grass, and from the period of the Revolution down to the year 1800 supplied an immense number of wild horses with food. When these animals were first introduced upon the island has not been ascertained, but it is said that they were the most abundant about half a century ago. At that period there was a kind of stock company in existence, composed principally of the wealthier planters residing on the main shore. The animals were of the pony breed, but generally beautifully formed and very fleet; of a deep black colour, and with remarkably long tails and manes. They lived and multiplied upon the island without the least care from the hand of man, and, though feeding entirely on the grass of the salt meadows, they were in good condition throughout the year. They were employed by their owners, to a considerable extent, for purposes of agriculture, but the finer specimens were kept or disposed of as pets for the use of ladies and children. The prices which they commanded on the island varied from ten to twenty dollars, but by the time a handsome animal could reach New York or New Orleans, he was likely to command one hundred and fifty or two hundred dollars.

But by far the most interesting circumstance connected with the wild horses of Assateague had reference to the annual festival of penning the animals, for the purpose, not only of bringing them under subjection, but of selling them to any who might desire to purchase. The day in question was the 10th of June, on which occasion there was always an immense concourse of people assembled on the island from all parts of the surrounding country; not only men, but women and children; planters who came to make money, strangers who wished to purchase a beautiful animal for a present, together with the grooms or horse-tamers, who were noted at the time for their wonderful feats of horsemanship. But a large proportion of the multitude came together for the purpose of having a regular frolic; and feasting and dancing were carried on to a great extent, and that too upon the open sandy shore of the ocean, the people being exposed during the day to the scorching sunshine, and the scene being enlivened at night by immense bonfires, made of wrecked vessels or drift wood, and the light of the moon and stars. The staple business of these anniversaries, however, was to tame and brand the horses; but to give an account of all the particulars attending these exciting scenes would require more time than I can spare at the present moment. Suffice it to say that the horses were usually cornered in a pen, perhaps a hundred at a time, when, in the presence of the immense concourse of people, the tamers would rush into the midst of the herd, and not only noose and halter the wild and untamed creatures, but, mounting them, at times even without a bridle, would rush from the pen and perform a thousand fantastic and daring feats upon the sand. Few, if any, of these horsemen were ever killed or wounded while performing these exploits, though it is said that they frequently came in such close contact with the horses as to be compelled to wrestle with them, as man with man. What was still more remarkable, these men were never known to fail in completely subduing the horses they attempted to tame; and it was often the case that an animal which was as wild as a hawk in the morning could be safely ridden by a child at the sunset hour. But enough, until some future day, on this interesting theme.

YOUNG ENGLAND'S ONSLAUGHT ON YOUNG ITALY*

THE judicious Dr. Watts, in his valuable hymns, exhorts the juvenile population in general to let cats and dogs employ their wild energies in the effort to scratch and bite, but adds, that *their* little hands were not given them to tear each other's eyes. A young rebel against the doctor's authoritative advice, appears in Master Alexander Baillie Cochrane. This youth, in becoming the assailant of the unoffending Italian organ-boy, is evidently not acting on his own separate impulse, but has been put up to the outrage by the whole school to which he belongs, and it is therefore requisite to know whence springs the antagonism between the Young Englishers and the children of *la Giovane Italia*.

The contrast is very remarkable. The boys here want to bring back the middle ages, monasteries, cathedrals, mitred abbots, baronial rule, illuminated manuscripts, slow coaching at the tail of six Flanders' mares, abolition of machinery, the parish stocks for political writers, and a standing pillory for printers. The boys there were in the full enjoyment of all those distinct blessings, yet impelled by that waywardness which is characteristic of boyhood, they wanted to jump out of the fourteenth into the nineteenth century; they wanted the protection of law, security for property and person, elbow-room for industry, a free press, and some share in the management of the affairs of their country.

It becomes very clear that these two opposite puerile aspirations must clash, and the juvenile belligerents have accordingly come to blows, but the immediate cause of the present shindy has to be stated, that the public may fairly understand the *causa terribilis belli*.

An old boy, Palmerston, not belonging to the school himself, did nevertheless venture to expostulate with the foolish juveniles on the subject of fair play, and, like the benevolent quaker in reference to the "lads of the village," announced to them "*his* maxim, that youth should be free." He remonstrated on the impropriety of their seeking to confine the amusements of foreign youth within the range of their own purely local and now obsolete "Book of Royal Sports," and hinted that what might be mere sport for boys here at home, might happen to be sheer death to those abroad. If it suited the school here to put on voluntary bandages and play at "Blind-man's Buff," run races in a sack, or stand on their heads, he had no objection; but scholars in Italy ought be left the choice of their own gymnastics, whether it be the game of nine pins, the *ludus Trojanus*, the Pyrrhic dance, or even the *camagnole*.

Strange to say, many hoary-headed intolerants and impracticably obstinate greybeards among us backed up our boys against the views of Palmerston. In the assemblage of our elders, the final return to mediæval pastimes was voted the best thing for the rising generation abroad. Two bright youths, in the *Chronicle* and in the *Post*, fiercely advocated the pet notions of the whole school on the Italian question, and it was not without difficulty that Palmerston's policy was vindicated by a vote of the Commons of England. It only remained for Young England to write a book. For though the *Quarterly Review* is too

* Young Italy, by Alexander Baillie Cochrane, M.P., dedicated to Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

ponderous an affair to be called a pamphlet, and is now-a-days flung aside too soon to be deemed a volume of permanent effect, and though the venerable Tory, Croker, gave utterance to the dotage of the venerable Metternich therein about Young Hungary as well as Young Italy, yet the Young Englanders would have their own "Mediæval Manual," or "Complete Guide to the Dark Ages," for the use of foreign schools, and the task has fallen to the lot of Master Alexander Baillie Cochrane.

The book is before us; the silliest and emptiest of the season. The subject, it is true, had been repeatedly thrashed in newspapers and Parliament, and the affairs of the Italian Peninsula had been sifted in every possible form. The grain had been long exhausted and carried off, before the appearance of the new harvestman with his diminutive flail. Perhaps we are wrong in ascribing to him that implement of comparatively improved industry; we should rather, in accordance with his own views of retrograde mechanism, introduce him in character as the young of the ox jauntily treading a heap of chaff on the floor of Italy's granary.

He dedicates the performance with singular bad taste to the author of "Rienzi; the last of the Roman Tribunes." Bulwer had only yesterday put forth a fresh edition of that glowing picture of Italian regeneration, with a new preface, in which he hails the dawn of freedom once again, even under the auspices of a churchman. Nothing more damnable of Mr. Cochrane and his book can be read than the preface we allude to; nothing more creditable to the philosophic and liberal mind of Sir Edward Lytton.

But if marvellously unhappy in his dedication, it must be admitted that the opening chapter of his book brings him in contact with a true congenial spirit in Lord Brougham, whom, previous to entrance on Italy, he meets at the very threshold. The many-headed, many-sided ex-chancellor, ex-reformer, here guards the portals of the peninsula at Cannes, and plays the part of Cerberus towards the visitor of its Elysian fields. To him a honied cake has to be administered, and huge accordingly is the pudding of praise slung him by our author, to be gobbled up with the true gusto of hunger.

"Cerberus hic ingens... Cui vntes proiecit antro
Melle soporatum, et medicatis frugibus offam.
Corripit ille fame rabidâ tria guttura pandens."

Has the reader ever been at Cannes? We have. To get at it it is necessary to encounter a rugged road over the ridges called *les Estrelles* (which our author writes in the singular number), and when fairly in the plain, about a hundred yards from the high road, the traveller notices a sort of shooting-box of nondescript architecture, the main feature being an iron palisade, with a pair of gates too large for the dwelling. We mention this feature of the building because, from what follows, it seems to constitute as much the pride of its owner, as the sublime doorway or Ottoman Porte is the glorification of the Sultan. "No where, not at Naples, not at Palermo, do the orange groves abound so much in number or in blossom!" exclaims our young enthusiast, who would, we venture to add, make a very wry grimace if he had the curiosity to taste a "chevny orange" of Cannes origin. Certain it is that a lazzarone or Sicilian would deem it poison for a pig.

"Soon after my arrival Lælius (Brougham of course) asked me—

'Well, had you a long conversation with Coupe-Tête?' 'Who, in the name of goodness, is Coupe-Tête?' 'Why, did they not point him out to you at the post-house, that old *Rouge* who walks about there?—you must have seen him; he is ninety years old!' 'Yes, yes, I did; he told me he served under Count de Grasse.' 'I will tell you *who* (*sic*) he served under—under Maillard, in the massacres of September.'"

We quote this opening dialogue, not to exemplify the sort of grammar which Lælius is made to sanction, but as a specimen of the rhetorical artifice which is so constantly employed by the school which insists on establishing a connexion, however remote, between the horrid French butcheries of '93 and the bloodless assertion of freedom in the Italy of 1848. That there were September massacres perpetrated by the mercenary troops of the King of Naples on his subjects in the streets of his capital and the Straits of Messina; that unexampled atrocities were committed by the Austrians at Brescia is well known, but Mr. Baillie Cochrane, as well as his interlocutor, would find a difficulty in finding a Coupe-Tête or a Maillard in the Roman or Florentine assemblies. The dialogue is, however, carried on in a similar spirit by the host and the guest, and, as far as their politics go,

"Qui *Ballæum* non odit amet tua dogmata *Læli*!"

But have we forgotten all about the iron portals of the house that Brougham built? Not a bit. They were at one time likely to become as famous as the gates of Gaza or of Somnauth. Here is our author's narrative:—

"These gates, like everything connected with Lælius, possess an individual interest; they are of richly-wrought iron, ornamented with the fleur-de-lis, which, in the moment of republican intoxication, the population of Cannes desired to see removed; but Lælius stood firm by his emblem of loyalty, armed *every man who lived on the estates*, and he gave notice of a vigorous resistance by fire-arms on the first appearance of the mob: so they abstained from their threatened assault, and ever since have treated the fleur-de-lis with the greatest respect."

This is a pretty statement. We inquire not at what auction of old iron, at what dilapidated *château* in the neighbourhood, these emblems of a bygone dynasty were originally got; for we acquit him of having forged the obnoxious lilies on purpose wantonly to irritate the natives of the land of his adoption. But the comical aspect of the business is that at that very moment he was asking the Provisional Government of the Republic in Paris to be enrolled a French citizen, and had to learn from the Jew-lawyer Crémieux, that a British peer could not retain and combine English allegiance with foreign nationality. Who has not laughed at Shiel's portrait of Stanley "entwining in his cereal wreath orange flowers culled at Dolly's Brae?" What is that to Lord Brougham seeking to bedeck his brow with Scotch thistles, Bourbon lilies, and the red republican poppy in one simultaneous garland of incongruity?

But Lælius and our Scipio must separate; the latter, no doubt to sustain his assumed character of "*Africanus*," cannot quit Cannes without a notice of the adjacent *Iles Marguerites*, and the prison where the unfortunate Arabs taken in Algeria are confined, adding for our comfort, that an uglier set of rascals he never saw congregated together. From which it would appear that Lælius lives in a pleasant neighbourhood. *Formosi pecoræ—formosior ipse.*

We now turn to the abuse on the dead lion of Northern Italy, who staked his crown and lost it on the bloody field of Novara. Not to have succeeded is the fault found with the chivalrous Carlo Alberto; but the verdict of his country has happily absolved him from this reproach, and he lives enshrined, as every day's occurrences testify, in the hearts of the Piedmontese. Scotland found not this fault with Wallace, nor the Tyrol with Hofer, nor Spain with Riego, nor Ireland with Edward Fitzgerald. "His extravagant views induced him, while quite a young man, to unite with the carbonari against his own family; exiled from Italy, he wandered into Spain, where he was esteemed the most courageous, short-sighted, and impracticable of men. This same wild, unscrupulous, Quixotic disposition led him not only to embrace, but almost to originate, the cause of Italian independence."

The meaning of this trade is simply that, as early as 1821, he had been an advocate for constitutional government, in the teeth of the old dotard who then filled the throne; and that he lived to establish, on a firm basis, that form of kingly rule in Upper Italy, which, from the contagion of its success, must ultimately extend itself throughout the length and breadth of the peninsula.

"When the Pope commenced his ill-timed, ill-projected, and ill-administered reforms—when the King of Naples, with inexplicable weakness, made those concessions which, if carried out, must have rendered his government impossible."

Of course, his government must have become impossible to realize, if the intelligence of the country had the slightest controul, or could oppose the faintest barrier between the despot and his victims. As to calling the Pope a blockhead for his reforms, if he then contemplated their complete withdrawal, which we now witness, he was something worse.

Indeed, all through this book, Pio Nono is held up in the most despicable light. Old Gregory is set down as a "busy idler, and a solemn trifler" (p. 56); "he preferred the society of town gossips" (57); "he might be seen playing at hide-and-seek in the Vatican Library" (*ibid.*); "he was a skilful billiard player;" but of Pio Nono, we learn from this Young Englander, that "his ideas were shallow" (p. 61); "his mind was like a narrow, wandering, and shallow river" (63); "he placed the confessional too near the throne" (64); "trusted more to miracle than policy;" "he said, 'I have no fear,' yet he trembled. And yet we have the voluntary flight and abdication of such a man deplored as a national calamity."

It is singular, but not less a fact, that an article in the *Westminster Review* for 1847, forcibly descriptive of the abuses prevalent in the States of the Church, having been translated by a Spanish painter, one Gallifra, who enjoyed the Pope's intimacy, had a most powerful effect on his mind, and drew his attention early to the dilapidations of the public charities of Rome. The writer was Mazzini.

Mr. Cochrane says:—"Under Gregory it is unfortunately too true, that the greater part of the sums which should have been devoted to charity were bestowed on favourites, or the expenses and salaries were sometimes allowed to swallow up the whole profits of the foundation. Several hospitals may be mentioned where the mal-administration and peculation were almost incredible, as in one, where no less than ninety persons were employed to attend on fifty-six; and in another, devoted

to women, containing a long list of names, among them some of very illustrious houses, whose ladies received assistance under the expressive name of *pericolanti*."

The expressive name of *pericolanti*, or *periditanti*, might have been explained, for we are not all behind the scenes of Roman life. Learn then, gentle reader, that among the nobility, any widow, or old maid, who fancied her virtue in peril from the absence of suitable revenues, could claim from a committee of old bachelors any sum which her eloquence or other persuasive charms might enforce, as a proper douceur for remaining chaste!

Farther on we have the conduct of Pio thus curiously touched off:—"He perceived that it was absolutely necessary to play with the movement. The leaders of the mob did not understand his character; they mistook the mere coquette for the lady of easy virtue!" (page 68). This is pretty decent, but all is in perfect keeping. Again:—"The Pope had been *unfortunately* advised to concede a *slight* degree of liberty to the press" (p. 68). Verily it makes us blush for our country to find an Englishman using such phraseology: a more scandalous profession of obscurantist theories we have not met since the decree of Caliph Omar against the Alexandrian library. Then as to the *Cotemporaneo*, which we have read from the first issue of that remarkable journal, to the end of its two years' existence, we must beg to correct, from diligent perusal on the spot, the calumnious assertion that it preached radicalism: its politics were rather those of the *Paris Débats*, on which it was clearly modelled, and the moderate tone of its leaders was loudly complained of in such hot-beds of republicanism as Leghorn and Genoa. Mr. Cochrane is wrong in numbering Monsignor Grazioli among its writers; that pious old priest, tutor of Pio Nono, was not capable of writing a paragraph; but Monsignor Gazzola, a prelate of extensive information and reasoning powers, was the life of the paper. Another prelate, Monsignor Muzzarelli, who long held the post of Dean of the Rota (equivalent to High Chancellor in England) was among its writers, and administered the government of the Roman States from the disgraceful night of the Pope's elopement with Madame de Spaur, to the general election of the Constituent Assembly, when he retired into privacy. The Neapolitan Marquis Dragonetti had no connexion with the journal, and the Pope's supposed intention of handing him over to the vengeance of the Lazzarone King was the real cause of the popular ferment described in page 71. Dragonetti was subsequently entreated by that miserable monarch to form a ministry, and save the throne from the exasperation of the country. Cochrane attaches immense importance to the uncouth frolics of Cicerovacchio: that jolly old waggoner was frequently consulted by Pio Nono, and Lord Minto thought proper to follow in the wake of the Papal Court, nothing more; the man sank to his proper level as soon as a regular government was installed at the meeting of the Constituent Assembly. But the Pope now finds it convenient to disclaim the acquaintance of his quondam associate, and he will not thank Mr. Cochrane for repeating what all the world knows to be true (though we have the Pope's word to the contrary) that "he invited Lord Minto to Rome" (p. 74).

According to Cochrane's own account of the matter, Pio's attempt to make a cat's-paw of the Prince de Teano, exceeds, in clumsy duplicity, all we read of the trickeries of the Byzantine Empire. He at last

thought he had found in the French envoy, Rossi, a suitable instrument for further deception.

Rossi's appointment took place on the 16th of September, and was doomed to last exactly two months. No gloomier period do we remember than this unnatural epoch in the story of modern Rome. The man had not a single friend. The Jesuits hated him as an infidel, the retrogrades held aloof from him, the nobility abhorred him, not two cardinals out of the fifty had ever been on terms of common civility with him, and to the great popular party he was in utter abomination. His manners, which had been haughty enough when merely envoy of Louis Philippe, and agent of the *doctrinaire* Guizot, became utterly unbearable as prime minister. He took a *parvenu* pride in keeping Prince Barberini, and the highest blood of Rome, for hours waiting audience in his antechamber. His son had become so overbearing and offensive to the young nobles of Rome, that, having been insulted and refusing to fight, his father had to order him out of town, and he went off for service in Piedmont. On this fact, Cochrane talks of Rossi's enthusiasm for Italian independence, devoting his child on the altar of freedom! The man would laugh at the idea of any thing so green as that. He had long outlived romance. We have before us a letter from him to Madame de Castellás, in which he says,—*J'adore le sentiment d'autant mieux que depuis long tems je n'en ai plus.*

Order and security for life and property had never ceased to prevail since the accession of the new Pope. Rossi's appointment was the signal for murder and robbery to recommence throughout the Papal States. We lived in the city and heard with alarm every morning the night's disasters. Now it was an old advocate who had been murdered, and his house robbed: next it was Macbean, the English banker, who bringing 4,000 dollars to Rome had been waylaid outside the gate to Civita Vecchia. Then it was Mr. Macpherson, the well-known artist, whose apartments, in the densest part of the city, had been entered and cleared of 200*l.* worth of valuables. People dreaded an application to Rossi for redress or friendly interference as an "*amico di Rossi*," but, in the language of insurance companies, a life doubly hazardous. The parliament of laymen created by Pio Nono, such as it was, having been prorogued, the public voice could find no other exponent. The premier, who wrote newspaper articles himself, would not tolerate other journalists in reply. He wanted to suppress "*Punch*" (*Don Parlone*) for caricaturing him, but when he viewed himself depicted with "*desperate charcoal*" on every stable gate he saw it was useless, and braved unpopularity with unblushing front.

One of the most exasperating of his bravadoes against the Romans, and which more than all his accumulated sins in the estimation of those who marked at the time the beating of the public pulse, and watched the current of the town feeling, sealed his doom, was an article from his pen against Carlo Alberto, whom, under the insulting term of *Il Rè Salando* or *Le Roi Savoyard*, he attempted to denigrate in the most odious colours. We marked the furious eye and gesture of the University students engaged in groups in its perusal. If Rossi had ventured but on that single act we felt at the time that he had done quite enough in the prevalent excitement. He had "*snuffed himself out by an article.*"

But the chamber of lay deputies, such as it was, had to be met

on the 16th of November. Not a single supporter could he count on in the Senate House, though composed exclusively of men chosen for property, loyalty to the Pope, and freedom from merely popular tendencies. He called in, heaven knows why, from various country barracks, seven hundred Carabineers, a force like the mounted gendarmierie of France. These men he actually harangued in person the night before his death, calling on them to act against the people in the event of any disturbance. The ten thousand National Guards heard in the morning that the city was not considered by Rossi in sufficiently safekeeping without a garniture of regular troops. Every shopkeeper who shouldered a firelock took this as a personal insult. The frantic fury with which in Juvenal, Tacitus, and Suetonius we find this same Roman people gloat-ing over the strangled body of Sejanus is merely proof that human nature is not changed, and if the same causes produce the same effects after the lapse of centuries, it is sheer folly to lay the blame on Republican principles. The atrocious joy which welcomed the fall of the strangled favourite occurred under the despotism of Tiberius; and three months elapsed from the murder of Rossi to the meeting of the Roman Constituent Assembly and formal adoption of a Republic.

That form of government was literally forced upon them by Antonelli and the intriguers at Gaeta. There was no other expedient possible. The most weighty and influential deputations had been spurned. A Papal commission of most ludicrously inefficient elements had been named by the fugitive Pontiff: this scheme of administration vanished with the chaff it was made of. All idea of governing the country in unison with the public wishes had been discarded on principle. An assembly elected by above 300,000 adult voters out of three million of inhabitants was treated by these pedagogues as a parish school in a state of "barring out."

"By the strangest perversity of mind and vision," says Cochrane, p. 109, "the Roman Republic has been cited by some of those who remained at Rome, until it is sometimes proclaimed as the model of good government, of moderation, and virtue."

If a model city be a vile gathering of pimps, flunkies, parasites, clerical idlers, place-hunters, sycophants, and *dilettanti*, then was Republican Rome totally deficient in these cardinal points of model citizenship: but if a community self-reliant, and cultivating every social improvement, cherishing a free press, and free opinions, holding labour in esteem, and idleness in horror, paying no homage to mere empty rank, but enthusiastic in the recognition of merit and industrious exertion, eager to adopt every practical amelioration, and mingling without distinction of caste in public assemblies, the National Guard, club-rooms, and all other occasions of cultivating mutual confidence and trust; if the sudden cessation of robbery and bloodshed, and the total absence of all the old features of clerical rule, nepotism, bribery, speculation, and espionage—if all these stubborn evidences, which day after day for more than a year we witnessed, constitute an improved state of things in Rome, then indeed may the perverse vision of some people appear unaccountable.

Of one thing we are pretty certain. The population during the first years of Pio Nono, and under the rule of Republican Rome, was during our sojourn close upon 180,000 inhabitants. At this moment, having become a *model* clerical community once more, the official return pre-

sents a total of 130,000—50,000 ! the flower of its citizens in intellect, industry, and energy, have been forcibly expelled, or have withdrawn in disgust. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes had not in proportion so disastrous an effect on the Kingdom of France.

We sometimes get a most *nâif* bit of admission from this violent upholder of sacerdotal sway. At page 194 we read—

“His Holiness might have added, that the nature of the government is not only opposed to liberal institutions, but also to liberal education. Now, without a sufficiently liberal education, the comfort and prosperity of a people can never be greatly advanced.”

This is pretty cool, but we suppose there is compensation found in the flourishing state of the religious feeling among a people who are thus civically brutalized to become spiritually blest. Not a bit of it ! for at page 97, we read—

“The misfortune of the Roman government, alike spiritual and temporal, is its ridiculous attention to forms and dogmas. Thus, strange to say, in the very heart of the Church, in the centre round which all Christianity lives, there is perhaps less religion than in any other part of Italy.”

Though not particularly deep in historical studies, our author has managed to cram for this compilation some few facts as to previous struggles of the Romans to get rid of the incubus which has for ages overlaid their energies. He has shown how old Hildebrand found his usurped authority anything but a bed of roses, and how for centuries, even in the dark ages, the notion of a priest of Christ domineering over men in their civic affairs was scouted as monstrous, and never submitted to without a growl. He tells us, at page 202, how—

“Gregory the Seventh, who may be adored or detested as the founder of the papal monarchy, was driven from Rome, and died in exile. Six-and-thirty of his successors, until their retreat to Avignon, maintained an unequal contest with the Romans. Their age and dignity were frequently violated ; and the churches, even amid the performance of the most solemn rites of religion, were polluted by sedition and murder. A long list might be given of the Popes who have suffered martyrdom, not in the cause of religion, but in the cause of *civil government*.”

Mighty civil, no doubt, on the part of their reverences.

It is but just to our author, and his friend, King Bomba, to give his account of how the latter keeps his political prisoners.

“But the most important prison of all is the Vicaria, situated in the filthy, debauched quarter called the Porta Capuana. A sleety rain was falling, and the outside, with its massive walls, treble bars, and dirty aspect, conveyed most painful sensations of misery and wretchedness. On entering we were met by the authorities, who at once proceeded to open those tiers of dungeons where, up to this time, no Englishman had ever penetrated. The large court into which we drove was surrounded by a portico. The staircase was wide, but reeking with dirt—a fitting approach to the apartments we were about to enter. At the top of the stairs a mob of tattered, decrepit, loathsome figures were collected ; they were the relations of some of the prisoners, who were permitted to see them from time to time, and were admitted, one by one, through a small wicket, a man sitting at the desk, and calling out their names : the man, wicket, desk, and all being in momentary danger of being carried away, from the struggles of the mob. It was with difficulty that

the officers cleared a way for us : but at last the huge bars were withdrawn, and we entered the outer room, which was separated from the long gallery in which the prisoners were confined by iron gates, to which they all pressed with eager curiosity : some of them with a vicious expression of countenance, which made me rather wish to remain on the outside of the bars. The officers, by driving the men back, were at last able to open the gates. We entered, and they were carefully locked and barred behind us. It was a gallery perhaps some two hundred feet long by twenty wide, with small rooms branching off it, and in this gallery from two hundred to three hundred were lodged. It would be difficult to convey an idea of the horrors of the place. A damp, fetid, noxious vapour filled every cell ; many of the windows by which the light entered had no glass in, and the wet mist penetrated through the close bars. The mass of the prisoners were dressed in the most filthy rags, and their features were fearfully degraded. Mingling with these, were men of far different character and appearance. Hustled by the crowd of vagrants and scoundrels, might be seen men who, at one time, swayed the destinies of the kingdom, and were honoured by the royal confidence."

After this we close the neatly got up volume, somewhat disgusted with King Bomba, with a slight nausea for Pio Nono, and much disrelish of Young England.

OUR PILGRIM-LAND.

(*German of Herwegh.*)

I WOULD go hence, as the soft evening-red *
Dies with the day, its last faint glory fled !
Calm and unfelt, the last long slumber take,
And in thy lap, Eternity, awake !

I would go hence, as set the stars of night,—
Unshorn their beams, in parting splendor bright !
Tranquil as they, serene, untroubled, clear,
In the blue depths of heaven would disappear !

I would go hence, like the flower's faint perfume,
That breathes its soul out from its cup of bloom ;
And on the air's light odorous wings arise,
Like incense, to the altar of the skies !

I would go hence, as dewdrops from the vale,
When Morning's thirsty beams their lives exhale ;
Sun of all worlds !—absorbing Deity !
Thus would my weary soul ascend to Thee !

I would go hence, like the low tremulous tone
That from the harp's expiring chords is thrown ;
And, scarce the earthly melody rung out,
Raise from my Maker's breast the exulting shout !

Thou shalt not fade like Evening's rosy hue !
Thou shalt not, star-like, disappear from view !
Not ours to die the flower's soft unfelt death—
No beam of brightness drinks our parting breath !

Thou shalt go hence, indeed, and leave no trace,
But pain is first the portion of our race !
Nature her soulless lives may pangless take,
But human hearts must suffer ere they break !

ETA.

* "Das Abendroth."

INEDITED LETTERS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS.

MRS. PIOZZI.

FROM a passage in the first of the following letters, it appears that the "spitfire wits," as Mrs. Piozzi calls the literary scandal-mongers, endeavoured to depreciate her book before it came out. But she was not disposed to submit to their literary, any more than their social, malice, and, in order to show that the work was ready to be given to the world, which they seem to have doubted, she offered it at once to Mr. Cadell, with a letter explanatory of its contents. Colman and Boswell, and, indeed, all the people who were intimate with Johnson, or who moved in the circles of which he was the great lion, participated, more or less, in an unwillingness to hear what Mrs. Piozzi had to say about him; as if they distrusted either her discretion or her candour, and thought it would be safer for his reputation if she did not meddle with it. There was something, too, mixed up in this feeling of a desire to have the charge of his memoirs in their own hands, so that nothing should transpire of which they did not approve. It was not altogether out of tenderness to Dr. Johnson that they exhibited all this sensitiveness. They knew that his memoirs must embrace a wide field of contemporary anecdote, and they were actuated, naturally enough, by a strong anxiety to discredit every source of information that was independent of their own control. Mrs. Piozzi was at a distance, out of the reach of the influences that might be brought to bear in giving a friendly colouring to her reminiscences, or in the suppression of passages that might happen to be too bold or explicit. Their uneasiness on this point is quite intelligible, and Mrs. Piozzi understood its motives thoroughly, and was evidently resolved not to be awed by personal considerations, but to print her book as she had written it, in a spirit of perfect frankness, having no jealousies or animosities to pander to, and no object to subserve but the ends of truth. She had apparently no great reliance upon the integrity of Boswell, on that side of the question at least which affected the foibles or weaknesses of his hero. No man was so likely to take a flattering view of the subject, and Mrs. Piozzi was abundantly justified in the doubt implied in her recommendation that he should take his old friend as a model of fearlessness and plain speaking. But well as she knew Boswell, and intimately as she was acquainted with the pains he had taken to collect the sayings and doings of one whose life and conversation were so strikingly oracular, she never could have anticipated the sort of budget he was preparing. That wonderful book must have surprised her as much as it has delighted the world from that time to the present.

The point of interest in this letter is the hint it affords of the obstacles through which Mrs. Piozzi's own revelations found their way to the public; and we who are unmoved by the interests that might have interfered with its publication, had the writer been at that time resident in England, have reason to rejoice that she was fortunately in a position to exercise her own unbiassed judgment. Of all the contributions we possess towards a complete estimate of

Johnson's character, Mrs. Piozzi's volume must always be regarded amongst the most faithful and important. Her sketches could not have been confided with equal authority or effect to any other hands, and although Seward served her an ugly trick by transferring to others anecdotes which he had originally from her, they come so ill and so clumsily to us at second-hand, that the value of her book is not in the slightest degree impaired, but rather enhanced, by finding a few of her personal recollections spoiled elsewhere.

DEAR MR. LYSONS,

Florence, 14th June, 1785.

I THANK you very kindly for the letter I found here last week, and shall be too happy to see your hand-writing again at Pisa, when I arrive at that place.

It was exceeding friendly in you to tell me about the spitfire wits, and nothing can prove the regard I pay to your good counsel so completely, as the method I immediately took by writing to Mr. Cadell, and offering him the "Anecdotes." He will probably show you my letter, perhaps publish it; in order to convince the world that 'tis no joke at all; and that they must wait till they have read, before they begin to ridicule it. Meantime, I have sent Sir Lucas Pepys an ode, written by the Chevalier Pindemonte, a noble Venetian, in praise of England, with my translation over against it; so people may see I am at liberty to write something, and may undertake the Memoirs of Dr. Johnson, as well as anything else. Mr. Colman is right enough in his conjectures, I dare say; but those who had a true knowledge of our great man's mind will remember that he preferred veracity to interest, affection, or resentment; nor suffered partiality or prejudice to warp him from the truth. Let Mr. Boswell be sure to keep that example in view; his old friend often recommended it to him.

It will be a sad thing for me when you go into Wales: the letters will never reach you there, and you will not write upon your journey, perhaps, and so our correspondence will fade away, and that will be a loss to both; for I shall desire most earnestly to hear what you think of my native country, which at least affords good food for a fossilist; so, indeed, does Italy, and I was a blockhead not to make myself more conversant in such matters before I set out. I will, however, bring you some nice playthings home with me. The great Duke's gallery puts one out of breath with admiration, though I was just come from Bologna too, and had seen the Caracci school shining away at that town in all its glory. Here, however, we lodge on the banks of the Arno, and see the full moon shining over Fiesole, opposite the window of our common sitting-room. We walk every evening in a wood full of nightingales, where oaks, and olives, and firs of a prodigious size, form an impenetrable shade; where pheasants fill the underwood, and blackbirds whistle on the branches; where the tall cypress overtopping every tree looks like Charlotte Clavering among the beauties at St. James's, and realizes the Virgilian simile of

"Lenta solent inter viburna cupressi."

Was I ever so pedantic or so poetical in my life before? Scarcely ever; but it is stupidity not to feel enthusiasm here; and besides, the moment one returns to one's sober senses again, the image of charm-

ing Venice returns, with its sweet society and friendly conversation, scarcely to be equalled for kindness, literature, and vivacity. Count Mannucci, however, a Tuscan nobleman, who was intimate in England with Mr. Thrale, at Paris with Mr. Piozzi, does all in his power to make us amends, introduces us to literary acquaintance, and carried me to the Academy last Thursday, where I heard the famous Giannetti pronounce a eulogium on Captain Cook—very fine indeed! and the tender-hearted Italians wiped their eyes at the relation of his death. This Giannetti is the only improvisatore in Europe who makes his verses and recites them off-hand—the others all sing, and depend on the time given by the tune or chant for the invention of fresh rhimes and matter.

The heat here is furious now, and no rain at all; and everybody is shocked, and fears of future distress alarm them exceedingly. I am sorry that the same apprehensions are well founded in other countries, for by that means each will be deprived of help from another. It is very odd to feel the sun so troublesome, and see the snow so plainly at the same time, as I do while I am writing.

I knew the friendship of the two brothers Pepys would be exceedingly delightful to you; Lady Rothes is one of the best, as well as one of the most agreeable, women I know. The world was against her once, on account of her second marriage, without knowing why; but she has had the good fortune to see her choice approved at last by family friends and acquaintance, and I have no doubt but I shall enjoy the same consolation, for the same reason, because my husband deserves every day more than I could ever have done for him, had I, as *Portia* says, been "Trebled twenty times myself." Poor soul! he has got the gout now, and I am writing by his bedside. We went a walking last night very late, and saw the phosphorous fly sparkling in the hedges and ditches, and seeming all illuminated as if with fireworks; I never saw such a phenomenon, and was exceedingly pleased with it.

The libraries here are magnificent, and full of valuable manuscripts. A Chaldaic Bible of inestimable worth, and ornamented with profusion of gilding, figures, &c. is greatly esteemed, and many commentators have written very wisely upon it. A manuscript *Livy*, too, of surprising elegance and neatness, took much of our attention; but I was most pleased with Petrarch's Latin letters in his own pretty hand-writing. The gems here seem likewise a very rich collection, but I am not yet a lapidary worth a pin; I will learn something about these matters, however, before I see you again. Meantime, make my best compliments to Dr. Lort and to the kind friends in Wimpole and Upper Brook Street; and when the Bishop of Peterborough remembers me, let him be assured that I do not forget him.

I am ever, dear Mr. Lysons, yours most sincerely,

H. L. Piozzi.

My husband sends his compliments.

Write very soon again, and direct still to Florence. I wish we could see Barnard's letter.

À Monsieur,
Monsieur Sam. Lysons,
Chez le Révérend Monsieur Sam. Peach,
à Sheen près de Surrey, proche de Londres, Angleterre.

DEAR MR. LYSONS,

Florence, 27th July, 1785.

You deserve long letters, indeed, you are so good-natured, in writing often and kindly. Miss Thrale does just the reverse; but I will not let anything vex me, when I have so much with which I ought to be pleased. We celebrated our wedding's anniversary two days ago with a magnificent dinner and concert—at which the Prince Corsini and his brother the Cardinal did us the honour of assisting, and wished us joy in the tenderest and politest terms. Lord and Lady Cowper, Lord Pembroke, and *all* the English, indeed, doat on my husband, and show us every possible attention. Mr. and Mrs. Greathead (whose family you cannot but know) are our constant and partial friends; we have never been three days apart since our acquaintance began, and they love one another at five years end—just as we do now, I think, who hope to follow their example for half a century at least, and then we shall be a show, like the learned pig. I will not tease Mr. Barnard about his letter, when I have so many of my own; nor will I fret in the month of August about what you wrote in the month of April concerning the trick Mr. Seward has served me; giving the anecdotes to others which he originally had, I suppose, from me, and I am sure of it, indeed.—*Basta!* as the Italians say, I have always honoured his virtues, respected his abilities, and lamented his health too much, to take amiss that unkind behaviour which he has thought proper to show in every transaction betwixt him and me; his earnestness, perhaps his necessity to be doing something, is his best excuse. Mecci and Baretti are *par nobile fratrum*. My money has often relieved their necessities, and charity always precludes ill will.

Florence is the loveliest city I ever yet saw, *standing on dry ground*; but perhaps I said that before—I say it all day long. I have been playing the baby, and writing nonsense to divert our English friends here, who do the same thing themselves, and swear they will print the collection, and call it an Arno Miscellany. Mr. Parsons and Mr. Merry are exceedingly clever, so is Mr. Greathead, and we have no critics to maul us, so we laugh in peace. I am glad you have sent your butterflies to the Exhibition; Mr. Piozzi is always wishing to make you up a little *recueil* of this country insects, but I am sure you have them all already. The cigales are loud and troublesome and very ugly; and the spiders and gnats bite one terribly. If the tarantula attacks me, however, the cure is at hand, you know.

What will you say to my country, I wonder; you will climb Snowdon, and find it a very respectable mountain. That which faces us in this moment, one of the beautiful Apennines, is not higher; nor does the snow lie so long on it—the clouds repose, however, very majestically on its top. I went to a horse-race yesterday; you have heard how the Italians drive their horses down a long street without riders, and so they do: yet is their management of horses in general here not to be despised but imitated; nor could Astley and all his rivals exhibit instances of greater command than is shown in the streets and theatres of Italy every day. A triumphal car was brought on the stage the other night filled with dancers and pageantry, and drawn by four beautiful chestnut horses, with white manes and tails, all harnessed a breast; they drove round the stage

with the utmost grace and steadiness, turning the car just at the lamps of the orchestra, during the distracted and various noises of gongs, trumpets, drums, and applauding multitudes, which they seemed wholly to disregard, as well as the boards that shook under them at every step; quietly drawing up at the back of the scene, and standing like statues for the dancers to dance before them. They were borrowed of a nobleman in the town, who often drives them himself on such occasions in a fancy dress.

What else shall I tell you? that the people here lie a-bed all day and sit up all night; even the shopkeepers shut up their windows, and go to rest at noon. The Ponte della Trinità, said to be the most beautiful bridge in Europe, is our public walk till twelve o'clock; and if you are recreant even then, and steal home to sleep, as we did last night, you are instantly pursued and waked with a concert under your window. Mr. Piozzi called me up at about two this morning to be serenaded, and I assure you that the moonlight, the river, and the heat, give charms to their music, which ours in England has no possibility of receiving. Lord Cork's "Letters" have just been lent me; I think he has left nothing unsaid about Florence; but the manners are changed as to dress. All the gentlemen go in frocks, and are more to be complained of as slovenly than finical. The word *cicisbeo* is out of fashion, and *cavalier servente* substituted in its stead; the custom is adopted still by all, but despised and even abhorred, I think.

It is difficult to express the esteem and fondness shown by the Florentines of both sexes to Mrs. Greathead and myself, for the sincere love we bear to our amiable husbands—*che bel esempio! che care Inglesine! che copie felice!* resounds from every mouth. Oh! for candour and liberality of sentiment, for honest praise and kind construction of words and actions, Italy is the place, nor have they an idea of pretending to approve what they really do not like. Affectation is not the growth of this country, and when you have their applause, you may be sure of their esteem. Adieu! dear Mr. Lysons, and write again very soon to

Your obliged and faithful friend,

H. L. Piozzi.

My husband sends his compliments. Our concert was so admired, our wedding dinner so crowded with English and Tuscan *nobilità*, that he says we shall give a little music in our own house every Tuesday evening.

Addio!

À Monsieur,
Monsieur Sam. Lysons,
Chez le Révérend Monsieur S. Peach, à East Sheene,
near Richmond, Surrey, Angleterre.

DEAR MR. LYSONS,

Leghorn, 21st Sept. 1785.

IT is from this place that I reply to the kind letter which followed me hither from Florence, where one of the scirocco winds seized me suddenly, when I had often laughed at those that talked of its effects, and gave me a fever which kept me to my bed and room ten days. You never felt such a feel as that strange wind gives, blowing hot upon one like the steam of a boiling kettle; but change of place has restored my appetite, and I intend to grow fat again now. The kind English friends in the house with whom we lived, did all in their power to soothe me, and pacify my husband,

whose anxious tenderness for his troublesome wife increased that esteem which everybody feels for him wherever we go. He and all his British friends went on a party to Vallombrosa, on a visit, that is to the convent there. They came back pleased with the scenery, but saying that Milton was mistaken when he talked of the autumnal leaves falling thick, for the wood is entirely composed of evergreens. Two or three of our gentlemen were disposed to be poetical, and drew me in, of course, to make some mock Etruscan or Wedgewood's-ware verses in Etruria. But you would rather hear of my working hard at the "Anecdotes," which yesterday I finished; and have this moment set a man to copy them for the press, while Mr. Piozzi seeks for a captain here at Leghorn, to carry them safely to England. Our plan is to go hence as soon as the rains have fallen, to Sienna, Rome, and Naples. But it is, I see, a real hazard of one's health to travel in these intolerable heats; to which, when you add the bites of animals, whose venom is scarce credible, you will not condemn us for taking matters quietly. Cadell will have his little book to print in the spring, or even earlier, if he chooses. The two volumes of letters and verses may very well wait till my return: people will see by this that I am alive and at liberty. You must give me your opinion of it freely, and openly, and truly; and tell me what others say, who do not wish me as well.

Doctor Lort is very kind, and I shall tell him to-morrow that I think so. How curious! that he and you should be visiting poor dear old Bachygrag, just while I am ranging over Italy. The account you have given me of dear Mrs. Myddelton's tender remembrance, pleases me almost as much as the thoughts of my Nova Scotia fortune; one's first possession should be the hearts of one's friends. I have, however, written to Mr. Cator concerning it, and hope it may end in something of real value. My father used to talk with delight of a place he called "Dunk Cove," and joked me many years ago about my American estate, when he little thought of the disturbances which have lately distracted that beautiful country. But you would rather hear about the little peaceable republic of Lucca, than the thirteen states of America: and it is so very tranquil, fertile, and elegant, that I could write about it with pleasure, till my paper would reach from one end of its faery state to the other. The word *libertas* shining in gold letters on every wall and door delighted me much; the doge who is changed once a quarter, and his pretty little senators, so respectable, and so respected. The exquisite beauty of their territory, which seems a mere pleasure-ground walled in by the Apennines, the pride of the republican peasants, compared with the meekness of all the country people I have hitherto seen upon the Continent; their elegant arsenal; their sumptuary laws, which oblige them all to a uniformity of dress; their theatre so small, yet so decorated; and the appearance of the Prince at the playhouse, at once so venerated and so beloved, was quite a pleasing spectacle. You will see I am quite in love with the Lucchesi, but not without reason. No man has been murdered in Lucca since any one can remember; no man has been hanged for robbery these forty years; and if I was to be hanged to-morrow for so doing, I would commend the dear little Lucchesi. Well! but here we are at Leghorn, which is a place of no small entertainment in its way: like Noah's ark, it contains all manner of creatures, but

unlike that, here are all religions, dresses, customs and languages: Armenian Christians, Greek church, Turks, Jews, and even the poor Church of England, are all established at Leghorn. Shame to our ministers, that keep no chapel in any other town in Italy, while the merchants and captains of ships who resort hither have provided decent conveniences at their own expense for serving God in their own way. What else shall I tell you? nothing more I think this time, but that you must direct to Rome now, or to Naples, or both; but certainly to Rome, and that you must accept our kindest compliments, and continue us your regard and esteem, and tell us if we can oblige you any way, and how.

I don't fancy I ever mentioned to you that Lord Cowper keeps a very fine collection of natural curiosities, and a man of some eminence to look after them; besides telescopes, microscopes, globes, &c., in a very princely style, I assure you. We saw some experiments, in electricity and astronomy very well carried through, and he has a room for chemistry very nicely furnished indeed.

Farewell, my dear sir! and do not forget my husband sends his compliments.

Your faithful friend and servant,

A Monsieur,
Monsieur Samuel Lysons,
Chez le Révérend Mr. S. Peach, à East Sheene,
Near Mortlake Surrey, Angleterre.

H. L. Piozzi.

DEAR MR. LYSONS,

Rome, 4th Nov. 1785.

AMONG all the surprising edifices that surround me, none has excited so much wonder—and, I am afraid I might add, so much delight, as the view of poor dear old Bachygraig, drawn by the partial hand of a kind friend. Your pedestrian tour was well imagined and well executed. It could, however, scarcely have been effected in any climate but our own, the heats and colds of Italy would be grievously unfavourable to such a project, and a man might be disabled from any future undertaking, if he resolved to walk four hundred miles here. The Myddeltons are a comfortable family: I love them much, and shall be glad to see Mr. Piozzi and myself among them. You ask me if Rome answers my expectations? I answer no, as far as relates to the external appearance of ancient buildings, which Piranesi gives me so pompous an idea of. Yet I cannot say that every thing he represents is not exactly represented; but you know the art and the artifices of drawing well enough to be sensible, that keeping down mean objects is tantamount to exalting great ones; and he judiciously leads one's attention away from the disgusting sight of that wretchedness and dirt, which is here everywhere mingled with the monuments of ancient magnificence.

In ecclesiastical splendor, however, and modern dignity, in the elegance and number of their churches and palaces, in the richness of their marbles, and disposition of their ornaments, I find all my imagination transcended at every step. The reigning sovereign has made such additions to the Vatican, and built such beautiful repositories for the statues which attract the notice of travellers, as evince his taste and his generosity. To show, at the same time, that he does not neglect the useful for the elegant, there has been lately made a very good road to and from his capital; where I would he

could arrive at regulating the police a little; but horrible crimes are connived at by Justice, as far as I can observe, in all the Italian states, and the facility of escape even from those slight punishments which would be inflicted, if they waited for them, presupposes a people much less inclined to instant gratification, than are easily found in hot climates. What Mr. Coxe observes of the country round this great city, is, I fancy, strictly true in winter. We found it arid, desolate, harsh, and so full of noxious vapour, (though they told us the malaria was at an end,) that I saw a flame look nearly globular in the night, and smelt a stench, which, as *Trinculo* says, much offended my kingly nostrils. The weather is, however, exceedingly favourable for us, who run about incessantly seeing sights which dazzle one with their splendour; and as to country, the look of these environs shocked one more, as we came hither from Tuscany, which is quite a terrestrial paradise; so, like our first parents when they were expelled, we almost wept to see the ground covered with thistles. What else shall I tell you about? of the beautiful fountains which water this wonderful town, or of the filthy creatures which I am always wishing to be washed in them? But everything is either mean or magnificent in the deepest extreme. A connoisseur would say they were all like Rembrandt's pictures, composed of the strongest lights and darkest shadows possible. You do well to examine our land of mediocrities before you come hither, whence Mr. Piozzi says he shall be glad to return to clean rooms, neat workmanship, and good common sense.

This last article reminds me of dear Dr. Johnson. I was very sorry, indeed, to hear of his useless prayers for the dead; for, as the Prophet David says, it cost more to redeem their souls, so that we must let that alone for ever. Meantime I wish my "*Anecdotes*" may be found less trivial than Boswell's: I always hoped that even trifles belonging to Johnson would be welcome to the public, or what will become of my book? Did the executors publish those "*Prayers and Meditations*"? or, how came they printed? Do tell, for I am earnest to hear. Somebody said poor Tom Davies the bookseller was dead—is it true? Let me know what is wanting of your Roman *Denarii*, and they shall be supplied, if possible. We are going to Naples, whither you must direct *poste restante*; but shall return hither for the Lent and Holy Week. Meantime I have not been idle in examining the few things one can look at in so short a moment as a month; and when I see poor old Rome destroyed by the Goths in so surprising a manner, I can't help recollecting the story that Smeathman tells of an elephant eaten by ants.

How glad I am that the dear Bath folks are all so well and prosperous! Mr. Morgan did me the greatest favour I ever received, and it would be ungrateful not to love him.

Will you have a pretty book as a present? Mr. Parsons, Mr. Greathead, Mr. Merry, and myself (who had the least share), diverted ourselves with writing verses, while we lived together at Florence, and got them printed—but very imperfectly, as you may suppose; and I have sent a few copies to England, of which I beg you to accept one. You must call on Mr. Cator for it: he lives in the Adelphi, you know. They made me write the preface and find the motto; but some of the verses are very good indeed, and I hope you will say so, as I think exceeding highly of Merry's poetical

powers. No room for another word. Accept my husband's compliments with those of

Yours most faithfully,
H. L. Piozzi.

Had you a letter from me dated Leghorn?

À Monsieur,
Monsieur Samuel Lysons,
No. 167, Mr. Godwin's, a Pocket-book shop in the Strand,
London, Angleterre.

Throughout these letters, wherever an opportunity presents itself, the writer constantly brings in Mr. Piozzi. She is never tired of bearing testimony to his tenderness towards herself, and his superiority to the rest of mankind. There can be no doubt that this was perfectly genuine, that she was sincerely attached to her husband, and that he deserved it. She may, perhaps, have over-coloured her feelings a little, and spoken of him in her correspondence oftener than happy wives usually speak of their husbands, but this is easily accounted for by the peculiar circumstances in which she was placed. Her friends had dropped away from her in consequence of a marriage in which she consulted her own pleasure, without any reference to their opinions, and people had spoken censoriously of a man whom she had selected for his temper and accomplishments. These were provocations to the pride she felt, or desired to feel, in him, and probably made her the more anxious to justify her choice, and to publish her happiness to that wide circle of gossips who were so unwilling to believe in it, and so ready to predict all sorts of evils and misfortunes. Setting aside the special objections, however, which her friends had to this marriage, there has always been a social prejudice against marriages with foreigners, and not without some show of reason. Under the most favourable light in which they can be examined, it is difficult to suppose that they can ever be productive of perfect agreement. Different habits, temperaments, and languages, it may be fairly presumed, can never be brought to blend in domestic life with that complete harmony which is essential to the unity of a family. There must always remain some irreconcilable items, if not actual points of estrangement and opposition; and the most amiable people who have to get over these small impediments every hour of their lives, and to exercise their forbearance and their philosophy in a continual effort to think and feel alike, however admirably they succeed, may be said at best to live *beside* each other, rather than *with* each other. In Mrs. Piozzi's time these strong contrasts were more serious and alarming than they are in the present day, when there is so much open intercourse with foreign countries; and the apprehensions of her acquaintances, had they been honestly confined to this view of the case, were not altogether unfounded. But, admitting all objections on every score of incompatibility, social and national, few marriages of that description appear to have furnished less real grounds for regret.

THE HUNTER'S LIFE.

To the sportsman, *par excellence*, to the man of nerve and of enterprise, to the young and the daring, to the fox-hunter of England and the deer-stalker of Scotland, to the wild boar-spearer and the tiger-hunter of India, to all that delight in the chase, in its dangers and fatigues, and enjoy it the more from its greater peril to their life or their limbs, we could name few publications that would equally interest them, with one lately sent forth, and bearing the title we subjoin in a note.*

Five years they indeed were of perilous adventure—of lion-bearding and elephant-spooring, of hippopotamus-shooting and rhinoceros-hunting; five years passed in the forest among the fiercest wild beasts of the earth; and to whom, in their ignorance and simplicity, a horse was as much an unknown animal as was a white man, and a rifle a bewilderment and a puzzle.

To some, indeed, of the ever-doubting-class of readers, the phlegmatic and the mistrustful, Mr. Cumming's volumes will be classed with narratives of Baron Munchausen; his exploits are so far beyond all their conceptions of what men could or would attempt to do; the midnight watching in pits by the Vleys; the meeting of the astonished lions to their faces; the courting to the compelling of the furious charges of the wild elephants; the hunting, side by side, with lions and jackals, after the same wounded buffalo, are things at which many of the unimaginative will shake their heads, accounting them as delusions, or as sent forth to test their credulity:—while others, who give full credence to all that is reported, will ask, and do ask, to what purpose was all this slaughter, so much wounding and maiming, so much bagging, as Mr. Cumming calls it, of crocodiles whom he could not eat, and of hippopotami whom he could not carry away. We certainly do ourselves consider it as cruel, if not sinful, to sport in any manner with the lives of unoffending animals, and we deplore that there can be no sporting, nor hunting, nor fishing, without great pain being inflicted, and but too frequently great barbarity being used; but there is nothing further to be urged against Mr. Cumming on this head, than can be urged against every man in the kingdom who takes out a license to kill game,—and we may most confidently assert that there will be, in England alone, on the day these pages appear, on the first of September, ten thousand times more of suffering inflicted upon what people call game, and for what they are pleased to call sport, than Mr. Cumming inflicted, or had the power to inflict, during the whole of his five years' battle with the beasts. We abhor cruelty, and would, wherever we met with it, expose it and condemn it; but so long as the harmless sheep are exposed by thousands upon thousands every week to all the sickening horrors of the shambles, we account it as maudlin humanity to say one word against Mr. Cumming's masterly way of hunting the wild beasts of the earth. He took it coolly, as people say, on one or two occasions, but no sportsman, however skilful, however merciful—if such a term *can* be applied to any

* *Five Years of a Hunter's Life in the far Interior of South Africa, with Notices of the Native Tribes, and Anecdotes of the Chase, of the Lion, Elephant, &c.* By Roualeyn Gordon Cumming, Esq. With illustrations. 2 vols. Murray, 1850.

sportsman—could more anxiously, in general, avoid giving needless pain, or in the quickest manner possible deprive the object of his pursuit of life.

But these volumes are not confined to mere hunting details. We could give the reader, did space allow us, descriptions of scenery quite worthy of the pen of White of Selbourne. As an instance or two:—

“It is about this latitude that the traveller will meet with gigantic and castle-like nuans, which is decidedly the most striking and wonderful tree among the thousands which adorn the South African forests. It is chiefly remarkable on account of its extraordinary size, actually resembling a castle or tower more than a forest tree. In the fertile forests through which the Limpopo winds, I daily met with specimens of this tree, averaging from sixty to a hundred feet in circumference, and maintaining this thickness to a height of from twenty to thirty feet, when they diverge into numerous goodly branches, generally horizontal, and terminating with a peculiar suddenness. Wood of this tree is soft and utterly unserviceable; the shape of the leaf is similar to that of the acamora tree, and its fruit is a nut, which, in size and shape, resembles the egg of a swan.”

“Although I am now acquainted with the native names of a number of the trees of the African forests, yet of their scientific names I am utterly ignorant. The upper ridges of the mountains throughout all that country, are profusely adorned with the graceful sandal-wood tree, famed on account of the delicious perfume of its timber. The leaf of this tree emits at every season of the year, a powerful and fragrant perfume, which is increased by bruising it on the hand. The leaf is small, and of a light silvery-grey colour, which is strongly contrasted with the dark and dense evergreen foliage of the moopooroo tree, which also adorns the upper ridges of the mountain ranges. This beautiful tree is interesting, as producing the most delicious and serviceable fruit, which is of the size and shape of a large olive; it is at first green, but gradually ripening like the Indian mango, it becomes beautifully striped with yellow, and when perfectly ripe, its colour is the deepest orange. It is sweet and mealy, similar to the date, and the golden fruit beautifully contrasts with the dark green leaves of the tree which bears it. Besides the moopooroo, a great variety of fruits are met with throughout these mountains and forests, upon which the poorer natives subsist for the several months they are in season. In the dells of the mountains the rose-wood tree is met with, of considerable size and in great abundance.”

“As we approached Lesausau, we entered upon a broad and level strath, adorned throughout its length and breadth with a variety of picturesque acacia and other trees; while, on either side, the mountains rose abruptly from the plain, their sides and summits consisting of huge masses of rock piled one above another, overhung or interspersed with a light and feathery fringe of dwarfish trees, and varieties of gigantic cacti.”

“I encamped in an extensive forest of grey and ancient-looking nameeldorn trees. These were the finest I had yet seen in Africa, being detached and in groups, like oaks in an English deer park, and each tree assuming a wide-spreading and picturesque appearance; many of them were inhabited by whole colonies of the social grosbeak—a bird with whose wonderful habitations the branches were loaded. These

remarkable birds, which are about the size and appearance of the Britishgreenfinch, construct their nests and live socially together under one common roof, the whole fabric being formed of grass, and having the appearance of a haystack stuck in the tree. The entrances to the nest are from beneath; they are built side by side, and when seen from below, resemble a honeycomb."

It will be seen by these extracts that Mr. Cumming had an eye open to the beautiful in Nature, as well as to the noble game he was in pursuit of; but he was also an eminent oologist, less eminently, perhaps, an ornithologist and entomologist. Thus, in speaking of the Orange River, he says, "The whole of its banks are ornamented with a rich fringe of weeping willows, whose branches dip into the stream, and also of many other trees and bushes, whose blossoms and pleasing foliage yielded the most delicious balmy perfume. Numerous flocks of the feathered tribe, by their beautiful plumage and melodious notes, increased the charm of the lovely scene." "In the afternoon I went birdnesting among the reeds and rushes—hundreds of birds resembling the red-pole were busy building their grassy nests, which they ingeniously suspended between the tops of the reeds. In the rushes I found two nests of the water-hen containing eggs, and here I saw two beautifully painted wild geese, an egret or white heron, and about twenty teal: and here the entomologist would find abundance of interesting objects in his department, the ground and trees swarming with curious, if not gaudy, insects." "Of a boor, I bought an egg of the bustard, of the largest species, for my collection: oology being a subject in which for many years of my life I had taken great interest, having in my possession one of the finest collections in Great Britain, accumulated with much toil and danger, when, with a rope round my waist, I sought for the eggs of the various eagles and falcons, in the face of the loftiest precipices in the central Highlands of Scotland."

To many readers, the frequent allusions to the beautiful scenery which met the traveller's eye, and which his pen has graphically described, will form the most interesting portions of these volumes. They are also happily interspersed with exciting details of the lion hunt; and frequently at the conclusion of a laborious and perilous day's chase, we have a description of sylvan scenery so magnificent, that we are compelled somewhat to tax our imaginations to realize the description.

But Mr. Cumming, as a traveller, can make a far more powerful appeal to us than through our imaginations; he makes his appeal to the facts which he presents to our outward senses; and, in this respect, he is a prince among travellers—for here, amongst us, are his spoils, and the very first thing we did, was, as we would advise others to do after reading his book, to visit his Museum. There may be seen some of the tusks and heads of the one hundred and five elephants he killed; some also of the white and the black rhinoceros; the last, a ferocious animal, who very frequently hunted his hunter, and who, if his speed had equalled his will, his head certainly would not have been exhibited in the Hyde Park Corner Museum. There is a remarkable fine specimen in the room of the three horns of the triple-horned black rhinoceros; and there are various skulls of the hippopotamus, one of seven first-rate hippopotami, killed in one day, out of a herd of upwards of forty. Here is also a skull of the leopard that cruelly mauled, and for months dis-

abled Mr Orpen; and the skull of a lioness that attacked in the open plain, and terribly lacerated, a favorite horse of its rider. Here is also, among scores of other skins, the skin of the lion that carried off Mr. Cumming's head waggon-driver from the camp fire, whilst surrounded by his companions.

Of elephant shooting we can give but a very brief notice. After having shot in one night, at the fountain of Paapaa, five bull elephants, "we once more lay down to watch. Rhinoceros, both black and white, were parading around us all night in every direction. We had lain but a short time, when I detected a single old bull elephant approaching from the south. He must have been very thirsty, for he came boldly on without any hesitation, and keeping to windward, he walked past within about eight yards of us. We fired, at the same moment the elephant wheeled about, and after running a hundred yards, reduced his pace to a slow walk; he then fell over on his side, but rose again to his feet. At this moment the same presuming black rhinoceros, who had troubled us in the early part of the night, came up to us again, and declining, as before, to depart by gentle hints, I thought it a fitting moment to put an end to his intrusion, I accordingly gave him a ball behind the shoulder. On receiving it he galloped off in tremendous consternation, and passed close under the dying elephant, who at the moment fell dead with a heavy crash, and broke one of his hind legs under him in the fall."

Among the curiosities in the Museum are the arms and costumes of the South African tribes; their rude axes and poisoned arrows, their knobbed kerys, and above all their splendid karosses, made of the most valuable leopard and wild-cat skins, and these in great variety and beauty. To every individual thing indeed in the Museum there is a history in these volumes, and perhaps the most interesting of all the objects within it is the Bushman, Ruyter, for whose very singular history we must, however, refer the reader to Mr. Cumming's pages, and in whose collar of lions' claws we have an instance of a Bushman's taste and ingenuity. Ruyter also answers well to every question, and in good plain English, and laughs heartily at the picture which exhibits him rolled over with his horse from a charge of a black rhinoceros; the lion also which killed Hendrich has left the marks of his claws upon Ruyter's person, who was at the time lying by Hendrich's side, under the same blanket.

A great value of these volumes we consider to be in the information they give us of the daily habits of the wild animals in their own forests in full freedom. We now know how they live, and what they do by night and by day; where their haunts, what their food, what their enemies, and by what various instincts they are preserved.

One of the most formidable enemies to cattle is not, however, lions or leopards, but a small fly called "tsetse," from whose bite neither horses nor oxen ever recover. Mr. Cumming in his excursions lost forty-five horses and seventy head of cattle, to say nothing of seventy dogs.

On the whole, we consider these volumes to have added greatly to our knowledge of animated nature, and to have made far more strikingly evident than many a missionary's journal, the value of missions and of missionaries, such as they are shown in the person of Dr. Livingstone. With such men continually among them, the South Africans cannot otherwise than be christianized, and, as a necessary consequence, civilized.

EIGHT DAYS OF A ROYAL EXILE.

BY ADOLPHE D'HOUDETÔT.—TRANSLATED BY LEON BISSON.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.

"Rien pour les partis,
Tout pour l'histoire."

[WHILE the following article, describing in minute detail the incidents attending the escape of Louis Philippe from Havre in February 1848, was passing through the press, an additional interest has become unexpectedly attached to the revelations of M. d'Houdetôt by the death of the ex-King.

This is not the place or the moment to attempt an estimate of the character of Louis Philippe; but we cannot pass over in silence an event which has deprived us of one of the most remarkable men of our age, and which may be productive of more important results than it is at present possible to anticipate. The life of Louis Philippe was a life of severe discipline in adversity, and the facility with which he adapted himself to every turn of his fortunes, afforded the most remarkable test and evidence of the constitution of his mind. He was essentially practical in his views, and shaped his conduct in all the positions in which he was placed to the circumstances by which he was surrounded. The clue to the motives by which he was actuated, and the ends at which he aimed, is equally applicable to his public policy, and his chequered career through struggle and exile.

It used to be said that while Louis Philippe remained on the throne of France the peace of Europe was safe. The soundness of that reliance on his prudence was justified by the anarchy that followed his deposition. Had his prudence been of a more comprehensive grasp, had his sagacity partaken more largely of the character of statesmanship, he might have consolidated his throne, and Europe might still have been at peace. But his practical qualities were too grasping and conservative; he was shrewd, rather than wise; and with great capacity for business, and a keen perception of immediate advantages, adroit, watchful, and energetic, he did not look far enough into the future to regulate its issues. To keep what he had gained, to accumulate power, and load the superstructure without strengthening the foundations, the tendency of his policy was eminently calculated to suppress the progress and development of those popular institutions upon which the monarchy, represented in his person, was expressly based. His subtlety overreached itself. Such will, most probably, be the verdict of history; but it will pronounce at the same time a high and just eulogium upon his private virtues, and upon the skill with which he controlled the dangerous and explosive elements which, in the first moments of his reign, threatened the repose of France and the world.

If Louis Philippe was not a hero in the highest and grandest sense, no hero could have borne the calamity and humiliation of exile with greater magnanimity. His submission to reverses was not merely phr-



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philosophical—it was something much better. He dropped at once, and apparently without an effort, from the king to the citizen. There were no marks of stern and tragical regret in his bearing. He moved through the crowd like an ordinary man, taking the world as easily, and with as cordial and passive an air as if it had never showered any distinctions upon him, and as if he had been all his life nothing more than a plain private gentleman, who had never been put much out of his way, and who had always enjoyed rather prosperous circumstances.

His massive head and ponderous features alone betrayed the calculating spirit within, but then that was only when he happened to look particularly grave and thoughtful. In his usual mood, you might have met him sauntering about the woods at Claremont, or sat with him for half an hour in the train coming up to town, and never have guessed at the strange history he had lived and acted, or dreamt of the mental power he possessed, unless you were familiar with his portraits, and set yourself to scan his character in his eyes and mouth—and then all was clear, luminous, and unmistakeable.

One of the most remarkable attributes of Louis Philippe was his oratory—and this trait is little known to the world. His capacity in giving expression to his thoughts was marvellous. Seated at the head of the council table, he would frequently speak, without pause or break, for an hour or an hour and a half. It was on one of these occasions that, after stunning his hearers by the unexpected duration of an address to them on some point of diplomacy, he turned to Villemain and asked him what he thought; when Villemain answered that he thought he had never heard his majesty utter so many foolish things. This was the first symptom of the malady with which that accomplished minister was immediately afterwards afflicted. Yet although he was so fluent and voluble, so ready and so full of resources, Louis Philippe was by no means distinguished by appositeness or felicity of observation. His style was diffuse. No man dealt less in axiomatic wisdom. The substance was always sensible, and frequently profound, but never tersely or epigrammatically expressed. He has not left a single apophthegm behind him.

In England, Louis Philippe was personally popular. He had lived much amongst us, had fallen in with our customs, and liked the temper and manners of the people. His domestic habits assimilated with our own. He held sacred the household virtues, which are the *Penates* of the Englishman's hearth; and the simplicity of his private life endeared him to a country which sheltered him in his misfortunes, and respected the courage and good humour with which he bore them. The following Narrative is now published for the first time: it will appear in a few days in Paris.—ED.]

I SHOULD have left to a more practised pen than my own the charge of again bringing before the public the painful incidents which signalised the departure from France of the Royal Family in February 1848, if I had not felt to what extent the exhaustless and poetical imagination of a great national writer* could distort, very innocently, the purity and integrity of facts. I should also have imposed upon myself this reserve, if the writer of the interesting article published in the "Quarterly Review" of April 1850, had not committed, without doubt unintentionally, some important omissions which would tend to deprive

* Lamartine.

the town of Havre of the share which belongs to it, in the accomplishment of a simple but imperious duty.

The narrators of the events of 1848, in giving to the world the imposing spectacle of a powerful monarch dethroned like Louis XVIII., and Charles X., for having preferred exile or death to the effusion of blood, have spoken truly; but they have fallen into a calumny in assuming that the unfortunate monarch had been betrayed by his soldiers. No! the soldier who knows that treason is the coward's field of battle, would never have been wanting in the most binding of his obligations, that of protecting august misfortunes. It was carelessness, surprise, fatality, and above all, the command of his Sovereign that chained him to inactivity, and paralysed or restrained his efforts and devotion; but he remains as free from suspicion to-day, as in past times,—whether under the Empire, or the Monarchy.

Exhume from the dust the pages of history, and you will read, traced in letters of blood, the heroic justification of the soldier throughout all ages. You will see him faithful to the infidelity that revolutions impose, and reddening with his generous blood that path of exile which Napoleon, Louis XVIII., and Charles X. have trodden in their turns. At length, after eighteen years, when the last of his chiefs exchanged, like the rest, the royal diadem for the crown of thorns, and fled from the throne without pomp, and unattended, the soldier was still at his post, ready to carry his devotion into action.

The drama of February, as a great writer has observed, may be comprised not in the crumbling to pieces of a constitutional throne, but in the brutal separation of a Royal Family, wandering shelterless, and leaving behind them their palaces profaned.

Here, a noble patriarch, despoiled of everything, pursued by impious clamours, and obliged to humiliate himself by disguise:—there, a queen, wife and mother, an angel of goodness, who had experienced on the throne vicissitudes and sorrow only:—there again, the young sons of France, so brave at the head of their troops, so submissive to their country, to its decrees, and its rigours, quitting without a murmur the glorious arena of Algiers, for the arid field of the exile; and there, too, the feeble woman, widow of one of the most popular of Princes, overcoming misfortune by the majesty of her deportment, disputing, with inexorable destiny, the purple fragments. Behold, what history should have registered. But, alas! degrading the stage and the actors, it has preferred to distort truth by representing Louis Philippe, with “features bathed in tears, the head cast down, terrified at heart, sinking upon the same spot which was the tomb of royalty in '93.”* Not satisfied with having insulted the misfortunes of the Monarch, it has remained dumb upon the tortures of the man.

This blank will be partly filled up by the writer of the following pages.

When Paris had consummated its Revolution, a portion of the public press, compelled to deny its opinions and to show itself implacable, pursued with clamours the unfortunate family who carried away from the throne only the stigma of royalty.

The widow of the Duke of Orleans, torn from the Chamber of Deputies, where her heroism found no echo in timid hearts, selfish and

* Copied verbatim from the newspapers of that date.

ungrateful, no hope against so many hostile parties uncertain and ephemeral, had been conveyed to the house of a faithful friend. The Duke de Nemours, whose title of Regent pointed him out more particularly to the brutal violence of the mob, was separated from the courageous princess, whom his presence compromised rather than protected. The King, Louis Philippe, in an ill-fashioned cabriolet, directed his course towards Dreux, not to obtain gold there, as certain literary harpies have asserted, not to await some change of the wheel of fortune, uncertain like a courtier's heart, but to accomplish a sacred pilgrimage, and to deposit upon the tomb of his son the first fruits of his new sorrow : for in the hour of memory the great shadow of the dead is thrown across the living. Simple and touching action, which impressed with grandeur the first steps of the royal wanderer !

The admirable Queen, isolated from all, thought only of flight as the means of rejoining those of her family, whom her resignation might comfort and strengthen under affliction.

Upon a prominent point of the hill of Honfleur stands a small lonely cottage in a garden near the roadside, from whence a view of surpassing beauty is obtained over the coast of the Seine. It was at the door of this obscure habitation that the King and Queen knocked on the evening of the 25th of February, 1848. Nothing was prepared for their reception, for the old gardener, named Racine, to whom the care of the place was entrusted during the absence of the proprietor, Colonel de Perthuis, had not been led to expect any visitors. To soften the effect of this strange introduction, General Rumigny, whom destiny had favoured by associating him throughout with the strange fortunes of royalty, hastened to explain to the gardener that the two persons who thus presented themselves unexpectedly, to seek a shelter from the disturbances of the capital, were Mr. and Mrs. Lebrun,* the uncle and aunt of M. de Perthuis, his master. But scarcely had they entered, and the brave general was felicitating himself upon the success of his plan, the gardener's reception being so zealous and respectful, when the latter conducted him quietly into an adjoining room, and displayed to the general lithographed portraits of the King and Queen, saying in a low voice, "Can you doubt after this that I know the uncle and aunt of my master ?"

Further secrecy now became impossible ; a compact was made, and the poor gardener, depository of a state secret, preserved it, perhaps with greater sanctity than a statesman would have done. Upwards of two years have elapsed, and the numerous strangers who have visited the memorable spot have been unable to overcome the reserve which the importance of this event impressed upon the character of Racine.

The inmates of the little cottage consisting of faithful friends, those who render prosperity more precious and lessen the bitterness of adversity, consisted of the King, the Queen, General de Rumigny, General Dumas, M. Pauligne, officer in waiting ; M. de Perthuis, the younger, naval officer ; M. Leon Besson, formerly officer in the royal navy ; Mlle. Louise, the Queen's *femme-de-chambre*, M. Thuret, the King's valet ; and Racine, the gardener of M. de Perthuis. To this list might be added the names of those generous inhabitants of Honfleur, who, appreciating the sacrifice of the aged monarch, honoured still more the majesty of his misfortunes.

* The name adopted by the King and Queen during these trying days.

Fortunately, at this time, the newspapers engaged in party strife, generous for once from interested motives, announced with a perfidious complaisance the departure from the French coast of the Royal Family. This news, although premature as to the heads of the family, comforted the King and Queen, and disposed them to listen favourably to the various projects of escape which each in his zeal submitted for preference. One only way of flight remained, that by sea; and every one naturally turned to the town of Havre, where friends already in the secret awaited with intense anxiety the result of the heart-stirring drama. On the evening of the same day (the 26th of February) overtures had already been made to Mr. Paul, master in the Royal Navy, commanding the steamer "Express," one of the British commercial steamers between Havre and Southampton, to engage him to establish a kind of cruise between Honfleur and Trouville; notwithstanding the suspicion which might be awakened by the circumstance of an English steamer plying in this manner on the French coast, and thus, by attracting the attention of the custom-house guard, render all ulterior schemes for embarkation impracticable.

Alas! victims themselves of conspiracies, the great know not how to conspire. What might have happened had the plan proposed been put into operation? A catastrophe, perhaps, or at least an outrage, had not an obscure friend, the writer of these pages, taken upon himself to modify the royal message which was sent to devoted friends at Havre, leaving intact that part which rendered a flattering homage to a rival country:—"You can (said the King) confide in the honour of an English captain, no matter who he is; he will never be found wanting!"—words fully justified by the extreme devotion of which three honourable gentlemen* have afforded the most touching proofs. How many of their countrymen would have been jealous to assist the royal patriarch bowed down by sorrows!

While at Honfleur, every hope was centered in the immediate arrival of a British steamer. Mr. Besson and myself (for we were then the only inhabitants of Havre in the secret†) endeavoured to persuade the friends of the illustrious fugitives to procure upon the coast of Honfleur or Trouville a boat, by the aid of which the King would be enabled to proceed direct to England. The execution of this project, confided to the zeal of Mr. Hallot of Honfleur, imposed upon the King the most cruel sacrifice he had yet made, that of separation from the Queen, whose weakly state of health would not have permitted her to brave

* Mr. Featherstonhaugh, Her Majesty's Consul at Havre, a gentleman eminently qualified to do justice to any noble mission, having known the ex-King Louis Philippe, during the period of his former exile, took, with the devotion of a friend, an honourable part in the embarkation of the royal family.

Mr. William Jones, British Vice-consul at Havre, an excellent young man, of superior intelligence, and with a spirit equal to the noble enterprise which he undertook, also assisted worthily.

Mr. Paul, Master in the Royal Navy, commanded the "Express" steamer, and in presence of the double responsibility (political and commercial) which rested upon him, this honourable officer, although obliged at first to render his desire to assist subservient to the rigorous execution of his orders, aided with a devotion worthy of the highest praise.

† We had been thus favoured, as also M. de Perthuis, Jun., on the 26th of February, by General Dumas, when on his visit to Havre. My excellent friend M. de Perthuis, who commanded the government cutter the "Rodeur," then stationed at Havre, accompanied General Dumas to Honfleur; but the stormy weather having prevented the departure of the ferry-steamers from Havre, these gentlemen were obliged to cross the Seine between Tancarville and Quillebeuf.

the fatigues of a sea-voyage in so frail a vessel, destitute of comforts. This separation was insisted upon by the admirable Queen, who, in her solicitude for the King's safety, entirely overlooked her own danger.

The 27th of February dawned under more favourable auspices. The newspapers, gossips by profession, published the arrival of the royal exiles in England as a matter of certainty. A gleam of satisfaction overspread every countenance in the little cottage. There was an instant, by the security thus given, of calm, of repose, and forgetfulness, during which the King became communicative, and analysed with remarkable clearness the events of which Paris had been the scene; and submitting with Christian patience to the decrees of Providence, no words of severity passed his lips. By a gesture and a word, he with a master-spirit described men and events. The strange attitude of the Parisian National Guard at the outbreak of the Revolution was to him a problem altogether inexplicable, and he described it "as the most remarkable suicide of which history would speak."

Monarchs who have been dethroned have generally imputed their misfortunes to treason; Louis Philippe, on the contrary, felt a noble pride in having been a traitor to himself, by not permitting, on any consideration, a sanguinary collision,—a remembrance grateful and soothing to the monarch, "which," as Lamartine observes, "would suffice to console exile and soften history!" The observations of the King, delivered in a tranquil and philosophic spirit, revealed neither hatred nor dejection. Wishing to avoid in my recital everything that would be of a nature to wound susceptibility, my silence as to the prophetic, and always generous and noble, words pronounced by the King will be easily understood. Misfortune has always something sacred which hallows its opinions.

Digressing a little, I will now introduce the reader into the little cottage which served as a shelter to the illustrious refugees. It is composed of four small apartments, one only containing a fire-place, serving on this occasion both as a sitting and a dining-room. The dinner always awakened some pleasantry on account of the deficiency of house-keeping materials. The table also was rickety, chairs were wanting, and there was a scarcity of plates.* Misfortune, like love and death, it is said, levels all distinctions; and etiquette being thus banished, each person established himself without any particular order round the table. The King's valet, placed near his royal master, ran about, served, and dined at the same moment. The cloth withdrawn, conversation of the most confidential nature ensued, every one, as Madame de Sévigné has observed, "letting his thoughts wander bridle-loose."

Beyond some trifling allusions, the whole of the party, excepting the King and Queen, occupied themselves but little with politics. At times the King would request such newspapers as could be obtained to be read aloud to him, and received with the most perfect equanimity the unworthy and calumnious attacks of the press upon him. When, obeying the word of command of their party, the newspapers raised an outcry against the hoarder of money carrying away with him mountains of gold,† in reply the miser, or, as some termed him, the royal prodigal,

* The cottage had been untenanted for some time, and was scantily furnished.

† Upon this subject an English journal, *The Times*, thus comments:

"The reception given in this country to the French royal family, has been dis-

with an air of piteous majesty, contented himself by displaying his empty pockets, and pointing to the shirt of a dingy tint which he had worn since the moment of his abdication.

When the evening arrived, the King lay down upon the little sofa; the Queen, feeble and suffering, having already passed through so many trials, reposed upon a mattress in the same apartment; while their faithful attendants obtained such quarters as they could find in the neighbouring cottages.

The 28th of February, M. Hallot having completely succeeded in his mission, returned from Trouville. But the sea was beating violently upon the shore, the winds were contrary, and the squall, which had continued for two days, had now increased to a tempest. Nevertheless, all was ready for departure; the small vessel was prepared, and the crew, whose fidelity could be depended upon, waited only the signal.

Entrusted with the superintendence of the last preparations for embarkation, General De Rumigny, M. de Perthuis, and M. Hallot, set off for Trouville, and towards eight o'clock in the evening, the King quitted Honfleur, and proceeded thither, leaving the Queen to the careful attendance of General Dumas. Racine, the gardener, conducted the cabriolet, which contained only the King and his valet. Throughout all his journeys, not only was the monarch without arms, but he had expressly desired that none of his attendants should carry a weapon of any kind. "As King," he said, "I have fallen for having avoided the shedding of blood, and thus proscribed, I should have still less right to allow it!"

Arrived at some distance from the town, Louis Philippe alighted, and escorted by a few friends who had come forward to meet him, he proceeded by the most unfrequented paths to the lodging which had been prepared for his reception by M. Barbet, of Trouville, a devoted adherent. But, however careful they had been to escape observation, two strangers had remarked the entry of the King and his suite. Another and more cruel disappointment awaited them. The tempest was at its height. The rain fell in torrents, and, as it was the season of the lowest tides, during which all navigation is interrupted from want of water in the little creeks of Trouville,* they had no alternative but to wait for a more favourable tide.

Prepared for every caprice of fortune, and feeling less than those around him these adverse circumstances, the King spoke of his strange situation, and contrasted the past with the present, if not with gaiety, at least with perfect self-possession. What La Bruyere has said of the heart easily consoled, would apply to the misfortunes of royalty—"It is noble in him who laments bitterly the death of a friend, to smile at the loss of his own greatness, his liberty, and perhaps his life."

tinguished by a character of wisdom and benevolence. Every thing has been forgotten excepting that this family has fallen from the height of earthly grandeur to a situation which disarms the most implacable animosity. Like every one, we had imagined that the Count de Nemilly had prudently amassed, and assured to himself, sufficient means to maintain his family in wealthy circumstances, but we regret to learn that this supposition is altogether the reverse.

"It appears that Louis Philippe, either by excessive confidence in the stability of his government, or from a national feeling, perhaps from both these motives, has left all his fortune, and that of his children, upon the soil, and to the loyalty of the people of France."

* A small fishing port on the coast of Calvados.

On the 29th of February, owing to the continuance of the stormy weather, it was again impossible to embark, and what was still more painful, certain rumours now threw the little town into agitation. The continual arrivals and departures, the half confidences, gossiping, and jealousy between the crews of two vessels, which, by an excess of zeal, had been engaged at the same time, all contributed to give consistency to the *on dits* already credited of the presence at Trouville of an ex-minister of Louis-Philippe, M. Guizot. This state of things continued during the day without becoming worse, but, on the morning of the 1st of March, domiciliary visits were spoken of, and, cutting the Gordian knot, the custom-house officers, the only disposable force in the place, were resolved, it was said, to oppose every attempt at embarkation.

This was the last blow, rendered still more poignant from the state of the tide at this moment permitting the vessel to leave the port, a facility now rendered useless. Happily, misfortune is frequently allied to good. An indiscretion having revealed, not the presence of a minister of state, but that of the King himself, a sudden and praiseworthy reaction of feeling took place, which dissipated all hostility; and if at this last moment the illustrious exile, in the majesty of his misfortunes, had claimed the assistance of the inhabitants of Trouville, he would have quitted the soil of France, accompanied by, at least, the silent respect of all.

Constant fidelity to royalty and to greatness rarely exists in these times, but systematic and implacable hatred only perpetuates itself in the heart of large cities, and among that ignoble tail of party individuals, which, according to my friend Alphonse Karr, "like the scorpion, is more dangerous in that quarter than the head."

All misfortune is worthy of pity; any unhappy exile, whether King or subject, claiming the shelter of our roof, is entitled to our hospitality and our utmost exertions on his behalf. We should risk even our lives to protect his. A murderer invoking the same pity, would almost deserve a word of comfort. The cruel fanatic who arrested the unhappy Louis XVI. in his flight—the wretch who delivered up the heroic Duchess of Berri—even he who would have betrayed Barbès, who had contended in his honour, all would be hated by the people of any civilised nation for having profaned the most sacred of duties—hospitality.

In the case of Louis Philippe this sublime principle was not tested. The King, courageous and high-minded in all his misfortunes, would have presented himself at the bar of the nation like the meanest criminal, sooner than have brought trouble upon the poorest of his subjects. Raised to the throne without conflict, he was fated to fall in the same way. Fearful of compromising his friends, Louis Philippe abandoned all idea of embarking from Trouville, and determined upon rejoining the Queen, who had been ignorant of all that had passed since his departure. As this return to Honfleur could only take place during the night, it was considered more prudent to change the King's place of concealment, and to accept one of the numerous lodgings which had been proffered to him by those persons, who either by indiscretion or confidence had become acquainted with the secret, and disputed the honour of sheltering the royal fugitive.

Towards midnight, the King, accompanied by his immediate attendants, and several persons who generously offered to escort him, proceeded on foot to the forest of Touques, where an open vehicle,

obtained in a hurry, awaited him, and on the 2nd of March, at four o'clock in the morning, he returned *incognito* to Honfleur, and re-entered the little cottage, where during a lapse of forty-eight hours, a sorrowing woman, a crownless queen, a husbandless wife, and a childless mother, had wept and prayed.

M. Besson was then informed of the failure of the Trouville scheme, and saw that the assistance of an English steamer was now indispensable. In the hope of overcoming the remaining scruples of Captain Paul, of the steamer "Express," M. Besson called upon the British Consul at Havre. With some reserve he endeavoured to ascertain from that gentleman whether he had received any orders from his Government to aid the French Royal Family in escaping to England; and far from concealing his sympathy for the illustrious fugitives, Mr. Featherstonhaugh informed him that Lord Palmerston had sent directions to all the Consular Agents, desiring them to render every assistance, in terms that do honour to this distinguished opponent of the younger Bourbon branch. According to my retrospective opinion, he who had hastened the wreck, now came forward to succour the victims. Justice required it. Nevertheless, truth demands that the merit of a generous action should not be diminished, and it is right to say that orders had been given to British steam vessels to cruise along the French coast, and to render every aid and protection to the Royal Family. All dissimulation was now superfluous. M. Besson revealed the King's abode to the Consul, and a new and powerful ally was thus obtained. Captain Paul, setting aside his accustomed voyage from Havre to Southampton, placed, with an eager devotion, his vessel at the King's disposal, and everything occurred to promise a happy issue. Having proceeded thus far, M. Besson, wrote to the Queen, giving her some family news, and proposing her departure and that of the King on board the first vessel that would leave the port of Honfleur. The "Express" was to wait for them near Cape la Hève and receive them on board.* This message was confided to Mr. William Jones, British Vice-Consul at Havre, who profiting by the departure of the steamer "Courier"† effected his return from Honfleur by the same tide. The news which he brought was not very encouraging. He had seen and communicated with the King and Queen. The knowledge of the former having quitted Trouville had already reached Honfleur, and a strict *surveillance* was observed along the coast. Notwithstanding the apparent difficulty, not only of procuring a vessel at Honfleur, but also the difficulty of embarking the pretended strangers without exciting suspicion, it was arranged that they should quit Honfleur that evening. Could this project have been achieved? No one can tell. But fate once more interfered.

We will leave our readers to imagine the fear and anxiety under which those now laboured, who had deviated from the plan first proposed,‡ and now yielded to the inspiration of their hearts. If it be true that the murmurs of a passing storm are but the foretellers of another

* Cape la Hève, situated about two miles north-west of Havre, constitutes the south-west point of the heights which terminate in the valley of Caux. The two lighthouses on the summit have been constructed to indicate during the night the situation of Havre, and its anchorages.

† The common ferry steamer between Havre and Honfleur.

‡ That of sending a British steamer to Honfleur.

impending one, the ill success of the Trouville scheme, foreboded new difficulties for succeeding projects. These sad misgivings and the ill reception by some of our proposal to send a vessel from Havre, had to be overcome. And finally this was resolved upon.

Our choice fell upon the "Courier" steamer. The second object was to obtain its departure to Honfleur at night-fall. Providence, ever watchful, again came to our assistance, there being a double tide on this day (the 2nd March).^{*} It would doubtless have been sufficient to mention our object to M. Vieillard, the director of the steam company, to have ensured his ready and hearty co-operation, but we considered that it would be better to accomplish this important mission without endangering any safety, or any conscience but our own, should a compromise be necessary. The universal political excitement which prevailed, the uncertainty of events from day to day, called for this reserve, which was also desired by the royal fugitives themselves.

At this point I must claim the reader's indulgence for entering into a few personal details relative to the excusable imposition by which we became during several hours tenants of the small steamer "Courier." I encountered by chance the director of the vessel, to whom I spoke about bags of money left at Honfleur, and some relatives I was expecting. I bargained for the use of the steamer with the greatest parsimony. The more my friend became courteous and disinterested, the more I considered myself obliged to object, and to appear difficult to satisfy. At length, wearied with discussion, we both agreed upon a remuneration so trifling, that I felt ashamed, and took my leave of the good director with a conscience ill at ease. The indifference I had affected was nevertheless excusable. Every thing was now arranged for the departure.

M. Besson informed the English Consul of the measures that had been taken, and which insured almost every chance of success, for even had unforeseen difficulties prevented the embarkation on board the "Courier," there still remained as a last resource the hiring of a fishing-boat at Honfleur, which the Royal Family could have made use of.

In order to avoid every chance of accident, it was arranged that the steamer "Express" should await at Havre the return of the "Courier" from Honfleur; that Mr. William Jones, the vice-consul, who had with him a passport for the King, in the name of Mr. William Smith, should proceed with M. Besson to Honfleur; as to Mr. Featherstonhaugh, whose generous and powerful assistance deserves acknowledgment, he was prepared, as will be seen, to carry to the end his disinterested devotion.

At length, five o'clock struck, and the bell of the "Courier" announced to the passengers behind time that she was preparing to leave the port, and all being ready, the steamer put off for sea, the evening being remarkably fine. Her arrival at Honfleur did not excite the least surprise. No symptoms of agitation were perceptible in the little town. All was silent, and night had already set in.

Among the first to quit the vessel, M. Besson hastened up the hill, and explained to the King in a few words the precautions that had been taken to facilitate his departure, and preparations were instantly made.[†]

^{*} By a singular coincidence, the evening departure of the *Courier* would not have been possible the day previous, or the day following.

[†] Each of the parties interested had his share in the scheme. I was to remain

The King left the cottage first, accompanied by an attendant. M. De Perthuis conducted the Queen by another road, and the other attendants followed different paths to arrive at the port.

This manœuvre, favoured by the evening, was crowned with success. No one suspected the Royal Fugitives, whose flight was thus accomplished in a manner so simple and providential.

The return of the "Courier" was effected without any remarkable incident. The King was attired in the same travelling costume he had worn at Dreux, and had further disguised himself by shaving his whiskers and wearing a pair of green double glass spectacles. He remained on deck in company with Mr. William Jones, the vice-consul, and forgetting his critical situation, exerted his voice too loudly amidst the noise of the waves and the inharmonious music on board executed by some poor German musicians.*

The Queen, wrapped in a common cloak, which covered her dress trimmed with ermine, sat on another side of the steam-vessel, with her female attendant. The rest of the party occupied different places, as though unknown to each other.

At a quarter before nine o'clock, the "Courier," after about half an hour's voyage from Honfleur, anchored at its usual station in the port of Havre. No gens d'arme was there to inquire for passports, the vessel not having been expected. The custom-house officers walked in silence up and down the quay, and the population seemed to indicate a discreet and respectful protection by its absence.

Assisted by such favourable circumstances, the transport from one boat to the other took place safely. The English consul received the King at the landing-place, and conducted him immediately on board the "Express." The Queen followed, and at nine o'clock precisely the steamer put off without noise or confusion,—without royal salute, a hypocritical waste of powder and smoke! History will have to record this time, as a just retribution, the generous assistance of an English vessel, to the inexorable remembrance of the sacred duties of hospitality betrayed formerly on board the "Bellerophon."

Cruel remembrance! Once only in my life (for the Court is not made for him who cannot contribute to the fortune of any one, as Le Sage has said) I had contemplated, in the zenith of their glory, this regal family so brilliant with prosperity, and such a future before them. I had heard the acclamations of a great people, and my credulity dazzled by such magnificence, such union and power, believed their greatness eternal. Alas! throne, family, recollections, all had passed in one hour of agony, and, after eighteen years, I beheld in the simple saloon of a steamer the royal patriarch, whom the rigours of destiny had not spared

upon the pier at Havre to watch the return of the *Courier*, and cause a signal agreed upon to be made, by which, and the aid of the British steamer, the royal fugitives (in case any incident should have occurred) would have been transferred from one vessel to the other without entering the port.

As to the disembarkment of their Majesties in the port of Havre, I knew too well the generous spirit that animated the National Guards, not to rely upon them in case of need for protection. Had it so happened that no armed force had been near, notwithstanding the obscurity of my name, I should have requested, in all confidence, that assistance I should have been certain to have received from them, and this without in the least compromising my duty.

* These minstrels played the "Pif, paf, pouf," from the "Huguenots," and "Richard, O mon roi!" Chance brings about strange associations!

from great misfortunes and privations. Powerless troubles, La Bruyère has said; "the sorrows that crush some men, strengthen kings!"

Of all those who had contributed to realise a last hope, I declare, in all humility, that I performed a service of the most secondary nature and the most obscure; but I obtained the most precious of recompenses, the benediction of a poor exile!

Sweet and exhaustless remembrance! when, chilled by suffering, the lips of the admirable Queen were pressed to my brow, it seemed as though the heavens had opened, and I had received a kiss from my mother!

The next day, one of those whom fate had favoured, the writer of these pages, inspired by the rectitude of his feelings, presented himself at Rouen before M. Deschamps, the Commissary of the Provisional Government for the Seine Inferieure, and declared to him, in his capacity of Receiver of the Finances, the part which he had taken in the embarkation of the Royal Family. Having braved no danger, nor broken any law, he neither assumed to be a deliverer nor a rebel, but, simply a right-thinking man, who had assisted in the accomplishment of an imperious duty.

Instructed of these circumstances, M. Deschamps maintained in his position the obscure functionary, whose family connections, habits, and past predilections rendered still more vulnerable.

Faithful to my epigraph, I trust that I may be permitted to repeat,—

"Nothing for party, all for history."

MY DEAR D'HOUDETÔT,

Paris, 6th May, 1850.

I HAVE just read the article translated in the "*Revue Britannique*" for the month of May 1850, from the London "*Quarterly Review*," and while acknowledging the exactitude of the principal facts related by Mr. Croker, I cannot the less protest against certain omissions, much to be regretted.

Matters of detail and even of persons are of little consideration for history in general, but in this instance they are so closely united with a question of national preference, that it requires to be cleared up. The little manuscript, "*Honfleur and Havre*," which you have sent me, renders justice in its simplicity to the incidents, romantic or exaggerated, the remembrance of which I have in vain endeavoured to recall. This manuscript fills up omissions, renders justice to every one, and replaces each fact in its proper light.

I will not allude to your generous and intelligent participation in this event: suffice it to say, that the idea of sending the "*Courier*" steamer to Honfleur originated with you, that you prepared its departure, and incurred official responsibility. Passing over all that personally concerns you, let me add, that your narrative, written from memory, from the notes of our friend Perthuis and my own, is in every part scrupulously exact.*

LEON BRASSON.

* These memoranda, remarkable for their just and high appreciations of the event, were given to me, in March 1843, by my excellent friends Messrs. Brasson and De Perthuis. They are still in my possession, and would prove, at need, my faithful adherence to facts in this narrative.—*Note by the Author.*

" Louis Philippe has safely arrived in England * with his family, and accompanied by the Generals Dumas and De Rumigny. The 'Express,' which conveyed them, anchoring in the roads of Newhaven, on Friday, at seven o'clock in the morning, ten hours after quitting Havre, was obliged to wait for the tide, and the passengers could not disembark before noon. Apartments were obtained at the Bridge Hotel, and after receiving a few visitors, amongst others, Mr. Packham, well known at Dieppe and at Eu, and who had arrived from Brighton, Louis Philippe decided upon passing the night at Newhaven, and proceeding to London the following morning.

" The Paris newspapers have promulgated the most false reports of the departure of the King. Several have described him as embarking in a small vessel, and met at sea by the 'Express;' others have reported that he was shipwrecked and drowned. The true particulars of this event are those we have related, and to which we will merely add the recital of a trait which deserves to be recorded.

" On arriving at Trouville, during two days Louis Philippe waited for an opportunity of embarking, but could not succeed. He then returned to Honfleur much embarrassed. The person with whom he had found a shelter having mentioned the case to an individual exercising a public function, and attached to the Royal Family by his connections, this latter immediately occupied himself in endeavouring to procure the means of escape. This project was put in execution, as we have narrated, and by this generous assistance Louis Philippe and his family were enabled to leave without being recognised.

" The next morning the functionary who had facilitated the departure, loyally comprehending his duty, proceeded to Rouen, and related frankly to the Commissary of the Provisional Government his conduct, and declared that if he had by this act deserved reproach from the Republic, he was ready to resign his employment and submit himself to its decision. To this declaration M. Deschamps replied, that a Government founded upon the practice of every virtue, honoured everywhere the exercise of such qualities, and would not deprive itself of the services of a citizen, because he had given the example of a faithful and generous disposition.

" Let us add, that the affair, so soon as it was known in Havre, met with universal approbation, not less for the citizen inspired with such praiseworthy sentiments, than for the government which knew how to appreciate them."

* Extract from the "Journal du Havre," of Sunday, the 5th of March, 1848.

MEMOIRS OF ROBERT PLUMER WARD.

MANY of us are old enough to remember the fearful political trials we were subjected to when the present century opened—when we were daily in fear of invasion from abroad, and of insurrections at home—when, with the utmost measure of taxation, we were yearly adding to our debts, and when but little hope was afforded to us of our ever living to see an end of our wars and our troubles. The policy, however, which then guided our councils finally triumphed; rebellion was crushed at home, and our great political opponent, shorn of his power, was sent to die in an island of the Atlantic. Of one of the actors in the political drama of those memorable days, the memoirs have lately been published,* and they afford us—as all such memoirs more or less do—a knowledge and an insight of the principles and views of the leading statesmen in those stirring and troubled times; of their difficulties and dissensions; of their ambition and their selfishness; their magnanimity and meanness.

Ward had his prejudices, and he took no pains to conceal them; but as he has supplied us with numerous letters on a great variety of subjects, from the leading members of the administration, and a diary which details their public speeches and their private conversations on the most stirring incidents of the day, we are enabled to form a very fair judgment for ourselves of the men, their motives and proceedings. Of Ward himself a few words may be said, since his own personal history is almost at times a romance, and on the whole is highly instructive on one point, as proving what talents and study and perseverance will do for men, and how fortunes are made by men of sense, who take the due means to make them. Ward began life, a poor and obscure man; but he early acquired first competence and then wealth, and had scarcely stepped out in his career, before he became the associate and the friend of some of the chief men in the kingdom.

Robert Ward, whose father was a merchant at Gibraltar, had very early attracted to himself the attention of the Governor of Gibraltar, General Cornwallis, and his wife; and they, having no children of their own, took great interest in his education. At the early age of eight, when he was sent to England, he could recite largely from Milton and Shakspeare, and his manner of reciting proved his just appreciation of the beautiful thoughts and harmonious language of these gifted authors. Misfortunes, however, early fell upon him; he had lost his mother when three years of age, and he was but eleven, when, in the same year, he lost by death both General and Mrs. Cornwallis. But as the twin-brother of the General was Archbishop of Canterbury, who entered warmly into his brother's wishes for the well-doing of Robert, the hope was perfectly justifiable, that a studentship might be procured for him at the University through the Archbishop's influence. Before, however, this could be effected, the Archbishop died; and upon this Robert's two elder brothers supplied the means for his support at Oxford, where, in due course of time he took his degree, and then entered himself at the Inner Temple. Here he remained but a short time, a threatening disease of the knee urging him to the baths of Barèges, in France,

* *Memoirs of the Political and Literary Life of Robert Plumer Ward.* 2 vols. Murray, 1830.

which cured him, and in France he resided until war with England was proclaimed by the French Republic. He had seen enough, meanwhile, of the horrors of the Revolution to teach him practically how democratic liberty was to be understood, and had a very narrow escape of being guillotined in the place of a man who bore the same name, and wore the like waistcoat and coat, and only escaped by the Ward they were in search of being caught.

Having been called to the bar, Ward, shortly after his return from France—"was leaving his chambers in the Temple to pay a visit to the northern outskirts of London. Upon crossing Fleet Street, he had to traverse Bell Yard, and as he passed a watchmaker's shop, his attention was attracted by a placard in the window, of a very revolutionary character, convening a meeting of a certain society, that evening, at a watchmaker's, whose name was Scott. Ward, fresh from all the horrors which the success of such principles in a neighbouring country had entailed upon it, at once determined to enter the watchmaker's shop and to provoke a discussion with him. For two hours did the young student contest with the republican the justice of his sentiments; for two hours did he labour to impress upon him, not only by argument, but by his own experience, the horrors to which success must lead; but at the end of that time he was obliged to leave him, apparently unmoved, or, at all events, unconvinced. He paid his distant visit, and, late in the evening, returned homewards through the same alley. Despairing of success, he paid no second visit to his disputant of the morning, though he did remark, with pleasure, that the revolutionary placard had been withdrawn. Hardly, however, had he passed the shop twenty yards, when he heard some one behind calling to him. He looked back, and beheld the republican watchmaker. The manner of the man was changed, from the dogged imperturbability with which he had listened to Mr. Ward's arguments in the morning, to a frank and eager confidence. 'I have called you in,' he said, 'to say I have done nothing but think over your words. I feel their truth; I shudder at the precipice on which I stood, at the evil I was about to do; and am now as anxious to communicate and prevent, as I was before to conceal all our schemes.' He then communicated to him the existence of a most fearful plot against the government, which, with his newly-awakened feelings, he longed to frustrate by immediately informing the authorities, if he, who had convinced, would also accompany and support him. They went to the chief magistrate, Sir Richard Ford, who attached so much importance to the communication, that the three were at once ushered into the presence of Pitt and his colleagues, assembled with Macdonald and Scott, the Attorney and Solicitor-General. The singular history was duly narrated in detail; the arguments carried on by the young Mentor; the misgivings of the republican; and then the details of the impending danger. The countenance of Pitt was turned with interest on the young lawyer, who seemed not only to share that horror of revolutionary movements with which he was himself so strongly imbued, but who had so gallantly acted upon it. 'What was your motive, young gentleman,' he inquired, 'for thus entering the shop?' 'I, sir,' answered young Ward, 'am not long returned from France, and have there seen, in practice, what sounds so fine in theory.'

The more immediate consequence of this romantic adventure, was not any appointment or recompense from Pitt, but the friendship of the

Solicitor-General, Scott, afterwards Lord Eldon, who, upon cultivating his acquaintance and ascertaining his abilities, suggested to him the undertaking of a work, which he published next year, and which at once established his reputation in and out of his profession. Briefs came in apace, and his eagerness and steadiness increased in proportion to the encouragement he met with; and, with his brightening prospects, he married, in 1796, a sister of the Countess of Mulgrave. In the year 1801, he was urged to publish a treatise on "The Rights of Maritime Neutrals," but even from this Ward derived nothing but fame, Pitt having resigned in consequence of the King's opposition to the Emancipation of the Roman Catholics. But when the Parliament was dissolved in 1802, Pitt wrote to Ward, offering to nominate him as member of Parliament for the borough of Cockermouth. This offer Ward accepted, and Pitt again coming into power in 1804, and a legal justification being required for hostilities against Spain, previous to a declaration of war, Ward undertook a treatise on the subject; and was presently appointed Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, under his brother-in-law, Lord Mulgrave.

Pitt's death, in 1806, and Fox's accession to office, threw Ward on his own resources, and placed him in rather uncomfortable circumstances, for he had given up the law to follow politics, with the promise of a pension for a compensation when he should cease to hold office. Pitt, in his last illness, remembered his unfulfilled promise, and occasionally alluded to it: and, when he was unable to say no more than the words "Robert Ward," he made signs for paper and ink: he then traced out a number of wandering characters, to which he added his well-known signature, but no one was ever able to decipher the unformed letters, and the mind of Pitt on the subject was never known.

The death of Fox led to the administration of the Duke of Portland, and to the appointment of Lord Mulgrave as first Lord of the Admiralty; who immediately offered a seat at that board to his brother-in-law, Ward, and at the same time introduced into office Croker and Lord Palmerston. So matters remained until 1810, when Lord Mulgrave being appointed Master-General of the Ordnance, Ward, in 1811, resigning the Admiralty, became Clerk of the Ordnance. To make a place for the Duke of Wellington, Lord Mulgrave, in 1818, vacated his office of Master-General, leaving Ward as clerk, who there remained until 1823, when, resigning his clerkship and his seat in the Commons, he was appointed Auditor of the Civil List; and thus he held until the accession of the Grey administration, when Lord Althorp very summarily dismissed him and abolished the office altogether.

Here ended Ward's political life, and a tolerably prosperous one it had long continued to be.

He lived with his first wife twenty-five years, and, about five years subsequently, married a wealthy widow—Mrs. Plumer Lewin—who made his own her beautiful seat of Gilston Park, in Hertfordshire. Within three years, however, and within a few months of each other, Mr. Ward here lost his two elder daughters and his wife. But in the following year he married his third wife, also a widow, Mrs. Okeover; and, two years afterwards, he lost the youngest of his three daughters. Upon this he fled, not only from Gilston Park, but from England, to which he had at the time serious thoughts of never returning. Fortunately, however, for himself, some legal arrangements of property

made his return indispensable; and at the fine old family mansion of Okeover Hall, he passed some of the happiest years of his life saving infirmities. There he remained until 1846, when his wife's father, Sir George Anson, receiving the appointment of Lieutenant-Governor of Chelsea Hospital, the whole family removed together to the official residence, and there, in that same year, Ward died.

From this brief note of his career it might be concluded, that from his high family connexions and his high official appointments, which brought him into almost daily intercourse with many of the leading statesmen of the day, his Correspondence and his Diary would be of some historical interest, and would enlighten us upon not a few points of political intrigue, and enable us to form a tolerably correct judgment of the views and principles of the men who for so many years administered the government of this country.

The letters speak for themselves; they are to and from Pitt, Perceval, Lord Lowther, Lord Lansdale, Lord Mulgrave, Lord Wellesley, Lord Collingwood, Lord Melville, and a host of other names too numerous to mention; and the Diary details very graphically very much of what general history can rarely notice, and which yet gives to history all its value.

It is the dotting down the daily occurrences of life—the news of the day—the hourly passing events—the chit-chat, bon-mots, the gossiping conversation upon persons and circumstances, as one after another they pass under observation, that gives to diaries, and memoirs founded upon them, their great value; they so truly depict the men and the times, the actors and the stage on which they strut, and so frequently carry us behind the scenes, and show us the machinery by which all the tricks are played off, that we oftentimes understand the whole story and all that led to it, quite as well as did those who played a part in it.

Ward's intelligence was at all times first-rate, when there was anything to be told in the Tory quarters, and he had always a very fast insight into what was passing among the Whigs; he is in consequence a useful writer for all parties, and one whom all may consult with profit.

Ward has secured to himself a more lasting fame than any political diaries could give him. As the author of "Tremaine," "De Vere," and "De Clifford," he will long live in story; and it was these works that gave him a celebrity among all classes of people, and throughout the whole nation. His "Illustrations of Human Life," and "Pictures of the World," are less known now, but "Tremaine," and the others will be read, probably, by the next generation, and must always be read with delight and profit.

Of his hitherto unpublished works the editor of these Memoirs has made a selection, and they form a portion of the second volume. They are entitled the "Day Dreamer," and consist mainly of the author's observations upon the characters of some well known to him, and whom he has made the type of their class. And of his "Illustrations of Ambition," in such characters as the first Lord Holland, Lord Townshend, Swift, Bolingbroke, Atterbury, White of Selborne, and others. In illustrating some of these Ward dips his pen in gall, and refrains not from writing very bitter words of the hypocrisy, and impudence, and villany he exposes. But the whole are admirably written, and with great discrimination and tact and right feeling, and like all the author's works convey good thoughts in beautiful language; and improve while they please, and teach while they amuse.

OUR PEN AND INK GALLERY.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

LABLACHE AND HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

LABLACHE is the oldest and the best-established favourite at Her Majesty's Theatre. He made his first appearance in this country some twenty years ago, and from that time, with the exception, we believe, of one year's secession, he has returned hither every spring, with increased popularity. Twenty years is a long test applied to public performers; and he that could pass such an ordeal of time must possess merits of the very highest order, which could conquer the appetite for novelty, and overcome the fickleness of popular applause. All this Lablache has effected. The public, so far from being wearied at the long-continued cry of "Lablache the Great," as were the Athenians of hearing Aristides everlastingly called "The Just," elevates him, if possible, into greater popularity yearly. His place is not to be supplied; no other *artiste*, not even Herr Formes, could compensate for his loss. Independently of his powers as an actor and a singer, so great a lover is he of his art, that he will undertake with delight the most trifling character in order to ensure the success of a piece. Other vocalists and actors will not condescend to this, fearing to lower themselves by doing so. Lablache has no fears of doing this; for in the hands of genius the potter's clay may be moulded into as exquisite a model of beauty as the block of Parian stone. Assign Lablache the meanest character in a piece,—let him have the slightest foundation whereon his imagination may build,—and he will erect a superstructure of no insignificant importance. *Artistes* of questionable greatness may deem it derogatory to personify any save a leading part; Lablache feels that he does not lower himself—he raises the character to his own elevation.

From this it follows, that no great singer has, within our recollection, undertaken such a variety of characters. We find him in every possible grade of representation. From the loftiest tragedy to the most burlesque comedy he is equally great and efficient. From *Brabantio* to *Don Pasquale*—from *Marino Faliero* to *Dandolo*. Through all the gradations of passion and humour, he exhibits a superior insight into humanity, and with the finest dramatic artifice and discrimination, he seizes on the salient points, and strikes them out into bold relief, giving life and verisimilitude to his abstractions. His tragedy is high-toned, calm, dignified, and impressive, and at times fraught with the most truthful energy. His imprecation on his daughter in *Otello* is equal in power and effect to anything known on the stage. But it is in comedy that the whole artillery of his forces see us to be brought into play. As Dr. Johnson says, applying the phrase to Shakspeare, "his comedy is *instinct*, his tragedy is *skill*." In a comic part he fills up the stage with his acting, no less than with his voice and size. Every character around him seems merely subsidiary. He is the sun of humour, about which the rest, as planets perform their revolutions, deriving heat and light from him. He is the centre of *gravity*, that attracts all the laughing

humours from his auditory. Yes, we say *gravity*, nor therein are we guilty of a bull. In his most whimsical efforts his countenance is as serious as that of a mid-day owl. While all around are convulsed with cachinnations, his face is as composed as a Chinese mandarin's or a Spanish hidalgo's sitting for a genealogical portrait. His comedy is not sparkling and effervescent like champagne, it partakes more of the body and flavour of tokay; you may sip it—the smallest taste is palatable. He possesses somewhat of the stolidity of Liston, with occasionally the rich raciness of Downton. His humour is as rotund as his person, and his person is a hogshead of wit and mirth.

Lablache's voice is an organ of most extraordinary power. It is impossible by description to give any notion of its volume of sound. He is an opificide among singers. One may have some idea of this power of tone, when it may be truly asserted, that, with the entire opera band and chorus playing and singing *forte*, his voice may be as distinctly and separately heard above them all as a trumpet among violins. He is the very Stentor of vocalists. When he sings he routes the audience, as the bugle doth the war-horse, or as the songs of Tyrtæus reanimated the Spartans. With this prodigious vehicle of sound, his singing is distinguished by superior softness and expression. He is a great master of his art, and manages the lights and shades with judgment and skill. His voice, like all voices of that order, is naturally inflexible, and somewhat limited in compass; for this reason, generally speaking, he sings Mozart's music better than any of the modern Italians. His *Leporello* is well known, the part is identified with him, but it must be acknowledged that his performance has been frequently subjected, not without justice, to the severest strictures, on the score of his rendering *Leporello* a buffoon, and it has been urged against him that by exciting the laughter of the audience, at a time when laughter should not be excited, he showed but little judgment as an actor, and exhibited no reverence whatever for the composer whose work he aided in interpreting. There is no doubt that his extravagance in the last scene of "Don Giovanni" is unpardonable, as it destroys the grandeur and sublimity of the author's intentions. We must own, however, that Lablache's singing in *Leporello* is unexceptionably fine: his *catalogue* song in "Don Juan," "*Madamina, il catalogo è questo*," is one of the finest efforts of dramatic vocalisation that it has been our pleasure to hear.

Lablache is a thorough musician, and no *artiste* on the stage excels him in the knowledge and appliances of his art. He has written a work on the principles of singing, which has been published in England: and he was chosen, some years since, as the vocal instructor of her most gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria.

This great singer is as great in person as he is in fame. He is nearly, if not fully, six feet high. His figure, though exuberant, is portly and commanding; and his entire head one of the finest that ever decorated a human body. Notwithstanding the opinions about his age, and the cognomen of "old," which for many years has attached itself to his name, Lablache is still comparatively young. For the space of twenty years has he been the pride and delight of the frequenters of Her Majesty's Theatre.

This season Lablache has been peculiarly fine. His *Caliban*, in Malcay's Opera, "*La Tempesta*," has added another wreath to a

brow already groaning with those proofs of popularity. What we thought on the first night of his appearance as *Caliban*, was strengthened each time that we saw him in that character, and we repeat what we said in July, that never was a part more admirably delineated. He has once more made his voice heard above every other voice in the choruses in "*Norma*;" he has been as rich in fun as ever as *Don Pasquale*, and as *Doctor Bartolo* he has exhibited exquisite humour, and a perfect mastery of the risible muscles of the audience.

We sincerely hope that the enterprise of Mr. Lumley has been rewarded. There has been on his part no want of energy and spirit. Lablache is a host in himself; then we have had Sontag, with a voice like a musical instrument, so pliable, sweet, and above all, so true. Coletti we suppose undertook *Figaro* only because Beletti was away. As *Prospero*, or as the *Doge* in "*Duc Foscari*," Coletti is capital; but he is heavy and unmanageable as *Figaro*, and his voice lacks the flexibility necessary for singing well the music so admirably sung by Beletti.

Gardoni has occasionally delighted us with his sweet, though not powerful voice. This season, however, we fancy that his voice has somewhat gained in power. Fiorentini, with a voice as true as it is powerful, has well enacted the character of *Norma*. Sims Reeves has delighted us with his impassioned singing as *Edgardo*, and Miss Hayes very delicately rendered the trying character of *Lucia*. We must not close our remarks without taking notice of the delightful pantomime of Carlotta Grisi as *Ariel*. There is an exquisite grace about Carlotta which places her far above all the other *danceuses* of our time. What a charm there is in her graceful bound, in the waving of her beautiful arms! Her dancing is the very poetry of dancing.

We believe that Lablache has entered into an engagement with Mr. Lumley for three years. There are many other reports not so well authenticated, but we shall be quite contented if the next season equals the past one; and so long as Mr. Lumley is the proprietor of Her Majesty's Theatre, we have a guarantee that there will be no diminution of that spirit and energy which has marked his management, particularly since the secession of Grisi and Mario.

BOOKS FOR THE COUNTRY.

COUNTRY life, unlike town life, lasts the whole year round. It is not circumscribed within arbitrary limit. Every month has its own pleasures and resources, independently of conventional habits. Town has but one season; the country embraces the four seasons, from the quickening of roots to the full bloom of trees and flowers, the fall of the leaf, and the snows of winter, which, in their turn, prepare the earth for the vegetation of the ensuing year. Throughout all these changes, the country yields perpetual variety. It knows no interval like that which we experience in towns, when people desert their houses to get a breath of air, and leave a dull and dreary void behind them. The country is

always cheerful; the incidents which supply the daily interest of a country life are not exposed to the caprice of fashion; when out-of-door pleasures are prohibited in-door delights are enhanced; and the next revolution, bringing with it the gradual release from the fireside to the open fields, develops new sources of healthy enjoyment. We have nothing of this kind in towns, where everything agreeable or exciting is unavoidably artificial, and where none of our pleasures are derived from nature. It is a great mistake, therefore, to suppose that books which treat about the country are only fit for summer reading, that their proper destiny is the window, and that when autumn strips the woods, and winter desolates the landscape, they are out of season. This is essentially a town notion. Your country critic knows better. He feels and understands the value of a genuine country book the whole year round. The frosty depths of December and January are to him as full of special attractions in the pages of such a work as the most glowing pictures of floral May or leafy June.

It is curious how town poets, from time immemorial, have dealt with the country. They have always treated it as though it were nothing but the month of June, and all the rest of the year in the country were equivocal or repellent. Whenever they want an image of helpless old age, or imbecility, they go to the naked trees.

"He who goes to bed, and goes to bed sober,
Falls as the leaves do, and dies in October."

All temperate, steady, and respectable people, inevitably dying out the moment the atmosphere begins to grow chilly; while

"He who goes to bed, and goes to bed mellow,
Lives as he ought to do, and dies an honest fellow."

The honest fellow being a town roysterer, who lives as long as he can at the top of his speed, and dies nobody knows when—or how.

We may venture, however, to put a better construction on this than the poet contemplated, who here clearly meant to draw a contrast between a town and a country life, giving the decided advantage to the "mellow" rake who died "honestly" in his liquor.

But the country worthy who "falls as the leaves do," evidently quits the scene in the regular course of nature, and may be reasonably supposed to have lived out the full measure of his years, and to have died tranquilly in his bed when there was nothing more left for him to do or to enjoy. Let lyrical jollity say what it pleases, the fall of the leaf has the best of it in the end.

We are indebted to two very pleasant, thoughtful, and picturesque writers for being drawn into the consideration of "country sights and sounds" at a period of the year when nipping winds are already beginning to shake the tresses of the woods. These books are essentially different, although they are addressed to the same objects—the variations of the seasons, the aspects of nature, and the resources of rural life.

Mr. Howitt finds the subject inexhaustible, and his new volume entitled "The Year Book of the Country,"* may be described rather as a companion or pendant to his "Book of the Seasons," than a return to

* The Year-Book of the Country; or, The Field, the Forest, and the Fireside. By William Howitt.

the topics so charmingly treated in that work. Dividing the year into months, Mr. Howitt takes the special attributes of each for description and illustration, relieved by snatches of stories, and reflections upon farming matters, and the infinite variety of rustic themes that rise up like wild flowers out of fields, hedges, and green lanes. The habits of the farm-house, the condition of the agriculturists, the changes which hard times, increased population and the progress of science have wrought in merry England, suggest endless materials for our fluent author. Mr. Howitt has advantages few writers could bring to such a work. He has lived amongst the people, he has been all his life an observer and lover of nature; his literary pursuits have enabled him to enrich and enlarge the field of inquiry, and to the temperament of a poet he adds qualifications of study and travel that impart variety and value to his sketches. Thus we have in the present volume reminiscences of tours in Germany, some exquisite pictures of foreign scenery contrasted with the quieter homesteads of England, peeps into vineyards and corn-fields, interiors of *hofs* and road-side ale-houses, traditions and actual adventures, pleasantly relieving each other, and a dash of poetical feeling and eloquent reflection thrown in here and there to heighten the tone and purpose of the whole. The book will set the reader thinking about the country, as well as supply him with many an agreeable hint for the better enjoyment of its pastimes and resources; and, taking him through the round of the year, will enable him to unfold a world of intellectual pleasures in the due succession of the seasons.

Miss Cooper, the daughter of the American novelist, in a couple of volumes, not inaptly entitled "*Rural Hours*,"* furnishes us with one of those simple records, which, like White's *History of Selbourne*, or Audubon's *Account of his Ornithological Wanderings*, we are never tired of reading and consulting.

The work is in the form of a journal, originally noted down for the writer's amusement during a long residence in the country. Independently of the charm inseparable from an unaffected diary of daily incidents, these volumes present us for the first time with a close and faithful picture of the rural life of America, in the woods and villages, the fields, roadsides, and farms. The slightest tokens of the changing seasons, of the luxuriant vegetation, of pastoral customs and occupations, of fireside habits and intercourse, and the almost primeval characteristics of the people, are here preserved in the utmost good faith. Not alone as a record of the natural history of America is the publication highly interesting, but as a picture of its rural manners; the whole acquiring additional value as a transcript of actual experiences. A wide region of observation is insensibly opened up as the writer advances; and we trace her, from day to day, with an irresistible personal interest in her quiet pursuits and revelations. The whole is written in the purest taste, fresh, natural, easy, and familiar. There is no attempt made to draw in extraneous aids from reading, or to heighten effects by mere literary flourishes. It is superior to all affectations of that kind; and captivates the attention by truthfulness and simplicity alone. It is one of the few books of our time that are written out of an absolute want or necessity. It is all real throughout, without any superfluous or extrinsic graces, and possesses the rare merit of being more full of matter than of words.

* *Rural Hours*. By Miss Cooper. 2 vols.

A GLANCE AT A FEW RECENT NOVELS.

FRENCH writers who undertake to depict English manners are notorious for their blunders. The mistakes they commit in this way are even more ludicrous than the errors of the translators. Perhaps they have as much reason to laugh at us; although, we suspect, it would be found, upon the whole, that English authors are more circumspect when they venture upon foreign ground. But the national characteristics tell for and against. If our pictures of French life are more correct, they are certainly not half so entertaining as the portraits which our neighbours draw of us.

The most curious sample of its class we have seen—the most skilful and suggestive—is M. De Wailly's romance of "Stella and Vanessa," of which an excellent translation has just been published by Lady Duff Gordon.* M. De Wailly is well acquainted with our literature. His translation of one of two of Shakspeare's plays takes precedence of all other attempts of that kind, even of Guizot's version—the work of more hands than those of the Ex-Minister. But it is by his translation of Burns, the difficulties of which would seem to be insuperable to a foreigner, that M. De Wailly is best known. As an original author, he has not hitherto achieved any very distinguished success. It may be fairly anticipated, however, that this story of "Stella and Vanessa," in which, without violating English probabilities, he has with consummate tact addressed himself to the French taste, will bring him a considerable accession of popularity.

The reader need not be apprised that the heroines of this work are the ladies upon whom Swift conferred so painful a notoriety. Whoever desires to know their history, and to be assisted towards a clear and dispassionate estimate of Swift's conduct to them may be referred to the elaborate details given in the life by Scott. They will find nothing of that kind in M. De Wailly's romance; *au contraire*, they will be much surprised at the marvellous liberties our author has taken with the subject, and at the novel turn he has given to a well-known episode in the life of one of our most remarkable men. But we must not try the romance by the same standard we apply to a biography. It is an open question whether such materials were fit and proper for such a use; but, granting to M. De Wailly his right to employ them in this way, it must be admitted that he has extracted from them an unexpected kind of interest.

The English costume—in the large sense—is very well preserved throughout: while the treatment is French. We have a true picture, so far as the actual life of the story is involved, overlaid with a sort of foreign sentiment that shows it in a strange and startling light. We can well understand what sort of attraction the mystical relations which Swift kept up with Mrs. Johnson and Miss Vanhomrigh must have presented to the author of "Angelica Kauffmann;" although we should scarcely have anticipated that in dealing with this delicate topic he should have undertaken to defend the heartlessness of Swift, the only excuse for which was that latent insanity which darkened the close of his life.

* *Stella and Vanessa. A Romance, from the French. By Lady Duff Gordon.* 2 vols.

The peculiarity of the book consists in this new view of Swift's motives and feelings. For the purposes of his romance, M. De Wailly seeks to excite commiseration rather than indignation for his hero, endeavouring to show that it was his sensibility to the feelings of others, and not selfishness about his own, that made him consign two amiable women to wretchedness of the most cruel and hopeless kind. This is managed with much art and quietness in the details. It is literally the memoir of a heart appealing to our sympathies by the force of pity and gentleness. The incidents are slight, and move slowly; and the tone is so quiet and tender that, if we did not know better, we should rise from its perusal with almost more regret for Swift, who is here made to sacrifice himself, than for the victims whom he really sacrificed to a cruel and inexplicable vanity. The translation is admirably executed. It has the air of an original work, so successfully has Lady Duff Gordon reflected the spirit of her author. Nor could her choice have fallen upon a more auspicious quarter. The Continent has produced few works of its class so likely to excite curiosity amongst English readers—or, we may add, to reward it.

Of a different order are two stories, contained in one compact volume, called "*Hearts in Mortmain, and Cornelia*." * It is a long time since we have had any novels of this description. The form may be said to be as obsolete with us as the "*Ethelindas*" of half a century ago, with a difference in aim and substance. Here the sentimental is displaced by the ethical; instead of long dialogues of a superficial and romantic tissue, we have an expansion of motives and feelings which by more minuteness and iteration of touch grow into realities upon us. The ground-work of these tales is passion, jarred by adverse circumstances, and thrown into harrowing struggles that "hover on the verge of all we hate." The subject of "*Hearts in Mortmain*" is mysteriously indicated in the title. Two cousins are prohibited by a death-bed command from intermarrying, the reason, of the prohibition being concealed from them. Under this condition, as a matter of course they are devotedly attached to each other, and the obstruction, as usual, gives increased volume and velocity to the rising passion. They both marry to escape from the terrors and temptations of their position; and now begins the terrible strife between duty and desire, reason and passion, which constitutes the great design of the story, and in which the power of the author in the dissection of emotion comes out with searching effect. The lady shows more moral strength than her lover, who dies under the weight of his griefs; while she achieves a lasting victory in her efforts to make her affections subservient to her duty. This is the point and ethical moral of the tale. "*Cornelia*" deals with equally dark elements. A brother and sister, who do not know each other, are thrown together—we recoil at the contemplation of the doom we see gradually shaping itself out of these circumstances—but happily the discovery comes in time to save them. The source of each of these stories is drawn from exceptional experiences rarely resorted to by writers of the present day, and to which we can be reconciled only by the highest success in the delineation. The merit of this work is that, touching dangerous chords, it touches them boldly, and awakens sounds to which the heart of the reader vibrates. There is unmistakable mastery in

* *Hearts in Mortmain, and Cornelia*.

the writing, rising to the utmost refinement consistent with strength; and the texture is so close, it is so earnest and life-like in its most trivial articulations, the slightest grains of feeling are so anxiously sifted, and there is such quiet energy in the relation of the incidents, that the narratives assume the character of a direct transcript from actual life.

In high contrast and relief to these tales of mental suffering is a domestic novel in the school of Miss Bremer, called "The Two Brothers;"* by no means an imitation of that writer, but treating the same class of subjects in the same frank and simple spirit, with originality and freshness of observation, and rather more art in the structure of the story.

The purpose of the novel is to illustrate the folly of people who go out of their legitimate sphere to cultivate fashionable life, or, as it is designated on the title-page, the "first society." There are two brothers—the one in the army, the other in the law. The army looks down upon the law, and, indeed, upon all other professions. A military man, with his stars and crosses, is a person of mark at Court, and qualified for the company of people of title; while the advocate is a drudge and a bore. Between the lives of these two families, the collision takes place which produces the social moral. The colonel sacrifices everything to make a high match for his favourite daughter, while his other children are kept back and coerced. The result is, that all ends in wretchedness and broken hearts. The father—whose weakness is skilfully worked upon by his pompous and vainglorious wife—runs into debt, and dies, at last, of disappointed hopes and domestic vexations. The frivolous beauty, who is the object of all this parental solicitude, suffers the humiliation of being jilted by her titled lover, and sinks under it; so that out of that painful struggle to keep up appearances, and float on the current with great people, the only satisfaction left to us is to contemplate the secured contentment and respectability of the advocate's family, who have all along resisted the false glitter of the fine circles, and trusted to their own good sense for the maintenance of their position and their happiness.

The moral is sufficiently obvious, and is equally applicable to all countries. But the special charm of the book—apart from its humanity, which is universal—lies in its portraiture of German provincial fashionable life: and this is something very curious and peculiar, full of whimsicalities and oddities and old-world customs, with a certain quaint and humorous stiffness in them, for which it would be difficult to find a parallel elsewhere. So far as mere conventional distinctions go—it is much the same as the society of an English county, or of a county town, exhibiting the same class jealousies (except that here the military are all in all), the same vanities and foibles, the same round of butterfly finery and empty-headed pomp. But the life upon the whole is more transparent than ours—it lies more on the surface—its foundations are not laid so deeply in family traditions and solid advantages—it is not so highly educated—it has less *finesse*, finish, and refinement. The high life, or fine life, here presented is

* The Two Brothers; or, The Family that Lived in the First Society. 2 vols.

more like that of a new than of an old society—there is an exaggerated pretension and consciousness about it that amount to what we should consider inferior breeding; and it is coloured all throughout with a silliness and flutter which we should associate with the vulgar assumption of fashion rather than the reality. As a picture of an actual and existing state of society, its value cannot be too highly estimated. Evidently drawn from close observation, and an intimate knowledge of the originals, it possesses the same sort of interest we attach to the interiors of Ostade, or the warm and languid atmospheres of Roberts. It is worth noting, too, as an indication of the inherent simplicity of this German society, that there are no really vicious people to be found in it such as are indigenous to other hot-beds of exclusiveness. The mischief which these whiskered and pampered idlers do is the sheer effect of folly and weakness, and not of evil intentions. There is nothing to hate in their actions, but a great deal to pity and laugh at.

The story is purely domestic; the characters are drawn from the fire-side, dramatically opposed, forcibly delineated, and strikingly truthful. We know them all familiarly; and, bating a little national singularity, could find a hundred such amongst the average people of our every-day acquaintance. It is a great merit in this work that it is but slightly tinged with the mysticism and sentimentality so common to the native stories of Germany. Sometimes, in the conversations on art and genius and social life, the author runs a little into excess in that way; but even where this is most felt it is amply compensated for by a multitude of wise and true things, and by that profound insight into the human heart which reconciles us to all strangenesses of treatment. It is necessary to get acclimated before we can feel ourselves quite at ease in the life of these people; but the nature that is in them makes all that easy, and before we are half way through the first volume, we are as much at home with the Hattesoehls and their visitors as if we were reading a novel of Miss Austen's.

The excellence of "The Two Brothers" consists in the directness of its appeal to the household feelings, in its lessons of domestic wisdom, and its analyses of conduct and character. There is no compromise of truth for the sake of art; and the final impressions it makes are those of a sound and cheerful philosophy, teaching by practical examples. It is a trite, and, generally, a delusive recommendation of a novel to say that is the novel of the season. We will not pretend to say whether the "Two Brothers" ought to be heralded by such a phrase—but we cannot dismiss it without saying something more to the purpose, which is, that we hope it may find its way into every house and cottage in the country. Wherever it is read it will be productive of pleasure and profit of the healthiest kind.

There is nothing very new in a story of "circumstantial evidence;" and a novel called "Talbot and Vernon,"* which is designed as an illustration of the risks, loop-holes, and peculiarities of that species of proof, is not conducted with sufficient skill and subtlety to render it very interesting. The author remarks that "an idea is prevalent that this sort of evidence is fallacious, and ought not to be a ground of con-

* Talbot and Vernon. A Novel. 3 vols.

viction." We never heard of this "idea" before. It is certainly not prevalent in the Courts of Westminster, and we suspect that if it be received anywhere, it is only by persons who are innocent of all knowledge of the law of evidence, or the nature of proof. Circumstantial evidence, presuming the chain to be perfect, is the most satisfactory and the least fallacious of all kinds of evidence. Direct testimony is liable to vitiation in many ways, which we need not trouble ourselves to detail—while circumstantial evidence, the links being complete, is irrefragable, and admits of no escape or evasion. The management of the case developed in this story is remarkably loose and clumsy, and the texture of the story itself is too common-place to awaken the suspense at which the author aims. The characters are flat and lifeless, and long before we arrive at the culminating point of the interest, we cease to feel the slightest curiosity about the fortunes of any one of the individuals concerned in the issue.

If the affectation of obsolete forms of speech constitute historical treatment, and if a mesh of improbable incidents be held a sufficient quittance of the obligations of a romance-writer, the author of the "*Miser's Secret*,"* may be allowed to have succeeded in his experiment upon the days of James the First. But believing that the first condition of all tales, whether they carry us back to the old times, or linger with us amongst the present, is, that the personages who figure in them should be reconcilable with the ordinary attributes of flesh and blood, and deliver themselves after the manner common to men and women in all ages of the world, that they should speak out of their thoughts, and not out of archaeological glossaries, and that they should act like people who hold relations with the earth, and not with the moon, we are bound to say that the "*Miser's Secret*" does not satisfactorily fulfil the promise of its title-page. Romantic it is, if romantic means unlikely and unreasonable; but wherein the historical element consists cannot be so easily fathomed. The nearest analogy to the historical characterization of the book will be found in the opening of some of our Christmas pantomimes wherein kings and courtiers fume and fret in enormous ears and noses, and career round the stage on stuffed horses, which they lash ever and anon with perilous fury; and the story that whirls through this glimpse of history is much of the same wild, incoherent, and exaggerated cast. Its sole attraction lies in its mystery; the obscurity and entanglement are kept up to the last; and, although it is impossible to feel any sympathy in the humanity of the book, we have no doubt that many readers will be carried on to the end for the sake of clearing up the cross purposes with which they are puzzled and perplexed in its progress.

* *The Miser's Secret*; or, *The Days of James the First*. An Historical Romance. 3 vols.



THE LADDER OF GOLD

An English Story.

BY ROBERT BELL,

AUTHOR OF "WAYSIDE PICTURES THROUGH FRANCE, BELGIUM,
AND HOLLAND."

BOOK THE SIXTH.

CHAPTER III.

Containing confidential disclosures.

"**MR. FARQUHAR,**" said Richard Rawlings, when they found themselves alone after the departure of Trumbull, and the rest of the guests, "I wish to consult you on a business that affects me nearly, and hope you will be open and frank with me."

Mr. Farquhar was a man of few words, and on most occasions listened rather than spoke. There was something in Mr. Rawlings's manner which led him to suppose that the communication related to Clara; and being desirous of hearing what Mr. Rawlings had to say before he committed himself, he answered by a slight inclination of his head.

"What I want is a sincere opinion," continued Rawlings, "without any reserve or delicacy on my account?"

Mr. Farquhar made a second inclination of his head.

"You heard what Lord Charles Eton said just before he left the room?"

"I did," returned Farquhar, somewhat relieved, and at the same time, perhaps, a little disappointed.

"In what sense did you understand it? Should you as a dispassionate person, regard it as an accusation, or merely an innuendo?"

"Certainly," replied Farquhar, after a moment's pause, "as an accusation."

"That I had taken advantage of a death-bed confidence for my own purposes?"

"It appeared to me so."

"Do you believe it?"

"You can hardly expect me to answer that question. If you ask me whether I believe you capable of such an act, I have no hesitation in saying that I do not."

"If you do not believe me capable of it, you must surely discredit the charge?"

"That by no means follows, Mr. Rawlings. Here is an alleged matter of fact, of the truth or falsehood of which it is impossible for me to know any thing. A particular charge cannot be rebutted by merely opposing to it a general reputation.

"Then no man is safe in standing upon his character?"

"Certainly not, when a specific allegation is made against him."

"And although a man's life were as pure as the life of an angel he must defend himself whenever malice or slander may choose to assail him?"

"Such a man owes it to society no less than to himself. It will not do to say, 'My life is an answer to all calumnies.' No man's life is known."

"I am glad to have your opinion on this point, for it exactly coincides with my own. You think I ought to disprove this charge?"

"I see no alternative."

"Your counsel is sound and clear and relieves me of some serious scruples I had in reference to others whom I would rather not have compromised. I can prove this charge to be base and groundless, but considering the weightier affairs in which I am engaged before the public, I confess I have a reluctance to go into a court of justice with my son-in-law."

"Such a proceeding is not to be contemplated, Mr. Rawlings. The matter simply requires an explanation through a mutual friend."

"Will you be that friend? I do not affect any hesitation in asking you. Will you undertake to see Lord Charles?"

"If you think I—"

"To your prudence and discretion I would gladly confide my vindication; and if you have no personal objection—"

"Oh! none whatever. But you must furnish me with the means of disproving the statement."

"Not in the first instance. Lord Charles has made an assertion—it is for him to establish it. By throwing him upon his proofs we shall get at the source of the slander, and I may be spared the necessity of opening up matters which I do not feel myself at liberty to disclose, except as a last resource."

"You are the best judge of that; but I must have some particulars to go upon. Was there ever such a death-bed confidence as he spoke of?"

"Suppose there had been, how could Lord Charles, or anybody else, know the nature of it?"

"Subsequent circumstances, perhaps, might have thrown a light upon it."

"But there were none—not a single circumstance that could afford the slightest clue to the subject of that confidence."

"Then there *was* such a confidence, Mr. Rawlings?"

Richard Rawlings saw at once that a shadow of doubt had fallen on Mr. Farquhar's mind, and that, having gone so far, it was necessary to go farther. Resting his head on one hand, as if he were collecting himself, and thinking how he should shape his disclosure, after a little while, he began slowly and deliberately.

"Early in life, Mr. Farquhar, I had some bitter experiences of adversity. I began the world in a struggle for bread, from day to day. My first knowledge of life was want, hardship, and oppression. I saw others of my own age, with no better natural title to a happy destiny, fostered by household affections, and strengthened by the love of kindred, for the career that lay before them. There was not one human face into which I could look for sympathy. I know not how it might have been with me had I grown up under other auspices. Poverty is comparatively a small evil when it is tempered by the consolations of home; but I had no home. I was thrown upon the world to live or die as I might. I fought for life alone—utterly alone from childhood—everybody was privileged to trample upon me; and they did trample upon me, and crushed at the outset the yearnings of my heart, and all its youthful and hopeful instincts. While I was yet a boy, a child—with a child's longing desires, and dreams of holidays—the weight of years had fallen upon me in a scourge of drudgery that turned the child's blood to gall. Thus I began—you see to what I have raised myself."

"An instructive history, Mr. Rawlings," returned Farquhar; "honourable to your industry and perseverance."

"Simply the result of circumstances, that left me no choice but self-reliance. My character, for good or evil, was formed in the friendless isolation which showed me that I had nothing to depend upon but my own exertions, and no hope of rendering life supportable but by carving out an independence. My whole energies were concentrated upon that object. No pleasures tempted me aside; no ties encumbered me; I had neither attachments to distract my efforts, nor burthens to impede them. Well—it was at the very opening of my life the circumstance occurred to which Lord Charles alluded. My employer—not my benefactor, as he called him—was dying. I had served him as all drudges serve their task-masters, worked thanklessly for him, and was ground down to the bare point of subsistence, without any recompense in the way of kindness or encouragement, for he was mean at heart, suspicious, and tyrannical. But when he came near his end, the wretched miser was so naked of friends that he turned to me, whom he had treated like a dog, as the only person he could trust with a secret that was labouring in his mind. It was his secret, and not mine, and I have no right to divulge it except in my own defence. I undertook a duty he enjoined upon me, and I have discharged it, not merely to the letter, as some men might have done, but have exceeded the measure of his injunction ten times over. So far, Mr. Farquhar, you are in possession of all the facts necessary for you

at present, and you have my authority to state that the allegation which charges me with having abused that man's confidence is a gratuitous and malignant falsehood. Are you satisfied?"

"Perfectly."

"When do you propose to see his Lordship?"

"The sooner the better. To-morrow."

"There is something more I wish to say. You place me under an obligation by this service, and I thank you for it. Is there no way, Mr. Farquhar, by which I can render you a return?"

"You overrate the service, Mr. Rawlings. It is too slight to call for a return."

"Not slight to me. I will have no disguise with you. I look round amongst the large circle of people who from time to time pressed their services upon me *when I didn't want them*, and I could not now pick out one who would incur the risk of appearing publicly as my friend. They shrink from me as if I were spotted with leprosy. You can comprehend, then, how much I prize the support of an honourable man at a moment when the world, that flattered and caressed me a few weeks ago, is loading me with obloquy."

"I should think very meanly of that man's friendship, Mr. Rawlings," returned Farquhar, "who showed it only in the sunshine. As for myself, I really am entitled to no thanks—I beg you will not consider it in that light."

"You enhance the obligation, Mr. Farquhar, by making it appear so trivial. Come—be as frank with me as I have been with you. I am anxious to testify to you the value I place upon your friendship."

"The expression of such a desire is grateful to my feelings, but—"

"But? We shall never get to the end of our business if we are to be stopped by buts. I suppose I must speak plainly. The happiness of my daughter is not an object to which I can be indifferent; and if you, too, are interested in it, why are you not more explicit with me?"

"Explicit?—I—"

"Am I right in my conjecture?"

"Since you have alluded to the subject, it would not become me to deal otherwise than openly with you, Mr. Rawlings. It was my intention to have spoken to you, and to have asked your sanction—but—I was unwilling to trespass upon you at a time when I knew you were harassed by other matters. Your considerate kindness has relieved me from that apprehension. It is true, sir, that I am interested in the happiness of your daughter, and want only your approval to give me a title to make her happiness the business of my life."

"I should not have led you to this confession, if I intended to withhold my approval. You are not one of the common herd of men who are carried away by hasty impressions, or who hunt

women for their fortunes. I will not ask you whether you have maturely reflected upon this step. I give you credit in advance for acting with good sense as well as good feeling; and it is for that reason that I desire to be perfectly candid with you before we go any farther. My position, Mr. Farquhar, is altered since you first came to this house. Do not be deceived upon that point. My resources are crippled. The rich man of yesterday may be a beggar to-morrow."

"Such a calamity would be a source of infinite regret to me—but it would make no change in my feelings towards your daughter. Perhaps it might bind me the more strongly to her."

"I never could have expected this kind of romance from Mr. Farquhar," observed Richard Rawlings, smiling.

"Say reason rather than romance. I fell in love with Miss Rawlings, not with her expectancies; and I am happy to say that my own fortune renders me independent of such considerations."

"And you should not be disappointed if you discovered that this young lady, with whom your reason had fallen in love, the daughter of a reputed *millionaire*, should turn out to have no fortune after all?"

"The truth is, I never made any calculations about it, simply because I had no necessity. If fortune comes, as an incident, it is welcome; but as the main plot of the drama, I have long learned to consider it extremely liable to break down. We live for better things than money, Mr. Rawlings; and I have seen enough of the world to be satisfied that the wealthiest house does not always ensure the happiest home."

"You have learned that piece of wisdom in good time. May it prosper with you!" exclaimed Rawlings, with an emotion which slightly trembled in his voice. "You are right. There are better things to live for—love, respect, repose. I have wrung this lesson from the world, which you have calmly gathered from observation. It has come late—but not too late to profit something by it. All is not lost yet. In Clara's happiness we shall find some compensation for the wreck of poor Margaret's life. There went ambition—and how has it ended? Misery, masked by rank and fortune. I know it. But, you will ask, why, with my knowledge of mankind, I sacrificed my child? I will tell you why. I hated the conventional pride that looks down with contempt upon obscure birth and its upward struggles; and it became a passion with me to raise myself to a height that would enable me to subdue it to my own ends. In that marriage I accomplished my desire: let ruin come, I have plucked out the purple sin, and shown its hollowness to the world. Could you heap my floors with gold, Mr. Farquhar, it would be a less satisfaction to me now, than you will bestow upon me by making Clara happy. Your hand—thanks, and good night. We are not quite beggared yet. Gold has done its work, and we will look,

as you say, for something better and worthier to live for. Love each other,—be true and trustful,—keep your minds healthy and your hearts pure,—and you will be richer a hundredfold upon a crust than if a mine were casting up its treasures at your feet.”

Thus ended the interview, supplying Mr. Farquhar with much strange matter for reflection. Revolving in his thoughts all that Mr. Rawlings had revealed to him, and taking into account the frank tone of his disclosures, the extraordinary career they mapped out, and the sound sense and even excellent feeling he displayed, considerably heightened in the appreciation by his unexpected kindness about Clara, Mr. Farquhar upon the whole formed a higher opinion of Mr. Rawlings than he had ever entertained before. He believed that there lay a better nature under that hard and repulsive exterior than the world had given him credit for; and he was disposed to conclude that the accusations which had been brought against him in his public capacity were at least greatly exaggerated. He was very willing to believe the best. He had a direct interest in putting the most favourable construction on Mr. Rawlings's character, and in helping to vindicate it from aspersion.

There was an ingredient also in the circumstances in which he was placed that was peculiarly attractive to a man of Mr. Farquhar's turn of mind. Richard Rawlings, whatever dark spots there might have been in his life, was paying a heavy penalty for them,—shunned by his former parasites,—and now, probably, as much a bankrupt in fortune as in reputation. That was not the moment to desert him. Mr. Farquhar fancied he could see through all that bravery of speech the ruin that was closing rapidly upon him, and over which his self-sustaining pride had, after all, thrown but a thin veil. He suspected that Rawlings's affairs were in a more desperate condition than he would suffer himself to acknowledge. There was altogether a sort of fascination in the adversity of a man who had single-handed elevated himself to a pinnacle of power and influence such as few men, backed by the greatest opportunities and advantages, had ever attained. He recognised a certain grandeur in his rise that flung its broad light over his fall, and invested it with special interest. And in addition to the motives which thus led him to feel a deep anxiety in the troubles that were gathering round one whose prosperity he had to some extent participated in, his attachment for Clara suggested a reason more powerful than all the rest for showing himself at this crisis as the staunch friend of the family. He was the only friend they had, after all the pomp and splendour they had wasted in the cultivation of troops upon troops of fine acquaintances.

The next morning Mr. Farquhar stood on the threshold of his door, hesitating whether he should go down the street or up the street—his heart pointing one way and his head looking the other—or rather his heart pointing both ways at once, for it

was charged with much latent kindness, and was as well-inclined to do a service to Mr. Rawlings, as to render suit and homage on that happy morning to Clara. The truth was, he hesitated whether he should go to Clara, and announce the joyous tidings that he had obtained her father's consent, or in the first instance see Lord Charles and discharge his promise to Mr. Rawlings. But the former seemed to give a selfish preference to his own feelings, and he accordingly took the direction that led to Portman Square, thinking all the way, we are reluctant to admit, more of the delight with which Clara would receive his news, than of the reception he was likely to get from Lord Charles Eton.

CHAPTER IV.

Full of bellicose matter.

A heavy fog brooded over the streets of London. It was a brown fog with streaks of dingy yellow in it. To all external appearance the flags were quite dry, but you felt that you were looking at them through a false medium, and that the atmosphere around you was loaded with invisible water, held in suspense by the mysterious chemistry of Nature. You expected every moment that it would begin to rain, but it did not rain for all that. The shops, as you passed along, loomed upon you like strange outlines and confused colours heaving in a mirage. Wherever there was a light within (for although it was yet scarcely noon almost every shop was lighted up) it was exaggerated into a great red blaze, with a rim round it that baffled speculation, and filled the eyes with unintelligible shapes flickering in the dim and greasy twilight. The lamp-posts puzzled you with a series of grotesque deceptions. Sometimes they seemed miles off, then all of a sudden you struck against one of them. Sometimes they palpitated in the murky air; sometimes they ran up into the sky, as if they had the tenuity of a wire, and were undergoing a process of stretching; and sometimes they shrunk down before you and vanished into the earth. Under any circumstances, you would never have taken them for lamp-posts, and it was only when you felt the thick dew upon the cold iron, and assured yourself of their identity by the help of a foregone conclusion, that the fact became evident to your reason rather than your senses.

It was one of those mornings that very often occur in London, and never anywhere else: one of those mornings that foreigners never can comprehend from description, and that Englishmen are equally at a loss to describe. The fog was swaying backwards and forwards against the windows of the houses, and darkening the interiors so effectually that the inhabitants were obliged to breakfast by candle-light. It was worse than the absolute darkness of midnight, for it did not allow fair play to the rays of lamps or candles, catching them up and flinging them

about in a manner so lurid and fantastic as to produce the most bewildering confusion in corners and shadowy places. Under the influence of this dreary, tantalizing fog two gentlemen sat at a table covered with the wrecks of eggs and other *debris* of a bachelor's breakfast, with a pair of candles between them that threw out in strong relief, somewhat like a picture of Schalken's the anxious expression of their faces. One of them was Henry Winston, and the other was his friend and adviser, Mr. Michael Costigan.

Mr. Costigan was evidently rather put out by the information Henry Winston had just communicated to him. Winston, breaking through all bounds of prudence and etiquette, and acting on the mad impulse of the moment, had effectually done that which Costigan had advised him all along carefully to avoid, and had thereby placed himself in the wrong. Nothing would have been easier, according to Costigan, than to have thrown the *onus* on Lord Charles, so that he should have been made answerable for any consequences that might have ensued. Costigan clearly looked upon duelling as one of the Fine Arts, in which enthusiasm was an excellent ingredient when it was governed by strictly scientific principles; and being perfectly cool and dispassionate in all affairs of that kind himself, he was not disposed to make much allowance for hasty errors or want of tact in others.

"You have committed an egregious blunder, my young fellow," he cried, "an unpardonable blunder. Nothing can satisfy a blow but a shot. You must fight him."

"I know it," replied Winston.

"It's just as well, since it must be so, that you go into it with a good heart; and it'll be a comfort for you to feel that there isn't a man in the three kingdoms can humbug Mick Costigan in a business of the sort. I'll put you up to two or three secrets; but mind, once I take it into my own hands, you've nothing more to say to it. The principal's nobody—it's the second that has the responsibility upon his shoulders. Mind that."

"I am aware of it," returned Winston; "but before we go any further, I should like to know what you intend to do."

"What I intend to do! Now, what's that to you what I intend to do? Mind your own business, and just leave me to mine."

"That's all very well," said Henry, reddening, and showing symptoms of impatience at the mystery of high art in which Costigan indulged; "but as I have some little interest in the result, I am entitled to know beforehand how you mean to proceed."

"For what reason, will you tell me? Do you think I'm so ignorant of my office that it's necessary for me to consult you? Because if you do, the sooner I throw it up the better, and the best thing you can do is to be your own second. What would you think of that now, by way of variety?"

"No—no, I don't mean that."

"Then what *do* you mean? I'd advise you to be quick, for

it's past twelve, and unless his Lordship is going to show the white feather, you may expect to hear from him immediately."

"What I mean is this," returned Winston, "that if you are to act for me, you must understand my feelings. I will consent to no apology, Costigan. Let what may happen, I will never make an apology to that man."

"And who's asking you? Apology? Whoo! Mick Costigan make an apology? If it wasn't for the circumstances you're in, and that I've a regard for you, I'd take it as a personal insult to suspect me of making an apology. Did you ever hear of a man whistling jigs to a milestone? Upon my honour, Mr. Winston, it would be just as profitable an occupation as trying to wheedle an apology out of Mick Costigan."

"Well—I am satisfied—and for the rest, I put myself in your hands. What are we to do?"

"Nothing. Keep yourself quiet, that's all you've got to do; and when his Lordship's friend calls upon you, don't enter into any particulars at all, but refer him to me. Let him appoint his own time and place, and I'll do myself the pleasure of waiting upon him. And mind, there must be no delay. Half an hour from the time he leaves you I'll be with him. Was that a knock?"

Henry Winston ran to the window, and looked down through the yellow-brown fog, but could distinguish nothing in the street below.

"It was somebody," he exclaimed; "they have opened the door."

"Ay, ay," cried Costigan; "just throw yourself on the sofa, and take up a book. Hem! Come in. Ri-tol-lol-de-rol."

There was a gentle tap at the door, and presently Mrs. Stubbs entered with a card. It would be difficult to say whether she suspected anything, or whether she thought the card was charged with gunpowder, for at all times she had a knowing and inquiring look that suggested the notion of sinister curiosity; but upon this occasion it was rather more marked and penetrating than usual, as she handed the card to Henry Winston, and alternately glanced rapidly from him to Mr. Costigan. Henry Winston pushed the card across the table to his friend.

"You'll see him, of course," observed Costigan, humming an air through his teeth with an appearance of indifference that considerably perplexed the speculations of Mrs. Stubbs.

"Show the gentleman up," said Henry Winston.

"Colonel Mercer Beauchamp," cried Costigan, reading the name on the card. "He's a military man. All right. I'll slip into the next room. He mustn't see me, you know," and he glided into the bed-room; but before he closed the door he popped out his head, and added, "Just give me a brevet for the look of the thing—call me Captain Costigan."

At the same moment that the one door was precipitately

closed, the other slowly opened, and a middle-sized austere man, with a strong cast of authority and discipline in his manner and bearing, advanced into the room.

"Have I the honour of addressing Mr. Winston?" he inquired.

"That is my name," returned Henry. "I beg you will be seated."

"I come to you upon rather a disagreeable business, Mr. Winston," observed Colonel Beauchamp, "on the part of my friend, Lord Charles Eton."

"I am ready to hear you, sir."

There was a slight pause, just long enough to afford time for a click of the handle of the bed-room door to be heard, Mr. Costigan being engaged at the instant in endeavouring to keep it a hair's breadth ajar that he might the better overhear the conversation.

"We are alone?" inquired the Colonel.

"Certainly," returned Winston.

"I presume it is hardly necessary, Mr. Winston, to require a guarantee from you that you will not take advantage of any communication I may have to make from Lord Charles Eton."

"Advantage!"

"That is, that you will consider the communication as one which is understood to be privileged amongst gentlemen."

"Oh! I understand. Whatever communication you have to make, sir, will be perfectly safe."

"That is enough," replied Colonel Beauchamp, settling himself in his chair, and for the first time looking round the room, which, although he betrayed no ill-bred surprise at its somewhat miscellaneous and disorderly furniture, evidently struck him as an odd sort of a residence for a gentleman to whom Lord Charles Eton found it necessary to send a hostile message.

"I am opposed to duelling, Mr. Winston," said the Colonel, "on principle; and, although I belong to the old school which encouraged the practice, I was one of those who approved of the standing orders by which it is prohibited in the two services. Therefore, whenever my duty to a friend calls upon me to interfere in matters of this kind, my object is to effect an amicable settlement—if possible."

"The feeling is creditable to you, Colonel Beauchamp."

"You must not give me credit for it as a matter of feeling, but as a matter of reason. A duel, sir, is bad logic. It proves nothing, and only increases the difficulty of getting at a right understanding in such unfortunate affairs as the present."

"May I ask to what purpose you direct these remarks, sir?"

"My purpose, I think, is pretty clear," returned Colonel Beauchamp, half-closing his eyes in a peculiar manner, and directing their focal rays, with some severity of expression, full upon Henry Winston's face. "You appear to have forgotten

yourself in a moment of excitement last night, and to have committed an act of violence upon my friend Lord Charles Eton, who is perfectly unconscious of having given you the slightest provocation."

"I will not enter into that question with you, sir," replied Winston.

"Bravo!" whispered Costigan to himself behind the door.

"Assuming the circumstances, exactly as you have stated them," continued Winston, "what does Lord Charles Eton demand?"

"Demand?" echoed the Colonel; "no—no—we must not put it in that shape. His Lordship might have had recourse to a tribunal of a different kind; and I must say, considering his position, and the absence of provocation, he would have been justified in doing so; but his Lordship is too sensitive and high-minded to avail himself of such a remedy."

"Sensitive and high-minded!" exclaimed Henry Winston, in a tone of derision; "pray go on, sir."

"I rely on your own good sense," resumed the Colonel, taking no notice of the exclamation, and speaking with a composure of manner that formed a striking contrast to the impatience that was mounting into Henry Winston's cheeks; "I rely on your own good sense for the removal of any difficulties in the way of a friendly adjustment of this affair. You are both very young men—very hot, as all young men are; and things are often done in heat which an honourable man is glad of an opportunity of recalling in his cooler moments."

"Sir," returned Henry Winston, "I have nothing to recall; and I must take the liberty of observing that I do not think your mode of proceeding is calculated to lead us to a friendly adjustment."

"I am sorry you think so," replied the Colonel, in a voice of grave irony.

"You assume that I committed an act of violence, without any previous provocation, which is not exactly the best way to promote a good understanding between us. But I have no inclination to discuss the matter with you. You must deal with it in your own way, and it will save time and trouble, Colonel Beauchamp, if you will come to the point at once."

Costigan, who was getting rather out of humour with the conversation, here nodded his head to himself, as much as to say "Good!"

"You are surely not indisposed to admit," said the Colonel, softening his voice slightly, "that Lord Charles is entitled to some concession from you for the indignity you put upon him?"

"I admit nothing,—I retract nothing. Now, sir, the course is clear. What is the object of your visit?"

At this interrogatory, Costigan exhibited so lively a satisfaction, that he nearly betrayed his hiding-place.

"Am I to understand that you refuse to make any repa-

ration for the insult you inflicted upon my friend?" demanded the Colonel.

"What reparation does he require?"

"The reparation is obvious enough—submission to terms, or,—"

"Or?"

"The satisfaction of a gentleman!"

"I accept the alternative without the least hesitation. He shall have the satisfaction he seeks. Nothing more, I apprehend, remains to be done but to refer you to my friend. If you will be good enough to make an appointment, he will wait upon you in half an hour."

"I like your promptitude and decision. When a man is in a quarrel, the more speedily he carries it through the better; and now that we understand each other, you shall find no impediment or delay on my side. There—I have written the appointment on my card—'Junior United Service Club—at half-past one o'clock precisely.'"

"You will find us punctual, Colonel Beauchamp."

"What a confounded fog it is—I hope it will clear up for both our sakes within the next four-and-twenty hours."

"I hope so too."

An ambiguous smile, with the ghastly light of the candles making it show somewhat painfully, passed between them, as Henry Winston saw his visitor to the door, and Colonel Beauchamp, after a ceremonious "Good morning!" made the best of his way down the dark and inconvenient stairs.

The moment he was gone, Costigan bounded into the room.

"Capital, my boy! Faith! I couldn't have done it better myself. That fellow's up to his business. He wanted to jockey you, but you'll never be taken alive. After all, I like to have a fellow to deal with that knows what he's about, and once he and I come together, we'll settle the matter in a twinkling. Now, my darlin' fellow, you've nothing to do but just to write a letter home. In such cases I always like to provide for the worst. You needn't bother yourself, I suppose, to make a will, for I dare say you're not troubled with much property to leave behind you?"

Henry Winston's face blanched for a moment, but the colour quickly returned again. He now really felt himself face to face with the retribution for which his spirit had so impatiently panted; and now, for the first time, the thought of those dear friends whose life was folded up in his, and the heavy sorrow that would fall upon them should any fatal chance happen to him, presented itself to his mind. Hitherto but the one object was constantly before him—and in contemplating that, the quiet Wren's Nest, into which no turbulent passions entered, where all was peace and kindness and simplicity of heart,—the old man who still looked out, through his daily paper, with unruffled tranquillity upon the feverish struggles of the world, the careful

mother, who had watched over his wayward youth with an affection that was never weary of its round of infinitesimal tenderness, the gentle sister who loved him so fondly, all had been swept away in the torrent of maddening feelings that raged in his bosom. And now they all rose up before him in their sweetness and purity, in their unchanging devotion and household truth—clinging to every fibre of his heart, and beseeching him to stay his purpose. But it was too late. The die was cast. It was not a time to look back upon his home, which he was, perhaps, about to desolate for ever, except to look back to utter, it might be, his last farewell.

"Will?" returned Henry, rallying himself into as cheerful a voice as he could,—“will? No—no—Costigan, I have nothing to leave, but idle words of miserable comfort. I will write a few letters while you are away.”

“A few letters?” responded Costigan, putting his hand encouragingly on his shoulder; “now take an ould boy’s advice, that has seen more business of this kind than you’re ever likely to see if you were to live to the age of Methusalem. The less you write the better. Don’t dwell on it. One little note to your mother, just to say that it was forced on you, and you couldn’t help it, will be quite enough. Throw it off at once, and don’t let it be on your spirits. Writin’ long mournful epistles, that may never be wanted after all, only tries a man’s nerves, and you’ll want all the nerves you have by and by with a blessin’!”

“You are right—a few hasty words will be best.”

“Besides, my dear fellow, I was born under a lucky star. The sorrow a harm will come to you. Take my word for that. I never lost a man yet, but three, and they were easily accounted for by reason of accidents that’ll happen in the best regulated families. So take heart, Harry Winston; scribble a little bit of a note to your mother, and I’ll be back with you in a jiffey, after I take the measure of the Colonel. A straight eye, and a steady hand, and if you don’t leave your mark upon him, I’m a pinkeen—that’s all. Whoo!”

And pitching his hat upon his head with an indescribable leer of hilarity, Mr. Michael Costigan, not caring to notice the fluctuating emotions that were careening over the face of Henry Winston, darted out of the room.

Our London fogs sometimes clear off about noon, or a little later in the day; but on this occasion the fog was unusually perverse, and got darker and darker as the day advanced, as if there was not enough of gloom in the thoughts of Henry Winston, but that it must be deepened by external influences. The candles emitted a peculiarly sallow flame that struggled out by sheer force into the mist that consumed it. The space under the table and round the table was involved in shadowy darkness, and the whole aspect of the room was such as might have made even a merry man feel uncomfortable. After a few turns up and down, Henry Winston pushed away some of the break-

fast things to make room for a little travelling writing-case, and having adjusted his materials, took up his pen to accomplish his task.

He hesitated for a long time before he began. He did not know how to begin. He was afraid of alarming his mother all at once—he wanted to break the news to her gradually. But how was that to be done? “My dearest mother,”—“my beloved mother,”—“my own darling mother” and other like affectionate phrases passed through his mind, bringing with them throngs of images and memories that came too confusedly to allow him to shape into words the feelings that agitated him. He felt that he was writing from the threshold of another world. This letter was to be delivered when he was dead. That was its object—with that view it was to be written. Where was he to find adequate expression to atone for the great affliction he was about to cast upon the tenderest and most loving of all human beings—he who had so recently been indebted to her comforting and watchful care for recovery from a long illness, who had received her pious benediction at parting, and who was now about to return all her patient devotion by the cruellest blow that could fall on a mother’s heart. He felt that it would kill her. Sheet after sheet was blotted and cast away, and if some tears fell upon them, who shall say that it was a stain upon his manhood?

But such tasks must be accomplished, whatever pangs they cost. The demands of an artificial state of society overrule all obligations of nature and of reason. We set up a false god, which we call Honour, and immolate our duties at its altar. All other claims must be sacrificed to this—the most sacred and endearing—those alike that have been twined round our hearts from childhood, and those that have grown upon us in our maturity, the ties of a whole life must be rent in a moment to satisfy a passing affront, or appease some trivial or imaginary wound inflicted on our vanity or self-love. Happily for the progress of rational civilization, public opinion has undergone a revolution on this question, and duelling is regarded in all influential quarters merely as a relic of the barbarous ages, and as affording a proof of nothing on earth but want of sense. Even the few faded and emaciated fire-eaters who yet infest society, are giving up the practice because they can earn no credit by it. No man is now amenable to the imputation of cowardice who declines upon every slight occasion to stand up to be shot at, and to suffer, through his folly, the hopes and affections of many innocent people to be slain at the same moment. As to the courage exemplified in a duel, it is a sheer imposture. The rankest cowards have fought duels, and frequently found a convenient escape in them from their real pusillanimity.

Leaving Henry Winston to fulfil, as best he may, the melancholy duty imposed upon him, we must now follow Mr. Michael Costigan to the Junior United Service Club, in the hall of which

establishment he presented himself punctually at the half hour.

Mr. Costigan had unluckily forgotten his card-case, a circumstance which he was particularly careful to impress upon the porter, and having asked for a slip of paper he wrote upon it, in a bold and heroic hand, "Captain Costigan," and sent it in to Colonel Beauchamp.

Now Costigan was not a Captain in the United Service sense of the word; but he was a Captain metaphorically speaking, and felt himself justified in taking up the title whenever it was likely to be useful to him. The fact was, he had been gazetted many years before in a corps of *bon-vivants* that once flourished in the Irish metropolis under the name of the Horse-Marines. He was a Captain of Horse-Marines, and had worn their uniform, which consisted of a long naval coat with military buttons and sash, dragoon boots, a cocked hat, and a tin sword at least three yards long. No man was admitted into this corps under the rank of Captain. It was a highly disciplined body, and did duty in gallant style once a fortnight over a capital dinner. The fortune of war had thinned its ranks, year after year, from one cause or another, such as death, marriage, bankruptcy, and expatriation; and the Horse-Marines were finally disbanded. But the glory of their achievements, and the memory of the honours they had conferred lingered with the few wandering members that yet survived. As Costigan always remarked, whenever the Horse-Marines were alluded to, it was a proud event in a man's life to have been a Horse-Marine.

Colonel Beauchamp was alone in a small ante-room when Costigan was introduced to his presence. The Colonel had seen a great many Captains in his time, and knew that the class was as full of varieties as the leaves of a wood; but he had never before seen such a Captain as Costigan, nor until that gentleman actually stood before him with his attire flying off, and his hirsute face swollen with vivacity of rather a savage cast, could he have made to himself the image of such a Captain. The contrast between the two individuals who were thus brought together to conduct an affair of honour to its perilous issue was certainly very striking. The sallow rigorous visage of the Colonel, his erect figure, and that unmistakeable notion which he at once gave you of the martinet, with a strong dash of the aristocrat, in his bearing, offered the most complete opposition to the utterly chaotic aspect of Mr. Michael Costigan, who looked the express image of a man independent of discipline of every kind, mental or military, and who, in his thoughts and actions, as in his costume, set all order and conformity to established usages, at defiance. And in the hands of these widely dissimilar, and, in different ways, equally incompetent persons the decision of a question of life and death was now irrevocably vested.

"Captain Costigan, I believe?" said the Colonel, examining the person of his visitor with a searching and rapid scrutiny, and

placing a significant emphasis on the word *Captain*, as if he distrusted his right to the title, or suspected that he must have come by it in some illegitimate way.

"That's my name, sir. You expected a gentleman at half-past one to call upon you on the part of Mr. Henry Winston. Clocks differ, but, upon an average, I b'lieve it's the half hour to the minute."

"I am glad Mr. Winston has selected a gentleman of my own cloth to act for him, Captain," observed the Colonel, in the hope of extracting from Costigan some intimation of his position in the service. But the bait failed.

"You make me proud, sir," returned Costigan; "and before we've done with this little affair, I flatter myself you'll be of opinion that my friend might have committed a greater blunder than entrusting his honour to my discretion. It's not the first affair of the sort I've been engaged in, Colonel, and I must remark that I never found the least difficulty in coming to a satisfactory arrangement when I had a military man of experience, like yourself, to deal with. It's brats of boys and novices, that don't know the smell of gunpowder from the whiff of a cigar, that brings duelling into disgrace. Don't you agree with me?"

"Entirely."

"Then let us go to business at once. We haven't much time before us to-day, and it's a cruel bad light, and the sooner we settle the preliminaries the better."

"I am glad to hear you say, Captain Costigan," returned the Colonel, offering a remarkably quiet and chilling tone of voice to the impetuous address of the other, "that you never had any difficulty in coming to a satisfactory arrangement with military men. I trust you will not find me an exception to your general experience. As a proof of it, I am quite willing to waive the ulterior right which Mr. Winston's reference to a friend has given me, and to receive any proposition you may be prepared to make."

"Proposition? Me make a proposition? I'm afraid, Colonel, we don't understand each other exactly. Wouldn't it be just as well for us to clear the ground as we go on, so as to prevent any mistakes between you and me, you know," replied Costigan, laying a significant stress on the last few words.

"By all means," said the Colonel, who saw precisely the sort of man he had to do with, and that the slightest attempt to take advantage of him, or cajole him, might convert his own position from that of a second to a principal. "By all means. You are aware, in the first instance, I presume, of all the circumstances of the case?"

"Of course I am."

"And I take it for granted, Captain Costigan, that you are fully empowered to carry the matter through?"

"Now, don't you think you're wasting a great deal of time?"

cried Costigan. "The business is placed in our hands—that's enough. Go on—it's gettin' darker every minute; and, if you don't make haste, we'll lose the day. And remember, Colonel Beauchamp, that if any accident happens between the cup and the lip—you understand me—it's no fault of mine."

"I hope I am not throwing any unnecessary impediment in the way, Captain," replied the Colonel; "I am only anxious to do my duty strictly for the honour of the cloth which we both wear."

"Well,—do your duty, and leave the honour of the cloth to take care of itself. It'll be pitch dark before we're done."

"It appears to me," observed the Colonel, pressing his chin meditatively between his forefinger and thumb, "that this quarrel between two young men, is one of those affairs in which we ought to try—it is not for me to say that such a thing is possible—but that we ought to try to bring about an arrangement. What's your opinion, Captain Costigan?"

"Do you mean a pacific arrangement?" inquired Costigan, submitting his chin to a similar process, in imitation of the Colonel.

"Well—yes—if you can suggest—"

"Why, if you want to retract your demands on Mr. Winston," returned Costigan, "I don't think I'd stand in the way, only in that case there'd be a trifling apology due to me for giving me the trouble of coming here for nothing. Is that what you're at?"

"Retract, sir? No—you entirely mistake me. But I see I must speak by the card with you, Captain Costigan; and having indicated to you that I am open to a proposal, I have nothing more to say, than that my friend has suffered a humiliating indignity, and looks for the redress to which he is entitled."

"That's plain English, at last," returned Costigan, "and putting it in that clear, unmistakeable, and gentlemanly shape, there's no reason in the world why we shouldn't immediately come to a friendly adjustment of our differences. Lord Charles Eton demands redress, and you couldn't hit upon a man in England more ready to give it to him than I am. 'Pon my honour, Colonel, sooner than disappoint him, I'd oblige him with a shot myself. Now, then, we understand each other, and there's not another word necessary but to name time and place."

"Before you do so, I am bound to remind you that if you force me to the ground, I can no longer listen to terms which at present I might be disposed to accept. The responsibility, therefore, of that step must rest with you."

"I perceive, Colonel," replied Costigan, with a humorous shake of his head, "you're an ould bird. No matter—you shall have it your own way; and as you're so mighty particular about responsibility, if it's the least gratification in life to you, I'll take it entirely upon myself. One word for all. We come here to fight, not to talk. We have no terms to offer, and what's

more than that—now you've put it plainly to me—we won't be let off. What o'clock is it?"

"A quarter past two."

"The days are getting short—what sort of light is there at five?"

"I should certainly say dangerous; but I'd rather not give an opinion. Take your own course. To-day, if you please."

"It's a murderin' light," said Costigan, looking out of the window; "I suppose we must wait till to-morrow morning."

"I should myself prefer to have it over at once," returned the Colonel; "but I agree with you that the weather is against us; and the day falling in so early with such a fog—I think we should be hardly justified."

"That's just what I was thinking too. There's no fair play in such light as this. Suppose we say to-morrow morning at eight o'clock?"

"Where?"

"Chalk Farm—at the foot o' the hill, to the left."

"You will find us prepared."

"So far, Colonel," said Costigan, taking up his hat, "you and I have agreed to a hair, and I've no doubt we'll part the best friends in the world to-morrow morning."

"There is no reason why we should have any hostility against each other, Captain Costigan."

"Not the least," replied Costigan; "if these foolish young men had got into less experienced hands, it's hard to say how it might have ended."

"Quite true."

"They're sure of being placed in the best possible position for the vindication of their honour."

"Yes—they're sure of that, at all events."

"And, whatever happens, we shall have the satisfaction of knowing that we have done our duty."

"I hope so."

"Then I wish you good evening," returned Costigan, with a glance into the street, which was now enveloped in darkness, "I wish you good evening, till eight o'clock to-morrow morning, and the compliments of the season to you, Colonel Beauchamp."

"Good evening, Captain Costigan," replied the Colonel, bowing his visitor to the door.

CHAPTER V.

Explanations.

WHEN Mr. Farquhar arrived in Portman Square, Lord Charles Eton was closeted with his friend the Colonel; to whom he was relating the occurrence which had taken place at the Opera the evening before, avoiding all reference to antecedent circumstances, and leaving it to appear that the out-

rage was wholly unprovoked. Taking away that impression with him, Colonel Beauchamp was prepared to demand from Mr. Winston the extreme *amende* provided in such cases—which was nothing more nor less than a written submission to an imaginary horsewhip, we say imaginary, because he was ready to pledge himself that his Lordship would not put the said horsewhip actually into force. The proposition of such an apology—had the interview with Henry Winston proceeded to that point—would have rendered a duel quite as inevitable as Captain Costigan's more direct appeal to that last issue.

In half an hour his Lordship gave audience to Mr. Farquhar. Early as it was, he was dressed for the day. He never appeared in a morning-gown to visitors; eschewing all those habits that have a look of luxury and indolence, and cultivating in the minutest trifles the reputation of a man engrossed in public affairs. Your butterfly fop, who steeps his poor carcase in ambrosia, is not more eaten up by affectations, than your hunter of a graver kind of popularity.

Mr. Farquhar opened his business with his habitual calmness and discretion, contenting himself with observing that it was as much due to his Lordship as to Mr. Rawlings that the matter should be satisfactorily explained.

Lord Charles Eton received this communication not merely without any appearance of surprise, but with an air of superciliousness, that might have dashed the confidence of a man of less fixed purpose than Mr. Farquhar.

"I really am at a loss to understand what Mr. Rawlings can possibly expect me to do in a matter that took place nearly a quarter of a century ago," said his Lordship; "he is, of course, at liberty to offer any explanation he chooses, but it is rather unreasonable that he should trouble me on the subject."

"Unreasonable, my Lord?" rejoined Mr. Farquhar; "on the contrary, it appears to me the most reasonable of all things, that as you have cast a stigma upon him, he should look to you to assist him in tracing it to its source."

"Mr. Rawlings has become wonderfully sensitive to stigmas all of a sudden," returned his Lordship. "If he is so eager to protect his reputation, why doesn't he relieve himself from the weightier charges that are publicly launched against him, instead of intruding upon my time about an obscure transaction of no importance to anybody?"

"I am sorry you take that view of the subject, for, slight as this matter may appear to your Lordship, Mr. Rawlings looks at it in a very different light; and it must be judged by his feelings and not by yours. As to the other charges you speak of, I know nothing about them. My business is to ask from your Lordship an explanation of the grounds upon which you accused Mr. Rawlings, in the presence of several witnesses, of a breach of trust? I beg you will give me a direct answer."

"Upon my word, Mr. Farquhar," replied Lord Charles, "I

don't know that I *can* give you a direct answer. I have not the slightest intention of treating you personally with discourtesy—of that I am sure you will acquit me,—but really my attention is occupied by more urgent business."

"No business, my Lord, can be more urgent," returned Mr. Farquhar, "than that of rendering back justice to those whom we have wronged. As your Lordship is in a hurry, I will not detain you a moment longer than is absolutely necessary to obtain the information I seek. I am satisfied that your Lordship never would have made such an assertion unless you had some foundation for it. Now, what I want to know is, from whom did you derive your information?"

"In answer to that question, allow me to ask you another. Does Mr. Rawlings deny that his employer on his death-bed entrusted him with his confidence?"

"It is the subtle mixture of truth and falsehood, my Lord, that renders these calumnies so specious and injurious. There was such a confidence, but as it involves the secret of another, he is unwilling to vindicate himself by disclosing it, and showing how honourably he has discharged his trust, unless he is driven to that extremity in self-defence. He is prepared, however, to do so, if your Lordship will not afford him the opportunity of convicting his libeller, whoever he may be, by any other means."

"I beg at once, sir, to disclaim for myself any share in the origin of the story. I repeated it simply as it reached me."

"Yes, but if you shelter the calumniator, you assume the responsibility of the calumny."

"It seems to me," returned his Lordship, "that you attach more importance to this matter than it is worth. However, if Mr. Rawlings chooses to exaggerate trifles, while he treats serious things with indifference, I shall certainly not offer any obstruction to his proceedings. All I know about the matter is very much at your service, only I must stipulate that I am not to be dragged into it any further."

"All we require, my Lord, is to know who is your informant, and to be put in possession of the exact information you received."

"I have not the least objection to satisfy you as far as I can," replied his Lordship, opening a drawer, and taking out a number of letters; "but as to exact information—the particulars, if I ever had any, have entirely escaped me, and I must refer you, in short, to the person who mentioned the circumstance to me. That's the only way I can help you."

"That will be quite sufficient."

"I'll find his name for you in a moment," continued his Lordship, turning over the letters, and running through them hastily. "Let me see—here it is—Pogey—that's it—Pogey—I know very little about him myself, but I dare say Mr. Rawlings can enlighten you. He is a Yarlton man, and came to me with an introduction which justified me in supposing him to be a

respectable person. The best thing you can do is to call upon him—I have no doubt he will repeat the story to you verbatim."

"Where does he live?"

"I have got his address here somewhere—what is it?—6 or 16, Northumberland Court, Strand."

Mr. Farquhar wrote down the address.

"The next time I see your Lordship, I hope it will be to satisfy you that Mr. Rawlings has been maligned by this person. That is the only further trouble I shall give you in the matter. I trust Lady Charles is better this morning? She was not looking quite as well as usual last night."

"Thank you—she is suffering from a nervous headache. I think Miss Rawlings is with her."

"Indeed!" returned Mr. Farquhar; "then I will venture to send in my name."

As Lord Charles intimated, Margaret and Clara were together in the boudoir. He had little suspicion of the cause that led to their meeting at that early hour.

The interview with Henry Winston, and the extraordinary disclosure he made to her, had condemned Margaret to a night of anguish. Her heart was wrung with a conflict of wild emotions. She had hitherto tried to forget Henry Winston; and if she had not succeeded in forgetting him, she had, at least, wrestled faithfully with a feeling which it was madness and disloyalty to acknowledge even to herself. She had believed that if they were to meet again she was safe; that she could encounter his eyes without trepidation; that the influence he once exercised over her could never be revived again; and this belief was a victory in itself. But she had not calculated on the latent force of love. It was all well while doubt and obscurity hung over the incident of their separation—all well, while she mistrusted his truth, and found an escape for her wounded pride in new ties and duties. In one brief moment the delusion was dispelled. She had seen him again—she had seen the same earnest and passionate devotion in his eyes—she had heard him speak in the same tones of overwhelming despair which, in the last troubled hours of their intercourse, used to impart such touching melancholy to his voice—she had heard from his own lips that some terrible mystery had equally deceived them both—that he loved her still, if that thought might dare to utter itself in words—and she felt that she too,—but she struggled to refuse her conviction to it, and sought refuge from its dark suggestions in the strength of a greater misery.

The conduct of Lord Charles on his return with her from the Opera, might, under these circumstances, have created some alarming apprehensions in her mind, but that she ascribed his sullen fierceness to the scene which had previously taken place in Park Lane. The high breeding which cast such suavity of exterior over his bearing abroad, was dropped when he was alone with Margaret, and left him at his ease to indulge in the undress

of a grim silence. But that night he was morose, although he spoke little. It was easy to see that he was moved by some unusual excitement; although it never occurred to Margaret that Henry Winston could be in any way concerned in it.

The first thing she did in the morning was to despatch a note to Clara, summoning her in haste to come to her; and she thought the interval that elapsed before she came an age.

Margaret's wild and flurried looks betrayed her secret almost before she uttered it.

"I have seen him, Clara!"

"Henry Winston?"

"At the Opera last night. He came into my box. I was alone. Oh! Clara, Clara, what has happened? What is this terrible thing he tells me? It would be all well—as nothing to me—if my heart did not tell me that by some dreadful mischance I have wronged him, and that he is suffering for it. There is my remorse—it is for him, not for myself. All feeling for myself is dead—dead—dead!"

Margaret had covered her face with her hands while she was speaking the last few broken words, and did not at first perceive the change that had suddenly passed over the features of Clara. A ghastly paleness overspread her face. She saw in an instant that the secret—which out of mercy to her sister she hoped might never transpire—had been discovered and divulged to her in the worst form of suspicion and reproach. Bitter remorse was in her soul, and when she tried to speak her voice failed.

"What is this, Clara?" continued Margaret; "for God's sake, speak to me. I remember there was something weighing heavily on your mind, and you charged me not to ask you any questions. And I did not—I was silent, though my heart was breaking. But all that has passed away, and now there is no longer any reason why you should make a mystery with me about Henry Winston."

"Margaret," replied Clara, clasping her hands passionately, and looking into her face with an expression of great mental agony, "I never, of my own will, had a concealment from you in my life. Your happiness was mine from childhood. You know it—you believe it in your heart."

"I do—I do."

"You cannot believe that I would have willingly hidden anything from you? No—no—no! Acquit me of that, and relieve me of a misery which is ten-fold greater than your own."

"What am I to say, or think, Clara? There *was* a concealment—why was it? Henry Winston gave you a letter. You never told me of it. You knew the contents of that letter, and never revealed them to me. You must have had some reason, or you never would have doomed me to the wretchedness you knew I was suffering—the worse than wretchedness, the sin of a marriage without love, or hope, which has blighted his life and mine."

"Spare me, for mercy's sake, these cruel words. It is true—it

is true, Margaret," she added in a low voice, "I did conceal that letter from you. He has told you of it, and I am absolved so far. God help me! How gladly I should have told you every thing, and warned you—if I had dared. But I was bound, Margaret,—I shudder when I think of it—bound by an oath."

"An oath!"

"Do you recollect the morning you drove out with my father and Lord Charles?"

"Oh! yes—dear Clara—go on!"

"Do you remember how I tried to persuade you not to go?"

"And you knew then that he was waiting for me?"

"I did."

"It is dark and incredible. Did you know that we were to drive past the spot where he was expecting me?"

"I suspected it, and that was the reason why I wanted you not to go."

"There is still a mystery in this Clara; and I have a right to have it cleared up. Think well, before you answer me—think whether there is any obligation upon you strong enough to justify you in heaping more misery on me than I can bear. Do not make me desperate, Clara. We have wronged him to whom my early affections were pledged, and for whose sake I would then have cheerfully encountered poverty and toil, a thousand times over rather than have deceived or wounded him for one moment. His heart is broken. It is a heavy thought to me—guiltless as I am of having brought it on him. I say this to you, because you are my sister, and because I have always confided my inmost feelings to you. I would not confess it to any other human being—not to *him* for the wealth of the world! Think before you answer me. I know you will take this load from me that is crushing and killing me. You say you suspected that they would drive me to the place where he was waiting for me, as if they had some horrid purpose in it. What made you suspect that?"

"Because," replied Clara, slowly, her lips turning white and trembling as she spoke, "because my father knew he was waiting there."

"Merciful heavens!" exclaimed Margaret, "I see the whole treachery at once. I see it all now. How blind and infatuated I must have been! I ought to have understood it—and one word would have made it clear! But it is clear now. My father intercepted the letter?"

"He did."

"And made you swear, Clara!—imposed an oath upon you?"

Clara waived her head too and fro, but made no answer.

"That my father should have done this! May God forgive him!" cried Margaret, uttering a bitter groan. "I hardly know," she continued, after a pause, "whether it is better that this knowledge should have thus come to me, or been hidden from me for ever. It is well, at all events, that *he* should know I was ignorant of every thing, and unconscious of the great crime

I was committing. It will be some solace to him—a poor consolation for a life of unavailing sorrow. But we must never meet in this world again.”

“Had I thought,” said Clara, still speaking in a voice almost inarticulate, “that there was any likelihood of your ever meeting Henry Winston—for I thought he had left the country, or hoped it, for both your sakes—I believe I should have broken this to you in some way after your marriage, Margaret; but I thought all along I acted rightly in concealing it, although it preyed upon my spirits, and I should never have known happiness to the end of my life till I had confessed it. I thought I should have done wrong to have embittered your existence with a regret, so poignant and so useless, and that it was better to leave it as it was.”

“I am sure you did all for the best:—my poor Clara! with this malediction over you, and I to know nothing of it!”

“And besides, dear Margaret,” continued Clara, going on quietly with her confession, “I had great misgivings about him. I expected at first, from day to day, that he would write to me, or find some means of communicating with you. But day after day I was disappointed in that hope; and then, as time passed away, I began to waver about him, and wonder what had happened; and then doubts and fears of his truth came upon me, and I tried at last to persuade myself that he was not worthy of you; and in that sophistry I lived. It was all that was left to me to stifle my remorse.”

During these explanations Margaret was pacing up and down the room. The misery she was undergoing was legible in her ashy face, and the convulsive action with which at intervals she wrung her hands. A silence ensued, which neither of them seemed disposed to break. What could either of them say to lighten or alleviate the grief that was equally afflicting to both?

At length Margaret, stopping opposite to Clara, resumed the conversation.

“You remember that letter of Rose Winston’s?”

“Yes.”

“We can understand it now. When he saw me that morning in the carriage with Lord Charles, he believed that I had yielded to my father’s commands—that I was false—so soon, too! It was natural enough—it looked like it—though he ought to have known me better. Yet what could he think? It was a devilish act to take me there. Rose heard all this from him—how she must have hated me!”

“We should undeceive her. You ought to write, and explain it to her.”

“Explain it to her? What can it avail either of us to explain it now? I am very wretched, Clara. May God strengthen me through this trial, for I feel it almost too hard to bear.”

“You must not talk in that way, Margaret. There are many consolations I hope yet in store for you. We must trust to time

to heal these wounds. Remember that he is young, and as he grows older, and mixes more with the world, he will, probably, marry,—and then—”

“And then, Clara? I am married—he, too, may marry as I have done. Will that help us to forget? Will that enable us to look back upon the past with ease of heart, to think with indifference of the pledge that has been between us, of the attachment which bound us to each other from childhood, and which has been so cruelly blighted by no act of our own, but by a fiendish conspiracy? Now that the truth is clear to us both, that we know how we have been deceived, that we have made the fatal discovery that the love still survives which was once pure and righteous, and is now the blackest guilt—how can either of us think of marriage, without a consciousness that in our souls we are criminals to its vows? My life henceforth is a life of hypocrisy!”

“Perhaps, Margaret, your sensibility has exaggerated the state of his feelings.”

“Ah! how gladly should I take that comfort to myself, if I dare. It would be the happiest news you could bring me, Clara, that he had thrown off all memory of me—that he loved another. I think, could I be assured of that, I should be happy—happy! But that last wretched resource is denied to me. He looks wretchedly ill—the change that has taken place in him is frightful—he did not complain—all he sought was an explanation, to which I little thought he was so well entitled; but he said his life was miserable, and he looked it. He need not have said he was miserable—my own heart felt it before he spoke!”

“What did you say to him?”

“What could I say? I told him that we were separated for ever, that I would not listen to him, that he must leave me. Words of course. He knew how false they were!”

“Well? He respected your position, and left you?”

“He did. He left me. That is the point, Margaret. You do not feel it—you cannot. Henry Winston loves me. If he did not love me, he would have acted differently. He fled from me in terror, and prayed of me, if I should ever think of him after that night, to think kindly of him. Think kindly of him! Clara, I have but one wish to fulfil towards him, and I ask you, by your love for me, to execute it. Will you promise me?”

“What is it, Margaret?”

“I must never see Henry Winston again. I am the wife of Lord Charles Eton. If I can be nothing more to him, I will at least act in that relation to him with integrity. I swear this! I pledge myself before God that, racked as I am with dreadful thoughts, by a grief that no words can express, I will discharge my duties as a wife, so that not a stain shall fall upon me. But, for Henry Winston, let there be seas and continents between him and me. We must not live in the same land. We must know nothing of each other from this time forth. For my sake he

must do this; and if he does not, I will. But I trust all to his generosity, to his love—as I used to do. I would rather owe that obligation to him—it would be something to soften my fate hereafter, to know that he, after the wrong I have done, had made this sacrifice for my repose. You understand me, Clara?”

“I think I do.”

“It is only just that he should learn how all this happened, and that he should have it from you.”

“From me, Margaret?”

“He supposes that you suppressed the letter. You knew the contents of it—you undertook to convey it to me. All this came upon me so suddenly that, ignorant as I was of what had taken place, I could say nothing but that I had never received the letter, or heard of it. My wish is, that you should explain every thing to him. You may see him, though I must not: tell him exactly how it occurred; but be careful how you compromise my feelings. He must not think—it would be little happiness to him to think that I regard him otherwise than as a stranger. That is all that he can ever be to me; and if he will consult my last injunction, tell him he must go away far from where I am—that we must never meet; that if he will do this, he shall have my respect—my prayers for his welfare and happiness!”

“Margaret, I dare not do it.”

“You refuse me, Clara?”

“My father bound me never to be the medium of any communication between you and Henry Winstou. Show me how I can escape that obligation, and there is nothing you may not command me to do.”

“Is such a pledge binding now, Clara? My father has no longer any control over my actions.”

“But he has over mine. It is less of that I am thinking than of you. Consider your own situation. Suppose this reached my father. How can we tell what it might lead to, in the hostility that exists between him and Lord Charles?”

Margaret was stunned and hurt by the view Clara took of the subject. She had calculated confidently on her compliance; and felt as if it were due to herself as some reparation for the misery of which Clara had been made the instrument. She thought, too, that her marriage ought to be a sufficient argument with Clara to absolve her from her oath. Was that pledge, so unnatural in itself, to impend over them for ever, and, at a moment like this, to alienate her sister from her? Making no reply, she turned away, and took a seat in silence in the window.

Clara saw that she was pained, and was about to speak, when Mr. Farquhar's name was announced. This unexpected interruption was, perhaps, the best thing that could have occurred. It broke off the conversation at a point where it had become deeply distressing to them both, and forced them to make an exertion to control their feelings.

At the name of Mr. Farquhar, Clara faintly brightened up. She

paused for an instant as if some sudden thought had struck her; and then going up hastily to her sister, she kissed her forehead, and seizing both her hands, while her eyes were filled with tears, she said,

"Margaret—my own sweet, suffering sister—something has occurred to me. I will not tell you now what it is. I think I see, I am sure I do, how we can manage this, without compromising you, or me, or anybody. It is right that Henry Winston should be relieved by a full explanation, and above all that your wishes should be conveyed to him. I feel that as strongly as you do—perhaps am even more anxious about it, because I am the cause of all the trouble and sorrow that have fallen on you both. Cheer up, dear Margaret. I see how we can do it—and I promise you it shall be done. There—there—my own, own Margaret! Your poor Clara, can never know happiness again unless she sees you smile, and love her as you used to do!"

The transition from the harrowing disclosures which had taken place between the sisters, to the happy news Mr. Farquhar had to communicate, acted like an electric shock upon Clara's nerves. Our whole existence is duplex—light and shadow, for ever flitting and falling about us, dooming mind and brain to fluctuations of joy and sorrow that wear them out at last!

The interview was short, and, so far as Mr. Farquhar was concerned, much restrained in its gaiety by his consideration for Lady Charles. It was when he was gone, taking Clara with him, that he gave full vent to his joy; for Mr. Farquhar, although he was so staid and reserved before third parties, was as light-hearted with his mistress as other men.

And when they were gone, poor Margaret, left again to her solitude, after witnessing the dawn of that married happiness which was extinguished upon earth for her, felt more deeply than before the bitterness of the cup of life, and wept in her loneliness, and prayed for resignation!

CHAPTER VI.

Chalk Farm.

HAVING made the necessary arrangements for the next day's business, Mr. Costigan took up his quarters in Henry Winston's lodgings for the night, to ensure punctuality, and avoid the suspicion that would be excited by knocking up the house at an unreasonable hour in the morning. Making Winston go to bed early, and telling him he should call him at half-past five, he proceeded to examine the condition of his hair-triggers, and inspect the contents of a stray decanter that stood invitingly on the side-table amongst a scattered array of glasses. In an hour or so all was quiet; save that Henry Winston, who still lay awake, was intermittingly reminded of the proximity of his friend by

certain backing sounds that seemed as if Costigan were trying very hard to blow cracked penny trumpets in his sleep.

At half-past five, Costigan was in his room. It was pitch dark, and the candle he had lighted only made the gloom more palpable. The fog was still so heavy over the metropolis, that the nearest lamp in the street could hardly be discerned, and looked as if it were miles off. They spoke together in whispers, and moved about noiselessly, scrambling for breakfast-cups, and blundering over a coffee apparatus which had been left prepared for them over night. Mr. Sloake and his son lay in the room above them, and Costigan was particularly anxious not to disturb them, for Sloake was just the sort of man, if he heard a stir in the house, to hurry down stairs in his dressing-gown to see what it was about.

At length the coffee was ready. There was no time for sitting down, and so they snatched what they could standing and half-dressed, Costigan facetiously promising his friend that they would make a roaring breakfast when they returned.

"Now," said Costigan, when Winston's toilet was finished, "let me look at you. What's this?"

"Eh?" returned the other, not exactly comprehending him.

"Of course, I know it's a waistcoat. But did you ever see a man fight a duel in a white waistcoat? Haven't you got such a thing as a black one?"

"To be sure."

"Then put it on. Do as I tell you now, and don't talk. There, that's better. Now, just take off that tie, and get a long black handkerchief, and pin it down over your shirt."

Henry Winston was under orders, and implicitly obeyed them.

"Och! I've my own trouble with you. Take out that diamond pin—Hush! no noise—" he continued in a guarded undertone, "don't you see it'd catch the light, man alive! That's right. Stop now, just turn in your collar. There mustn't be a speck of white about you. Hould here a minute—open your coat, and let me put this belt round you;" and he proceeded to buckle a hunting belt round Winston's waist, fastening it so tightly that Winston winced under the operation. "Is that too tight for you?—try if you can breathe." It was as much as he could do.

Costigan now turned him round, and surveyed him carefully from head to foot. His eye fell upon Winston's boots.

"French polish!" he exclaimed in a low growl; "have you taken leave of your senses, that you must stick your feet into a pair of looking glasses? Do you wish to be hit? for, if you want to attract a bullet, you couldn't do it more complete. If you've got a pair of cloth-boots in the world, put them on; or any old pair that's dim and dirty, without a glimmer of polish them, mind!"

These scientific instructions being strictly complied with,

nothing more remained to be done, but to give Henry Winston a few hints as to how he was to manage himself on the ground.

"Put your watch in your right-hand pocket. Now, don't contradict me—it's all fair. A man has a right to wear his watch, I suppose, in any pocket he chooses, and I've known a watch before now turn off a bullet—a button, or anything will do it. Observe what I'm telling you. Before I place you on the ground, turn up the collar of your coat this way, and button it all around—slouch your hat so as to cover your ears—draw in your breath before you discharge your pistol, and make yourself as thin as you can. By this means, you'll be dark and slim from head to foot, and not a speck on you to catch his eye. That's a grand secret, my boy! Are you used to pistols?"

"Not much."

"Then all you've got to do is just to draw a line with your eye straight from your foot to his—and if you see any object on the ground—such as a tuft of grass, or a dark spot—let that be a mark to guide you—or a tree or a chimney, or anything at his back. Fire low—keep your elbow close to your side, and don't raise your hand higher than that."

As Costigan afterwards explained to Henry Winston, the object to be kept in view, when men, as in this case, really intended to fire at each other, was to hit the legs. If the shot took a higher range it was dangerous; and the inclination of the twentieth part of an inch would make all the difference between a scar for life and a death-wound. Henry Winston was perfectly cool and collected. He had dismissed from his mind all thoughts that were likely to interfere with the business on which he was engaged, and was more calm that morning than he had been at any time since the miserable day when he had last left London.

They stole out of the house before any of the inmates were up, and made their way to a carriage that was waiting for them at the corner of the Regent's Circus, Henry Winston, enveloped in a large cloak, and Costigan carrying the case of pistols. Our experienced duellist had not provided a surgeon for the occasion, taking it for granted that his Lordship would have professional assistance, and intending, if it was necessary, to avail himself of it. Besides, Mr. Costigan had a smattering of surgery himself, and, in case of extremity, could act as a *pis-aller*.

They started for Chalk Farm in a dense fog. A few gas-lamps, which were not yet extinguished by their attendant imps, still flared out here and there, on the sides of the road as they cleared the end of Mornington Crescent, and began to feel the cold damp air of the country displacing the thick atmosphere of town. A solitary pedestrian, or a suburban fishmonger's light cart trundling home from Billingsgate, or a straggling group of workmen shuffling off to their day's labours, were the only incidents that relieved the dreary drive.

Turning off the high-road at that point where a large sign-board announces the vicinity of a tavern that bears the name of

Chalk Farm, the carriage slowly and cautiously wound up a curving acclivity, and stopped short, under Costigan's directions, at a railway bridge which led, and still leads, to a piece of broken ground running up to the broad fields that stretch out their green expanse, at the foot of Primrose Hill.

Some ten or a dozen years, or more, had passed away since a duel had been fought in this locality, and in the intervening time, the place had undergone changes in the last degree unfavourable to the seclusion necessary for that once popular pastime. In former days, the country round Chalk Farm was wild and open; there was scarcely a house within sight; and, like the swamp at Battersea Fields, it was so tempting in its remoteness, that a rifle club established their targets on the ground, in perfect confidence that, as far as their stray bullets could carry, there was not the slightest danger of grazing even a chance passenger.

The scene was now materially altered. A great, sprawling railway station, with its numerous intersecting lines, electric wires, waggons and locomotive sheds and shops, occupied the space below which was formerly assigned to the longest range of the rifle-shooting; and higher up, where the matches at shorter distances used to take place, the area was covered over and shut in with a low wall and a scrubby hedge, an American bowling-alley, and sundry tattered merry-go-rounds, affording evidence that the place which was once the haunt of skilful marksmen, and gentlemen who came hither in the grey of the morning to settle their disputes, was now the resort of the most beggarly class of holiday-makers.

All traces of the ancient solitude had disappeared. There stood the old Chalk Farm tavern, miserably poor and deserted, with its flight of crazy stairs, doing its best to look Swiss and summery, and, on the opposite side, its ragged tea-gardens, presenting ghastly imitations of the painted sentries, and fire-work towers of Vauxhall. Advancing through the line of dilapidated pallisades by which the champaign that yawns round the base of the hill is enclosed, the busy and despoiling hand of change was no less visible. Rows of new houses at a distance, lofty chimneys starting up amongst the trees that fringed the horizon, and a sort of gymnasium, boarded round, and filled with swings, and climbing poles, and rotatory machines for making peoples' heads dizzy, caught the sight with a disturbing influence. The naked stillness of these wide meadows was gone for ever. Yet there was room enough on that extensive sward to find an unfrequented spot for Costigan's purpose; and as his practised eye ran over the scene, he noted its salient points with rapidity.

Up the gentle slope to the summit of the hill, crossed at its foot by a beaten path, ran several small tracks, forming light traces of infinite utility to a duellist who thoroughly understood the available advantages of his ground, and the art of placing his man. But the land-mark that chiefly attracted his attention

was a tree, which, like Picton's tree on the plain of Waterloo, (long since cut down) stood quite alone, and was the only visible object throughout the whole space that rose out of the dead level of the field. The worst of it was this tree stood so close to the road (it stands there still), that the choice of such a position might be demurred to by the opposite party; but so few people were about, and, moreover, it was so dark, that he hoped to overrule that objection.

They had not been many minutes on the ground when they discerned three figures at a distance beyond the palings. It was impossible to identify them; but they concluded at once that two of the group must be Lord Charles and his second, and were confirmed in this supposition by seeing one of the party retire before they entered the field. Advancing towards each other, a ceremonious recognition took place on both sides, and Colonel Beauchamp and Mr. Costigan withdrawing together, left their principals alone. They were within speaking distance, but they instinctively turned away, and walked in opposite directions while their seconds were arranging the requisite preliminaries.

"Here's a good spot, Colonel," said Costigan.

"Too close to the road," returned the Colonel.

"Well, a little further on," said Costigan.

"Don't you think we had better get behind the hill on the other side?" observed Beauchamp.

"The ground's uneven there. Depend on it, this is the best spot."

"Let me see—which way do you propose to place them?"

"I was thinking of that," replied Costigan, beginning to step the field in a direct line towards the tree.

Colonel Beauchamp looked knowingly at him. "I object to the tree, Captain Costigan. Let us at least avoid unnecessary risk. Higher up, we shall be less exposed. Which way is the wind?"

"In our faces as we stand."

"Then we had better take our ground across."

"All the same to me—equal main and chance," returned Costigan.

Moving towards the foot of the hill, further away from the houses, a tolerably screened level was selected, Mr. Costigan beguiling the time by cracking a grim joke on the sun, which there was no necessity to toss up for on this occasion, as it was obviously impossible to decide in what part of the firmament he was buried. The ground was paced by Colonel Beauchamp—backed at one extremity by a hill, and at the other by a distant wood. The signal agreed upon was, "One, two, three!" and Costigan won the advantage of giving it. The pistols were now drawn and loaded; and nothing more was to be done but to place the principals on the ground.

As Costigan walked with Henry Winston to the spot assigned to him, he whispered, "I'm to give the signal 'One—two,

three !' I'll pause between 'One—two;' 'three' will follow instantly—'two, three !' There's a little path on the hill behind him—keep your eye on that, and you'll cover him."

The principals were now placed, and the seconds withdrew midway on opposite sides.

"Now, gentlemen," cried Costigan.

Colonel Beauchamp made a slight movement with his hands, as if he were putting on his gloves.

"I'll wait till you're ready, Colonel Beauchamp," said Costigan quietly.

"I'm quite ready, sir," returned Beauchamp.

"I know what I'm doing, sir," replied Costigan, "and I'll have no motions to distract attention while I'm giving the signal. If you've any objection to my proceedings, we can easily settle that afterwards."

Colonel Beauchamp folded his arms, and stood perfectly still.

"Now, gentlemen," resumed Costigan after a pause, "One—two, three !"

Both pistols were discharged nearly at the same instant, and both parties kept their ground. When Costigan went up to Henry Winston, he found that the turf had been struck at his feet, but no mischief was done.

"Are you satisfied, gentlemen?" demanded Costigan.

The question was unnecessary. Lord Charles Eton still stood erect, but it was evident, from the way in which Colonel Beauchamp held him by the shoulder, that Winston's ball had taken effect.

"Not hurt?" inquired Costigan.

"Not much, I hope," replied Colonel Beauchamp, conveying by a side-glance to Costigan that he feared the worst: "may I trespass on your good offices, Captain Costigan, to send the surgeon to us—he is waiting in a carriage."

"With the greatest pleasure," replied Costigan, turning to Henry Winston, and hurrying him off the field. The surgeon was shut up in a post-chaise on the road, and, as Costigan passed, he intimated to him that his services were required, and regaining his own carriage, hurried his friend into it, and drove back to town as fast as an indifferent pair of horses could carry them.

Henry Winston's ball had entered below the shoulder, and by the time the surgeon arrived, Lord Charles was becoming faint from loss of blood, and was suffering severe agonies. A rapid examination on the ground discovered to them that the ball was lodged somewhere amongst the vessels, and doubts were entertained whether they could convey the wounded man across the field without obtaining the aid of a litter. But Lord Charles strenuously opposed any measure that would attract attention to his situation—he wished to get home quietly—and, supported between his friends, with struggling steps, sinking and stopping at intervals, he at last reached the post-chaise, which proceeded with its bleeding burthen, at a foot-pace, to Portman Square.

THE PARKS OF MERRY ENGLAND.

A TRUE TALE.

WITH A MORAL BY A LANDLORD.

A commendation
of English
parks,

and among
them of mine
own domain.

Of rural
rambles,

and

of mine own
favourite
haunt.

With its trees
and flowers
and clear
waters,

I am disquieted
in my paradise

by certain
frogs ;

The Parks of merry England,
How beautiful they be,
With sunny slope, and ferny brake,
And branching forest-tree ;
And such a fair domain was mine,
Of wood and lawn and hill,
Where sport might range at liberty,
Or fancy dream her fill.

I knew a hundred rambles
Amid its winding glades,
A hundred haunts for lonely thought
Within its quiet shades ;
But most I loved one grassy bank,
Where breezes ever cool
On lightest wing came wandering
Around a crystal pool.

The weeping birch and willow
Droop'd o'er the favour'd spot,
Around me gleam'd the starry eyes
Of blue " forget-me-not ;"
And ev'ry branch that rustled there,
And ev'ry flower that blew,
Saw mirror'd in the glassy wave
Its perfect shape and hue.

I said I loved the coolness
And verdure of the scene,
And yet there mingled with my love
The bitterness of spleen ;
Like him of ancient Sybaris,
Who murmured of unrest
With one bent rose-leaf in his couch,
I was not fully blest.

For not alone I haunted
That quiet lakelet's edge,
Not mine the only feet that pressed
The flow'r-enamell'd sedge ;
In my lone realm a host of frogs,
Held revel day by day,
And seemed, to my distemper'd thought,
To claim divided away.

sportive but
noisy withal ;

Now to the sheltered margin
They made their gay resort,
While croak and flop, and lusty hop,
Bore witness to their sport ;
Now, lifting from the dimpled wave
Puff'd cheek and yellow chin,
They floated on the pool, and seemed
To suck its surface in.

whom it little
pleaseth me to
behold or to
hear.

It might have wakened pleasure
In kindlier hearts than mine,
To see, thro' depths of liquid blue,
Their glossy armour shine ;
To note their bounding merriment
Around the water's brim,
And how they roll'd the staring eye,
And plied the sinewy limb.

I therefore re-
solve on their
exclusion ;

and to that end
become con-
federate with
a certain arti-
ficer in stone :

But no, their harmless presence
Was more than I could bear,
That green retreat was mine, I said,
And, none should have a share :
I plann'd a hard and selfish scheme,
And, with a mason's aid,
A barrier-wall of grotto-work
Around my pond I made.

whence ariseth
much of dis-
figurement of
my dainty
pond, but also
an effectual
banishment of
my croaking
enemies.

What tho' the flow'ry herbage
Lay crush'd around the shore —
I cared not, so the odious frogs
Could harbour there no more ;
And cunningly my wall was rear'd,
That none of croaking kin
Might overleap it from without,
Or shelter them within.

The frogs emi-
grate perforce,

And now the work was ended,
The baffled frogs withdrew,
And left their wat'ry paradise,
A faint, desponding crew ;
So oft, from Erin's restless shore,
I've mark'd, with heavy heart,
A band of haggard emigrants
Reluctantly depart.

save certain
ill-starred
wretches, who
stay to their
own destruc-
tion,

Yet still a few there linger'd,
To find a sadder doom,
Pent up within my cruel wall,
Their dungeon and their tomb ;
In vain they paddled round and round,
In vain they sought to meet
Some resting-place for weary limb,
Some loophole for retreat.

being gradu-
ally drowned
within my
pitiless barrier,
to my

great relief
and solace.

Whereupon I
triumph, and
resume my
musings beside
the metamor-
phosed pond.

Time
advanceth and
the waters
seem some-
thing dimmed.

A certain film
saddeneth
them.

Even as a
bright eye
groweth hazy
with ophthal-
mic disease.

The cloud de-
parteth not
with wishing
and watching,
but becometh
even as that
soup called
"purée."

'Twas long before their vigour
Gave tokens of decay,
At length they ceased the useless strife,
And gasp'd their lives away ;
I watch'd them with un pitying eye,
Sink slowly—slowly down,
And cried "Euréka," joyously,
To find that frogs would drown.

And now I had my triumph—
My pond, if not so fair,
Was all my own—the envious stone
Forbade intrusion there ;
And thro' a long bright summer's day,
To listless musing giv'n,
I watch'd the unruffled surface smile
With all the hues of heav'n.

Another—and another—
How soon a week had past !
But now the brightness of the wave,
Seem'd something overcast ;
Was it a mist across the sun ?
A dimness in my sight ?
No—all around the landscape shone
Distinct in living light.

Yet there, upon the waters,
There lay, or seemed to lie,
A film that gave no answ'ring smile
To summer's smiling sky ;
It dimm'd the rosy gleam of dawn,
It glazed the eye of noon,
And darken'd to a leaden hue
The silver of the moon.

As on some eye's blue lustre
Intrudes a "drop serene,"
Slow gath'ring, yet by watchful love
With anxious bodings seen ;
At first, the shadow of a cloud,
Anon, a settled haze ;
So stole the dimness o'er my pool
Beneath my troubled gaze.

I hoped, till hope grew weary,
That it might pass away,
But still, to grieve my eyes and heart,
It thicken'd day by day ;
Yet half in wonder, half in shame,
Each day I sought the flood,
To watch th' unsightly surface cream,
And mantle o'er with mud.

Yet I return
daily, until
dislodged at
length by an
assault of
insects.

I took my wonted station
With pride that would not yield,
And little thought how fierce a foe
Was arming for the field ;
Until, one balmy July eve,
I felt th' assault begin,
Of all the insect tribes in league,
Against my single skin.

Midges to wit,
and gnats, by
whom I am
galled sorely.

The midges, sly tormentors,
Swarm'd round on stealthy wing,
The bolder gnat his trumpet blew,
And plied his tiny sting ;
Whirr-whirr ! about my tingling ears,
Buzz-buzz ! about my head ;
At length, with neck and wrists and face
All nettle-gall'd, I fled.

I feel that the
exiled frogs
are avenged ;
but appeal to
philosophy
against re-
morse ;

Rejoice, ye banish'd croakers,
Your foe is exiled too,
Such was my first unwilling thought,
As smarting I withdrew ;
But soon I turn'd philosopher,
And learnedly essay'd
To trace the origin of ill,
And wherefore gnats were made.

but find that
philosophy
maketh no man
a rhinoceros.

Anon, within my chamber
I found the winged pest,
Alike intruding on the hour
Of study or of rest ;
Whirr-whirr ! about my weary head,
Buzz-buzz ! in eyes and nose ;
Not all my metaphysic lore
Could school me to repose.

I am stricken
by a strange
and sudden
fancy, which
the better to
test

A sudden fancy smote me,
A thought that made me start—
Begotten by a troubled brain
Upon a conscious heart ;
I seized upon an ample dish,
And ere the scullion clan
Could voice their wonder, to the pool,
Accoutred thus, I ran.

I fill me a dish
with the foul
mantle of my
pool,

whence in due
time

I dipp'd it, fill'd it carefully
With that detested scum,
And hid it in a secret nook,
Where meddlers should not come ;
For three long days untouch'd it stood,
And then, I look'd within—
A dozen kettles, all in song,
Would scarce have match'd the din.

come forth a
host of gnats.

Forth from the lifted cover
Buzz'd legions, all athirst ;
But I was wrapp'd in penitence,
And bade them do their worst—

I am convicted
in my pride
and ignorance,

My niggard whim had nursed the swarms,
With which the air was rife !
The filmy mantle of my pond
Had teem'd with insect life !

having banish-
ed those frogs
to whom my
tormentors
were " meat
and drink."

And this had been the diet,
On which my frogs had fed,
For this they scann'd the water's face,
Afloat with level head ;
And while I deem'd each gaping mouth
An uncouth, senseless thing,
My insect plagues, in embryo,
Wholesale were perishing !

I repent in-
continently,
and recall the
frogs, whom I
now regard
with great ad-
miration both
of eye and ear.

Now justice to the croakers !
I yield them up once more
The coolness of my pleasant pond,
The greenness of its shore ;
Each movement of the useful tribe,
Has now a grace for me—
Each croak supplies a needful note
In Nature's harmony.

I own myself
taught to be-
hold God even
in the meanest
of his works.

And I have learnt a lesson,
To which my pride must bend—
God never made this world of life,
For man's caprice to mend ;
Be mine to study Nature's book,
With humble, rev'rent eyes ;
To wonder at the mystic page,
But not to criticise.

I beseech my
brother land-
lords, as a
brother, that
they hold their
estates as
stewards of
Him who is
above all,
dealing tender-
ly with their
tenantry, who
are in truth
their fellow-
servants, and
striving rather
to make them
serviceable at
home than to
eject them into
a painful
emigration.

And you, my fellow landlords,
A wholesome maxim hear,
Not by official sippancy
Perverted to a sneer,
But written in an honest heart,
To honest men and true ;
Uphold the *rights* of property,
But own its *duties* too.

Deal gently with the tenant
Of ev'n the humblest cot,—
Revere the tie of memory
Which binds him to the spot ;
Eject him not from spleen or whim,
But, e'er you bid him roam,
Be sure your eyes have not been dim
To note his worth at home.

EMMA, THE SAILOR GIRL.

BY MRS. WARD.

THE following story is not merely "founded" on fact—the chief incidents are literally true, and the scene is from nature. The real name of the heroine was Arnold, and she was the daughter of a lieutenant in H. Majesty's navy. His pernicious habits drove his child from his roof, and she, exchanging clothes with a village play-fellow, hired herself as cabin boy on board a vessel bound for the Cape. An accident brought her under the notice of a surgeon on board the ship, and the events followed as I have related them in the tale.

Between the fishing village of L—— and the town of E——, there once stood on the slope of a hill facing the sea, a row of dwellings surrounded by neat gardens, where those bright flowers thrived which enliven many a tenement, sheltered only by the cliffs of our coast. The first of these attracted the eye by its tasteful transformation from a common building to the picturesque residence of a fragile looking lady, who was seldom seen except when she would step beyond the bowery porch, twined with clematis and passion-flower, and, shading her eyes from the glare of the ocean, would gaze up the road watching for the postman.

Few knew her history, but it was understood that, against the consent of her father, she had married a young and handsome Lieutenant in the navy; that, soon after her marriage, her husband had gone to sea, and that she had improved the poor cottage after such a fashion as her taste dictated and her slender means permitted, and was now expecting his return.

Within a bay window of this dwelling a breakfast-table was laid, and at this sat the lady, with a child of five years old beside her. Both had been enjoying the fragrance of the sunny garden, and the pale lady's eyes had brightened as she had looked on her preparations of welcome. Her dress, as well as her child's, was of the plainest fashion, yet exquisitely neat. The little girl, with her doll upon her knee, burst out into a merry laugh from time to time, at the gambols of a kitten, as it tried hard to overcome the gravity of its sober mother, who sat blinking her eyes in the sunny eastern window, but the lady gave no heed to her daughter's repeated entreaties that she would "only just look at Dot:" she was scanning the shipping list of a newspaper with nervous haste and trepidation.

"Off Dover, H. M. frigate 'Rainbow,' arrived on the 4th instant, from Jamaica; the ship proceeds to the Downs, where a court-martial will assemble for the trial of Lieutenant Richard Temple, R. N., under arrest for being drunk on duty."

Mrs. Temple sat paralysed with the paper in her hand; the child and the kitten continued their play, and when Margaret, the only attendant on the cottage inmates, entered the room to remove the breakfast things, she found her mistress transfixed like a statue in her chair. There was a sharp tap at the porch door. It was the

postman who had brought back a letter which he had carried on by mistake.

The thoughtful Margaret sent the little girl to the next cottage to tell Captain Wilmot, their kind neighbour, and an old naval officer, that "mamma was in very great trouble," and to entreat that he would come to her forthwith.

"Under arrest!—disgraced, disgraced!—my Richard, my husband! oh, my husband!"

Mrs. Temple was sitting on the floor as she uttered these despairing words, with an open letter in her hand; but there was not a tear upon her clay pale face, though the whitened lips were rigid with great agony.

"My friend, my friend!" she cried, as the good old captain of the navy raised her in his arms from the ground, "my friend, my only friend. I shall never hold up my head again."

Truly she had need of his friendship, and as that poor pale afflicted creature cast herself in utter abandonment upon the old sailor's breast, the tears poured down his bronzed and honest face upon her shining hair.

For three long weeks the miserable wife of the drunkard, Richard Temple, waited in all the agony of suspense the issue of the court-martial sitting on board the "*Rainbow*;" evening after evening Captain Wilmot found her pacing her little drawing-room, her eyes glazed and tearless, but with those black circles round them, that marked how restless had been her state by day and night. Oh, the agony of suspense! how the *dread* predominates over the *hope*!

The fatal news came at last. The broken-hearted wife ceased to pace the floor, the faithful servant and the weary child sat beside the bed-side of the sufferer, and Captain Wilmot awaited the arrival of Richard Temple.

When the unhappy man knocked at the porch-door of his cottage-home, it was opened by Margaret in deep morning: there had been some delay in communicating with him, and ere he could be prepared for the shock, he learned from Captain Wilmot that his wife's constitution had sunk under the mind's affliction, and he sat down beneath the roof she had adorned for his reception, a widowed and a ruined man.

Seven years passed away. Captain Wilmot was lying in the church-yard near the child's unfortunate mother. Margaret, compelled to leave the service of the misguided Richard Temple, had married a widower, a fisherman, with one son, and happy was the wretched little girl when she could escape from her miserable home to the fire-side of her former nurse.

Perhaps, had God spared the gentle wife to the ruined Richard, he might have recovered in some measure his position; but God was merciful; and had spared the fragile creature a burden too heavy for such as her to bear.

The cottage she had ornamented was soon dismantled, the garden became a wilderness of weeds; a vicious woman had ere long taken Margaret's place, as housekeeper, and poor Emma was sent to a day-school at L—. The few people who remembered her mother, looked with mingled pity and horror on the child's unwashed face, closely clipped hair, and torn and soiled clothes, as she wended her way, sometimes alone, sometimes with a troop of children as dirty

and ragged as herself, between her desecrated home and the petty school-house in a by-street of the great sea-port.

She had one friend in the world besides Margaret: this was Margaret's step-son, a boy a little older than herself, and when she could not visit her former nurse, for her father, in his drunken fits, would sometimes keep her at home to spite the abandoned woman he chose to place at his table—such as it was—she would bound down to the beach and forget her misery for awhile, as she sailed her little ships in the pools under the cliffs, or at times dared to venture out in the red-sailed wherry with Edward's bluff but good-natured father.

The two children were very merry one day: it was noon in a sultry summer's month, and a troop of giddy creatures were launching their tiny boats in a shady creek. Edward had made a feast of apples, and ship's biscuits, and had caught some fish, which were broiling on a real fire; and they were just about to enjoy their banquet when a scream from Emma, and an upward glance drew the attention of the little crew to the cliff above.

For there stood Mr. Temple, Emma's father, his ashy cheeks, his livid lips, and blood-shot orbs, gave him the appearance of some frightful ogre; and, mute with terror, they gazed on the apparition which had "broke up the meeting with most admired disorder."

He sprang down from the dizzy height into the midst of the trembling group.

"Oh, papa, papa, forgive me!" shrieked his child, shrinking in an agony of dread from an uplifted leather strap; "I will go to school directly, indeed I will, but Mrs. Jones said her bill was not paid, and I—"

A blow across the mouth silenced the lips from which the blood now poured; the children flew apart like startled birds; but, as the angry man raised the leather thong again, Edward made a dart at it; Temple stepped back to bestow the heartier blow on his opponent, but as he was preparing to make a rush at the boy, Edward's father turned the angle of the rock, and stood before them.

"Go home, Mr. Temple, for God's sake, for the sake of the poor lady, who is lying under the green flag in the churchyard. You a man," continued David, as he saw the state of the bruised and shivering Emma; "you a man and strike that miserable child! God help you, my poor little girl! Come home with me to Margaret; Edward go on before us," said David, who knew his son's determined disposition too well to trust him alone with Temple. And the poor weeping child looked back to her father, hoping he might utter one kind word, but he stood with frowning brow, and made no sign. David carried her home, and laid her in her old nurse's arms, where she fell asleep, fanned by the soft breeze that floated into the homely but peaceful fisher's hut.

Some kind people suggested the magistrate's interference in the case, but, then, who was to take charge of the unfortunate child? Even the most charitably disposed shrunk from undertaking the care of one, whose father might at any moment cast his shadow in her path, and fight for his right upon his victim.

All distinctions of position having been as we have seen levelled between Edward and Emma by the state of vice in which her father had long lived, they sat down together on the beach, and held a

long consultation, the result of which did not transpire for some weeks after Emma's disappearance from home, for next day a cry was raised that Mr. Temple's ill-used daughter *was missing*.

Some weeks after Emma's departure, Edward was questioned on the subject of it by a magistrate, who had, with great difficulty, collected evidence to prove that the girl had been seen on a particular night wending her way, through a storm of wind and rain, towards the beach.

The boy's statement, in the abstract, was as follows:—

That Emma and he had long and often consulted together on the subject of her escape from the sad thralldom she endured—that he had given her his own old clothes—that he had a friend named Brent, a steward on board a large merchant-ship, who had often asked him how he should like to go to sea with him—that Edward knew his father and step-mother could ill spare his assistance in fishing, and occasionally helping the pilots at L—, and that he had told Brent that he had a playmate who was friendless and poor, and who would be thankful for a berth on board the "Dartmouth"—that he would bring his playmate to him, and that Brent must not betray the boy—that Brent, who was an honest, cautious man, had at first refused to hear of "carrying off" a boy to sea who was a runaway, but that afterwards he had consented to see the child, and finally decided on taking the little bruised and half-starved wretch under his care.

"And by what name," asked the magistrate of Edward, when he had told this strange tale, in all its details, "by what name was the girl entered on the books of the 'Dartmouth.'"

"We had forgotten all about a name," replied the boy ingenuously, "till Brent asked her what she was called; so then I put my arm round her neck, and kissed her, and gave her a little pinch, and said 'Good bye, Johnny Marvel,' and Johnny Marvel I suppose she is now aboard the 'Dartmouth.'"

"Mother," said Edward to his father's wife, whom he loved most sincerely, and who was sitting crying over her untasted cup of tea, in a state of nervous excitement, at the result of the lad's summons before the magistrate, "mother, don't cry; she is happier now than she was up yonder on the hill side."

"Ah!" sighed Margaret, "I shall never see her again, I know;" and she fell into a reverie sad and tearful.

She was right, she never did meet Emma Temple again; but Edward did, and that under circumstances so peculiar as to demand a revelation as strange as it is true.

The limits of my paper will not permit me to dwell on the career of this extraordinary sailor girl.

Neither must I follow our little "cabin-boy" through two or three voyages which "he" made in the "Dartmouth," always retaining the patronage and protection of the kind-hearted Brent when called upon as "he" grew older, to work "before the mast."

For "Johnny Marvel" soon became the pet of the crew. Active, merry, and intrepid, the captain was wont to point "him" out to passengers as "the cleverest little chap in the ship."

It was well that our heroine's chief delight had been in sailing with Margaret's husband and step-son in the wherry whenever she

had had opportunity. Many a stiff breeze had the child encountered, many a lecture had Margaret bestowed on the rough kind-hearted fisherman, little thinking what would be the result of such tutelage.

There was a heavy swell one day in the great Atlantic just where the trade winds cease. "Little Jack" was up in the tops, and went out upon the fore-yard, where he sat swinging in mid air to his own delight and the great terror of Brent. The sailors looked up and shook their heads, but laughed at the boy's bold bearing and reckless song. "Jack" was now nearly fifteen, and though not robust, was no longer the wretched creature he had been when Brent introduced him with some misgivings to the captain. As the ship rolled in the trough of the sea the young sailor dipped with the yard almost into the lead-coloured water, rose again with a shout, and played at this wild game till the captain, in an angry tone, ordered him "down." The sudden command startled him, and hurrying along the yard, his foot caught in a rope, while at some distance from the ground, and thus, losing his balance, he fell headlong on the deck.

He was taken up insensible and carried down the nearest hatchway to a messmate's hammock by his friend Brent; and a surgeon happening, with his wife, to be a passenger on board the ship, then bound for the Cape of Good Hope, he was summoned.

That night a "whisper fell" among the crew of the "Dartmouth" that the merry-hearted sea boy was like to die; then a lady, the surgeon's wife, moved along the silent deck, and passing the boundary of the passenger's promenade, was guided down the hatchway to the lower deck, and there, stretched on a hammock, a sickly lantern shedding its rays on her dark crisped locks, matted with blood from a wound in the head, was stretched poor Emma Temple, with Brent crying beside her.

The blue shirt collar was open, and a red stream was trickling across the slender throat of the girl bronzed by many a breeze, and strongly contrasted with the fairer proportions of the swelling bust; the sleeve had been ripped, and the rounded arm, with its bloody bandage, looked strangely white above the tanned and almost muscular palm.

She was removed as soon as possible to the lady's cabin, and gently tended; rest and care turned the scale in her favour, and then the sailors were told the wondrous tale, that their favourite, "Johnny Marvel," was a girl!

After such a career, young as she was, she was, truth to tell, little fitted to play the part of a lady; all that the kind and judicious wife of the surgeon could do for Emma she did. She took her into her own establishment as an attendant, but a summons to England deranging the plans she had formed for her *protégée*, under her own *surveillance*, our heroine found a new home in the house of a married officer of rank commanding a garrison of importance on the frontier of South Africa.

Her journey to this garrison was undertaken in one of the cumbersome conveyances of the colony, but ere this reached its destination, it met with a very common casualty, it broke down; and as there

was a probability of delay, our heroine resolved, with her usual in-

dependence of spirit, to proceed on foot : being guided to the top of a hill, she looked down on the town, whither she was destined, descended the rough slope, crossed the bridge which spanned a turbid and swollen river, and inquiring her way to the residence of the commandant, proceeded to the gateway of the building pointed out to her.

A sentry paced up and down in front of the entrance ; she was about to ask which would be her best mode of obtaining admittance, when the tall stripling interrupted her with, " Pass on young woman, it is against orders to speak on my post."

The voice was Edwards.

Yes, there stood her early companion, her friend, in the uniform of the 91st Regiment, and it is not to be wondered at, that a recognition took place in spite of rules and regulations. At length Emma, at Edward's earnest entreaties, and after a mutual promise to meet again, passed through the gateway, and presenting herself to her new mistress, entered upon her employments, without, however, alluding in any way to the singular circumstance attending her arrival.

Edward's information was the first she had received touching the scenes of her early career, for it so happened that she had never revisited them from the time he had put her under Brent's care on the deck of the " Dartmouth " four years before. He had but a sorrowful tale of himself to tell. His father had been drowned out fishing, and it was not long ere Margaret followed ; he had been induced, in what he at first thought an evil hour to enlist, and, said he to Emma, " what I am going to tell you will not cause you much sorrow for your own sake. Your father did not live long after you left ; he put himself into a dreadful fury when he found out what I had had to do in getting you out of his clutches, and before my father and mother died I had begun to think I had best get out of his way, which you see I did at last, and I am glad of it now, for here we are again together, and I am sure this is the happiest day of my life !"

These two young adventurers upon the uncertain sea of life, had been enjoying the rest and peaceful recreation which the sabbath always brought them in a colony where the observance of the sacred day is decidedly more attended to than in England, and had extended their walk across the bridge entrance of the town, through a wooded valley, where bright birds were swaying on the branches of the myrtle and laurestinus, and impudent monkeys were swinging by their tails from the tall geranium and arbutus bushes. The river murmured at their feet, the sky, of an intense blue, would have blinded the eyes of all who gazed on it, but for the masses of snowy clouds floating between heaven and earth ; and the deep stillness of the place would have been that of a wilderness, but for the occasional echoes of a bugle-call from the garrison, which broke upon the silence like a voice, and warned Edward that the hour of evening duty was approaching.

I have said before that all distinctions between these two young creatures had ceased in their childhood, and Emma Temple, the household servant, now looked on Edward as a superior being to herself. He was but a soldier, but he had been commended for steady conduct and good principle, and truly, a moral might be read

in the history of the fisherman's son with his good name, and the gentleman's daughter with the curse of the drunkard upon her in her dependent, and, but for Edward, friendless condition.

And ere they parted they pledged their troth. He was to try and obtain rank and pay commensurate with the responsibilities of a man who marries the woman he loves; she was to relate her story to the kind lady whom she served, and who, although aware of a singular episode of Emma's life at sea, had not the slightest idea of a lover in the case.

In the course of a few months the young man, who had long acquired the confidence of his superior officers, was promoted to the rank of sergeant; Emma had put by her earnings, and with her mistress's assistance had made up a tolerable sum wherewith to open another chapter of her eventful life.

The wedding-day was fixed, and a good-natured settler, who had become interested in the romantic story of the lovers, came forward with that considerate and liberal hospitality which forms so agreeable a feature in the character of the South African colonist. He threw open his house for a festal gathering, and summoned many friends to share the pleasures of the bridal, and to welcome the bride and bridegroom on the threshold of their new life.

It was a glorious day outwardly, but the fleecy clouds were coming up from the horizon, and shaping themselves into dense and swollen masses, which grew darker by degrees, and emitted, at sharp intervals fiery tongues of lightning: but these evidences of storm were far off, and in an opposite direction from the road which, on crossing a stream, led to the town whence the bridegroom was hourly expected.

The ground round the homestead presented the appearance of a gipsy camp, with its waggons drawn up in shady pathways, and the smoke of fires, for, as it was of course impossible to give house-room by night to such a throng of guests, a bivouac was established on the good farmer's ground, and the travellers' cattle was dispersed about the bush that festooned the hills in the back-ground of the snug settlement.

A bridal assemblage is always a cheerful sight in a country where there is much labour, certain difficulties and dangers to surmount, and but little pastime. The present occasion had brought many together who came partly from pleasure, partly from curiosity, but all with hearty good will towards the pair whose history had been the theme of conversation in many a homestead, in camp and in quarter.

Women in gay dresses, and fair-haired English-looking children were assembled in the settler's garden, and turning their backs upon the angry clouds, looked anxiously beyond the Koonap river up the hill. Evening advanced, the thunder began to mutter above the clouds, and descending, rolled along the mountain ridges, and kept up an uneasy murmur in the ravines. A single traveller on horse-back wended his unnoticed way down a bridle-road at the back of the settler's dwelling, within which the clergyman, for he it was, found a table bravely spread, but no guests. They were still intently gazing into the distance beyond the river, as some twenty

minutes before, the figure of another traveller on horseback had appeared between a far hill top and the now lurid sky.

The clergyman hung his horse's bridle on an iron hook at the gate of the farm-yard, in rear of the house, and took his way to the drift or ford where the guests had assembled to bid the bridegroom tarry on his way. There was a hoarse murmur of waters rising in the distance, where the cliffs overhung the swelling stream, and the bride turned an anxious and searching look upon the farmer, as, after listening to the roar of the mighty river, he exclaimed, "Now, God help him! for so sure as he tries to cross the drift this night he must perish."

"But he hears our warning," cried Emma, as she waved her hands to her lover. "See, he laughs, and lifts his forage cap, and stops his horse. And he is alone; ah! I know how it is; he has been waiting for his comrade;* if he had not done so, he would have been here in the morning. Oh, Edward, Edward!" exclaimed the unhappy girl in an agony, the depths of which could not be understood by her auditors, "Oh, Edward, how could you put faith in him, and be a drunkard!"

And her lover, now at the edge of the drift, saw her distorted features, her clasped hands, and resolved on trying to comfort her in her distress. Her surmise was too true, he had put faith in a drunkard, and finding that if he waited longer, there would not be sufficient light for him to make the journey before the time appointed for the marriage,† he had started alone on a horse borrowed from a friend whose household cares did not permit his joining the bridal party; and, observing the storm gathering along the hills, had made such haste as the roads, strewn with loose stones, and a horse taken off grass, permitted.

The river lay between him and happiness. He could not distinguish a word uttered by the group on the opposite side, for the waters roared and tumbled over the stones, and the alder boughs swayed to and fro, as the wind came whistling up the stream. Would that the shriek which burst from the lips of his betrothed, could have reached his ears as his tired horse put its foot into the turgid river, drew it back, snorted, and resisting the blow of the *sambok* § bestowed on its smoking flanks by the impatient rider, less wary of his danger than the sagacious beast, turned its face towards the stony hill, and would have retraced its path, but for Edward's determination that it should ford the drift.

After resisting the whip for several minutes, the horse, as though bent on revenging itself on its master, plunged into the river, rose gallantly at the stones over which the restless element tumbled with the violence of a cascade, scattered the spray right and left, and had just reached the last ledge of the rocks, when its hoofs slipped under it, and it was borne with its rider down the foaming current.

For a few moments only the spectators on the bank had a view of

* Every soldier has a "comrade," each being bound to assist the other in taking charge of his effects when absent on duty from the barracks, helping him in accoutring for parade, &c.

† In South Africa, where the clergyman has sometimes a ride of seventy miles, the weddings often take place at night.

§ Whip of sea cow's hide.

the young soldier's face as he shook himself from his struggling horse, spread out his arms in a vain attempt to swim, sunk in the bubbling eddies, rose again, and tossing helplessly in the surge, was cast within a few feet of the bank. His cap had fallen from his head, his brow was knit with despair—one more desperate plunge, but a flood of water that loosened the largest rock, and carried it onward, lifted the youth from the footing he had for an instant gained, whirled him over and over, and rapidly swept him down. They heard his cry; they rushed along the brink of the dangerous stream, swinging from bough to bough when their feet failed them on the clayey soil; they followed, though they knew they could not help. Still that despairing cry, mingling with the roar of the river, and the whistling boughs of alders and long-tressed willows, and the crashing of falling rocks! Still that cry—fainter—fainter—it dies away; an unearthly scream!—the agonised farewell of the drowning horse, rises with shrill power above the tumult, the lightning scatches a noble tree, and the terrified and sorrowful people come back to tell that the hapless Edward has passed into the illimitable ocean of eternity!

As the interest of this extraordinary tale rests chiefly on the events connected with the career of the young soldier and the sailor girl, I have deemed it advisable to drop the curtain on the scene of Edward's melancholy death. But there is a sequel to Emma's history, which is as follows:—

After the shock experienced at so fatal an occurrence, she again obtained employment in a respectable household, and, some time afterwards united herself to a sergeant of Dagroons, who, in a few weeks, was ordered into the field against the Kafirs, and returning severely wounded, subsequently obtained his discharge and a comfortable appointment under Government.

During the latter part of the Kafir war, in 1847, a little party, of which I was one, was brought into circumstances of difficulty, not unattended with danger; and as it was of moment that there should be no delay in our transit across the Koonap river, we were fain to beg additional escort, as well as forage for our horses, at a wayside inn. The escort was a voluntary one, and proved to be the husband of the intrepid sailor girl.

As we rode from the door, the sergeant (a very picture of a gallant Dagroon), heading our cavalcade as guide, his wife came to the steps with a child in her arms; there was nothing in her appearance indicative of the hard life she had led, the trials she had endured; and she was doubtless unconscious of the interest with which we surveyed her.

Our guide gave his steed the rein, I turned to take a last look, but my horse shook his head, whisked his tail, arched his neck, in short, displayed those gestures of impatience unmistakable in the palfreys of South Africa,—we turned a clump of bush—and the wayside inn, with the figure on the door-step, was hidden from our sight.

THE VARIETIES OF MAN.*

It might be called perhaps a minor curiosity in literature, that three metropolitan M.D.s* should at the same moment have sent forth their researches on a subject so little known, or so imperfectly understood, as the varieties of the races of men, and that their several works should present the strongest possible contrasts to each other, contrasts so strong, that the terms light and darkness can alone define them.

We have occasionally heard of a certain class of peripatetic philosophers of various degrees of demerit, who, when work is dull in London, and the incomings are scarce, wander about in the summer months from one provincial town to another, placard the walls of such towns with the intimation, that for one night only they will give lectures at some hall for a trifling consideration; a-shilling-admission-lectures, on all sorts of subjects, to the natives in the counties.

Itinerant professors of this description usually make the very most of their very slender acquirements, puff tremendously, talk magniloquently, and in a style of speech intended to impress their hearers with a conviction that the knowledge of the lecturer is exact and profound, and his general attainments vast and wonderful.

Whether Robert Knox, M.D. is a philosopher of this exact type we have no means of knowing, otherwise than by the book he has put forth, which surpasses, we must say, in arrogance and assumption, and in violence of expression, anything we have ever met with of late years in books professing to treat of science or philosophy.

To be brief: the book teaches nothing, and denies every thing; it abuses men and institutions, families and governments, with wonderful prodigality; calls the King of Prussia an infamous coward, the King of Greece an idiot and a vulgar Goth, and the modern Greeks serfs by nature and slaves of the horrible and brutal superstitions of the Greek Church. As for the Saxon nations in Europe, enslaved as they are, they basely hold their lives and properties at the mercy of five or six brutal families or dynasties, paltry families, unknown to fortune or renown.

The English are the grand tyrants by sea, and as to the civil and religious liberty we assert we possess, it is a fallacy altogether, for Dr. Knox says we have neither, either in Britain or in Ireland, but in their stead a mighty sham.

Men of science fare indeed no better than politicians. Buckland is hit hard and not undeservedly, Cuvier is sneered at, and Dr. Prichard, to whom the science owes so much, and whom Dr. Latham most justly calls a physiologist among physiologists, and a scholar among scholars, even he, who probably taught this writer the little that he knows, even he is said to have written "an imperfect work, leading to no results." Not certainly to the results that Dr. Knox has arrived at, who denies all that the Bible asserts as to the origin of man and the beginning of time, and calls all chronology, sacred or profane, worthless,

* 1. *Of the Races of Men, a Fragment.* By Robert Knox, M.D. Renshaw. London. 1850.

2. *The Natural History of the Varieties of Man.* By Robert Gordon Latham, M.D., F.R.S. Van Voorst. London. 1850.

3. *Proteus; or, The Law of Nature.* By Charles Bland Radcliffe, M.B. Churchill. London. 1850.

"and all human history as conjecture, pretension, error, and obscurity." "For millions and millions of years the world rolled through space without man," says this would-be philosopher, and with this specimen of "conjecture and pretension," we must close our notice of this offensive book.

2. The work of Dr. Latham is of a totally opposite description; it is a scientific work, presenting a succession of new and most interesting facts throughout the whole of its pages, facts clearly stated and most methodically arranged; nor do we know which most to admire, the vast amount of information presented to us, or its elegant and useful classification.

Every nation of the world, and every tribe and family of those nations, from the most distinguished to the most obscure, are here brought before us, under their three great varieties, as Mongolidæ, Atlantidæ, Iapetidæ; and as these are severally introduced, they bring with them notices of their locality, of their native name, their dialects and physical appearance, their habits of life and peculiarities, their political relations and religions, their architectural archæology and present progress in civilization, their increase or decrease in numbers and influence, and all such matters as individually belong to them.

From a book of this description it is difficult to select an extract that should convey a just idea of so learned and masterly a work; but the notice of the Jews being brief, and their general history being tolerably well known, we will give what is said of the

"SONS OF TERAH.

I can think of no better collective name for that portion of the Semitic nations, which comprises not only the Jews, but those other tribes which, allied in blood though separated by belief, are necessary to be noticed, in order to give the more important Hebrew nation its due position, than the one at the head of this section, Terah, the father of Abraham, being the Eponymus.

AMMONITES.

Habits.—Agricultural.

Locality.—East of the Israelites on the north. Conterminous with and closely allied to

THE MOABITES.

Habits.—Pastoral.

Locality.—East of the Israelites on the south.

Chief Deity.—Chemosh.

The Moabites and Ammonites were probably transitional between the Hebrews and the Syrians, the next families being transitional between the Hebrews and the Arabs.

ISHMARLITES.

Locality.—Probably migratory tribes on the frontiers of the Desert.

EDOMITES.

Area.—From the Dead to the Red Sea.

Habits.—Partly pastoral, partly commercial and industrial.

HEBREWS.

Area.—Palestine.

Divisions.—Samaritans, Jews.

SAMARITANS.

Divisions.—Samaritans Proper, Galileans.

Canonical Books.—The Pentateuch.

Alphabet.—A nearer approach to the Phenician than the Jewish, and probably another form.

Era.—National existence terminated A. D. 721. Since then either extinct or incorporated. Equivocal remains in the neighbourhood of Nablous.

Jews.

Era.—Natural existence terminated A. D. 89. Since then dispersed, but not incorporated.

Physical Conformation.—Differing from that of the Arab in greater massiveness of frame, thicker lips, nose more frequently aquiline, and cranium of greater capacity.

Intellectual Culture.—Pre-eminently early and pre-eminently continuous, *i. e.*, from the time of the Prophets to that of the Rabbinical writers of the Middle Ages, and from these to the present moment; in the latter case the medium generally being languages other than the Hebrew, *i. e.*, those of the respective countries of the different writers.

Moral Influence.—1. As manifested by Jewish writers of Modern Europe, identified with that of the literature of the particular country which produced it.

2. As manifested by the Rabbinical writers anterior to the revival of literature and subsequent to the dispersion, limited or nearly limited to the Semitic nations.

3. As manifested in the evolution of Monotheistic creeds, co-extensive with Judaism Proper, Christianity, Mahometanism."

These notices are in most cases followed by explanatory observations, and some historical facts bearing upon the particular subject. All who take an interest in that exceedingly interesting subject,—the varieties of man on the globe,—will find in Dr. Latham's volume abundant information.

Dr. Radcliffe's work, of the "Law of Nature," is a book more or less of profound thoughts on natural subjects. His idea of the law is of the unity of nature—of a uniform law acting equally in the organic as the inorganic world. He supports his idea by arguments drawn from the unity of the organs of living bodies as of plants and animals, and of the unity of their entire organism. His reasonings on these subjects display great knowledge of natural history, of anatomy, and botany. Having, as he conceives, brought forth such evidences of unity, in the forms of organic and inorganic nature, as prove the fact well nigh absolutely, he next seeks to give yet added strength to his strong position, by arguments drawn from the unity of force in organized and inorganized substances.

It is no common mind that can reason thus deeply upon subjects naturally so obscure; and the reasons are such as do equal honour to the writer's heart as to his understanding. All his words betoken reverential feelings; his is a language that gives a clear indication of what spirit he is of: the Christian is seen in every line,—the true philosopher, who draws all his wisdom from the only one fountain of truth, and whose writings, therefore, give sound knowledge to the reader, while they secure added blessings to the writer. It is very rarely that we meet with a work of this description,—so philosophical and so scriptural, so able and so pure, so good in intention and so correct in language and execution.

LOUIS KOSSUTH AND HIS FAMILY.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

[THE following sketches are from the pen of a Hungarian lady who lived on terms of friendly intercourse with the family of Kossuth. At Pesth and Debreczen she had constant opportunities, during the great Hungarian struggle for independence, not only of forming the personal acquaintance of many of the most distinguished men, remarkable in that period, but of gaining an insight into the scenes and events in the midst of which she lived.

Her sketches are drawn with a conscientious regard to accuracy and truth, however much their colouring may owe to the enthusiasm of the writer; and as faithful pictures of life, they will, I have no doubt, be regarded with general interest.

BAYSWATER, Aug. 15th, 1850.

THERESA PULSZKY.]

The political character and the moral influence of the man who in these last eventful years stood at the head of the Hungarian nation, have been illustrated by the events themselves, and by more than one graphical sketch. To those, however, who have admired the lofty genius and the brilliant talents of KOSSUTH, it may be of interest to trace him into the recess of his private relations.

I remember when I first met him, that he struck me as cold and reserved, even to his intimates. I had previously seen him only in Parliament uttering the inspiring accents of noble enthusiasm. It then appeared to me impossible for the mighty orator, whose voice re-echoed in the hearts of the multitudes, to adapt himself to the calm tone of every-day intercourse. I was mistaken. Serious and considerate as he was at an age when careless vivacity might have been justified, the sufferings of imprisonment had imparted a melancholy tinge to a temper predominantly mild; he rarely gave way to mirth and gaiety, and only when surrounded by a small number of friends. His fame as an orator and political writer, the general interest his re-appearance excited after three years' imprisonment, the charm of uncommon beauty, all these were elements to create in more than one maiden's heart revolutions of no political kind. Kossuth was hardly aware of the feelings which he excited; he had given his heart to one, who, without knowing him personally, had manifested the warmest sympathy for the unfortunate prisoner. Though his bride possessed as little wealth as himself, he preferred the blessings of affection to the material advantages of connexions, which, in the enthusiasm for the liberal cause, were offered to its admired champion. The love which endeared his home certainly was of no common kind: it was not subject to the weakening influence of time. Mrs. Kossuth, serious and severe in her disposition, seemed to concentrate the glowing warmth of her passionate feelings upon her Lajos (Louis). With anxiously zealous care she sought to isolate him from every one who might have shared—as she deemed—too amply in his regard. This applied to his intercourse with relatives and friends; as for the jealousy more natural to a

woman's heart, she herself acknowledged that she had never had the least occasion for it. But when the sacred love of country grew daily more powerful, — when the great patriot restlessly devoted every thought, every breath to the duties imposed upon him by the confidence of the nation, — the doting wife was at last compelled to give up her sole and exclusive claim on his attention. To this reluctant sacrifice her intimates attributed the moments of irritation and despondency, regarded as haughtiness and ill-humour by persons less acquainted with her character. But Kossuth, in the midst of his most pressing occupations, when he had not a single moment to spare for himself, always found leisure to calm the nervous excitement of his consort. He often suffered from fever, yet pursued his labours without interruption, turning a deaf ear to the physician's pressing advice. But any indisposition of his Theresa never failed to disturb him. One morning when she suffered from a nervous attack, not unusual with her, he repeatedly left his study to attend her. At last she was asleep. "Thank Heaven," he said to the physician then present, "thank Heaven that she is better! you can hardly imagine how necessary for my mind to-day is the certitude of her recovery." And he returned to his cabinet, and applied himself again to his work.

When he was with the army, his wife every day received a letter from him. "Angel of my soul!" he once wrote from the camp to Debreczen; "rejoice with me, we have won a new victory. Our young Klapka is driving the enemy resistlessly before him. Kiss the children and sister Louisa; I request of her not to leave you a moment alone. Take care of your health: do not forget that my love and my life are one and the same."

Simplicity reigned in Kossuth's family. After his appointment as minister, he allowed but few alterations in his household concerns; and Theresa, in accordance with Hungarian custom, still attended to all the details of domestic management. There was no luxury; no sumptuousness disturbed the quiet course of this life, in which Kossuth found happiness unmixed with the disappointments of ostentatious vanity. When a servant once addressed him as "Excellency," his master at first rebuked him with mildness; but when the fault was repeated, Kossuth drily said, "János,* if you absolutely will have an excellency you must seek it elsewhere; with me you have no chance to find one." Harshness was strange to his nature.

His old servant, one morning, in lighting the fire, had destroyed certain papers on which Kossuth's pen had been busied all night. The old man trembled, when by his master's exclamation he became aware of what he had done. Kossuth smiled at his discomfited countenance, and sat down to rewrite the long document. As Márton, with woeful accents, began to apologise, Kossuth objected in a good-natured tone: "But tell me, Márton, why did you want such a quantity of paper for your fire; would not one sheet have done?"† With his children he often played, and enjoyed their

* John.

† Márton had been a soldier, and as such appointed to guard Kossuth in his dungeon. When he was set at liberty, he engaged as servant this old man, who had shown him kind regard during his imprisonment.

joys with loud cheerfulness. He delighted in his Vilma's* noisy vivacity, whose features most resembled his own. To this she probably owed her mother's fond predilection. He tenderly caressed his affectionate Feri,† and listened with a father's pride to the strikingly clever repartees of little Lajos. He joked with them all, and was amongst them like a harmless child himself. Yet but few persons ever chanced to witness this intercourse of genuine felicity. Even the presence of friends,—his immediate relatives excepted—broke the spell, recalling him to less bright realities, and to that natural calm dignity, which impressively charmed all who met him.

His widowed mother had for several years lived at Pesth. Here she was with two of her married daughters, and with her only son—her Lajos. Hers was a warm heart; time had not chilled it. Susceptible to every interest, she grieved and rejoiced with her children. Mindful of all their concerns, she had little thought for herself. Her venerable countenance brightened whenever Lajos was mentioned, and a tear of motherly pride then not seldom escaped her. She gladly indulged in recollections of his childhood, remembering how, at the dawn of his existence, with the very first prayer, she had been anxious to impress him with the love of his country and of freedom. At the period of the Polish revolution her house afforded hospitality to many a homeless wanderer. Though not rich she for years willingly supported the exiles who had sought an asylum with her. The generous woman freely imparted a share of her very small income, convinced that her children would never blame her for this, though she lessened their humble inheritance. When she was above seventy years of age, her mind was still elastic enough to view without prejudice the mighty course of events, which, in an impetuous flood, broke in from all sides.

One of her daughters, Susan Meszlényi, but recently a widow, lived at her house with a family of young children.

Whoever knew her respected the unusual qualities of this gifted woman. Her judgment was characterised by the same acuteness, her thoughts by the same clearness as Kossuth's.

Mrs. Meszlényi was not beautiful. Early deprived of cherished illusions, manifold sufferings had swept from her pale countenance the charms longer preserved in the perfumed atmosphere of more ordinary natures. But her soft eyes animated by the bright rays of intellect, and the rich tresses of her fair hair, indicated the youth which had prematurely faded.

Shrinking from intercourse with the common world, she abandoned herself to the interest in her country's welfare, with all the energy of her richly endowed mind. She could not calmly view the crisis which Hungary had to undergo. A true patriot, of warm feeling, and anxious solicitude, she was ready for any self-sacrifice. When Kossuth, with intense grief, became convinced of the sad state in which the military hospitals still were, in spite of his repeated exertions to supply their deficiencies, he sought every means to remedy this calamity. Susan then offered herself, requesting him to entrust her with the care of this difficult task. Kossuth, though for some time he had had little intercourse with his sister, could perfectly appreciate her excellence. He affectionately pressed her hand, and

* Wilhelmina.

† Francis.

said, with deep emotion, "Thank you, Susi, nothing could be more fortunate for the poor wounded men; you will be richly blessed!"

Now for the first time was this woman's character able fully to develop itself. Regardless of fatigue, she journeyed from one hospital to another; all her regulations testified a talent for organization rarely to be met with. The physicians acknowledged the practical merit of her activity; its results were surprising. The abode of suffering soon wore a more consolatory aspect, with the ready support of ladies, who in every part of the country exerted themselves to supply linen, money, and lint. Every one joyfully contributed to the sacred duty of providing for the brave men helplessly stretched on the couch of sickness; thus, at least, they could repose in comfort. Fresh linen, fresh air, cleanliness, with its restorative strength, were soon established by Susan's conscientious attendance. Her name, no doubt, was remembered in the prayer of the convalescent soldier,—her name was not forgotten in the farewell blessing of the dying man.

Before long her merits were generally acknowledged; wherever her duties led her, she was greeted with joyful welcome: the sister of Kossuth,—of the man prized as much by every Hungarian heart, as his name was familiar to every tongue. The Ministry of War addressed an official letter to Mrs. Meszlényi containing the minister's thanks in the name of the country for the generous achievements of the devoted woman. She was named superintendent of all the hospitals, and her sphere of action was thus enlarged.

Louisa Ruttkay, the elder sister of Kossuth, often lived in his house. She was the only one of the family whom the jealous mind of the passionate wife willingly tolerated. I never could account for this preference, as Louisa was utterly different from Theresa, and similar to Kossuth in her soft and amiable disposition. This, I often thought, must have been apt to awaken in Mrs. Kossuth the feelings of exclusive desire, to which she was so prone. But it seemed that her over-agitated mind felt soothed in presence of the peaceful Louisa. Less strikingly talented than her sister, she was characterised by feminine sweetness and warmth of heart. Her countenance, though not regularly beautiful, was eminently graceful. The limpid blue of the eye, overshadowed by mild melancholy, resembled her brother's. An indefinable loveliness seemed to proceed from her: whoever saw her felt the attraction, and desired not to remain a stranger to her. She partook of woman's primitive nature, being sensitive and shy, easily frightened and melted to tears; yet in extraordinary cases, when called upon to testify courage, she overcame her natural disposition. Her heart was warmed by the same love of country which inspired the genius of Kossuth. She is ever present to my mind as in the act of addressing the Polish battalion, which had elected her "patroness of its standard."* To utter words in public was so contrary to her inclinations, that when I saw her on the morning of the solemnization, her heart throbbed at the very thought of her task.

We drove together to the large Museum-place, then covered with multitudes. After the priest had consecrated the standard, it was

* In Hungary, as in Austria, it is customary for ladies to embroider standards. A lady selected by the battalion witnesses the consecration of the standard, and presents it to the soldiers.

Louisa's turn. She timidly glanced at me. I whispered, "Take courage." She stepped forward, and presented the standard. Her lips trembled when she pronounced the first word; but her enthusiastic interest in the subject soon mastered her diffidence. Her voice grew more powerful, her cheeks glowed, and bright tears escaped her eyes:—"Companions and brethren in joy and woe," she concluded, "may this standard, consecrated by the minister of God, bring glad success to your arms! May it shield and remind you that Eternal Justice is with us. Fervent prayers follow your standard. May Heaven bless you and grant victory to you, the generous guests of our country, who have come to assist in our struggle for freedom!" Loud hurrahs resounded. Visocki, the deservedly celebrated general, then commander of the Polish battalion, thanked her in its name with accents of deep emotion. Heartily cheered by the multitude, Louisa at last got to the carriage and accompanied by the officers on horseback, we reached our home.

It was the only instance in which I had seen Mrs. Ruttkay conquer her natural timidity. I expressed my astonishment. She smilingly acknowledged that she herself had almost doubted her identity; that she had felt as if she had not spoken herself, but as if an internal voice had lent her its accents.

The most perfect happiness was afforded to this angelic mind, when it could exert itself for the welfare of others; her place was wherever she could soothe pain or alleviate misery. More than one matter of anxiety was communicated to Kossuth by her with winning entreaties; but never beyond the sphere of support for the destitute and helpless.

The union of persons so different, and individually so remarkable, would have rendered this family interesting under any circumstances; how much more was this the case with Kossuth at its head; Kossuth, the first man of our nation, the man of the people, whom he loved with the power of his faith and his genius.

I think those who were fortunate enough to be initiated into his intimate life, will consider the period of his activity at Debreczen as peculiarly interesting. Everything was there in a smaller compass than in the capital, and he could be contemplated more closely. In a few short months Kossuth could there be watched while completing a whole course,—from the severest danger up to the zenith of fortune. His calm dignity and equanimity never forsook him for a single moment. If he had been of princely origin, this natural power, no doubt, would have been attributed to an inherited gift of his race. With him it acted resistlessly. Attentive observers ascribed to this the spell with which Kossuth bound even the most unruly dispositions. The example he gave of indefatigable activity effectually influenced all branches of the public service. Glowing energy like his could alone call forth the miracles by which all Europe was astonished. Far surpassing the ancient Greek myth, an army of 150,000 men issued from Kossuth's head. And this happened at the time when our enemies and public opinion, throughout Europe, deemed the Hungarian nation effaced from the book of history.

Long before dawn, Kossuth sat at his desk. He often worked for hours alone. Regardless strict himself, he was ever mindful of others, and did not exact from them his own sacrifices. After he had worked six or seven hours, and had sent his orders

in every direction, no respite from toil yet arrived. His horse was saddled and he went to review some newly organized battalion. The well-disciplined cheers usual at prepared festivities cannot convey the faintest notion of the untrained outbreaks of enthusiasm which the appearance of Kossuth created. At his sight the soldiers could hardly be restrained in the ranks, and to preserve order he was often obliged to ride close up to them. The expression of his physiognomy in such moments clearly manifested what he felt when the vigorous sons of Hungary looked up to him with radiant glances and half familiar smiles. He understood how to satisfy every one; he addressed them, and had always something to say which stimulated the pride of the men, and remained favourite topics with them. They never grew tired of relating how it was when they spoke with Kossuth. On one such an occasion he met a father, who stood in the same ranks with his two sons. Kossuth turned to his aide-de-camp and said, "Colonel Bikkessy, take care to have the old man soon made sergeant; the youngsters might forget the due respect for their father, if he remained long their comrade." Before Kossuth left the review, he generally used to address the troops with a short and energetic speech; he never repeated the hackneyed phrases usual to most persons officially called upon to speak. His words were impressed with thoughts of power and feeling, and electrified the ranks he approached. Summoned by him, the Honvéds readily met every danger. These brave men, naturally fearless, unequalled horsemen from their very childhood, with bitter dislike for their oppressors, and intense love for their country, saw in Kossuth the personification of their patriotism. What would such troops not encounter? No victory seemed unattainable; nothing but a treacherous and cowardly blow could deliver them up to the enemy.

When the governor turned homeward, his way was thronged with people. Touching, and often amusing, scenes chanced to take place. Peasants came from fifty and a hundred miles to Debreczen for the sole purpose of seeing him, or to address to him some question, as, whether the war was likely to be soon concluded;—whether it was wiser to keep or to sell their corn. Once a young woman, with a child in her arms, stopped him and handed over a letter, which she requested him to get forwarded to her husband, who was a private soldier in the Transylvanian army. Another time, when there was a general deficiency of small coin, he was personally applied to for change.

Such genuine proofs of childlike confidence were always warmly accepted by Kossuth, who not seldom devoted moments of his precious time to these trifling subjects.

Coming home tired and chilled by the wintry cold, he found the large hall adjoining his cabinet crowded with people of all descriptions, who wished to speak to him. Kossuth, anxious to do justice to every application, and every proposal, had to listen to many an idle talk.

Though, as usual in Hungary, his dinner hour was two o'clock, the clock often struck four, and his audiences had not yet come to a close. His anxious wife knocked vainly at the door of the study, or ventured softly to open it and peep in, to attract his attention. Kossuth, who in the real sense of the word was the servant of his

people, ever attended to all claims before he allowed himself the refreshment of an undisturbed meal.

At Debreczen he was often compelled to see guests at dinner. A more refined cook was therefore added to his house; yet Kossuth himself disliked the spiced and artificially prepared dishes. "Let me have to-morrow our nice millet-pap," said he to his wife, "just as we always used to have it; my Hungarian stomach cannot solve the riddles of French cookery." Theresa objected, that the cook would not know how to dress this rural dish. "I will prepare it for you to-morrow," said Louisa, "and you shall see that I am still as good a cook as I used to be in our mother's house, when, during your school vacations, you came to the kitchen very hungry." Kossuth seized his sister's head and thankfully kissed her brow. She never lost an opportunity for affectionate attention.

Presently the two boys came running in, attired in little uniforms, which they just had got from Mr. Aussenberg, afterwards so unfortunate.* The children were mad with joy, especially little Lajos, who inquired a hundred times from his father if he would allow him to become a real soldier as soon as he was a grown-up man.

The father had hardly leisure to enjoy the healthful look and spirits of his little ones. Six o'clock approached, when the ministerial council assembled in his study. This conference lasted till nine, often still longer. At eight we used to meet at Theresa's. I came with Mrs. Meszlenyi; and if the weather was favourable, old Mrs. Kossuth accompanied us. Countess Augusta Batthyáni, the wife of Count Casimir Batthyáni, then commander in Eszegg, afterwards minister of foreign affairs, often joined our small circle. Brilliant and gay, once the centre of fashion, she little thought what hardships were in store for her. But this lady, accustomed to the most refined luxuries of aristocratic life, bore with uncomplaining heroism the hardships of travel under circumstances which disheartened many a man. At the side of her gallant husband, the aristocratic and self-sacrificing champion of free institutions, shrank from no danger or terror. She crossed on horseback the difficult road over the Balkan, without servants, without any of those comforts which have become necessities to persons brought up in luxury. Several of the refugees who witnessed her journey, testified with admiration to her courage, and ever undisturbed temper. They saw her without the least shade of selfishness, attentively careful to her husband, and anxious to make up to him for his unusual privations.

But to return to our quiet evenings;—quiet, indeed, they were forced to be, as Kossuth's study adjoined the room where we sat, and noisy conversations were forbidden. When, in spite of this, an interesting topic hurried us on, forgetful of our needle and knitting, and induced us to give free vent to our thoughts, the door would slightly open, and display the ugly, but intellectual, face of Duschek, the minister of finance. "Do we, perhaps, disturb you, ladies?" he would say with good-humoured irony; "pray tell me, we shall take better care." After such a rebuke we kept order, and patiently waited until the gentlemen separated. If it was not

* Colonel Aussenberg had formed two battalions of chasseur. After the surrender at Világos, he was arrested, and hanged by the Austrians at Arad.





too late, some of them joined us, to gain respite at the tea-table from the strain of business.

Kossuth came but seldom, he almost always continued his occupations. When, however, he made an exception, this proved a joy to the whole circle. He then liked a game at whist. Louisa, Count Esterhazy, and Baron Lósiika shared this amusement.

From the moment her husband entered the room, Theresa was lost for every one. Occupied with him alone, she sat at his side, and had no look but for him.

I wish a clever painter could have sketched this scene, where persons mixed up in such stirring events met for quiet relaxation. There was Kossuth, with a little knitted cap on his head, in his mouth a cigar,* relishing his tea, alternately listening to Theresa and excusing his inattention to the game, for which his sister justly chided him. Beside him Count Esterhazy, in his manner ever courteous; in spite of his grey hair, eloquent in flattering compliments to his fair partner. The fourth of the party, Baron Lósiika, looked serious and thoughtful, obviously little engaged in what passed around him. The poet, whose historical novels have acquired a well-merited popularity, was probably haunted by dreams of his own imagination.

Around the large old-fashioned stove stood a group of ladies, most of them young, all engaged in animated talk or in jesting controversy with the patriots, who had cast their fortunes, their lives, the happiness of their wives and children, into the scale of their country's fate.

Duschek seldom failed to be present. Though no longer in the prime of life, he was not the less a favourite with the ladies. His manners were pervaded by the composure of the man of the world; but the habit of mixing flattery in his conversation did not add to its interest.

The old Baron Perényi came but seldom. Silent and thoughtful, his countenance impressed one with respect. His deeply marked features retained traces of eminent beauty. His long silver beard well matched his bright forehead and dark eyes. I always saw him calm, but never cheerful. Who can know whether a presentiment of his future fate did not already press upon the heart of the venerable man? He liked to discourse with Bishop Horváth, who, as a faithful adherent of the national cause, had followed the Government to Debreczen. Having been from an early date a friend of Kossuth's family, he attended our small circle very often.

But hark! loud hilarity pervades the group of ladies: they have been entertained by a characteristic anecdote about the hussars. The man who has told the tale is above fifty; his face is pale and thin, yet he looks healthy and strong. His thin hair is neatly arranged, but by no means covers his ample head. The physiognomy bears the type of perfect uprightness, clear understanding, and genuine honesty. These are the characteristics of Mészáros, the minister of war, whom the Austrian hue and cry itself described as having "the countenance of an honest hussar." Yet he was often subject to distrust. More than once accused of being "black and

* Smoking is a privilege which, in Hungary, custom expects ladies to grant to the gentlemen in intimate circles.

yellow,"* he never deserted his country and its defenders. He was not a successful general, and he himself acknowledged it readily, free as he was from all false ambition. His heart knew no artifice, and, if he committed errors, they were the result of his too unbounded confidence in his ancient comrades, whom he judged to be what he was himself. He gladly indulged in good-humoured jests. I do not doubt that he has preserved these unimpaired in his exile, and only regrets that the Turks cannot understand them.

Lieutenant Field-Marshal Kiss presently enters the room in full uniform, with the Hungarian decoration for merit on his breast, at the side of the Pope's shining cross. This officer was no less known for his bravery than his wealth, and for the munificence which he so generously displayed, before the Servian robbers plundered and ravaged his castles and estates. We tumultuously appealed to him not to fail in arranging for music on Sunday, as a good band of military musicians had arrived at Debrecsen. He complied, though he assured us that he was very much out of temper.

"What tidings, Excellency?" cried Kossuth to him across the table. "I am unfortunate," complained the General with comical pathos: "I did not think my silver quite safe at Elemér, and therefore had it packed up in chests and transported to Eszegg. The fortress is now lost, and the Austrians have, as I understand, picked out my silver, and dine with my knives and forks."

"A little silver is not worth regret," jokingly objected one of the ladies.

"A little silver, my lady!" the General exclaimed; "a little silver! eleven hundred weight of silver. Ah! that I had but given it to our honoured friend here, the minister of finance! He at least would have coined out of it bright Hungarian money."

"Small coin, dear friend, small coin; this we want for your troops, who never grant us rest. Eleven hundred weight of silver would have yielded a good lot of small coin."

"But let the enemy have it," said Kiss, half aloud, no longer able to sustain his part of roused anger; "my consolation is, that they will find it difficult to keep when again compelled to retreat. Ladies, I invite you all, upon my return to Elemér, to dine with my spoons. But patience,—our turn will come."

So light-hearted, so gay was Kiss, who, seven months later, with the same hopefulness trusted the words of Görgey, surrendered by his advice, and paid for his compliance with his life.

The persons here described were the most prominent individuals in this domestic party. What a fate has since befallen every one of them! An unspeakable anguish seizes upon me when I recapitulate the results.

Only one of them, Duschek, lives comfortably in his own country, surrounded by his family. He called on me the evening of my departure to Paris, in June 1849. The way in which he expressed himself then, in the unsettled state of events, necessarily strengthened my faith in his adherence.

"My friend, I have burnt my ships." These were literally his words. "Since I have accepted the title of minister, the Austrians have the gallows in store for me. You know I am poor. If our

* Of Austrian tendencies.

cause fail, I shall be obliged to beg bread for my children. This is hard after thirty years of incessant labour. But I found that it was impossible to stop half way. Kossuth has decided me to accept the ministry of finance. I have complied; all is said. Farewell, dear friend: Heaven grant it may not be for ever!"

I took leave with a heavy heart, and I still believe him to have been sincere. The hour of trial found him weak. Dreading a frail and destitute old age, his conscience negotiated. He surrendered, and was pardoned. Mystery is spread over the causes of this single example of leniency.

In the last days of March, 1849, my husband and I proceeded to Eger (*Erlau*), where at the time Kossuth was at head-quarters. Eger, from ancient times, had been celebrated for its patriotism, and evinced this likewise in the present instance. Here, where but a few weeks before the inhabitants had been subjected to the oppression of Austrian troops, every heart throbbed with joy when Kossuth reappeared. The third day after his arrival in Eger, he set out to visit the ancient fortifications situated on a hill. He was soon prevented from continuing his way. Hundreds and hundreds pressed forward to see him, to speak to him, or at least to approach him, till at last he was forced to return, without gratifying his curiosity, to the residence of the archbishop, where he himself was quartered. A poor woman, in humble but clean attire, stood at the gate with a vigorous youth of seventeen at her side, "Kossuth, *uram* (my master, Kossuth), I bring you my third son to serve the country. My two elder ones have both fallen, one at Hermanstadt, the other at Schemnitz. Pray, dear master, take care of the third," she added with a trembling voice; "he is my last!" Kossuth and all those around were deeply moved: he consoled the poor woman with the promise to pay attention to her claim as much as lay in his power.

In the evening of that day, when the Governor was, as usual, occupied with sending off dispatches, a procession of torches was announced. Kossuth sighed, "I am so busy and tired!" But when the lights approached, the beauty of the sight indemnified him for the loss of time. The women, four thousand in number, came in procession with torches in their hands. The first ranks were occupied by the higher classes, not only belonging to the town, but from the whole neighbourhood around. All the ladies were attired in their Hungarian dress, radiant with jewels. Long satin skirts, embroidered with gold and silver, with rich folds collected in the compass of the dark velvet bodice, the sleeves, of the same colour and stuff as the skirt, were short, and had a wide border of lace and blond; the bodice was laced on the bosom with rows of pearls, which ended in heavy knots of fringes hanging down on an apron of lace, a cap of black and golden lace half covered the head; on this a veil, attached with golden pins, fell back to the ground, and completed the gracefully-brilliant costume which no doubt does credit to the taste of our ancestors. The young ladies, in white attire, with roses and green leaves in their hair,* accompanied their mothers. The dazzling rays of gems and thousands of radiant eyes, the soft brilliancy of pearls encircling slender necks, the jet hair tressed in graceful lines, or escaping in rich curls, the elegant veils—that most

* Red, white, and green, are the Hungarian colours.

maidenly of all adornments,—all this in a rich flood of torch-light, combined to form a picture of magnificent loveliness. This most splendid part of the procession was followed by the wives and daughters of the citizens, with dark silk skirts, jackets richly trimmed with fur, and caps of black velvet and lace. Then came the peasant women, in their gaudy costumes, followed by young people clad in the colourless garment of poverty. The court of the Residence was soon filled with beautiful torch-bearers, accompanied by the sounds of the Rákóczy march,* which the military bands performed. Symmetry gave way to a still more picturesque sight,—wealth and plainness intermingled, without artificial distinction, led hither by one and the same aim.

Kossuth, whose simplicity of taste had no way lessened his chivalrous regard for ladies, hastily threw on his festive national dress, and went with the officers down to the court, in the middle of which space had been left for him and his attendants. The moment he entered, the ground was so completely covered with wreaths and nosegays thrown by the ladies, that the gentlemen seemed to stand on a bed of flowers.

A beautiful young lady stepped forth and addressed to him a short and well-adapted speech. Kossuth, though accustomed to every kind of homage, was visibly touched. He replied to the gracious appeal with expressions such as he alone could frame. When he concluded, peals of "*éljen*" (*vivat*) arose on every side, modulated into melodious sounds by thousands of female voices. The crowds gave way to let Kossuth pass, all thronged around him, and fresh flowers marked his way. From the windows of the Residence, from whence with Bishop Horváth and several other friends I overlooked the whole scene, it appeared magical. The torches which on the 31st of March shone radiant with hope in the hands of the Hungarian women, are extinguished; but the feelings which lighted them up have survived, and tears will long fall on many a faded ribbon and pressed flowers—endeared tokens of that bright evening!

On the morrow, Kossuth left for Gyöngyös, where new victories awaited him. This was the period when our fortune seemed most promising; it was then that numbers of persons, who since our retreat from Pesth had broken off all intercourse with us, came forward, with smiling unconscious countenance, to greet the Hungarian Government. Several of those who had pleaded serious illness suddenly recovered, and evinced their perfect readiness to resume the places they had held previous to the occupation of Pesth by the Austrians. Pázmándy, the late President of the House of Commons, crafty and cunning as he is, knew likewise now how to calculate his game. After having enjoyed during the whole winter the pardon of Prince Windischgrätz, and had been in open connection with the Austrians, he now, on the entrance of the Hungarians, willingly gave himself up as their prisoner. It was generally believed that the Hungarian Government would treat him with the severity deserved by a traitor to his country. Mrs. Pázmándy, once on intimate terms with Mrs. Kossuth, had loudly and heartlessly disowned her former connection, when the scale of fortune turned. But when she saw her husband in the power of the Hungarian Government, she hastened to Debreczen to seek protection with her

* The most popular national march.

former friend. Entering the room of Theresa, who little expected her, she approached her precipitately and burst into tears. But Theresa could not easily forget insults of so wounding a nature. Her feelings were the more roused against Mrs. Pázmándy, as she had been one of the few with whom she had associated in intimate friendship. This remembrance acted violently on her. Turning in bitterness from her unfaithful friend, she hastened to the door. Mrs. Pázmándy followed, and spoke of reconciliation. "Never, never!" exclaimed Theresa, and left the room.

Mrs. Pázmándy retired, probably with the conviction that there was no hope for her husband. She was aware how perfidiously he had acted against Kossuth personally, and this circumstance seemed to her the most dangerous. But Pázmándy viewed it in a different light. He was well acquainted with the character of the man, on whom in the present instance his doom depended. With decentful cleverness he always reiterated in his defence his personal insults to Kossuth. His artifice had perfect success. He was forgiven, with the simple intimation—"to retire to his estate." Such generous errors in the administration of Hungarian justice could be pointed out in more than one instance. Kossuth's policy was imbued with the sacredly beautiful maxim, that "pardon acted more powerfully than punishment."

And this was the Government styled "terroristical" by the Austrians!—and this was the man whom the conscienceless inconsistency of political cowards dared to calumniate, themselves urged by the base motive of covering their own actions! They aimed to cast all their offences on that majestic statesman, who, (if we are to believe the absolutist party) Atlas-like, bears a world of crimes on his shoulders. His sun has sunk! More than one of those whom he deemed firm, shrank from the grandeur of his fall. Others, overpowered by circumstances, do not trust their reverence for him beyond the most hidden recesses of their heart. Those, however, who proudly claim their share in his noble misfortunes, cling to him with a passionate feeling of love and reverence, and find in the remembrance of his woes, strength to forget their own.

One consolation lightens the weight of misfortune allotted to Kossuth. Torn though he is from his country, it remains faithful to him. In spite of unexampled severity and of the most jealous watch, every wave of the Danube carries messages of love from the Hungarian people to Kossuth's Asiatic prison. The Hungarian peasants communicate in whispers the tale of "Kossuth's return." The danger of pronouncing this cherished name endears it still more. Whether our trials are to be measured by months or by centuries—whether Eternal Justice grant Kossuth a return to his country, or doom him to breathe his last sigh amongst strangers,—one thought of prophetic truth will cheer him—His remains will repose on Hungarian soil!

CAROLINE MARTON.

THE TOURIST IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY CHARLES LANMAN.

AUTHOR OF "THE ANGLER IN CANADA."

SALMON FISHING

I like the society of fish, and as they cannot with any convenience to themselves visit me on dry land, it becomes me in point of courtesy to pay my respects to them in their own element.—WILLIAM SCROPE.

Of the genuine salmon, we believe there is but one distinct species in the world; we are sure there is not in the United States. From its lithe beauty, its wonderful activity, and its value as an article of food, it unquestionably takes precedence of all the fish which swim in our waters. It is an ocean-born fish, but so constituted that it has to perform an annual pilgrimage into our fresh-water rivers for the purpose of depositing its spawn. Their running time usually occupies about two months, and that is the period when they are in season, and of course the only period when they are taken in great numbers.

The variety of which we speak is a slender fish, particularly solid in texture, and has a small head and delicate fins. The upper jaw is the larger, while the tip of the under jaw in the female has an upward turn. The back is usually of a bluish colour, the sides of a silvery hue, and the belly pure white, while along the centre of its body runs a narrow black stripe. The scales are small, and the mouth is covered with small, but stout and pointed teeth. A few dark spots are dispersed over that part of the body above the lateral line, and the females usually exhibit a larger number of these spots than the males. The tail of the young salmon is commonly forked, while in the adult fish it is quite square. To speak of the salmon as a bold biter and a handsome fish, or of his wonderful leaping powers, would be but to repeat a thrice-told tale.

And now for a few words on some of the habits of the salmon. He is unquestionably the most active of all the finny tribes, but the wonderful leaps which he is reported to have made are all moonshine. We have seen them perform some superb somersets, but we never yet saw one which could scale a perpendicular waterfall of ten feet. That they have been taken above waterfalls three or four times as high we do not deny; but the wonder may be dispensed with, when we remember that a waterfall seldom occurs, which does not contain a number of resting-places for the salmon to take advantage of while on his upward journey.

Contrary to the prevailing opinion, we contend that the salmon is possessed of a short memory. While fishing in a small river on a certain occasion, owing to the bad position in which we were placed, we lost a favourite fly, and it so happened that in about one hour afterwards a fish was taken by a brother angler, in whose mouth was found the identical fly that we had lost.

This fish is a voracious feeder, and an epicure in his tastes. For his food is composed principally of small and delicate fish, and the sea- and eel; but it is a fact that the *surest* bait to capture him with is the common red worm.

The salmon is a shy fish, and as he invariably inhabits the clearest of water, it is always important that the angler's movements should be particularly cautious; and in throwing the fly, he should throw it clear across the stream, if possible; and after letting it float down for a few yards he should gradually draw it back again, with an upward tendency.

Like all other fish that swim near the surface of the water, the salmon cannot be eaten in too fresh a condition; and, judging from our own experience, they may be eaten three times a-day, for a whole season, and at the end of their running time they will gratify the palate more effectually than when first brought upon the table.

The process of spawning has been described by various writers, and the general conclusion is as follows. On reaching a suitable spot for that purpose, the loving pair manage to dig a furrow some six feet long, in the sand or gravel, into which the male ejects his milt, and the female her spawn; this they cover with their tails, and leaving this deposit to the tender mercies of the liquid elements betake themselves to the sea whence they came. This spawning operation usually occupies about ten days, and takes place in the autumn; and when the spring-time comes the salmon are born, and, under "their Creator's protection," are swept into the sea, where they come to their natural estate by the following spring, and ascend their native rivers to revisit the haunts of their minnowhood. And it is a singular fact, that the salmon leaves the sea in an emaciated condition, acquires his fatness while going up a river, and subsequently returns to the sea for the purpose of recruiting his wonted health and beauty.

The salmon is a restless fish, and seldom found a second time in exactly the same spot; but his principal travelling time is in the night, when the stars are shining brightly and all the world is wrapt in silence.

The salmon come up from the sea during a flood or a freshet, and in ascending a river, they invariably tarry for a short time in all the pools of the same. Their object in doing this has not been clearly defined; but is it unreasonable to suppose that they are influenced by the same motives which induce a human traveller to tarry in a pleasant valley? The only difference is, that when the man would resume his journey he waits for a sunny day, while the salmon prefers a rainy day to start upon his pilgrimage. The best places to fish for salmon are the shallows above the deep pools; and it is a settled fact, that after you have killed a fish, you are always sure to find in the course of a few hours another individual in the same place. It would thus seem that they are partial to certain localities. Another thing that should be remembered is, that salmon never take the natural fly while it is in a stationary position, or when floating down stream; hence the great importance of carrying the artificial fly directly across the stream, or in an upward oblique direction. When you have hooked a salmon, it is a bad plan to strain upon him in any degree, unless he is swimming towards a dangerous ground, and even then this is an unsafe experiment. The better plan is to throw a pebble in front of him, for the purpose of frightening him back, and you should manage to keep as near his royal person as practicable. Another peculiarity of the salmon is the fact that (excepting the shad) it is the only fish which seems to be perfectly at home in the salt sea, as well as in the fresh springs among the mountains. It is also singular in the colour of its flesh, which is a

deep pink, and the texture of its flesh is remarkably solid: the latter circumstance is proved by the fact that you cannot carry a salmon by the gills, as you can other fish, without tearing and mutilating him to an uncommon degree.

In olden times there was hardly a river on the eastern coast of the United States, north of Virginia, which was not annually visited by the salmon; but those days are for ever departed, and it is but seldom that we now hear of their being taken in any river south of Boston. They frequented, in considerable numbers, the Susquehanna, the Delaware, and north rivers, but were eminently abundant in the Connecticut and the Thames. On the former stream it used to be stipulated by the day-labourer, that he should have salmon placed upon his table only four times in the week; and we have been told by an old man residing on the latter stream, that the value of three salmon, forty years ago, was equal to one shad—the former were so much more abundant than the latter. But steamboats, and the din of cities, have long since frightened the salmon from their ancient haunts, and the beautiful aborigines of our rivers now seek for undisturbed homes in more northern waters. Once in a while, even at the present time, the shad fishermen of the Merrimac and Saco succeed in netting a small salmon; but in the Androscoggin, Kennebec, and Penobscot, they are yet somewhat abundant, and these are the rivers which chiefly supply our city markets with the fresh article.

As the ice melts away in the spring, says Dr. J. V. C. Smith, in his interesting little book on the Fishes of Massachusetts, they rush to the rivers from the ocean; and it is an undeniable fact, confirmed by successful experiments, that they visit, as far as possible, the very streams in which they were born. When undisturbed, they swim slowly in large schools near the surface; yet they are so timid, that if suddenly frightened, the whole column will turn directly back towards the sea. It has also been proven that a salmon can scud at the surprising velocity of thirty miles an hour. The young are about a foot long when they visit the rivers for the first time; and at the end of two years, according to Mr. Smith, they weigh five or six pounds, and attain their full growth in about six years. When running up the rivers they are in a fat condition; after that period, having deposited their spawn, they return to the sea, lean and emaciated. In extremely warm weather, and while yet in the salt water, they are often greatly annoyed by a black and flat-looking insect, which is apt to endanger their lives. As soon, however, as the salmon reaches the fresh water, this insect drops off, and the fish rapidly improves.

The streams which these fish ascend are invariably distinguished for their rocky and gravelly bottoms, for the coldness and purity of their water, and for their rapid currents. Those which afford the angler the most sport, are rather small and shallow, and empty into tide-water rivers; while in these they are chiefly taken with the net. The tributaries of the Androscoggin, Kennebec, and Penobscot, having all been blocked up with mill-dams, the salmon is only found in the principal estuaries; and as these are large and deep, they are of no value to the angler, and will not be many years longer even to the fishermen who capture them for the purpose of making money. So far as our own experience goes, we only know of one river, within the limits of the Union, which affords the angler good salmon fishing, and that is the Aroostook, in Maine. We have been informed, however, that the

regular salmon is taken in many of those rivers, in the northern part of New York, which empty into Lake Ontario and the upper St. Lawrence, but we are compelled to doubt the truth of the statement. Such may have been the case in former times, but we think it is not so now. Salmon are not taken at Montreal, and it is therefore unreasonable to suppose that they ever reach the fountain-head of the St. Lawrence; this portion of the great river is too far from the ocean, and too extensively navigated, and the water is not sufficiently clear. That they once ascended to the Ottawa river and Lake Ontario we have not a doubt, but those were in the times of the days of old. Another prevailing opinion with regard to salmon, we have it in our power decidedly to contradict. Mr. John J. Brown, in his useful little book entitled the "American Angler's Guide," makes the remark, that salmon are found in great abundance in the Mississippi and its magnificent tributaries. Such is not the fact, and we are sure that if "our brother" had ever caught a glimpse of the muddy Mississippi, he would have known by intuition that such could not be the case. Nor is the salmon partial to any of the rivers of the far South, as many people suppose, not being known in any river emptying into the Gulf of Mexico; so that the conclusion of the whole matter is just this, that the salmon fisheries of the United States proper are of but little consequence when compared with many other countries on the globe. When we come to speak of our territories, however, we have a very different story to relate, for a finer river for salmon does not water any country than the mighty Columbia—that same Columbia where a certain navigator once purchased a ton of salmon for a jack-knife. But that river is somewhat too far off to expect an introduction in our present essay, and we will therefore take our reader, by his permission, into the neighbouring provinces of Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia.

Before proceeding another step, however, we must insert a paragraph about the various methods employed to capture the salmon. The Indians, and many white barbarians, spear them by torch-light; and the thousands sent to market in a smoked condition are taken in nets and seines of various kinds. But the only instruments used by the scientific angler are a rod and reel, three hundred feet of hair or silk line, and an assortment of artificial flies. Our books tell us that a gaudy fly is commonly the best killer, but our own experience inclines us to the belief that a large brown or black hackle, or any neatly-made gray fly, is much preferable to the finest fancy specimens. As to bait-fishing for salmon, we have never tried it—we care less about it than we know, and we know but precious little. Next to a delicately made fly, the most important thing to consider is the leader of the line, which should be made of the best material (a twisted gut), and at least five feet in length. But if the angler is afraid of wading in a cold and even a deep stream, the very best of tackle will avail him nothing. It is but seldom that a large salmon can be taken, without costing the captor a good deal of hard labour, and a number of duckings. And when the character of the fish is remembered, this assertion will not appear strange. Not only is the salmon a large fish, but he is remarkable for his strength and lightning quickness. Owing to his extreme carefulness in meddling with matters that may injure him, it is necessary to use the most delicate tackle, in the most cautious and expert manner. To pull a salmon in shore, immediately after he has

been hooked, will never do; the expert way is to give him all the line he wants, never forgetting in the mean time that it must be kept perfectly taut. And this must be done continually, in spite of every obstacle, not only when the fish performs his splendid leaps out of the water, but also when he is stemming the current of the stream, trying to break the naughty hook against a rock, or when he has made a sudden wheel, and is gliding down the stream with the swiftness of a falling star. The last effort to get away, which I have mentioned, is usually the last that the salmon makes, and it is therefore of the highest importance that the angler should manage him correctly when going down. Narrow rifts, and even waterfalls, do not stop the salmon; and bushes, deep holes, slippery bottoms, and rocky shores must not impede the course of the angler who would secure a prize. And though the salmon is a powerful fish, he is not long-winded, and by his great impatience is apt to drown himself much sooner than one would suppose. The times most favourable for taking this fish are early in the morning and late in the afternoon; and when the angler reaches his fishing ground, and discovers the salmon leaping out of the water, as if too happy to remain quiet, he may then calculate upon rare sport. As to the pleasure of capturing a fine salmon, we conceive it to be more exquisite than any other sport in the world. We have killed a buffalo on the head waters of the St. Peter's river, but we had every advantage over the pursued, for we rode a well-trained horse, and carried a double-barrelled gun. We have seen John Chener bring to the earth a mighty bull moose, among the Adirondac mountains, but he was assisted by a pair of terrible dogs, and carried a heavy rifle. But neither of these exploits is to be compared with that of capturing a twenty pound salmon, with a line almost as fine as the flowing hair of a beautiful woman. When we offer a fly to a salmon, we take no undue advantage of him, but allow him to follow his own free will; and when he has hooked himself, we give him permission to match his strength against our skill. Does not this fact prove that salmon fishing is distinguished for its humanity, if not for its *fishanity*? We have set in a carole and driven a Canadian pacer, at the rate of a mile in two minutes and a half, on the icy plains of Lake Erie, and as we held the reins, have thought we could not enjoy a more exquisite pleasure. That experience, however, was ours long before we had ever seen a genuine salmon; we are somewhat wiser now, for we have acquired the art of driving through the pure white foam even a superb salmon, and that too, with only a silken line some hundred yards in length.

One of the most fruitful salmon regions for the angler to visit lies on the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, between the Saguenay and the north-west river in Labrador. A few years ago, however, there was good fishing to be had in Mal Bay River, above the Saguenay, and also in the Jacques Cartier, above Quebec; but good sport is seldom found in either of those streams at the present time. But the principal tributaries of the Saguenay itself (particularly the River St. Margaret), afford the rarest of sport, even now. The streams of this coast are rather small, but very numerous, and without a single exception, we believe, are rapid, cold, and clear. They abound in waterfalls, and though exceedingly wild, are usually quite convenient to angle in, for the reason that the spring freshets are apt to leave a gravelly margin on either side. The conveniences for getting to this out-of-the-

way region are somewhat rude, but quite comfortable and very romantic. The angler has to go in a Quebec fishing smack, or, if he is in the habit of trusting to fortune, when he gets into a scrape, he can always obtain a passage down the St. Lawrence in a brig or ship, which will land him at any stated point. If he goes in a smack, he can always make use of her tiny cabin for his temporary home; but if he takes a ship, after she has spread her sails for Europe, he will have to depend upon the hospitality of the Esquimaux Indians. At the mouths of a few of the streams alluded to, he may chance to find the newly-built cabin of a lumberman, who will treat him with marked politeness; but he must not lay the "flattering unction" to his soul that he will receive any civilities from the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company whom he may happen to meet in that northern wilderness.

A large proportion of these streams run through an unknown mountain land, and are yet nameless; so that we cannot designate the precise localities where we have been particularly successful; and we might add, that the few which have been named by the Jesuit Missionaries can never be remembered without a feeling of disgust. Not to attempt a pun, it can safely be remarked that those names are decidedly *heavily*; for they celebrate such creatures as the hog, the sheep, and the cow. The salmon taken on this coast vary from ten to forty pounds, though the average weight is perhaps fifteen pounds. They constitute an important article of commerce, and it is sometimes the case that a single fisherman will secure at least four hundred at one tide, in a single net. The cities of Montreal and Quebec are supplied with fresh salmon from this portion of the St. Lawrence, and the entire valley of that river, as well as portions of the Union, are supplied with smoked salmon from the same region. The rivers on the southern coast of the Gulf of St. Lawrence are generally well supplied with salmon, but those streams are few and far between, and difficult of access. But a visit to any portion of this great northern valley, during the pleasant summer time, is attended with many interesting circumstances. Generally speaking, the scenery is mountainous, and though the people are not very numerous, they are somewhat unique in their manners and customs, and always take pleasure in lavishing their attentions upon the stranger. The weeks that we spent voyaging upon the St. Lawrence we always remember with unalloyed pleasure; and if we thought that fortune would never again permit us to revisit those delightful scenes, we should indeed be quite unhappy.

The most agreeable of our pilgrimages were performed in a small sail-boat, commanded by an experienced and very intelligent pilot of Tadoussac, named Ovington, and our companions were Charles Pentland, Esq., of Launce au Leau on the Saguenay, and George Price, Jr., Esq., of Quebec. We had everything we wanted in the way of "creature comforts;" and we went everywhere, saw everybody, caught lots of salmon, killed an occasional seal, and tried to harpoon an occasional white porpoise; now enjoying a glorious sunset, and then watching the stars and the strange aurora, as we lay becalmed at midnight far out upon the deep; at one time gazing with wonder upon a terrible storm, and then again happy, fearless, and free, dashing over the billows before a stiff gale.

Some of the peculiar charms of fly-fishing in this region are owing to the fact that you are not always sure of the genus of your fish even

after you have hooked him, for it may be a forty or a twenty-pound salmon, and then again it may be a salmon-trout or a four-pound specimen of the common trout. The consequence is, that the expectations of the angler are always particularly excited. Another pleasure which might be mentioned is derived from the queer antics and laughable yells of the Indians, who are always hanging about your skirts for the express purpose of making themselves merry over any mishap which may befall you. The only drawback which we have found in fishing in these waters is caused by the immense number of mosquitoes and sand-flies. Every new guest is received by them with particular and constant attention: their only desire, by night or day, seems to be to gorge themselves to death with the life-blood of those who "happen among them." It actually makes our blood run cold to think of the misery we endured from these winged tormentors.

Even with the Gulf of St. Lawrence before our mind, we are disposed to consider the Bay of Chaleur the most interesting salmon region in the British Possessions. This estuary divides Lower Canada from New Brunswick, and as the streams emptying into it are numerous and always clear, they are resorted to by the salmon in great numbers. The scenery of the bay is remarkably beautiful: the northern shore, being rugged and mountainous, presents an agreeable contrast to the southern shore, which is an extensive lowland, fertile, and somewhat cultivated. The principal inhabitants of this region are Scotch farmers, and the simplicity of their lives is only equalled by their hospitality; and upon this bay, also, reside the few survivors of a once powerful aboriginal nation, the Micmac Indians. But of all the rivers which empty into the Bay of Chaleur, there is not one that can be compared to the Restigouche, which is its principal tributary. It is a winding stream, unequal in width, and after running through a hilly country, it forces its way through a superb mountain gorge, and then begins to expand in width until it falls into its parent bay. The scenery is beautiful beyond compare, the eye being occasionally refreshed by the appearance of a neat farm, or a little Indian hamlet. The river is particularly famous for its salmon, which are very abundant and of a good size. But this is a region which the anglers of our country or the Provinces, with two or three exceptions, have not yet taken the trouble to visit, and many of the resident inhabitants are not even aware of the fact that the salmon may be taken with the fly. The regular fisherman catch them altogether with the net, and the Indians with the spear; and it is a singular fact that the Indians are already complaining of the whites for destroying their fisheries, when it is known that a single individual will frequently capture in a single day a hundred splendid fellows, and that, too, with a spear of only one tine. It is reported of a Scotch clergyman who once angled in "these parts," that he killed three hundred salmon in one season, and with a single rod and reel. A pilgrimage to the Restigouche would afford the salmon fisher sufficient material to keep his thinkers busy for at least one year. The angler and lover of scenery who could spare a couple of months, would find it a glorious trip to go to the Bay of Chaleur in a vessel around Nova Scotia, returning in a canoe by the Restigouche, and the Spring River, which empties into the St. John. His most tedious portage would be only about three miles long (a mere nothing to the genuine angler), and soon after touching the latter river he could slip himself on board of a steamboat, and come home in less

than a week, even if that home happened to be west of the Alleghany mountains.

Of all the large rivers of New Brunswick, we know not a single one which will not afford the fly-fisherman an abundance of sport. Foremost among our favourites, we would mention the St. John, with the numerous beautiful tributaries which come into it below the Great Falls, not forgetting the magnificent pool below those falls, nor Salmon River and the Amosook. The scenery of this valley is charming beyond compare; but the man who would spend a summer therein must have a remarkably long purse, for the half-civilized Indians, and the less than half-civilized white people, of the region, have a particular passion for imposing upon travellers and charging them the most exorbitant prices for the simple necessities they may need. The salmon of the St. John are numerous, but rather small, seldom weighing more than fifteen pounds. The fisheries of the bay of Fundy, near the mouth of the St. John, constitute an important interest, in a commercial point of view. The fishermen here take the salmon with drag-nets just before high water: the nets are about sixty fathoms long, and require three or four boats to manage them. The fish are all purchased, at this particular point, by one man, at the rate of eighty cents a-piece, large and small, during the entire season. The other New Brunswick rivers to which we have alluded are the Mirimichi and the St. Croix; but as we have never angled in either, we will leave them to their several reputations.

We now come to say a few words of Nova Scotia, which is not only famous for its salmon, but also for its scientific anglers. In this province the old English feeling for the "gentle art" is kept up, and we know of fly-fishermen there, a record of whose piscatorial exploits would have overwhelmed even the renowned Walton and Davy with astonishment. The rivers of Nova Scotia are quite numerous, and usually well supplied with salmon. The great favourite among the Halifax anglers is Gold River, a cold and beautiful stream, which is about sixty miles distant from that city, in a westerly direction. The valley of the stream is somewhat settled, and by a frugal and hard-working Swiss and German population, who pitched their tents there in 1760. It is fifteen years since it was discovered by a strolling angler, and at the present time there is hardly a man residing on its banks who does not consider himself a faithful disciple of Walton. Even among the Micmac Indians, who pay the river an annual visit, may be occasionally found an expert fly-fisher. But, after all, Nova Scotia is not exactly the province to which a Yankee angler would enjoy a visit, for cockney fishermen are a little too abundant, and the ways of the people in some ridiculous particulars smack too much of the mother country.

Having finished our geographical history of the salmon and his American haunts, we will take our leave of him by simply remarking (for the benefit of those who like to preserve what they capture,) that there are three modes for preserving the salmon:—first, by putting them in salt for three days, and then smoking, which takes about twelve days; secondly, by regularly salting them down, as you would mackerel; and thirdly, by boiling and then pickling them in vinegar. The latter method is unquestionably the most troublesome, but at the same time the most expeditious; and what can tickle the palate more exquisitely than a choice bit of pickled salmon, with a bottle of Burgundy to float it to its legitimate home?

EBENEZER ELLIOTT, THE CORN-LAW RHYMER.*

THE biography of a man whose life is worth writing, ought to contain an account of as much of his doings in every way as was acquired by a personal knowledge of him, or as might have been obtained by an earnest if not importunate solicitation of others. In proportion to the eminence of a man, in whatever department of science, art, or literature, is curiosity awakened to know all that is to be told about him. Now, when we say that Ebenezer Elliott was a man who made himself sufficiently remarkable to have had some labour bestowed upon his life; when we state that such labour was undertaken, at the request of the deceased, by his son-in-law, and when we pronounce this work one of the baldest pieces of biography that ever fell under our notice, the reader, having laid aside his surprise, will share with us our concern that such a work should have been done in such a manner.

We are presented with the poet's autobiography up to his 25th year. It is very meagre, consisting only of a few pages. But Elliott expressly says that that portion of his life which he himself is unwilling to record, would be "most instructive;" and again: "I am not yet prepared,—not yet sufficiently petrified in heart and brain by time and trouble, to tell a tale, in telling which I must necessarily live over again months and years of living death."

But this is a tale which we should have been glad to have received from Mr. Watkins, and which, no doubt, Elliott meant should be told, when he requested his son-in-law to write his life.

We should have been the more glad, because the little that is told by no means accounts for the "petrification of heart and brain" of which the poet speaks, who a little before had turgidly said—"There is might and majesty in the tale of the honest battle for bread, and of the strength which the struggle gives to weakness."

We find that Elliott, having been in partnership with his father, failed in business; that at forty years of age he removed to Sheffield with a borrowed capital of 100*l.*,—that soon, "sitting in his chair, without seeing the goods that came to his wharf," he made 20*l.* in a day; that when he was writing his "Corn Law Rhymes" he was worth considerable property, and that when he died at the age of sixty-nine he left a fortune of several thousand pounds.

Why Ebenezer Elliott should have shrunk from the telling of this story (he who tells us of the "might and majesty" of honest battles for bread, and of the strength which such encounters communicate)—why there should be petrification in bosom or cerebrum—why the teller should "live over again months and years of living death," we confess we can by no means understand.

But our inability to do so furnishes the stronger reason why Mr. Watkins should have cleared up this mystery: for its dispersion would have enabled us to see into the inner heart of the man, an insight which might have shown us enough to form a tolerably accurate knowledge of his moral character. For that purpose we find very imperfect and most slender materials in the present volume. There is, indeed, one story (page 147) that Mr. Watkins thinks illustrative of the "fearless self-will" of Elliott's character, which a son-in-law should

* *Life, Poetry, and Letters of Ebenezer Elliott, the Corn-Law Rhymer.* By John Watkins. London: John Mortimer, 1850.

never have told, unless he had prepared himself to hear it designated by very different words.

Our opinion of Ebenezer Elliott as a man, drawn from the little that has been revealed to us is, that he was not morally brave, honest, or sincere. We have seen the nonsensical cant about his reluctance to write certain portions of his life, in which an effect is ascribed to a cause, the very opposite of which effect, he says, is produced by that cause. He says, "I have one of the poorest intellects that God ever made. I have no mind." This avowal is nauseously repeated, and in still more disparaging terms, in several letters to his young friends. And yet he is mightily soured because the public did not pay much attention to poems which proceeded from one of the poorest intellects in creation! When his "Corn Law Rhymes" brought him into notice, it was generally supposed that the author was a poor fellow who saw daily the curse of the Corn Laws in a shrunk loaf and an empty platter. The outrageous vehemence and insulting blackguardism of those performances led men to the natural conclusion that they had been conceived and executed by a desperate man. He never undeceived the public, and there are those to this day who believe Elliott to have been an uneducated operative.

As a poet we have something better to say of him. He was a man of very considerable talent, which is sometimes warmed and elevated by genius. He had a keen apprehension, a quick sensibility, especially to the beauties of nature; a free command of language and a dashing style, with an ear for the melody of verse. But there is no man who has written several hundreds of lines which are really worth reading, and which ought to be had in remembrance, who, without being a plagiarist, or coming positively under the category of an imitator, has written like so many eminent poets as Elliott. Scott or Byron is the lion of the day: Ebenezer at once is Bottom, the Weaver,—“Let me play the lion too: I will roar that I will do any man's heart good to hear me.” Besides the above-named poets, Wordsworth, Southey, Crabbe, Milton, and Dante, have shared his admiration, and been made visible in his verse. Of Crabbe he may be said to have been a direct imitator, and we believe he acknowledges it. Mr. Watkins, indeed, draws a comparison between Crabbe and Elliott to the disparagement of the former; but Mr. Watkins must be told that Apollo could not shoot a distance so great as that which lies between the two men. “Peter Grimes” and “Sir Eustace Grey” were not things for Elliott's hand.

The worst fault of this poet might have been corrected if he had ever acquired taste. He is sometimes so tumid that you wonder what on earth the author can mean by making such a fuss about such subject-matter.

He strove at too much by far when he sought to excel or equal so many in their respective walks. The consequence has been that, with the exception of the “Corn Law Rhymes,” which have a strong spice of originality about them, his more laboured poems never were popular. They never will be so, although there are many fine things in them.

We cannot say much for the manner in which Mr. Watkins has acquitted himself of the critical portion of his task. He prattles a good deal, talks “about it and about it,” and repeats himself too often.

“Had he (Elliott) been able to identify himself with the characters he described, or had he drawn from self, he would have evinced power little lower than Shakespeare—or Byron!” A nice discrimination is apparent here.

MADRILENIA;

OR,

TALES AND TRUTHS OF SPANISH LIFE.

BY H. DRUMMOND WOLFF.

"Que voulez-vous que je pense de vous et de vos lettres?"—J. J. ROUSSEAU.

"Oh! lovely Spain, renowned, romantic land!"—*Childe Harold*.

AT about ten o'clock in the morning we arrived at Chatellerault, celebrated for its steel-ware, and we certainly had cause to curse its celebrity. Women, reeking with garlic, and hawking daggers, hunting-knives, table-knives, forks, and every other species of weapon, threw their goods at us, first offering them at high and hyperbolic prices, and then, without any encouragement from us, running down the scale to a most alarming sacrifice. Deaf, however, to their entreaties, we took pity on a little girl, apparently about seven years of age, who stood retired, scarcely daring to exhibit her merchandize; her neat little dimity dress and cap attracted us, and descending, we approached her, much to the disgust of her older colleagues. I placed my hand upon her head, and pointing to a small dagger, inquired the price; she turned up her innocent little head and light blue eyes, while I bent to catch her answer. As she spoke, a gust of garlic burst from her cherry lips, and hastily leaving her, I climbed up to my seat, and we rolled off over the feudal old bridge, without any *souvenir* of the place. So much for romance.

An hour after leaving Chatellerault, the long line of poplars that leads one into Poitiers began. It is an avenue of a mile in length over a road cut out of the solid rock, which rugged and quarried is seen hanging over it, while below on the other side a beautiful river, the *Ain*, winds its gentle course, the frame and principal component of a lovely picture.

Poitiers itself bears with its name the recollection of a British triumph, and wishing to purchase some *memento* of the place, I combined the *dulce* with the *utile*, and procured a large *denue-à-cie*, white wideawake hat, since that time the companion and the comfort of my wanderings. And now for my only adventure.

It was a bright summer evening, about half-past eight of the clock, when the diligence from Paris might have been seen winding its weary way up the hill leading to the little town of Mansle in the Augoumois; and while it rests, let us also stop and take a view of the passengers and the town itself. On the top, two young men of ordinary appearance were admiring the view and smoking their cigars, while the *conducteur* was busied in arranging the machine that locked the wheel, and that had the faculty of breaking at every hill when its services were most required. The *coquet* contained two men who looked like pickpockets, but were most probably socialist agitators, the *rotonde* was occupied by

* Modesty makes me thus describe my companion and myself. We leave it humbly to the decision of our fair friends to say if the description be just or not. We are prevented, by obvious reasons, from giving our own opinions on the subject.

a respectable-looking man and his family, while the *intérieure* held but one individual, who, in spite of the heat, was wrapped up to the eyes in a large horseman's cloak.*

The old bridge over the river looked upon a pretty view. The river, from a bend on either side, would have appeared a lake, had one not seen it in the distance winding its silvery way through the flowery meads and beneath odorous acacias. Looking down the river, you could see on the left bank a house, the foundations of which were laved by its very waters, while, on the inland side of it, a large domain indicated the wealth of its owner. On the right bank, moored to a weeping willow, a boat swung in the ripples of the stream, and tied to the same tree, two horses were grazing, the one equipped for a cavalier, the other for a lady. Suddenly, from a window that looked on the water, a white hand emerged, and the cloaked stranger issuing from the carriage, walked hurriedly to the boat. A minute sufficed to loosen it, to row it, with a few stalwart strokes, to the foot of the house opposite, and to fasten it to a ring in the wall; by some wonderful agency a rope-ladder was seen pendant from the window where the hand had appeared, and a white robed figure, with a black hooded cloak, was also seen descending to the skiff. One long embrace, one vigorous pull, the lady and her lover were on their horses, and scampering over the hill and heather stretching on for miles.

Reader, believe this or not as you will, I myself do not believe it, though I believe I saw it. There was the house as I relate, the cloaked stranger, the lily hand, the horses, the boat, and the river—but for the rest I will not pledge myself. The balmy air of the south, the sky red and blue in the setting sun, the romantic picturesqueness of the town, and the various "properties" for the play, lent enchantment to the scene, and such an occurrence ought to have taken place, even though it may not have done so.

Having dined at Angoulême an uninteresting town, and having been hurried away from our repast, as we always were, for fear a rival coach should beat us, we proceeded in the midst of night, sleepy, but awake. I was so at least, and I enjoyed the cool fresh air of the night, as the fragrant fume of my cigar mixed with the natural odours of the sweet-scented shrubs that were scattered luxuriantly in the bordering fields. As my companion slumbered by me, and the *conducteur* snatched his rest, I had leisure to meditate and indulge in that delicious melancholy which solitude induces. I viewed life with a softened tint, its rugged features concealed by the night, and only its brightness rising to the thought. Everything brought a comparison. How like life was our journey; what we had past and seen by the light of the lamp we bore with us, was fast fading in the gloom, and we could not see before us farther than the lamp of the opposition coach, which ran on as though to show our road; that light was our history, our guide; it had already done what we had to do. But I am getting a bore, reader, pray forgive me, and let us go on.

At about half-past five o'clock we arrived at Cubzac, where there is a wonderful bridge over the Dordogne; a row of arches, increasing gradually in height, lead you to the commencement of it, and ships in full sail can pass beneath, so great is its elevation. Shortly after this, we arrived at Grave, the seat of the celebrated Vin de Grave, of which

* Thus we had seen him previously. He looked like a hero.

we tasted a bottle, which though new, was delicious, and in an hour we reached Bordeaux. This town disappointed me greatly but agreeably. I had never read or heard much about it, and had formed a picture of it in my head to resemble Portsmouth; what was, consequently, my surprise when on entering I saw a town, though not so large, still far superior to Paris. Wide streets, splendid buildings, lofty apartments. Every house was a palace. We slept in a ball room, and breakfasted in a painted chamber. We did, indeed, breakfast; and report has not belied the Hotel de France and Bordeaux, as regards its good living.

The theatre is a splendid edifice, outside at least, for I did not see the interior, larger than any theatre at Paris, or even in London, with the exception, perhaps, of the two Opera-houses. Attached to it are two clubs, one of which has its own entrance and *foyer* to the *salle*, and here the young merchant bucks of Bordeaux parade their gloves and opera-glasses, much, I am informed, after the fashion of the better born but less rich prototypes in the capital. The cathedral is a large building, beautiful in its way, feeling very like a well and delightfully refreshing in the heat, 94° in the shade, which prevailed the day I was at Bordeaux, and which is felt so much more in broad white streets than narrow dirty ones. We were then led to the tower of St. Michel, under which there is a vault, which, as Théophile Gautier expresses it, has the property of *mummifying* the corpses which are placed therein. His description of it is so remarkably good that I shall plagiarise much from it, though I will not place it in inverted commas for fear he might consider my "alterations and adaptations," as no ways improvements.

The lowest floor of the tower is occupied by the sexton and his family, who do their cookery at the entrance of the vault, and live there with their fearful neighbours in familiar intimacy; the woman who acted as our cicerone, taking a lantern, preceded us down a spiral staircase, which seemed worn by supernatural feet, and led us into the funereal hall. The dead to the number of about forty, are drawn up standing round the cave, leaning against the wall; this perpendicular attitude, so opposed as it is to the usual horizontality of corpses, gives them a frightful appearance of fantastic life, especially in the yellow oscillating light of the lantern in the shaking hand of the guide, which every instant changes the position of the shadows. Poets and painters, even of the most Runic imagination, have never produced so horrible a nightmare. Monk Lewis and the whole crowd of death's-head balladmongers are here outstripped in their most delirious devilries. No German night has ever been delivered of such abominable spectres, they are qualified to figure in the sabbath of the Brocken, at the side of the sorceresses of Faust. Here are faces contorted and grimacing, skulls half skinned, sides half opened, and through the grating of the ribs dried up faded lungs are seen looking like worn-out sponges, the flesh is reduced to powder, and the bones protrude; there, no longer sustained by the fibres of cellular tissue, the parchment skin hangs like a second winding sheet round the skeleton, the heads have none of that calm immobility which death imprints like a last seal on all those it touches; mouths yawn fearfully, as though contracted by the weariness of eternity, or gape with that sardonic grin of the void which laughs at life; the jaws are dislocated, the muscles of the neck swollen; the fists are clenched furiously; the spines twist themselves

with despairing torsions. They seem irritated at having been disturbed in their slumbers for the profane gratification of morbid curiosity. The old woman pointed out a general slain in a duel. The wound, a large mouth with blue lips, which grins in his side, can be perfectly distinguished. A porter, who died suddenly in lifting an enormous weight, a negress not much blacker than the white women near her; a woman with all her teeth and her tongue nearly fresh; then a family poisoned by mushrooms; and for a crowning horror a little boy, who to all appearance has been buried alive—his face is sublime in suffering and despair: never has the expression of human agony been carried further: the nails are buried in the palms of the hands; the nerves are stretched like the strings over the bridge of a violin; the knees form convulsive angles; the head is thrown violently back; the poor child calm beyond despair by an unheard-of effort returned into his coffin.

The scene of these horrors is an arched vault, strewn with human remains, fifteen feet in depth, throwing out a faded dusty smell more offensive than *asafoetida*. In the midst is a pyramid of bones and mocking skulls, which tend greatly to render the spot like the abode of some devil-bought sorceress, which our hideous guide much resembled. The old hag insisted on my shaking hands with one of these living dead; its hand half covered with flesh, looked as though it were made of smoked tongue, and seemed to loathe the contact of life, it had on it a kind of clammy perspiration, disagreeable in a living being, but withering in a corpse.

On leaving this abode of horror, the sight of the pretty *Bordelaises* in their becoming head-dress, a kerchief of many colours tied like a turban, offered a pleasing contrast to the scene we had quitted, but the recollection that their oval faces and supple figures might some day be the same as those we had just seen, detracted much from the illusion.

At Bordeaux, Spain begins to make its appearance; the signs at shops are both in Spanish and French, while the Basque costume and the dark brunettes partake more of the characteristics of the former nation than the latter.

The next morning having nearly lost the *dilly*, while an aching tooth bade me seek a dentist's aid, I got safely off for Bayonne. The first two-thirds of the journey thither, which occupies twenty-four hours, are singularly stupid; the last third proportionately beautiful. Having traversed the dull and parti-coloured Landes, relieved only by drinking at Marzac, of its famous wine, we reached, towards the close of the day, a very pretty town yeleft Mout de Marsan.

At this place the cure's house is seen on the left, a most enchanting retreat, most fit for rural felicity. Roses covered the whole cottage with a glowing trellis, while a large garden gleamed on either side with gay flowers and verdant bosquets. The setting sun shed a softening tint on the bright green of the unbounded foliage, and, as I saw the reverend minister imprint a chaste salute upon the ruby lips of his niece, I inwardly wished that it were my lot to live in such an Eden-like spot, having for an Eve so fair a being as the venerable priest's female relative. A mild sleepless night carried us on through a moonlit country, which gained undeserved attraction from the rays of the "lesser light," and on the approach of morning we beheld some cork trees, which adorn the approach to Bayonne. What thoughts of tinkling guitars, and dark-eyed beauties were not conjured up as we rolled over the bridge of boats

that leads you into the town, we were prepared for love or war, in spite of passports and mosquitos. We breakfasted at the Hotel St. Etienne, and having fee'd a *commissionnaire* to manage our passports, we *floned* about the town until it was time to start for San Sebastian, which place we were resolved to reach the same evening, so that we might sleep in Spain. We started in the *coupe* with a Spaniard, a most enlightened and delightful companion. He turned out to be the Inspector of the Spanish Duties for the province of Guipuscoa, and franked us through the several customhouses. He was, as he told us, an old Castilian ; and certainly his appearance was the type of a regular Spaniard—tall, haughty, and noble-looking ; his face was destitute of hair, save a bushy grizzly moustache ; his fierce eye and close-cropped head added to the pomposity of his appearance, and he received the salutes of the *carab neros*—military customs officers—as a *Souloque* must receive the homage of his dukes. He was, however, very kind to us, and explained to us everything, as we found we understood nothing. We passed on rapidly enough for a French conveyance—the worst in the world—through the remainder of France, which, dull, flat and unprofitable, sharpens one's eye for the beautiful contrast in the Basque country, as cheese is supposed to stimulate the taste of a *connoisseur* in port. At Behobie, the last crumb of France, we reached the bridge of the Bidasoa, which joins the two countries, and where one feels a very strange sensation. Standing in France, the opposite bank of a narrow river is another land, its inhabitants subjects of another crown, its soldiers wearing another uniform, its staff bearing another flag. I never felt more thoroughly independent than when standing in the middle of the bridge, my person owing a "divided allegiance."

Had an enemy of mine been near me, I know not if I could have preterited myself taking a fatal revenge : the opportunity would have been too tempting. My right leg was in France, my left in Spain, and on which ever side he would have stood, I could instantly have sought a refuge on the other. I do not think the two countries have any extradition treaty ; but I would rather have murdered him in France, as, had I done so in Spain, my tour in that country would have been put an end to likewise. The *conducteur*, or, as he is now to be called, the *majoral*, urged me forward, and I stood in those "climes, which poets love to laud."

Now Don Felipe, our Castilian friend, waxed long in pure Spanish orations, while R— and myself listened with great deference and profound attention, though we did not understand much of the language. He pointed out to us Fuentarrabia, and all other notable places, and as we ran on at a very good pace through a country so thoroughly like the Spain of our fancy, his sonorous language, rounded off with Castilian hips and pomposity, sounded like music in our ears. Here we saw a house covered with balconies, and full of dark Biscayennes in their picturesque costume ; there a *curo* in his Basilio hat ; beyond is some stray "Majo" of the south, going on some hypothetical speculation to regions to him unknown. Having passed Irun, where we were subjected to a stoppage longer than the mere examination of our luggage required, we wended our way to the beautiful Bay of Pasages, and here we saw a regular Spanish sketch. Fancy a winding road up a cliff which forms the bow of a land-locked bay. On the opposite side, up to the narrow passage that forms its entrance, houses reach to the very

water, which is broken frequently by small islets about a yard square ; a deep azure sky, such as is only seen in lands where Apollo loves to dwell ; in the distance a sea, of the same blue tint, bears boats rigged with southern sails. A Spanish *cara* is seen, standing to look at the passing diligence drawn by ten mules, whose jingling bells make the appropriate accompaniment ; and a troop of labourers, mounted on asses and mules, are drinking at a little roadside *venta*. Oh, for a painter's pencil to depict the scene, or for the graphic pen of James to describe it properly.

We now arrived at San Sebastian, built round the hill of Orgollo. The approach to the town is through long *alamedas*,—the genuine article where the ladies and bucks of the place do congregate in the delicious cool of their evenings, until the closing of the gates compels their return to the town ; for, in Spain, neither cigars or dollars—which will pardon a criminal or remove an excommunication—can open the gates for a tardy traveller. We descended at the *Parador Real*, having seen thirteen lovely creatures in mantillas. How our hearts bounded at the sight ! I will not try to conceal the weakness of our dispositions, for we agreed that had the thirteen at that moment, collectively, demanded our hands in marriage, we would have yielded, without a struggle, to their request—espoused the baker's dozen, and incontinently have swallowed the polygamy. Here we took leave of our worthy friend, whose parting was most affectionate ; he placed at our *disposicion*—pronounced *disposithione*—his "uselessness," his house, his home, his goods, his wife, and himself ; but not giving us time either to accept or refuse his offers, he dashed a hasty tear from his eye, lighted a *cigarette*, and walked away. We then entered the *fonda*, through a stable, and this being passed, we ascended a magnificent though somewhat dirty staircase, to the first-floor of the house, where the dark lofty rooms, and long narrow passages, reminded us we were at last in Spain,—Spain, where everything seems made for romance and intrigue*—Spain, the land of our dreams, that land which we had longed to behold, and where we felt would end our days.

The *parador* is a complete specimen of the best kind of Spanish inn. The national *franqueza* is everywhere visible ; servants, gentlemen, friars, and heretics, sit at the same board, and interchange delicate *chaff* with the pretty *maza* who may wait. Dolores, the maid of the inn, was by no means behind-hand in this respect ; she laughed at my Spanish, boxed a friar's ears, and gave several proofs of a lively disposition, which much gratified the gormandizing crew.

After a dinner, *sin ojo*, without garlic, we sallied forth, with a beautiful moon, to see the town. We beheld dark houses looming in the clear green light, a *plaza* surrounded by arcades, while from the windows we heard guitars and pianos, though we were still too far north to see *boleros* and intrigues in a village grove. Having wandered for two hours, we retired to our room, an airy spacious chamber, out of which emerged two alcoves—rooms in themselves, which contained our beds and the scanty necessities of the *toilette* which are allowed in Spain. I felt too excited, and was too much eaten during the night to sleep long, and having got up early with the intention of seeing more of the

* I here beg the reader always to take the word "intrigue," wherever it occurs, in its general sense, and not in the meaning to which it is sometimes confined, unless, as may happen, the context leaves it without a doubt.

"Brighton" of Spain, found that my clothes had been abstracted during the night, for brushing purposes. I therefore sat me down to indite letters to my distant friends. As I thus wrote in my nook, lightly clad in a *camisa* and *sapatillas*—*Anglicé*, shirt and slippers—Dolores, without any preliminary knock, came through the door which opened into my alcove, bringing us a small cup of delicious chocolate, bread, a glass of water, and a large roll composed of sugar beaten up with the white of an egg, and which is intended to sweeten the pure liquid; this is the uniform *avant déjeuner* all over Spain. She did not seem at all surprised at my *déshabille*, but depositing my share, asked me if my comrades were awake. I answered in the negative, and requested her to rouse him, as it was eight o'clock, and we had no time to lose. She granted my request by administering a heavy slap on that portion of his person which seemed best adapted for the blow, as he lay snoring with his face turned towards the wall. This she did with a *sang froid* that showed me she was not unaccustomed thus to rouse a weary traveller.

Having dressed and breakfasted, I saw her cleaning the shining oak floor of one of the rooms. She had two brushes which strapped to her feet, and with these she went skating about the room, sweeping away the dirt most effectually. This, however, I suspect, is more French than Spanish, as the floors in Spain are generally made of brick.

At San Sebastian I was first made aware of the necessity of making a flourish after your signature. We went to the Donane to have our luggage *plombé*, so that we might not be called upon to open it between our starting point and Madrid. I was given a paper to sign, which I did by affixing my name thereto. "Oh! but this is not sufficient," said the Douanier. "Wherefore?" I asked; and was informed that no signature is legal in Spain without the *rubrica*; this would be more appropriate to the French, in whose minds flourish is the most prominent characteristic.

Having concluded this necessary ceremony, we visited the church, and saw a procession. The first is a splendid building, but disfigured by its Virgins, and small models of ships, similar to those which children float in the Serpentine, being hung up before the images of saints, as offerings for the preservation of their originals. The ship-masters of San Sebastian have thus discovered a cheap substitute for insurance. The latter is such as every one has seen in Italy or Belgium, which latter country the north of Spain much resembles. It was preceded by a military band playing gay airs, and several companies of soldiers walking as soldiers do. Gold and silver priests followed, while purple Virgins and blue saints borne on the shoulders of the faithful turned their deal eyes upon their worshippers, not less wooden-headed than themselves. Lovely maidens hung drapery of different descriptions out of their windows, while children of tender years showered flowers on the heads of the chief officials. We walked away as it approached too near us, not wishing to prostrate ourselves like the natives, nor anxious to feel a *nabaja* insinuated under our fifth ribs, as we were warned is sometimes done to unbelieving heretics who thus evince their want of faith. The whole, however, is a grand sight, and abstractedly must be beneficial to a people whose ardent feelings, deeply tinged with a superstitious religion, are chiefly worked upon by external pomp. But we must go.

From San Sebastian to Tolosa the road is perfectly enchanting, or as

Ford calls it "Swiss-like." You pass the valley of the Urola through mountains covered with verdure, and so fertile is the land that even the gaps between rugged rocks throw out vegetation. These are in such close affinity that they allow only just room sufficient for the river to flow at their feet, so that the road, a capital one, has been hewn out of the solid rock.

We had a variety of companions. In the *coché* with us was a Spaniard habitually resident in England, and who, consequently, spoke the language well; he more than once called our attention to the pretty women who were *hobbin* through the window (he meant peeping), and pointed out to us all that was worthy of note in the beautiful drive. In the *banquette* sat a little French artist, who afterwards changed to the *rotonde*, a French *commis-voyageur*, who, while we dined at Tolosa inquired of us affectionately after his friend M. Armstrong, *marchand de modes à Londres*, and a home-sick Bayonnais. The *intérieure* and *rotonde* were empty. Having passed Villa Real and Villa Franca we arrived at a most beautiful hill, so steep that the four leaders were unharnessed, and eight or ten oxen put to instead. As we descended to relieve the machine of our weight, I was particularly struck by the peculiar method in which they drove the oxen. The drivers, in a wild picturesque dress, dig their goads into their cattle in a most inhumane manner, at the same time upbraiding the poor beasts with the most injurious epithets. "*Anda, perro*, Go on, dog; *Arré, hijo de perra*, Geo up son of a dog's wife," were their mildest incentives to speed; but as those words, which ought to have roused the spirit of any Christian oxen, did not seem to take effect on these degenerate animals, their persecutors were at last induced to relent, and, in fact, to cringe before their erst victims:—"Come on, dear brother," "Exert yourself, most beautiful," formed the burden of their song near the summit of the hill; and, had the ascent been much longer, terms of the most servile adulation would not have been too good for them.

As we walked on, we entered into a conversation with our French fellow-travellers, who shortly put us *au fait* of their intentions. The little artist, Ernest by name—a light, wild, gay, good-natured little fellow—had been engaged to paint scenery for the new theatre of Madrid; the *commis-voyageur* had been buying French *modès* at Paris, and was smuggling chests of goods into Spain by the easy method of a five-franc piece, or, as in Spain they call it, a napoleon being placed carefully under his bunch of keys. The *duanero*, he said, takes the egg, but leaves the nest in his hand. The poor Bayonnais was most to be pitied. He was a printer, and had been brought up from childhood by an uncle, also a printer, who had taught him his art. This uncle had a step-daughter, whom he loved, but he was forbidden to marry till he had amassed a certain sum, and he was packed off to a newspaper-office at Madrid to accomplish this object. Poor fellow! he had never left his native town before; he was home-sick and love-sick; he nearly cried as he told us his simple story. We all pitied him, and little Ernest, the painter, was very kind, sharing his meals and his cloaks with him; we solaced him with tobacco, such as neither he or any Frenchman ever tastes, and at last made him comparatively happy. Mr. Armstrong's friend alone tried to tease him; but R—— and the little artist, in a few well-turned French sneers, so effectually snubbed him, that he soon turned away disgusted, and did not honour us with his conversation during the rest of the journey.

On ascending this hill my nervous feelings received a severe shock. On a turn of the road above us, on the hill, a troop of about twenty armed men made their appearance. One of them—evidently the chief—summoned us, in a loud tone of voice, to ascend the hill to him by a short cut, to which our *mayoral* responded, as I thought, rather tremulously. I crept up to R—— in a kind of plucky fright, half-wishing to take to my heels, but resolved not to do so and to fight if necessary. I grasped my stick firmer in my hand, and felt that I was walking more erect, proud of the adventure; these were robbers, Spanish robbers, of an eastern caste, I was convinced—one of them looked like *Abou Gook*, and the scene was extremely Syrian. But, alas! for romance, they were merely a party of *miqueletes*—persons employed as a species of special constable to assist the *guardia civil*, a gendarmerie dressed and regulated on the model of the French, in keeping the peace of Her Catholic Majesty's highroads. We took one of these men as an escort; he mounted the step of the *rotonde*, and kept guard there till the next station, when another *escapadero*, or gun-bearer, was furnished with the horses, as was the case all the rest of the way to Madrid.

In the middle of the night, as we approached Vittoria, and were all buried in profound repose, we were suddenly aroused from our slumbers by a fearful scream, as though a man were in agony for his life: it proceeded, apparently, from the *rotonde*, and the diligence was immediately stopped. On examination, it appeared that the scream had proceeded from the little French painter, who, waking in the night, discovered the blunderbussed guard peering at him by the light of a lantern. The dress and scene added, as he said, to the narrative of a dream, not unnaturally gave him alarm, and he had not only laid down all his funds, but had begun to disrobe so as to satisfy his foe, and had assistance not promptly arrived, he would not have left himself even the scantiest raiment. After roars of laughter at his mistake had made the echoes of the dark hill and valley resound again, we proceeded on our journey, and before our merriment had had sufficient time to subside, we found ourselves, at about 2 a.m., at Vittoria. We had only time enough to swallow hastily a *jicara* of chocolate and to buy each two dozen cigars, which latter cost one franc, and which would not have been bad had they been a little older.

Soon after leaving this we passed the rocky pass of Pancorbo, where the rocks hang over the roads fearfully, and soon after this we reached Miranda del Ebro, where the custom-house of Castile again examined all that was not *plombé*, for whereas free-trade reigns in the Basque provinces, strict protective duties are prevalent in Castile. We crossed the bridge over the Ebro, and were in Castile.

Now we were quite in a new type, a wild barren country, chiefly consisting of arid sun-scorched plains, patched with such vegetation only as nature accords to it. It is the emblem of its race, unchanged and unchangeable. Capable of improvement, but unwilling to take advantage of its capabilities, Castile is like a Castilian, haughty in the bygone fame of past centuries, but contemning immortality for themselves. Poor and proud are the rugged tracks, and not less unstable is the inhabitant than the sand on which he treads. But yet there are green spots upon this sterile plain, and foreign energy and foreign skill turning to account these cases in human and earthen deserts, will some day raise the country, if not its rulers, to a position worthy of its name.

We trotted on with ten mules and one muleteer. The duty of this latter is to run by the side of the carriage, urging the unbridled, and nearly unharnessed, animals by oaths, prods, abuse, and stones. A bundle of sticks is placed in the *banquette*, and at least four are broken every stage. First you will see the *zagal* poke some poor beast on one side, against whom he seems to have a personal spite, and then pick up a stone and throw it at him with an oath, then standing to let the diligence pass, he will attack some victim on the other side, not forgetting an occasional missile for his first friend, then he will get on the seat under the box, but only to descend immediately after to recommence his speed-increasing manœuvres.

These scenes serve to relieve the monotony of the road, though, probably, the mules could stand the dullness. Our *mayoral*, however, coolly assured me that the mules do not feel the blows, that they were rather an endearing encouragement to them than a disagreeable incentive to speed. We now reached Burgos, where we had no time given to us to see the cathedral, which I visited on my return. Hunger usurped all our attention, and we did ample justice to the fare. A soup of very thin *stock*, I believe it is called, was thickened by large slices of bread being sopped in it; it is a most disgusting compound, but rather a favourite in Spain. Then an *olla podrida*, which is not at all bad, being composed thus,—beef boiled to a rag, chicken cooked in the same primitive manner, pig's face and bacon, slices off a highly spiced Valencian sausage called *chorizo*, and a stewed pear, all placed on unlimited *garbanzos*, a kind of cross between a large pea and a bean.—This every one eats in Spain, the noble and the peasant, when they can get it.—Partridges slain in June, a stew of ring-doves, nice but indescribable sweets, bad wine and unbounded fruit, complete the repast; and, for a hungry traveller, worse fare might be found.

We left this with regret for the hard seats of the diligence, and went pattering along with twelve mules. As we were thus hammering away with the wretched beasts, one of our wheelers, a horse totally unsupported by bit or halter, having only a *cincture* round his chest to assist in dragging, fell. All the others immediately stopped, turned round, and kicked or reared as their respective natures prompted them. Before I had had time to perceive clearly what had happened, I saw our Spanish friend, with wonderful presence of mind and considerable agility, open the door of the *coupe*, and despite his being somewhat stout, run down the hill at a rapid pace. I turned my eyes to the other side, and lo! seated on a lofty ridge, safe from danger and from harm, the little painter was taking a sketch of this scene, so truly Spanish.

Passing on through rocky Castile, we soon after this catastrophe arrived in sight of Madrid. The approach was not remarkably prepossessing; but at length we rumbled over stony streets, in the midst of lofty houses, and having passed again through the necessary custom-house ceremonies, found ourselves installed in the *Fonda Peninsulares*, the best hotel at Madrid, and the worst in Europe. It is situated in the Calle de Alcalá, the Regent Street, and near the Puerta del Sol, the Charing-Cross, of Madrid. The Puerta del Sol takes its name from a salmon-coloured church, with an illuminated clock, in front of which is a small open space, formed by the confluence of the principal streets. It is the resort of all the quidnuncs of Madrid, and at night it is so crowded, that Madrid seems the most populous city in the world.

THE PROPER FOOD OF MAN.

A little volume has just appeared, the purpose of which is to prove from history, anatomy, physiology, and chemistry, that the original, natural, and best diet of man is derived from the vegetable kingdom. The writer* was induced to make the attempt at the urgent importunity of his friends; he having, for himself, very carefully consulted the writings of Moses, traditionary records, comparative anatomy, physiology, chemistry, general history, and having also, from his own private experience, arrived at the firm conviction that the flesh of animals is not only unnecessary, but decidedly prejudicial to man's health and well-being.

Convictions and experience will always justify the printing of a book upon any such generally-useful subject as diet, but it is far beyond any man's actual experience, whatever may be his convictions, that a meat diet is prejudicial to any other man's health than his own. That in this country a hundred times more of the flesh of beasts is carried into our kitchens than is at all necessary to our existence, we fully believe, and the bloated and gorged appearance of our coachmen and others in wealthy families, where meat is allowed to them *ad libitum* five times a-day, proves the abuse of it. With so much meat there is a need of so much drink, and thus drunkenness, equally with gluttony, is the daily rule of the life-below-stairs in very many excellent families, who are wholly unconscious of the degraded state of morals in their domestic. Our appetites are certainly at our command; and those amongst us who command them most, enjoy by far—there is no question—the greatest measure of true happiness that this life can give. But it will require other arguments than words to persuade men in general, that with flesh-devouring teeth in their heads, it is injurious to them to eat flesh. And if that time is ever to be otherwise than figuratively true when the lion is to eat straw like the ox, the lion must be provided with a totally different description of teeth to those which he now has; and a better arrangement might be made for us, if farinaceous food and fruit became of necessity our sole diet. The heart sickens often, indeed, at the thought of the daily sufferings of the millions of birds, beasts, and fishes that daily and violently die, that we through that day may live; and every day brings the same sad picture before us, of fishes gasping away their life on the shore, and of beasts gurgling away their life with their blood through their throats; and we could wish that Mr. Smith's fourth chapter was read in every Englishman's ear, and so read as to be ever remembered. Indeed, there is much of good in his little volume. We do not think, however, that all his statements are incontrovertible: on the contrary, we think he has reasoned at times incorrectly, and has drawn his arguments from facts which, in the main, tell against him; and it rather militates than otherwise against his theory, that the nations whose chief or almost only diet is farinaceous, are the most cruel and bloodthirsty. But without pushing the subject beyond its proper limits.

* *Fruits and Farinacea the proper Food of Man.* By John Smith. Churchill. London. 1849.

Temperance and Total Abstinence. By Spencer Thomson, M.D. Churchill. London. 1850.

it is undoubtedly true that much may be said of it, and many most unanswerable arguments be adduced in support of it. All who think differently would do well to give no utterance to their thoughts until they had read what Mr. Smith has said on the subject. Although his words, like the words of far better and abler men, will fall powerless on the ears of the many, there are so many still who are of the same mind generally with him, that he will make many converts to his opinions. Many will be induced to try, at least, to breakfast, dine, and sup, according to the very excellent bill of fare he has in the last pages of his book provided for them. As for any especial notice of the multifarious facts and calculations which the book contains, we have not space for it but we can cordially recommend the book itself. It will please many and persuade some; will inform not a few of what it will profit them to know, and whoever reads it will never be able, with truth, to say that he has thrown away his time upon it.

"The Temperance and Total Abstinence Essay," of Dr. Thomson, was written in competition for a prize of one hundred guineas, given by Mr. Eaton for the best essay on the use of alcoholic liquors in health and disease. The writer who obtained the prize was Dr. W. B. Carpenter, but the adjudicators considered Dr. Thomson's essay so good, as to advise its publication, which advice the author has, we think, done well to follow.

He has also done well in writing upon so excitable a subject so calmly and naturally; for the very name of alcohol so powerfully stimulates some men's imagination, they so rave about it, and say such fierce and bitter things against it, that our natural feelings are—against our better feelings—roused to defend it and, perhaps, in some measure, to throw a shield and a protecting arm over it. Seriously, however, no man of common sense and moral feelings would ever advocate the daily use of alcoholic liquors as an article of food, irrespectively of circumstances and constitutions. Nothing brutalizes men like ardent spirits,—nothing sooner or more lastingly demoralizes and degrades them,—nothing more certainly ruins them in the end both in body and in mind; and yet how universal is the love of it,—how eager the desire for it,—at what a cost is it purchased! For the brandy, rum, gin, whiskey, which we bought last year, we paid above twenty-five millions of pounds sterling! and we drank, one man with another, throughout the United Kingdom five gallons and a half a-piece! This is whetting our whistle rather expensively, but this is quite irrespectively of our luxuries in this way: for we drink away a very large amount of our means in wine, and our yearly bills for beer of all kinds are, moreover, to be added to the above. This, when summed up, amounts to a tolerably large sum, even to more than twenty-five millions a year!

Dr. Thomson shows the effects of alcohol on the organs, and nerves, and mind of man: their effects on themselves, and, what is most mournful still, on their children. He has also shown, in the clear manner in which alone a sensible physician can, how beneficial are alcoholic liquors in certain cases, when the mind or the body from great and overmuch exertion is exhausted.

So much good sense is shown throughout this little book, the remarks are so judicious, the language so temperate, the moral so good, and the reasoning so sound, that we cannot but speak well of it and advise a careful perusal of it.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE PEOPLE.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

Westminster Bridge, and its Illumination.—The first Day-Fête at Vauxhall.—Roubiliac and Sir Edward Walpole.—Mister Handel.—Hogarth's Paintings.—Canaletti's Paintings.—Mr. Jonathan Tyers's Death.—Caterers for the Public.—The new Vauxhall Proprietor Mr. Barret.—Ridotto al Fresco.—Hackney Coachmen.—The Link Boys.—The Young Gent.—The False Nose.—Mr. Wilkes.—A Duel in Vauxhall.—The Macaronies on the last Night.—Constabulary Force.—Riots.—The Swell Mob of 1776.—Commoners at Vauxhall.—Francis Hayman, Esq., a Decorator of Vauxhall.—The Baron de Linsing.—The disuse of Swords at public places.

MR. LOCKMAN's thanksgiving, in our last chapter, for the safe conduct of the thousands who flocked to the enchantments of the Royal Gardens,—and who, in order to reach them, were forced to peril their lives, and face the "boisterous waves of the Thames,"—gives us a very curious idea of the ill-used river, which has become, in reality, the highway for all classes, a complete race-course for steamers of all degrees, although it is now spanned by some of the handsomest bridges in the world for the convenience of all, and the avoidance of the ancient dangerous ferries.

He had soon, however, to rejoice over the construction of the noble bridge of Westminster, which he says was "justly the admiration of foreigners, and formed one of the noblest pieces of art in this island, and indeed in the world, of the kind; the view of which bridge, especially *when illuminated*, adds to the delight of the curious in their return from Vauxhall."

This bridge was the second one of stone over the Thames at London; it was built by Charles Labelye, a native of Switzerland; and was opened for foot passengers, horses, &c., November 18th, 1750. Great opposition was made by the citizens of London to a second bridge over the Thames, at or near London.

The bridge cost 218,000*l.*, and the approaches 170,690*l.*, making in all 389,500*l.*

All the lavish praise bestowed by the author upon the nobility of the bridge, and the great admiration it created, was only given vent to by the consideration of its making the way more pleasant to the frequenters of his beloved Vauxhall. "To crown," says he, "the reputation of this much-frequented *recess*, the late Prince, and the Princess of Wales, the great patrons of all things excellent, gave the highest sanction to them by sending (last season) their commands (*the only honour of this sort*) to the master of the Spring Gardens, for him to open (for once) in the morning.

This might have been very well when Vauxhall was in the early primitiveness of nature; when the freshness, as it were, of youth was upon it. But now, alas! it cannot bear the broad glare of day to blaze upon its beauties. Art, with its paint-brush, has stalked over the ground and daubed out the fair marks of nature, and the stains of the overnight may not be looked upon in the freshness of the

morning. For, like an old beauty, she closes her doors against intruders until the kindly night returns to hide her decay with paint and the borrowed lights.

Jonathan Tyers was unceasing in his endeavours to make his gardens popular and worthy of the patronage of the public. Hogarth, who was his personal friend, executed some beautiful pictures for the rooms which it was soon found necessary to build in a climate like ours, so little indulgent to anything *al fresco*. Roubiliac's first work in England was a statue of Handel, made for Vauxhall Gardens. In one of his walks from thence he picked up a pocket-book containing a considerable number of notes and other papers, apparently of great consequence to the owner. He accordingly put forth an advertisement, which was immediately answered by their owner, Sir Edward Walpole, who, in gratitude to the sculptor, and admiration of his art, became his first great patron.

Hogarth's paintings and Roubiliac's statue are noticed in the *Gazeteer* of 1751, (art. Foxhall).

"This (Foxhall) is the place where are those called Spring Gardens, laid out in so grand a taste, that they are frequented, in the *three summer months*, by most of the nobility and gentry then in and near London; and are often honoured with some of the royal family, who are here entertained with the sweet song of numbers of nightingales, in concert with the best band of music in England. Here are fine pavilions, shady groves, and most delightful walks, illuminated by above *a thousand lamps*, so disposed that they all *take fire together*, almost as quick as lightning, and dart such a sudden blaze as is perfectly surprising.

"Here are, among others, two statues of *Apollo the god* and *Mister Handel the master of musick*; and in the centre of the area, where the walks terminate, is erected the temple of the musicians, which is encompassed all round with handsome seats, *decorated with pleasant paintings*, on subjects most happily adapted to the season, place, and company."

The "pleasant paintings" here referred to, with many others afterwards executed, are, I believe, all, or nearly all, in the possession of Mr. Frederick Gye, the son of one of the late proprietors, who rescued them from destruction, which they were apparently doomed to, having been placed at the back of the present supper-boxes, covered with dirt, and so obscure that they were hardly noticed by the visitors, who little thought of the treasures that they carelessly thrust their elbows against. The excellent judgment of Mr. Gye, whose knowledge of the art is very extensive, preserved them from entire demolition, and with much care and good taste restored and preserved the valuable paintings of that much-esteemed master.

We find also that a painter, no less celebrated, gave the aid of his pencil to pourtray the beauties of this admired place of amusement, as is shown by an advertisement dated May 7th, 1752.

"To the curious:

This Evening will be published in the avenues of Vauxhall Gardens,
Price 1s. each,

VIEWS OF VAUXHALL GARDENS, elegantly designed on the spot,
by the celebrated CANALETTI,

' Who just to Nature, bids her prospect rise
In blended tints, to strike admiring eyes.'

These views are,

1. Of the Grand Walk, at the entrance, with the Orchestra, &c.
2. Of the Grand Walk, where the Triumphal Arches are seen.
3. Of the Temple of Comus, with the Pavilion on each side.
4. Of the Grand Cross Walk, where the Painted Ruins are discovered.

N. B. A view of the inside of the Rotunda, drawn by *Signor Canaletti*, is almost finished; sold by Sayer, at the Golden Buck, opposite Fetter Lane, Fleet Street; H. Overton, at the White Horse, without Newgate; and G. Woodfall, Charing Cross; where may be had, price 6d.:

A 'Sketch of the Royal Gardens, Vauxhall.' In a letter to a noble Lord.

' Verdant vistas, melting sounds,
Magic echoes, fairy rounds,
Beauties everywhere surprise,
Sure this spot dropt from the skies.'

N. B. This pamphlet, though entitled a Sketch, contains a full and accurate description of Vauxhall, and is a very necessary companion to the four views of Signor Canaletti above mentioned."

The success of Mr. Tyers's speculation continued from year to year with very little deviation, and deservedly so, for he was a man of great ingenuity and patience, and was continually adding to the attractions of this favourite place of "amusement for the people," regardless of the labour or expense. His mind never seemed to travel out of the paradise which he had created for himself, the turmoil of the city so near him was unheard amidst his groves, and his pride was to attract the Prince, as well as the wealthy merchant, from the court and the "Golden Exchange," and to astonish them with his fairy kingdom buried amidst its woods upon the banks of the silver Thames. This world was to him Vauxhall, which he firmly and fondly believed had the like importance in the eyes of others, consequently receiving, with a condescending and complacent pride, all praise bestowed upon it by his friends and the public as a proper tribute to the man who raised such an elysium. So great and absorbing was the delight which he took in it, that preserving his faculties to the last, he caused himself to be carried into the Gardens, a few hours before his death, to take his farewell look at them. He listened with a smile to the sweet notes of the birds, as they carolled above him, and felt gratefully the soft air as it sighed through the whispering leaves to cool his fevered brow, and died only regretting that he must leave the beloved spot that he had cherished so long, and with so much honest pride. He expired July 1767.

The originality of manner in which Mr. Tyers arranged for the proper refreshment of his many patrons was, no doubt, the first hint of such a clever idea. He gave his caterers an interest in the success of their efforts. We find his advertisement in the *Daily Post*, 3582, Friday, March 12, 1731.

"Money will be lent without interest to set up three persons that can give a good account of *their sober conversation*; and are qualified to manage the following employments, viz., one of them to keep a

tavern and an eating-house at the *New Spring Gardens*; another will be set up in a place ready fixed to make all sorts of pastry, to serve the said Spring Gardens, and the people in the neighbourhood; the third person will be placed in a new brewhouse, to brew for the house, and other customers, twice a week. Each person is only to pay a rent according to the profit that they shall get in trade. Such as are well qualified to manage any of the said three employments, may come any day from three to seven in the afternoon to the *Green Iron-gate* in the *Orange Walk* by St. Mary Magdalen's Church in Surry."

After his death the "royal property" came into the possession of his two sons and two daughters. The youngest son conducted the Gardens, and continued to do so until 1792, in which year he died. When Mr. Bryant Barret, an eminent wax-chandler, son of the granddaughter of Jonathan Tyers, came into possession, he made an alteration in the nights of entertainment as advertised in the *Daily Advertiser*, July 1, 1769: "Spring Gardens, Vauxhall. The entertainments of this place are continued *every evening* (Sundays excepted). The doors will be opened immediately after five—admittance 1s. each person."

On April the 22nd, 1769, he tried once more a *Ridotto al Fresco*, advertised thus:—

"Spring Gardens, Vauxhall, April 22nd, 1769.

"A *Ridotto al Fresco* for one night only is preparing for the public against the first week in May, to consist of extraordinary illumination, and other decoration.

"A Concert and Ball.

"Tickets half-a-guinea each to admit one person, and provision at the usual prices.

"Further particulars will be advertised.

"As no entertainment of the kind has been exhibited in England since 1732, to prevent any doubts which may arise, with regard to dress, *all persons will be left to their own choice.*"

This was certainly giving latitude enough to John Bull, whose disinclination to dress is proverbial. This speculation was highly successful; it was attended by the Dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland, and several foreign ministers, and a large concourse of the nobility. The number of persons present is supposed to have been considerably above five thousand.

Very few it appears troubled themselves to come in costume. The next day's paper, in its favourable notice of the evening's entertainment, notices this fact:—

"Though it was imagined that a great number of ladies and gentlemen would have appeared in fancied dresses, there were not more than eight or ten who were."

"The company in general did not break up until three in the morning, and so great was the demand for hackney coaches that several coachmen demanded, and were paid, a *guinea a fare* from Vauxhall to Westminster.

"At the entrance of the Gardens two or three link boys insolently attacked a footman for *lighting his master* to his chariot, but the gentleman took his servant's part in a very spirited manner, and the link boys were glad to retreat. At nine o'clock at night there was one

regular train of coaches from Charing Cross to Vauxhall Gardens without room between any two coaches for another."

"The great preparation made at Vauxhall Gardens for the *Ridotto* last night had so much raised the curiosity of the public, that it is supposed the Gardens were never fuller than on that occasion, and we are informed that near eleven thousand people were in this favourite place of entertainment during the night. We will, therefore, only suppose that ten thousand persons were assembled there. That number of tickets at 10s. 6d. each produce 5500*l.*, and as the receipts for provisions generally amount to nearly double as much as taken for admittance, on the same calculation they may have taken last night *eleven thousand pounds*; but as there were not boxes or benches sufficient to accommodate one-fourth part of the company assembled, one waiter to our knowledge was offered a guinea by a company if he would supply them with a box, but it was not in his power, and prodigious numbers were obliged to leave the place without having an opportunity of sitting down."

I don't know what the "young gents" of our day would say to such treatment as was dealt out to one of their class in 1769. "A young gent at Vauxhall, having made himself very ridiculous by walking about *with a false nose on*, and saying some things to several ladies that were rather impertinent, an officer of the guards took him by the sleeve, and after some altercation, literally obliged him to *put his nose in his pocket*, to the great satisfaction of the company."

There is upon record, in a newspaper of June 1st, 1770, a very weak joke of Mr. Wilkes. "When Mr. Wilkes was at Vauxhall on Thursday, with Mr. Churchill, Sir Joseph Mawbey, and others, the waiter, on seeing them pass, said, 'This is the forty-fifth box from the entrance, and I hope forty-five bumpers will be drunk in it.' Mr. Wilkes looked *very grave*, and said, 'Those who talk least think most—*therefore* I did not go to court to-day.'"

At all these *ridottas al fresco*, masks and swords were strictly prohibited, but they do not seem to have been so on the other evenings of entertainment; for in those good old times, when a police in such places of resort was unthought of, scenes, that now would be immediately put a stop to, were continually being enacted. A newspaper of May 16, 1772, notices the fact of a duel fought the evening before in Vauxhall Gardens:—

"Yesterday evening a duel was fought at Vauxhall on the following occasion; a gentleman having been seated some time in a box, a person having the appearance of a gentleman came up, and rather rudely insisted that the former should retire. After some altercation swords were drawn—the aggressor was wounded between the ribs, and the other in the thumb; the last very honourably left his name and place of abode, and a surgeon being sent for to the other, he at first sight pronounced his patient out of danger, who was accommodated for that night at the Adam and Eve."

Another like occurrence is noticed on July the 16th, in the same year:—

"On Wednesday night last, about twelve o'clock, a gentleman named Marshal, happening to have some words with another gentleman named Osborn, at Vauxhall Gardens, they drew their swords and had a rencounter, when the latter received a dangerous wound in his right

side near the sixth rib; he was carried to the Royal Oak at that place, and is now attended by two eminent surgeons, and it is hoped the wound will not prove mortal."

At this time, the last night of the season was always looked upon as a fit opportunity for the sparks of the time to let loose the full vigour of their pent-up mischief, which they accordingly did by wreaking their vengeance upon the lamps and other decorations—the waiters following and putting down the expense of their folly to the amount of the supper bill.

We find a notice of one of these exploits in the "Savoir Vivre Magazine," of 1773, thus shown:—

"The last night of Vauxhall Gardens—

"About twelve o'clock at night the Macaronies began, as usual upon such occasions, to give proofs of their courage and magnanimity by venting their rage upon such harmless things as lamps, forms, bottles, and glasses, which cannot return the blow—slaying them most unmercifully.

"When they had figured away in that manner for some time, they repaired in a body to the music room, ascended the orchestra, blew the organ, snatched the candles out of stands and threw them at each other. Tired of this play, they again rushed out into the gardens, seized the constable's staff, and tossed it about to show their contempt for order.

"Thus triumphant, and intoxicated with claret and success, one, more hardy than the rest, drew his sword and brandished it about, to the terror and amazement of the company; but, unfortunately for the Don Quixote, a certain gentleman who had a contempt for such sport, and very little dread of such a weapon, closed with the hero, forced from him the tremendous blade, snapped it in two and held up the hilt, which produced an universal shout.

"This disaster, however, did not hinder another of these gallant champions from assaulting one of the handmaids of Venus, who encountered him with Amazonian courage, called her myrmidons, and swore revenge in the name of the goddess. The fight grew general.

'To arms! to arms! the fierce virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies
All side in parties and begin the attack,
Canes rap, silks rustle, and stout-bottles crack,
Heroes and heroines, shouts confusedly rise,
And base and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapons in their hands are found,
Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.'

Some attempt, from the dangerous character assumed at times in these riots, was made the next season by the proprietor, to check the inordinate sallies of his patrons, which very often led to most serious consequences.

"Thursday evening being advertised for the last of the entertainments at Vauxhall this season, the gardens were crowded with company. However, everything went off with the usual regularity till about eleven o'clock, when divers persons began to say that the proprietor's advertisements, inserted in the newspapers of the day, were a challenge to the public, and their introducing peace-officers an insult to the company.

"Upon this a terrible riot ensued, a great number of lamps were broke, many constables soundly drubbed; and several women heartily frightened. About six o'clock in the morning the tumult began to subside, this gave the routed forces of the police courage to rally, which they did with such success that the enemy were dispersed almost in a twinkling, and sixteen of their leaders taken prisoners, who were immediately conducted to the house of correction."

On the closing night, however, of these gardens in 1775, the manager, to provide against a repetition of these disgraceful scenes, under the advertisement of his last night, put the following lines as a useful warning to the Macaronies who might anticipate the fun of the last night as enjoyed heretofore.

"The evening's entertainments of this place will end for this season to-morrow, the 24th instant.

"Each person to pay 1s. admittance.

"The doors will be opened immediately after Five.

"Whereas many young and inconsiderate persons did, on the concluding night last season, behave in a very riotous and offensive manner, to the great terror of the company assembled, and injury to the proprietors; and many of them being known, notice was given them that the proprietors were determined to take legal measures for redress. The said persons having since made proper concessions, and intreating that their names might be concealed from the public and their friends (as such would be their ruin), the proprietors have been induced (notwithstanding the great damage they sustained) to drop the proceedings which were preparing against them. However, the said proprietors think it incumbent on them to pursue such measures (by increasing the number of their police-officers), as they flatter themselves will be sufficient to prevent any future interruption to the amusements of the ever generous and indulgent public, whose countenance and protection they will always endeavour to deserve."

All this precaution did not, however, answer the end proposed, for the next season was marked by scenes quite as disgraceful as those before mentioned; nor were the Gardens wanting in specimens of the swell-mob, as is witnessed by the *Morning Post* of 1776.

"Yesterday near twenty young bucks, who were apprehended in Vauxhall Gardens on Thursday night, for breaking of lamps, were examined before the magistrates at the Rotation Office in the Borough, when such of them as could not make satisfaction for the mischief done, were ordered to find bail, or be committed, in order to take their trial at the next general quarter sessions.

"The same day a good-looking, gentlemanly young man, supposed to belong to the noted Mr. M——'s gang, was examined, charged with robbing a gentleman of twelve guineas. It appeared, on his taking the money from the gentleman's pocket, he let fall five guineas, by which means he was detected with the remainder.

"Thursday night a lady had her pocket cut off by a well-dressed sharper, in Vauxhall, when he was perceived by a child in company, and kicked out of the gardens."

In 1776, the convenience of approach to the gardens by the new bridge, and the increasing extravagance of the middle classes, seemed to have materially altered the character of this place of amusement. It was thenceforth to be, as it were, set apart for the exclusive enjoyment

of the noble and wealthy. The *Morning Post* gives rather a severe and satirical account of the closing night of this season. It runs thus:—

“August 28th, 1776.—The season of Vauxhall closing last night, the usual desire of being present prevailed; the company began to assemble early in the evening, and by ten o'clock there were near four thousand persons in the gardens. We cannot say it was the most brilliant, or the most fashionable, meeting we have seen; it ought, however, to have been the most pleasant, if the adage is true that the humour of the English lies chiefly in the middling ranks, as there were very few there but *commoners*.

“There was, indeed, among the multitude a small number of persons of fashion, just enough to rescue the group from too great an uniformity, and prevent us from supposing that it was wholly collected from *Cheapside, Gutter Lane, Whitechapel Market, King's Place, Newman Street, and Saint Giles'*. Order was tolerably kept until twelve, only the apprehending of one pickpocket.

“The Gardens, as may well be supposed, were much crowded, the boxes and the various tables placed beneath the trees soon filled. Many were, therefore, obliged to seek abroad for a supper; many went to Smith's Tea Gardens, and the neighbouring taverns, ale-houses, and gin-shops. All the publicans and sinners who lived near Vauxhall had a fat harvest—their houses were filled from the garret to the cellar.”

One of the decorators of Vauxhall died this year (Feb. 2, 1776), the celebrated Francis Hayman, Esq., Librarian of the Royal Academy, in the 68th year of his age. In the early part of his life he was scene-painter of Drury Lane Theatre. Below the notice of Hayman's death we find the following paragraph, denoting that some exertions were beginning to be made to prevent gentlemen wearing their swords in places of amusement, where brawls were of such frequent occurrence:—

“The Baron de Lensing has acted with the greatest propriety since his duel. This gentleman, who, previous to that unlucky affair, never went out of doors in an undress without his sword, has paid so much respect to the advice given him by *Sir John Fielding* that he seems now to have laid aside that dangerous weapon, having been seen for several nights past at Vauxhall without that troublesome appendage.”—*Morning Post*.

The next chapter will finish my notice of this place of amusement, which, perhaps more than any other, has shown the changes in the manners and habits of the people.

INEDITED LETTERS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS.

MRS. PIOZZI.

As we advance through these letters they increase in interest. There is a good deal of theatrical gossip in some of those that follow, which will amuse the reader learned in stage lore. The "poor Davies" alluded to, is the actor and bookseller, who lived at No. 8, Russell Street, Covent Garden, where Boswell met Johnson for the first time. Davies was the author of the "Miscellanies," and of a *Life of Garrick*, that ran into four or five editions. He seems to have been a very good-natured man, but a solemn prig of an actor. It is of him Churchill says in the "Rosciad," that

"He mouths a sentence as curs mouth a bone."

His theatrical biographies, sketches, and criticisms are now referred to only for dates, and literal matters of fact; for, being an incompetent judge of acting, and too much mixed up with the actors of the time to be in a position to judge impartially of them, his opinions are not to be depended upon. Henderson, to whose last appearance, probably, Mrs. Piozzi alludes, is said by Davies in his "Miscellanies," to have shown extraordinary talent in reading "*Æsop's Fables*," "*Tristram Shandy*," and Swift's *Tales*. This is not unlikely, for, independently of being an excellent tragic actor, in spite of personal obstacles, he was a capital mimic, although Boswell tells us that he failed in his imitations of Johnson.

Miss Brunton was about this time rising into eminence, and Mrs. Siddons was at her height. Mrs. Bellamy had already retired, and published her memoirs. It is curious to find Mrs. Piozzi speaking of "poor old Bellamy" in 1785, and in the next letter talking of the *Scrub* of Mrs. Abingdon, who was an established actress in Drury Lane twenty years before.

Johnson, who had a strong aversion to players, was nevertheless doomed to be more or less mixed up with them. They were always seeking introductions to him. Mrs. Siddons and Henderson made his acquaintance with special formalities at both sides; he was intimate with Davies, partly in his quality of bookseller; and there is an interesting letter of Mrs. Bellamy's preserved, in which she solicits his patronage for her benefit, telling him that his presence on the occasion would be more gratifying to her than the profits of the house, of which, at that time, (as at all times) she stood much in need.

This batch of Mrs. Piozzi's letters contains little else than gossip; but it is gossip of the pleasantest flavour. She had sent her book to London, and it was nearly lost by the way; but speedily it turns up again, is published by Cadell, and runs up to the fifth edition in a few months. She hears of her success; is, of course, very proud of it, but all the time has not been fortunate enough to get a glimpse of a copy. "If Cadell would send me some copies," she says, "I

should be very much obliged to him. It is like living without a looking-glass, never to see one's own book so!"

It is evident that she held Boswell's work in little esteem. She considered it flippant, and that it was not sufficiently sedate and profound to do justice to the character and attainments of Johnson. But she lived too near the time, and was too familiar with the subject, to give an impartial or adequate judgment on its merits. We who find Johnson glassed in its pages in all his moods and actions, have reason to be grateful for these very qualities of flippancy and trivial detail which, not unnaturally, appeared trifling and superfluous to Mrs. Piozzi.

A point of more importance concerning Boswell is touched upon in the first of these letters, where Mrs. Piozzi complains that he does her injustice in saying that she could not get through Mrs. Montagu's Essay on Shakspeare, and that, to her certain knowledge, Dr. Johnson had a true respect for that lady's abilities. This letter is dated 31st December, 1785, and in the February following, Mrs. Piozzi added a postscript to her "Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson," in which she alluded to what Mr. Boswell had stated, and declared that she had always had the highest appreciation of Mrs. Montagu's talents. To this postscript Boswell, in a subsequent edition of his work, published a reply, which we are bound to say, supplies a conclusive vindication of what he had written.

Boswell did not make the assertion himself; it was made by Dr. Johnson, whose words are thus reported by his biographer: "Reynolds is fond of her book, and I wonder at it, for neither I, nor Beaucherk, nor Mrs. Thrale could get through it." In vindicating the accuracy of this statement, Boswell tells us that the words were taken down in his journal at the time; that the journal was afterwards submitted to Johnson, who pointed out some inaccuracies, but did not mention any in the paragraph in question, and that it had also been read by Mrs. Piozzi herself, who had had the MS. some time in her possession, and did not intimate that Dr. Johnson had mistaken her sentiments. It is clear, therefore, that so far as Boswell is concerned, he stands free of the imputation cast upon him in this letter, and that the writer's protest ought to have been directed against Johnson.

But the most curious feature in this passage is that in which Mrs. Piozzi undertakes to assure Mr. Lysons, that Dr. Johnson, "to her certain knowledge," entertained a true respect for Mrs. Montagu's abilities. Now, if Boswell's book may be credited, if the reported conversations in his Journal, which were read and sanctioned by Johnson himself, may be relied upon, the very reverse of this assertion was the truth. On one occasion he observed to Reynolds, who was loud in her praises, "Sir, I will venture to say, there is not one sentence of true criticism in her book;" and similar censures, in a variety of shapes, are repeated over and over again; so that there can be no doubt as to the estimation in which Dr. Johnson really held Mrs. Montagu. These opinions were expressed, too, long before any coolness arose between him and the lady, on account of his Life of Lord Lyttleton, and cannot, therefore, be referred to that spleen or jealousy which sometimes inspired his oracular *dicta*. It is only justice, however, to Mrs. Piozzi to add, that her "certain knowledge" had a foundation which she was quite justified in

building her faith upon ; for all the time that Dr. Johnson was thus depreciating Mrs. Montagu to others, he was writing letters to Mrs. Piozzi filled with extravagant panegyrics on her genius !

DEAR MR. LYSONS,

Naples, 31st Dec. 1785.

YOUR letter tells me numberless things which I was earnest to be informed of, but nothing that has pleased me so much as what relates to yourself, of whom I long ago formed the greatest hopes from my knowledge of your talents and virtues. They will be rewarded with fame and fortune, I doubt not ; you live in a country where merit is never neglected, and where no man perishes obscurely but by his own fault, unless some singular accident intervenes.

The more I see of other nations, the more I respect my own ; which, while I compare it (like a novice) with the ideas I had formed of perfection, I justly despised ; but now, drawing the comparison with other states and other climates, I love, honour, and esteem. You will wonder, when I commend the temperature of its air, so loudly lamented by most people ; but if it's not particularly salubrious, it is at least not pestiferous like the environs of Rome, sullenly unwholesome as about the Bagni' di Pisa, or impregnated as here with fiery particles and mineral exhalations that hourly threaten the lives of the possessors, while they fructify the land, and ripen the fruit to a perfection unknown in our country, and only to be imitated by artifice and care. We have been entertained by a very beautiful eruption of Mount Vesuvius, which, on the night of our arrival, flamed away, so as to be easily seen thirty-five miles off ; and there was a prodigious storm at sea besides, with the most horrible lightning I ever saw, and the bluest. I suppose it takes that peculiar hue from the quantities of vitriol drawn up into the clouds that surround us ; but it has an appearance to me totally new and striking. The thunder here, too, singularly loud and awful, and in the night we sometimes hear the sighing of the mountain with sensations not difficult to imagine, but far from easy to explain. While I write this, the sea rages with a violence I never saw surpassed, unless 'twas once upon the coast of Sussex ; and as our apartment is gloriously situated, and commands a complete view of the bay—the island of Caprea and Vesuvius, which is worth all the rest,—I never want for amusement, nor much seek those of society ; though the Venetian and Swedish ministers have been excessively kind, and here are some English families, too, that I like vastly. Mr. Piozzi always finds friends among my countrymen, and prefers their acquaintance to that of the Italians in the town we reside at. Your account of poor Davies gives me concern ; and all the play-goers will grieve about Henderson. I wish I had been to the theatre last night, that I might have told you how we act "King Lear" at Naples ; but, perhaps, there may offer another opportunity. Miss Brunton's father was a favourite at Bath, I remember, and reckoned a scholar and a man of sense. I hope she will do well, but would not wish dear Siddons to lose an inch of ground. I have read poor old Bellamy's narrative since I was here, and wish to know if she is likely to end her days comfortably by means of her book ? My book about Johnson was left in the hands of Ottofranck, a banker at Leghorn, who promised to put it among his own things, consigning

it to Messrs. John and Francis Baring and Co., London. Of all this I wrote word to Cadell from Sienna, telling him, at the same time, the name of the ship, which was Piedmont, or Prince of Piedmont, Joel Foster, commander; but to my letter no return has been made, so I don't know what to think; and merely wish you would be kind enough to go to Cadell, and ask him whether he ever has had either book or letter on the subject, for I am in some anxiety about it. Mr. Boswell did me very great injustice in saying I could not get through Mrs. Montagu's performance, for the elegance and erudition of which I hope I am not wholly without taste or cognizance; and as for Dr. Johnson, he had, to my certain knowledge, a true respect for her abilities, and a very great regard and esteem of her general character.

It is hard upon me that I am not at home to defend myself, but Mr. Boswell is well qualified to be witty on the dead and the distant. You will get the "Florence Miscellany" safe, I dare say; Mr. Cator had a list of names sent him from Rome the same day that I wrote to you, and it is very odd that some letters should be lost and others come to hand when sent by the same courier. Your observation on his manners is a very just one, to be sure. Do write again soon, and direct to Mr. Jenkins, Banker, at Rome; he will be sure to have, and to forward the letters. The best amends I can make for your agreeable correspondence, is to tell you what I see, and how I like it. Why, then, absolutely the sight of the theatre, overwhelmed with lava, at Herculaneum; the bread just baked, the meat put upon the dishea, the wine petrified in the decanters, the impression of a foot in the act of escaping, and of a female, who, being confined to her bed, could not try to escape, but has left the print of her person and light drapery in the hot liquid which suddenly surrounded her, excited in me ideas which will not be easily erased. Oh! there is no comparison between one's sensations at Rome, and those one feels at Naples! Royalty demolished, and empire destroyed; power unlimited once, now changed to a childish display of empty splendour; and riches, "heaped up," as the Scripture says, "without knowing who was to gather them," are the images with which Rome impresses one's imagination;—but here, the business comes closer to our own bosoms,—the shopkeepers killed by a sudden burst of fire from the neighbouring mountain, while some of the wares they sold were left standing on the shelves; soldiers stifled in the guard-room, and babies in the cradle,—these are the things to strike and terrify those who examine them. The mind shudders more at reading Lillo's "Fatal Curiosity," than at all the heroic tragedies written by Dryden, Thomson, or dear Dr. Young; for we cannot all be kings and heroes, but we are all men and women, and may be seduced by poverty to guilt, or betrayed to danger by a refined curiosity. I am sure, too, that those who live here may very easily be swallowed up by an earthquake, so we ought to lead good lives; for there is a constant warning, a beacon kept blazing to assure us of Heaven's vengeance on some future day. 'Tis said, however, that the people here are not better, but rather worse, than in other nations: that fair Parthenope, as she still retains her power to allure travellers, retains, likewise, her inclination and skill to pick their bones most neatly; and my husband complains that we are cheated in all our dealings with the pilfering inhabitants. But 'tis

time to release, and wish you a merry Christmas, with a happy new year, and many of them, still increasing in various comforts. Tell me if ever you had a letter from me dated Leghorn? and whether Dr. Lort ever had his from the same place? I have my reasons for asking. Tell me of the Pepyses, and tell me of the "Florence Miscellany," when it arrives. It was sent in a ship called the "Roman Emperor," Hamstroom commander, from Leghorn. God bless you, dear sir! and accept my husband's best compliments and wishes, with those of your old and faithful friend

H. L. PROZZI.

I will take care about the coins, never fear.

DEAR MR. LYSONS,

Rome, 1st Mar. 1786.

YOUR very kind and friendly letter met me here the moment of my return yesterday, and very glad was I to see it: but what would you have me do about this extraordinary stroke of Mr. Boswell's? I have written to Sir Lucas Pepys, to Dr. Lort, to Mrs. Montagu herself, and to Cadell, about it; and I have not yet half expressed the degree of pain it has given me. The news you send me of the Bishops of Peterborough's continued partiality is best capable of making me some amends; nobody's esteem is more valuable in itself, and I have at least the merit of valuing it as it deserves. If the poor book had sunk at sea, many witticisms would have been produced, to be sure; and now it is safe arrived, they must be witty on its dulness. If I am out of the possibility of self-defence, I am at least sheltered from hearing the storm patter on my paper umbrella, and so the old precept obeyed, "when the winds rise, worship the echo." Doctor Johnson said in Kelly's prologue, you know, "the house may hiss, the poet cannot hear." But I am glad at my heart that you like what you have seen, and hope the Florence "Miscellany" will divert you too; there are some very pretty lines in it. I will try to get the print for Mr. Seward, whom I have always been studious to oblige, and ready to applaud; both for such virtues as benefit mankind, and for such talents as adorn it. His contemptuous behaviour towards me, and the additional vexation his conduct gave me, when I was little able to endure more pain, proves little, except that he was disposed to be merry when I was very sad. He will, perhaps, never serve anybody else so, and 'twere better not. *Vendamo ad altro*, as the Italians say. After seeing some envious cameos at Naples, particularly one of a beardless Jupiter, it came into my head at Terracina, that Anxur was a noun both masculine and neuter, because Jupiter Anxurus was worshipped there.

"*Et genus Anxur quod dat utrumque*," says the old grammar, you know; do ask some wise man if that was the real reason. There is a line in Virgil somewhere, too, about this shorn Jupiter, but I can't find it. The Elysian Fields afforded me very small speculation; everything about Naples was better than the Elysian fields; I was lucky to leave that delicious spot for all the shows of Rome: nothing in Italy yet so fine as Venice and Naples for general and immediate appearance, but the curiosities of this place never tire, and those do. I saw an English lady who had lived eight years here, and says it is not enough. *Apropos*, that lady is a person of surprising endow-

ments, and erudition much too deep for me to pretend praising it as I ought. Her power over the French language in particular is such as few natives possess; and had I known her before my book went out, she says she should have liked to translate it. I regret exceedingly that we made acquaintance only at Naples, for many reasons: we had great talk about Dr. Johnson, who was her mother's friend; her father was Captain Knight, made Sir Joseph when the King went aboard his ship at Port-mouth. Oh! you have got our little book of verses written in Tuscany safe by now; for Miss Thrale has thanked me for hers, and says she likes the preface. Write to me soon do, and tell me all the news. Miss Brunton is set up as a rival to Siddons, I hear, but sure that won't do. How droll it must be to see Mrs. Abingdon act *Scrub!* Our theatres here, where so little is represented, are the most splendid places imagination can conceive, while England has not a play-house fit for strollers. I wonder that among all your luxuries in London there is never a tolerable theatre. Well! our diversions finished last night, and it was very comical and very curious to see the gentlemen and ladies drive up and down the streets, throwing sugar plums at the mob, and calling out "*E morto il Carnevale!*" with lighted candles or showy lanterns in the coaches to make sport. The town was gaily illuminated, indeed; and if one had not felt some English fears of overturning in that prodigious confusion, one might have laughed very heartily. To-day we saw the ceremonies of Ash-Wednesday in St. Peter's Church, and propose working hard these forty days to see some of the most curious wonders of Rome. St. Peter's Church is a perpetual wonder, and when one hears and knows that with all its appurtenances, courts, &c., it equals in size the whole city of Turin, one begins wondering all over again, I think. Adieu! dear air, and on this good St. David's day, remember your Welsh friends; and her who claims the first place among them.

Your truly affectionate servant,

H. L. Piozzi.

My husband sends his best compliments.

DEAR MR. LYSONS,

Rome, 25th March, 1786.

I RECEIVED your letter of the 3rd but two hours ago, and though not a little fatigued with seeing the functions of the day, I sit down to thank you most sincerely for your active and diligent friendship in making the alteration, and the application concerning Johnson's Anecdotes.

It was so wise, and so well thought, to consult with the Bishop and Sir Lucas Pepys; and Dr. Lort was so good and charming to translate the epitaph. Oh! pray thank them all, and say how much I love them, and how much I feel obliged to them, and how kindly I take their interposition—till I have time to tell them so myself. Why, my shoulders would have ached for a year with the blows I should have received! And justly, there's the astonishment; for I protest to you I thought I had seen that Mr. Boswell returned thanks for the impudent letter of the 8th of January, and very angry I was naturally enough; but one gets the papers, here so irregularly—and, in short, I made a gross mistake, and have been happy enough to light on true friends who were sufficiently interested in my welfare to correct me. I only wish long to deserve, and long to retain, their regard.

The "Florence Miscellany," too, is printed, with a hundred faults; but I had no time to mend them, as I left Florence very ill, and Mr. Parsons did not take good care. In the "Partenza" there is a necessary couplet quite left out; it should run thus—

"Since parting then on Arno's shore,
We part, perhaps, to meet no more;
Let these last lines some Truths contain,
More clear than bright, less sweet than plain.
Thou first, &c."

The simple sonnet about an English watch, too, is imperfect; they have printed it

Touch'd by thy magic hand,

instead of

Touch'd by thy magic wand—

for hand comes in the line that rhymes to it. How good-natured it would be in you to correct these passages in any of the books you can pick up! If I had not been sick, they should have been sent right at least: but I'm glad you are pleased with the preface. Nothing was ever more pretty, comical, and sparkling than the verses about Mr. Boswell, which you tell me are Dr. Walcot's; but, upon my honour, the world is very rigorous; for, if Boswell was Plutarch, nothing but the sayings of Johnson could be record—like *Arabella's* maid in the "Female Quixote" we should all be at a loss to keep a register of his actions, for even her ladyship's smiles might be mentioned, as she suggests; but dear Dr. Johnson did not afford us many of them. Is Mrs. Montagu convinced of my respect, and of Mr. Boswell's flippancy? I hope so.

Do your best, my dear sir, to keep alive the unmerited, but highly valued tenderness of all my friends for their and your,

Greatly obliged and ever grateful,

H. L. Piozzi.

My husband sends his best respects and compliments to all who love his wife—I feel exactly so to all who love my husband.

DEAR MR. LYSONS,

Venice, 11th May, 1786.

YOU have been a very kind and a very active friend to me indeed, and I only beg you will add to your other favours that of believing me grateful, till you find me so.

Two letters from you, dated, one the 28th of March, the other the 21st of April, saluted me at my arrival here; and nothing can exceed my sense of the public's generous approbation; for curiosity might easily have sold the first edition of any book about Dr. Johnson, but the other copies must have owed their reception to kinder motives. Will you ask if Mr. Selwin had a volume sent him? but mistakes will be made in all little matters of ceremony when the writer is at so great a distance, they must be considered as errata, of which I wonder there are so few. It would be very kind of you to make Cadell send me two or three of them to Lyons, directed to Monsieur Sipolina. When I publish the letters, there will be an opportunity given of correcting past errors, and till then I shall hold a most phlegmatic silence to all that may be said.

Mrs. Montagu has written to me very sweetly, but the bad roads and good company kept us so long on the way between Rome and Venice, that I never got her letter till yesterday. We were paid,

however, for coming through Loretto, Ancona, &c., by the sight of a country which in beauty, riches, and disposition of parts, exceeds all I ever saw—oh! vastly superior to the Neapolitan state, which is so talked of as full of situations peculiarly striking. The Adriatic Sea is delicious to drive by; and I shall attend to her annual marriage this year, and keep her wedding day with still more interest in her happiness than I did last. I wish you were taking views of this lovely city with us all. Mr. and Mrs. Greathead, Mr. Shard, Mr. Chappelow and ourselves came down the Brenta in a bark together three days ago, with music and cold chickens, and Cyprus wine; and here we met Mr. Whalley, of the crescent, at Bath, and we live in a most delightful society indeed. Mr. Piozzi is so kind to us all in this his charming country; and it is so hard to tell whether the English or the Venetians love him best. Dr. Lort knows Mr. Chappelow intimately, so does the Bishop I believe. Dear Mr. Coxe met us again at Bologna, but his ill health is a drawback upon all our comforts.

We bought few things at Rome, but I shall show you one Canaletti which one must love because 'tis the best representation of Piazza St. Marco which, after all we have seen, still holds the first place in my heart, for elegance and architecture; and I thought yesterday that Tintoret's Paradise here in the great hall, looked very well after Michael Angelo's Last Judgment. If you think me partial, remember that my husband is a subject of Venice, and excuse me. The weather has not been particularly good, and heavy rains, with hot winds and little sun; but the country is really fine as long as it lasts, and when one is once fixed in this town for a month, one regrets neither bird, beast, nor flower, but contents one's self with the Court of Amphitrite, and lives in the water till it becomes one's native element. You will soon hear all I say confirmed by our amiable friend Mr. Parsons, who will be in London this autumn, and seek for your friendship and acquaintance. The Florence Miscellany will introduce you to his character, and all our clever people will like him I am sure. The dear Greatheads will not be long neither before they join the *coterie*—but we have all Switzerland to travel over, which they have already seen, and keep firing our imaginations about it so, that I am half afraid of meeting with a disappointment. What a foolish thing it is for people not to learn drawing in their youth, and how much happier you painters are in a fine country than any of us. I hope the exhibition is brilliant this year, and that your views will be liked as they deserve. Tell me all the news, dear Mr. Lysons; but you really are very good in writing so often, and I should do nothing but thank you, if I was not sure you would rather hear twenty other things. Direct now to Monsr. Bonet, Banker, at Milan, and believe me with the truest regard,

Your ever faithful and affectionate friend, and obliged servant,
H. L. Piozzi.

My husband sends his compliments.

DEAR MR. LYSONS,

Venice, 26th May, 1786.

I WRITE again so soon, for the pleasure of writing, I think, and of receiving your letters; which have always contained those same partial praises, and kind invitations to return home, which

are now confirmed by the voice of the generous public, to whom I shall ever confess my very uncommon obligations. Cadell says he never yet published a book the sale of which was so rapid, and that rapidity of so long continuance: I suppose the fifth edition will meet me at our return. But my dear Mrs. Lewis never writes to me, and I am afraid she is ill or something, I certainly ordered her a copy; if she has not yet had it, do carry one to Mrs. Codrington's house in Albemarle Street, and learn how she does, and let me know. Miss Jane Nicholson is lost too, I wish you would ask after her at No. 104, Dumerque's, in Bond Street, where her sister lodges. I am most exceedingly sensible to your good nature and friendship, and very sure you will do me these two or three little favours quite cheerfully. Give my compliments to Mr. Murphy, and tell him to direct his letter under cover to Monsieur Bonet, Banker, at Milan. I am always happy to hear he is well, and have always wished for more of his conversation than I could ever obtain even through Mr. Thrale's interest, who loved him with a sincere affection, indeed, and never shall those friends be forgotten or neglected by me, who have shared the tenderness, or deserved the esteem, of my husband's. These amiable Venetians seek to detain me among them by paying Mr. Piozzi every possible, every respectful attention, it is certainly the only way for any set of people to detain me; but my desire of seeing him caressed by my own country will draw me away from this in a short time now. Tell Sir Lucas Pepys how I love him, and all that belongs to him. Dr. Lort had a long scrawl from me a week before you will get this, and I have no secrets from the Bishop of Peterborough, whom I wished to make my Confessor the year I spent at Bath, when you and I first got acquainted; but I could not find one moment's opportunity. The books being printed so many times, and always falsely in so many places is vexatious enough to be sure; we will remedy all that at my return; but these poor anecdotes have been published as Philidor is said to make his moves at chess, whilst he himself is playing on the fiddle in another room. Adieu, my dear sir, and do write very often, and very kindly to

Your truly affectionate friend and faithful servant,

H. L. PIOZZI.

The weather is prodigious hot already. We drink cold lemonade all morning — hot chocolate or coffee at midnight, so queer! A thousand compliments to Mrs. Hinchliffe, and to Mrs. Boxcaven if you know her; I am never sure whether you visit her or no. I am exceeding proud of Dr. Douglas's praises, Mr. Stephens knew Johnson by heart, I'm sure, and his approbation of the portrait is a strong proof of its resemblance. Adieu!

DEAR MR. LYONS,

Milan, July 6th, 1786.

I AM vastly obliged to you for your friendly letter of the 21st of June, which I received soon after my arrival to this place: the journey from Venice hither has been very hot and fatiguing, but it was worth all the cost to see how differently the Amphitheatre at Verona looked after the sight of the Colosseum at Rome. Bozza's Collection will be always an astonishing thing; but we will keep that subject to talk about when we meet.

If I really had the assurance to fancy that I or my book were seriously wanted and called for, either by country or countrymen, Mr. Piozzi would willingly go home with me this autumn, and it might yet be published (I mean the Letters from Johnson) before the world was quite wearied from variety of publications; but in the meantime we are making parties for the Isole Borromea, and talking of Switzerland as Mr. Coxe has told you. Well! what one has seen is certain, what one is to see uncertain; so I must tell you that the *Corregio* at Parma even surpassed my expectation: nothing is more completely what it pretends to be than the *St. Girolamo*, and the *Madonna della Scudella*. The State of Venice is, however, most agreeable to inhabit of all Italy in my mind. Verona is a heavenly situation, the society delightful, the air wholesome, the antiquities entertaining and respectable; while nature has been lavish in her gifts, and beautified its environs with unequal and various elegance, as *Palladio* has enriched her streets with all the charms of proportion and variety. You will think presently that I am like *Romco*, who says, "There is no world without Verona's walls;" but I still remember that England claims my first and fondest regard, which is really now very much strengthened by its kind reception of the first attempt I ever made to obtain public notice, or deserve public applause. If *Cadell* would send me some copies I should be very much obliged to him. 'Tis like living without a looking-glass never to see one's own book so.

You shall be sure of your pearls, but it won't be to-day nor to-morrow that you will receive 'em. I hear with pleasure that your drawings were admired; South Wales will afford fresh objects of curiosity; and how pretty it would be if we should all meet at Bath for the Christmas holidays. My husband has not felt a cold day so long—nor no more have I—that it would be a new sensation to us; but I believe not an unwholesome one. Tell Sir *Lucas Pepys* that I take it very unkind of him never to mention my health, and I am always trying to force some enquiries from him by one lamentation or another, and not a word will he say. Miss *Nicholson's* never having had my letters, nor I hers, is amazing; we thought she was gone to France, and she it seems imagined us still at Milan. Ask Mr. Coxe, if you see him again, whether Mr. Davis is come to England? I sent some Roman pearl by him to our daughters at Kensington, and never have heard of their safe arrival. You will be very happy at Cambridge. Oh, present our best respects, regards, and compliments to my partial friends there. The Bishop and Mrs. *Hinchiffe* are among those I most love and honour. Why does not Dr. *Lort* write to me? I am a teasing correspondent to him. Never have I had a sight of the epitaph he translated: it is a great plague really not to see how the book looks; when do you think one may expect it? Adieu, dear sir, and assure yourself of the continued kindness of my kind husband, who loves with his whole heart those who show real esteem of

Your obliged and faithful,

H. L. Piozzi.

A RUN ON THE EASTERN COUNTIES RAILWAY.

IF we wanted to convey to a foreigner a succinct notion of the way in which the great hive of London is packed, chambered, and worked, we would take him to the Railway terminus at Shoreditch or London Bridge. Here the miracle is accomplished of flying over the roofs and spires, the fantastical tiles, chimney pots, and drunken gables of a dense maze of streets, lanes, squares, crescents, blind alleys, shops, warehouses, and manufactories, enabling the curious explorer of vital statistics to take a bird's-eye view from his aerial car of a mass of human struggle, such as is not to be found elsewhere on the surface of the globe. Asmodeus himself, with all his burglarious tactics, and invisible entries at latticed windows and dormitory trap-doors, never collected domestic episodes half so full of emotion, so dramatic, so varied, or so surprising as are here mapped out in prodigal suggestiveness before the railway traveller. The dilapidated palaces and picturesque cloisters of Cadiz or Seville yield no such *historiettes* as might be gleaned from these dingy, steaming, crowded neighbourhoods, where the striving and toiling experiences of a single day supply materials for the philanthropic study and practical legislation of years. The *imbroglio* of Spanish life degenerates into a mere intriguing stage comedy in comparison with the real drama of suffering and blight, labour, penury, and vice, which are here exhibited in incessant action from one week's end to another.

We wonder do the Norfolk farmers ever think of these things as they come clattering in over the roofs of myriads of houses? We suppose not. The fat sheep and horned cattle that stand winking their stupid eyes over the bars of their locomotive pens occupy too large a space in the agricultural minds of the farmers to leave any room for speculations on the human droves that are crushed up in the brick-and-mortar pens below. But the strangers who visit London for the first time by the coast-line that swirls over the tragic dens of Bermondsey and Rotherhithe, cannot fail to be impressed by the glimpse they get of the living *tableau* that stretches out on all sides, heaving and yawning under them. They have never seen any thing resembling it, or making the most distant approach to it; even the mysterious purlieus of Notre-Dame, the clotted links of *la Cité*, could not furnish them with adequate hints towards the composition of such a picture.

The immensity of London is considerably less bewildering, as an abstract idea, than its populousness. It is easy enough to conceive a large space swept into the girth of a mighty city; and the most pastoral of mankind can form to himself some sort of image of a huge town gradually sprawling out into the country, changing the aspect of the scenery, and absorbing fields, hamlets, and green lanes, in its progress. But it is clearly impossible for his bucolic fancy to conceive in its actual development the existence of vast crowds of human beings piled tier above tier in close, lank houses, compelled for lack of room on the surface to scale the clouds for tenements to drudge and breathe in, heaped up in layers like oysters, and carrying on all the affairs of life, its passions as well as its hard work, love, hate,

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WILLIAM HARRIS (1840-1900)

jealousy, trade, handicraft, art, thieving, starving, and dying, in a space so stunted as to present a hideous burlesque of the oriental apologue which describes innumerable beves of angels clustering on the point of a needle. And, for a grave and piteous truth, they are not impalpable angels that we find condensed into these narrow limits, but grown up men and women, and legions of little children, all of whom must be fed and draped somehow to keep up the vitality that staggers in their gaunt frames, and flickers in their ghastly faces. No man can comprehend this spectacle till he has seen it, till he has penetrated to the heart of the squalor, tasted the fetid air, and felt, by personal collision with them, something of the horrors in the midst of which this compressed multitude are huddled up all their lives long.

The flying view which you obtain of one of the most thickly inhabited suburbs of London as you take your departure from the Bishopsgate station of the Eastern Counties Railway, would give you enough to think of for the rest of your journey, if the successive changes of the panorama through which you pass did not drive it out of your head. Some agreeable objects fortunately come to your relief, although of all parts of England the districts that lie between London and Norwich, and between Norwich and Yarmouth, are the flattest, and least interesting. Yet even in all their dreariness and monotony, this eternal dead level of turnips and grass, there are sources of consolation not to be found in more lively and diversified scenery. If the wide pastures of these agricultural counties do not charm you by their sylvan beauties, you have the satisfaction of knowing that they produce the best beef and mutton in the world; and with all respect for the picturesque, we hope we may suggest, without offence, that beef and mutton are not to be despised. We should like to know how poets or painters, whatever they may say, could contrive to get on without them.

A great feeding capacity is the predominant characteristic of the line. There is nothing to interfere with it in the peculiarities of the soil; no interruptions from woods or waterfalls, hill, dell, or gorge; from one end to the other you may put out your imagination to graze with the certainty of a tranquil and extensive enjoyment of the "flowery food." Here and there, as in all country places, there are snatches of rural homesteads, a pretty house with a praukt garden, or a fine mansion starting up amongst a clump of trees, far away on the edge of the horizon; and there are not wanting on the line itself, sundry little incidents which we believe are peculiar to it, and which may be regarded as a series of conundrums obligingly invented by the directors to amuse you as you whisk along. These conundrums are painted in large letters on sign-boards, thus:—

SHUT OFF YOUR STEAM!

1½ MILE PER HOUR.

GATE. WHISTLE!

Do you give them up? They are instructions to the engine-drivers, and indicate special precautions to be adopted in certain places. You do not understand them, but the engine-drivers do; and the consequence is that, as far as admonitory safeguards can go, there is no line in the kingdom so well secured against accidents. A lively recollection of former fatalities no doubt led to the employ-

ment of these warning signals, which, we imagine, might be resorted to with still greater advantage on railroads where the unsophisticated traveller is swept over tremulous bridges and shot through pitch-dark tunnels. Here there are few engineering horrors of that sort. The line is as flat as a billiard-table.

To a man devoted to agricultural recreations the Eastern Counties Railway must present a rich treat. Nebuchadnezzar, in his graminivorous state, would have gloried in it. As you advance into the country, getting away farther and farther from the outlying towns that spot the landscape for twenty or thirty miles round London, the expanse of herbage opens wider and wider before you, until dashing into the pastures of Norfolk, there is nothing visible but interminable tracks of land that look like desert wastes, half common, half swamp, over which troops of cows and sheep, with a few stray horses keeping them company, may be seen browsing as far as the eye can reach, in an enviable dream of animal enjoyment, and a most leisurely contempt for Smithfield. Visions of fatted calves and sirloins of beef, of saddles, knuckles, and gentlemen's bones, and other delicate solidities, roast and boiled, rise before you as you contemplate these stupendous feeding operations, and form themselves into a sort of emblematical picture, in the centre of which, like the wintry head of Christmas, crowned with holly and ivy, rises up the perennial face of old Coke of Norfolk, who instinctively occurs to you as the titular genius of the scene.

Whoever has a fancy for monastic architecture, and that cathedral magnificence which is the only substantial relique of popery we have retained—whoever loves to look into dim arcades, and sculptured nooks, to ponder over crumbling tombs, decypher vanishing inscriptions, and trace the variations of as many transition styles as there are ages in the calendar, will find enough to occupy him in the historical edifices of Cambridge, Ely, and Norwich. But we are bound for the coast, and, leaving all these grand sights behind us, speed on in our fiery chariot to Yarmouth, rendered famous by Mr. Pegotty and the bloaters.

This town, the reader should be informed, is properly called Great Yarmouth, to distinguish it from another Yarmouth in the county of Suffolk, which, by reason of its comparative insignificance, is called Little Yarmouth. Great or Little, it is a very curious place, scattered about as if its streets had been sown broad cast, choked up with sand and dust on the side next the sea, and presenting in its interior, and along the banks of the river, which here resembles a canal, the miniature representation of a Dutch town. If the quay were not so stunted, and if there were only a little more confusion on it, and a greater diversity of costumes, you might fancy yourself in Rotterdam.

Yarmouth is celebrated for no one thing in the world except fish, but if you want to get Yarmouth fish in perfection, you must come back to London. The best of everything finds its way to London; and it is a popular fallacy to go to any place for the particular production in which it excels. Shrimps you have here fresh out of the water—but they are the tiniest shrimps that were ever seen. Soles, too, and whiting, *le poulet de la mer*—but, in point of dimensions, they are fit only for the banquets of Tom Thumb. You have the satisfaction, however, of knowing that only a few hours have elapsed

since they were sporting in the waters that are rolling and surging under your windows, and that they may have crossed over only the day before from Holland, whose wicker-work coast you could see if you had a glass of sufficient reach.

The great charm of Yarmouth is the beach. For several miles, stretching in one direction to the cliffs of Gorleston, and in another to the village of Caistre, literally buried in sand-drifts (where there are yet to be seen the ruins of a castle where the real Sir John Falstaff, or Fastolfe actually lived), you have the firmest and smoothest strand that ever was trodden by the foot of water-nymph. When Ariel invites you to

"Come unto these yellow sands,"

there can be no doubt that the "tricksey spirit" had Yarmouth in her eye. No enchanted isle could transcend it in this respect.

The sea, itself, which washes this coast, possesses a special interest. The Roads form a grand refugium for the vessels of all nations that happen to be storm-tost in this part of the world, and hardly a day passes that you have not many hundred sail lying at anchor, giving a wonderful variety and animation to the scene, with a whole fleet of fishing boats moving about amongst them, several miles away in the waste of waters. Beyond lies a perilous bar, upon which floats an anchored light, that continues into the night the lively interest of the day; and while you sit at your casement, watching the far-off beacon as its steady lustre streams out over the dark ocean, you think of that immortal sonnet of Shakspeare's, in which he compares love to such a light—

"An ever fixed mark
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken!"

Like most of the towns on the coast, Yarmouth has its traditions of sieges and charters, its fragments of towers and fortifications, whose very uses have long since been forgotten, and some personal memories that keep an honourable corner for it in the chronicles. Here the curious in such lore may visit a house on the quay which was once the property of Bradshaw, the President; but in their search for it they must enquire for the Star Hotel, the tenement being somewhat perverted from its original purposes, although it is still in the public line. And not far from this hostelry, out of the doors of which issued the magnificent funeral of the Regicide Judge, they will find another famous house, built so far back as the close of the sixteenth century, and now the property of a private gentleman, whose name we advisedly conceal, as we have no desire to inundate him with visitors. In this house the death of King Charles is said to have been resolved upon. According to the local tradition, the regicides met here early in the afternoon, and thinking they could despatch their counsels in a reasonable time, ordered their dinner for four o'clock; but, very much to the vexation of the cook, it was not served till half-past eleven at night, their conference having continued up to that hour. Breaking up at midnight, they dispersed for their several points of action; some to London, and others to the army; and as there was no Eastern Counties Railway in existence to facilitate their movements, we suspect they must have had some tough riding before they got to their different destinations. Talking of railways, we cannot help think-

ing what a marvellous feature they would have made in the Civil Wars, and what an influence the electric telegraph would have exercised over the field operations of Prince Rupert and Sir Thomas Fairfax—what blunders might have been avoided, what blood might have been saved, what gory triumphs might have been spared the stained pages of our domestic history by the constant intelligence and swift reinforcements which these mighty agents of modern civilization could have placed in the hands of the belligerents!

The cars, rows, and architecture of Yarmouth are amongst its most prominent and distinctive characteristics. The cars or carts are built on purpose to accommodate themselves to the traffic of the rows which are so narrow that it seems impossible to traverse them with any vehicle wider than a wheelbarrow. These quaint sloping cars, with their long shafts, are modelled on a similar conveyance which was used by the ancient Britons, and from their inconvenient form and limited capacity must have gone out long ago had it not been that the rows are still preserved in this venerable town. The rows, consisting of little lanes of houses, sometimes enlivened by shops, but being generally nothing more than gloomy passages, pierced with occasional doors and windows, are supposed to be of what is popularly called an unknown antiquity. For that matter, we are willing to believe, judging from their weird aspect, that they were built before the flood. In some ante-diluvian period they must have been inhabited by a class of ante-diluvian gentry, for houses are to be found in them containing grand old rooms with panelled walls, embossed ceilings, and carved mantle-pieces. Modern innovation has considerably broken up these evidences of an unrecorded archæology, but a gothic arch or a cinque-foil window, jutting chambers, or fragments of that peculiar order of masonry which is known as the herring-bone or zig-zag pattern, flung about here and there, still bear witness to the state of the useful arts during those ages when the world was in its prime.

After lingering a few days in Yarmouth, the best thing the traveller can do is to commit himself to the Junction Railway, and pay a visit to Lowestoft. We have an invincible aversion to junction railways, and our experiences of this Lowestoft Junction are not calculated to diminish it. At all these places you have to wait for the train up or down, as the case may be, sitting stock still in your carriage, or swinging in and out, backwards and forwards on sundry scraps of rails without any earthly reason that you can discover, doomed all the while to witness the profound melancholy of the passengers who are standing on the platform looking helplessly for the train that is coming in, or for permission to get into your train where you are seated speculating on their forlorn physiognomies. We have no intention of exercising our right to grumble, for the mere pleasure of grumbling; nor do we mean to insinuate that the Lowestoft Junction is worse than any other Junction; but with a view to Junctions in general, we must suggest that an obvious improvement might be effected in the working of all lines if the drivers were instructed to keep their time accurately at those trusting points where their branches are so often kept waiting impatiently to be married to their trunks.

No two places can be more different than Yarmouth and Lowestoft. Yarmouth stands on a flat—Lowestoft on the summit of a

cliff. In the one, or near it, there is not a solitary trace of natural beauty—the other is strikingly picturesque on a small scale. The road from Yarmouth runs up the hill into the town through trees and handsome little villas that at once impart to you a feeling of comfort and independence. It is like coming from a quiet inn on the skirts of a moor to a flourishing modern hotel. We have nothing to say against country inns. We like their primitiveness and homeliness; and we draw this distinction merely as a painter would sketch two pictures from the life.

The town consists mainly of a long street running on the top of the cliff parallel with the German Ocean, of which, ever and anon, you get a distant glimpse through openings between the houses. There are other streets, of which we make no account, and long break-neck alleys down the face of the cliff, with steps scraped in them to enable you to save a *détour* in descending to the beach. These alleys are generally shut in by high walls or gardens, and for the most part are mysterious and hazardous to look upon, and highly suggestive of melodramatic adventures in the dark. If you desire to understand the topography of Lowestoft, you ought to pass up the High Street, and through the market-place, wondering as you go along at the variety of Lilliputian shops on both sides, with all sorts of commodities in them, and then, scrambling down one of the alleys, return by way of the strand to the grand suburb of the town, which is growing up in great pomp beyond the harbour. We must warn you, however, that the strand here, unlike the strand of Yarmouth, is a perfectly savage promenade, covered with pebbles and stones, which will make this part of your excursion troublesome enough if you happen to be a very delicate pedestrian. But there is a fine sea before you on the one hand, and on the other a curious view of the town suspended above you in the air, that will compensate abundantly for the inconvenience.

The attraction of Lowestoft lies in what may be called the new town, which is in course of foundation expressly for the ease of the visitors who flock here by the hundreds in the bathing-season. A marine parade, with a handsome terrace before it, a superb pier and harbour, and evidences of a prodigal outlay of money in all directions, give to the place an appearance of wonderful bustle and prosperity, which you could hardly have anticipated from so small a town on this part of the coast. There can be no doubt that Lowestoft is destined to become a port of importance; and the vast expenditure which has already taken place towards the achievement of that object seems to have been laid out with equal judgment and munificence. If we could only remove it a little nearer to London, it would have a fair chance of competing successfully with watering places that already enjoy the highest established reputation.

But this question of distance can hardly be regarded as an admissible element into the calculations of our iron age. Six hours and a half carry you into Lowestoft. Look back some twenty years and think of what six hours and a half would have done for you then; dropped you, perhaps, some fifty miles *en route* for your destination; and now in the same compass of time you traverse treble the distance. The remotest points of the kingdom are brought within the reach of a day. Take Edinburgh for example. We all know what an undertaking it was formerly to go to Edinburgh. See

what it is now. You may leave London in the morning, and sit down with your friends to a late dinner in the evening under the shadow of the Calton Hill. It is nothing short of withcraft; and had Mr. Stephenson, or Mr. Gooch, or any other philosopher of their cloth, lived in the days of the Stuarts, and hazarded such an announcement as this to his Majesty's lieges, he would have been burned at the stake. Then the excursion trains, in which economy of charge forms as astonishing a feature as rapidity of transit, put a climax upon these wonders beyond which it is difficult to imagine any further marvel. You may go to Bristol and Clifton and back again in one day—visit the church of St. Mary Redcliffe, peep into the room where Chatterton forged the reliques of the monk Rowley, scour about the Downs, and take a dip in the hot baths, all for the prodigious outlay of five or six shillings!

As to Lowestoft and Yarmouth, and all such places, they are attainable by anybody who has two or three spare days, and a desire to indulge the sensation of feeling himself transported in a few hours a long way from London. The line runs into these towns; and it is only when the line falls short, and you have to traverse the remaining distance by coach or postchaise that any trouble is entailed upon you. We have an instance of this kind on this very coast in a charming watering-place called Cromer, which lies higher up, at a distance of twenty miles, or thereabouts, beyond Norwich. To get over this twenty miles is the difficulty. It is worse than the whole journey from London to Norwich, and forces you at once into a comparison between the old and new modes of travelling—to the grievous disadvantage of the former.

Lowestoft yields no interest for the antiquary in art or literature. The only famous people connected with its history are Tom Nash, the ribald satirist of Elizabeth's time, and Potter, the translator of the Greek dramatists, who held the benefice, and died here nearly half a century ago. The town must be content to do without traditions, and live on its present glories, which are, luckily, of a more substantial kind.

Having seen all that is to be seen here, we commit ourselves once more to the railway, and flying over the swamps of Yarmouth, where no less than three rivers form a confluence, we hasten back to town, in full time to dress for dinner, and go in the evening to see a libretto of Scribe's divorced from the music, and worked up into an English drama.

If, in past years, the Eastern Counties Railway acquired a conspicuous notoriety for the frequency of those awful calamities which are, not altogether unjustly, ascribed by the public to neglect and mismanagement, it is only right to say that its officers appear to have profited by the lessons of experience. The very name of this line was once associated with all sorts of horrors; and it is now worked with a degree of caution that inspires no other apprehension in the minds of passengers than that of time being sacrificed to safety. The system adopted on the line reduces to the lowest chance the probability of any of those accidents which can be averted by foresight, watchfulness, or a strict code of instructions. And the security thus guaranteed is all the more creditable to the directors, when we remember the extraordinary and perilous crisis through which they have so recently passed.

The Strike on the Eastern Counties furnishes one of the most remarkable episodes in the history of combinations in this country, where the madness of exorbitant demands and dangerous dictation on the one side has always been successfully resisted by energy, firmness, and courage on the other. In no instance have these admirable English qualities been exhibited to greater advantage or with more signal effect than on this occasion. The incidents of that desperate movement, which, in a single day, stripped one of our great lines of its whole labour-power, are so startling and instructive, that we have been at some pains to collect them, and place them before our readers in the order in which they occurred.

The first notification of the strike was on the 12th of August, when a body of engine-drivers and firemen waited on the directors, and handed to Mr. Ellis, the only member of the board who happened to be present, a memorial demanding the dismissal of Mr. Gooch, the locomotive superintendent, on the ground of tyranny, and giving notice, in case that demand was not complied with, that in a week from that date they would resign their employments. Mr. Ellis replied that this was the first intimation of any complaint against Mr. Gooch, and, advising them not to act precipitately, he promised to lay their memorial before the directors, who would see Mr. Gooch, and endeavour to adjust their differences. The directors were not to meet till the following Wednesday.

Within one hour from the time when they placed this memorial in the hands of Mr. Ellis, a person delivered at Mr. Gooch's office one hundred and seventy-eight resignations, *including every engine-driver and fireman on the line and its branches*. These notices were all on a printed form, filled up and signed by each individual. By this act, the men, without waiting for the determination of the directors, or giving them an opportunity to investigate and adjudicate their complaints, determined the whole question at issue for themselves.

In these circumstances, the directors felt that they had but one course to pursue; negotiation was not to be contemplated, even were it likely under such a pressure, to lead to a satisfactory conclusion; and they determined to make a vigorous effort, short as the interval was, and hopeless as the prospect of success appeared, to obtain fresh hands.

The difficulty of carrying out this object may be estimated from the fact that there exists amongst the men employed on the railways a club, or, more properly, a gigantic combination of engine-drivers and firemen, extending from the east coast to the west, and from the south to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, embracing, in short, the whole kingdom in one formidable league. By the rules of this club every individual is bound to act in concert with the general body; and subscriptions are regularly paid in for the maintenance of such members as may be thrown out of work in the assertion of the principles it lays down. Like all such combinations it aims at effecting its ends by a system of terror; and when a strike takes place, men whose inclinations, private interests, or better feelings might otherwise lead them to keep aloof, are swept into the torrent and compelled to go with the tide. A proof of the way in which this overwhelming influence acts upon the fears of the men, is furnished by this very strike. It was led and conducted from the beginning by

eight or ten individuals, through whose activity and perseverance the whole body on the line from London to Yarmouth and Lowestoft, Peterborough, Wisbeach, Colchester, Maldon, Baintree, Hertford and Enfield, were drawn into the vortex and coerced into resignation. The entire ramifications of the line, stretching from point to point of the various termini, were thus controlled by a small knot of ringleaders. The common sense and actual disposition of the general body were really not implicated in the movement. It may even be doubted whether the bulk of them, at first at least, understood the merits of the case upon which they were required to throw up their employment, and reduce their families to want.

Under this universal combination, each railway has its own special committee, which holds its meetings in some public house in the immediate vicinity of the locomotive shops of the company. These various committees keep up a constant communication with each other, so that should a movement at any moment be determined upon, and carried out successfully in any one quarter, it would be the immediate signal for the adoption of a similar movement everywhere else. This explanation of the net-work of organization throughout the kingdom will afford a clue to the meaning of a significant threat uttered by a person of the name of McCulloch, who, although he had never been in any way connected with the Eastern Counties Railway, took the chair on one occasion at their committee at the "George" at Stratford, where they hold their conclave. The threat was to the effect that the engine-drivers and firemen all over the country were prepared to resist the dictation of such men as Mr. Gooch and Mr. Cabry, and were to rise, &c., in vindication of their rights. Had the directors yielded at that moment, the consequences need not be pointed out.

The spokesman who uttered this menace is secretary to the general club, and may, therefore, be presumed to be well informed upon their views. He is a sort of locomotive demagogue, moving from point to point to keep up the steam of discontent, and, as we learn that he receives two guineas a week and his travelling expenses for this mission of agitation, we may conclude that he has a direct interest in disturbing the allegiance of the men. As we have touched on this worthy's biography, we may as well add that he was formerly an engine-driver on the North British Railway, and one of the leaders of the strike on that line in the beginning of the present year, so that, having matriculated with such honours, he must be admitted to be well qualified for his office.

The power concentrated in the hands of this organized combination is attested by the support it has given to the men who struck on the Eastern Counties, every one of whom has continued to receive ten shillings a week from the general body up to the present hour. But we suspect the deluded engine-drivers and firemen have found out by this time that fidelity to their duties, and an honest discharge of their obligations, is a more profitable trade than agitation, after all. In fact, if they pause to examine the history of these strikes, which they have had ample leisure to do, they will everywhere discover that, in the long run, this sort of unreasoning insubordination has entailed nothing but ruin on the men. In the strike on the North British, to which we have alluded, the men, who were thrown out of work, or rather, who threw themselves out

of work, not being able to obtain employment, and the club not finding it convenient to be weighed down by a perpetual mortgage of this sort on their own industry, adopted the summary method of getting rid of the burthen, by subscribing at once a round sum of two or three thousand pounds, to enable the whole of the patriotic lot to emigrate, an alternative of which they were exceedingly glad to avail themselves. This expensive, but indispensable, remedy for their own folly, is not without its value in bringing to light another part of their policy. It is an essential principle with the club not to allow a large mass of unemployed skill to remain in the country, lest, getting tired of short commons, the individuals of which it is composed might be tempted one day or another to take employment, and so bring the whole system of organization, and its influence to maintain its ground, into public discredit. For the combinators knew well enough that the moment the power of an organized body to sustain the consequences of its own rebellion happens to fail, its doom is at hand.

When the Directors of the Eastern Counties resolved to attempt to supply the places of the men who had resigned, the obvious difficulty was where to procure competent hands. Of the six thousand miles of railroads, in round numbers, that traverse the three kingdoms, upwards of four thousand were in the hands of the combinators, and there were but a few days' interval between the notification of resignation, and the day when the line would be left without a single man to work it. The prospect of procuring assistance from the English lines was felt to be nearly hopeless, as the event proved; the only exception to the general disinclination to help them in their emergency, being in the instance of the South Western, the Company with which Mr. Gooch had been associated previously to his connection with the Eastern Counties. As soon as the circumstances were known, several hands on this line immediately volunteered their services, a piece of heroism equally creditable to themselves and the superintendent.

Agents were despatched in various directions commissioned to procure experienced men wherever they could be obtained, and advertisements were at the same time extensively inserted in the public papers. But the result was very limited, except in the case of firemen, who offered themselves in such crowds that the difficulty was to choose from the number of applicants; a fact which it is quite as well the combinators should be apprised of, as it will show them that so far as the firemen are concerned their power of doing mischief can excite no apprehension.

It was not until the agents of the Company approached the north that the doubts which, until then, hung over the struggle began to clear up. The letters received from the north during the week satisfied the directors that means, if resolutely followed up, were within their reach, which would enable them to sustain the traffic of the line. In order to make sure of their position the time-tables were carefully examined, and such trains were struck off as, under so extraordinary an emergency, might be most easily dispensed with without much inconvenience to the public. The assistance now received from the north—chiefly from the North British and Caledonian lines—was not only sufficient to work this reduced time-table, but, within a week, to enable the directors to resume and to put into full operation the whole traffic of the line and its branches.

Thus within the compass of six days the very existence of a great line of railway, with a capital of thirteen millions sterling, bringing in a revenue of 800,000*l.* a year, and expending a sum of about 1,200*l.* a day, was not only placed in jeopardy but threatened with extinction by the wholesale withdrawal of every man employed upon it: and, within six days from that time, by the energy and resolution of the directors, it was replaced in its original strength, without a single accident having occurred, or without the slightest inconvenience to the public, although incendiary attempts were made by the recusants, and even, we are sorry to say, by some of the servants of the company employed at the engine-houses in secret concert with the combinator, to tamper with the engines for the purpose of impeding their action and bringing the new hands into disgrace.

The obligations of the public to the directors for the courage with which they resisted the combination, and the vigour with which they accomplished their plans, cannot be overrated. If they had temporized, or betrayed any hesitation as to the course that lay before them, the whole railway system of this country would in all probability be vested at this moment in the hands of that moderate and intelligent body whose sectional assemblies are held in such places as the "George" at Stratford.

But this success on the part of the directors was not achieved without enormous sacrifices, and was for some time exposed, even when achieved, to the most serious risk. On obtaining the services of the new men, it was necessary, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, to give them a guarantee that should the old servants who had resigned be at any time taken into employment again, the new men should still be retained, although their services might thus be rendered superfluous. The wise liberality, if it may be so called, of the directors in this matter was amply repaid by the fidelity subsequently exhibited by the men, who were no sooner at full work than large bribes were offered to them by the club—to the extent of 10*l.* and 20*l.* each as gratuities, besides their expenses back to the places they came from—to induce them to desert their posts. No means were left untried, in the shape of corruption and intimidation, to make them betray their trust—but, to their honour, they resisted them all.

It would not be easy to calculate the loss involved in a hundred miscellaneous ways by this strike. Independently of the actual expenses incurred in obtaining the requisite assistance, the traffic has fallen off about 2000*l.* a week, mainly attributable to the fears generated in the public mind. Making allowance for the inevitable action of the Great Northern upon the traffic of the Eastern Counties, the total loss and expenditure which may be traced to the strike, cannot be estimated at much less than 10,000*l.* This sacrifice the company has made for the preservation of that order and discipline upon which the safety and convenience of the public depend.

The utmost precautions were adopted; guards and inspectors of the way were placed on the engines to supply the want of local knowledge on the part of the new men, and are still continued, although their services might be securely dispensed with. In fact, the line is now worked with a degree of certainty and regularity it never attained before. Of all the lines in the kingdom, the Eastern Counties was

formerly the most unfortunate—calamities were perpetually occurring—it was synonymous with delay and risk, and whenever it was mentioned, it conjured up to the imagination a fearful array of mangled limbs and bleeding bodies. How far these disasters may have been attributable to the negligence and incompetency of the men, or to the indolence of the directors, in not having got rid of them before they themselves voluntarily resigned, we have no means of ascertaining; but certain it is that under the existing *régime* all these evils have been efficiently provided against, and the traveller feels himself perfectly at his ease, and as sure as he can be on a railroad of arriving with whole bones at the end of his journey.

One of the most interesting incidents connected with these transactions, was the use which was made of the electric telegraph. Without the assistance of this means of communication, such was the shortness of the time within which the necessary preparations were to be made, it is more than probable the plans of the directors must have been defeated. By means of these wires (which seem to do everything but think) not only were the agents of the company who had been despatched throughout the kingdom enabled to communicate hourly the progress of their operations, but when the new men took charge of the engines, the Directors were kept literally from moment to moment advised of every occurrence throughout the whole system, so that they were in possession of the slightest incident on the line, even at its extremest points, within a few seconds after it took place. In this way, during the first five days of the new service, no less than eight hundred messages and answers were, on an average, transmitted and received daily. Assuming that each message consisted of fifteen words, which is a moderate average, it would give a result of twelve thousand words a day conveyed by an agency which was utterly unknown a few years ago.

THE ROADSIDE INN.

BY O. LINNEUS BANKS.

How quiet, how deserted now, the old inn doth appear,
That through a century or more gave forth its ample cheer
To travellers and neighbour friends, who sought its glad retreat,
To wile away the passing hour with song or converse sweet!
No merry faces crowd the hearth, the fire burns dull and low,
How little like the winter nights in old years long ago?
No burly host stands at the door, no horse is at the trough,
Where good old Dobbin often drank, yet seldom had enough.

The straw-thatched roof is sinking in, the gate is coming down,
The swinging signpost creaks aloud, and wears a kind of frown;
No bustling packman lifts the latch to quench his parched thirst,
No mail-coach changes horses now—all things are at the worst!
The wind and rain, and dust and sleat, beat round it day by day,
As if to scare the slightest trace of memory away;
While he who kept that roadside inn, unknown to pride or fame,
Has now a small and humble stone to tell the sleeper's name.

LITERATURE.

An Enquiry into the Chronological Succession of the Styles of Romanesque and Pointed Architecture in France. By Thomas Inkersley. Murray, London.

The title of this book is most literally descriptive of its contents: for the inquiry is accompanied with Notices of fifty or more of the principal buildings on which it is founded. And these Notices are very full, and refers to every part of the vast and beautiful Cathedrals and Churches which the author brings under our observation.

His authorities for dates is a most valuable portion of the book, since these are at all times difficult to find, and are, in general, scattered about in old and almost forgotten records, that are by chance almost stumbled upon, and yet are unquestionable evidences of facts, and can alone support the theories which are built upon them.

These Authorities, with the Notices, form, indeed, the great merit of the book, which is filled with facts, and is entirely free of fancies. We are, while reading it, perplexed with no speculations, nor wearied with long, dull disquisitions; the writer goes at once to his work, and leaves it only when he has said all concerning it, that, in his judgment, it was advisable he should say. A more practical work could not be met with on the subject; and devoted as we are to the science, and anxious at all times to enlarge our knowledge of it, and thoroughly and practically as well as theoretically to understand it, we most thankfully welcome this volume, which supplies us with much matter of fact information concerning buildings we have long needed some sound information upon.

To all inquirers concerning Ecclesiastical Architecture in France, we can highly recommend this volume.

Clarendon: a Tale. By William Dodsworth. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1850.

Assuming that this is the first work of the author, we may say that there is enough in it to justify us in recommending Mr. Dodsworth to try again; but after much painful pondering upon what are the necessary requisites towards the formation of a good novel, "Clarendon" is exceedingly crude, and there is much in it that might, with no small relief to the reader, be dispensed with, not only because it is not interesting, but because many writers of fiction, having thought that it is so, have given us the same thing *unique ad nauseam*. We allude to the vagabond rogues and poachers, who are all from the old manufactory, where they are to be had by the gross, intensely alike, without an atom of individuality about them. The stern necessity imposed upon an author of furnishing something new, constrained Mr. Dodsworth, we suppose, to marry Cecil Clarendon to a girl whom he had all his life taken for his sister: it was in good time that the author held his hand, and that he forbore (as he evidently intended) giving us love-passages between the hero and his *real* sister. Such possibilities as these should be avoided by the novelist. We hope to see much better things from Mr. Dodsworth.

THE LADDER-GOLD

An English Story.

BY ROBERT BELL,

AUTHOR OF "WAYSIDE PICTURES THROUGH FRANCE, BELGIUM,
AND HOLLAND."

BOOK THE SIXTH.

CHAPTER VII.

The Death-bed Secret.

MR. FARQUHAR lost no time in following up the information he had received from Lord Charles, and had no sooner left Clara at home in Park Lane, than he proceeded to Northumberland Court in search of Mr. Pogey; having previously taken care to apprise Mr. Rawlings of his movements.

Of Mr. Pogey's antecedents he knew nothing; and regarding him simply as the utterer of a calumny, he considered it prudent to act with caution, under a reasonable apprehension that a man who could be guilty of uttering an injurious scandal would not be very scrupulous in trying to escape the consequences. Northumberland Court is a *cul de sac*, dark, narrow, and as still as a graveyard, inserted in the heart of the din of London. From the announcements on the windows, you perceive at once that the place is a *refugium* for single men of a loose and motley cast, whose requirements in the way of lodgings are limited to a graduated scale of bedrooms, and whose freedom of ingress is secured at all hours of the night by latch-keys and lucifer-boxes. It is just the place in which an odd fish like Pogey, hanging upon the skirts of promises and delusive hopes, might be expected to take up his quarters.

There was a puzzle about the number; but, after inquiring at two or three houses, Mr. Farquhar discovered the right house at last. The door was opened by a sooty, sluttish girl, with a shockingly vixenish expression of countenance.

"Does a gentleman of the name of Pogey live here?" inquired Mr. Farquhar.

"Pogey? Three pair back," she replied, at the same moment darting into the parlour and slamming the door after her.

This unceremonious reception left Mr. Farquhar no alternative but to pursue the inquiry for himself, and he accordingly ascended the stairs in search of the "three pair back," to which

he was directed. "Fine encouragement for speculators in portable articles," thought he, as he groped his way up the dingy staircase. "If I were only an expert thief now!"

When he reached Pogey's door, which was cut in a thin partition, and papered over like the rest, he heard a hum of voices within, which assured him that the man he sought was at home.

"Come in!" cried a husky voice, in reply to his knock.

The room was an attic, with a single window stretching out amongst the tiles, a bed in one corner, a scrap of a table, some clothes scattered about in disorder, and hardly space enough for the three persons who were now enclosed in it—consisting of Mr. Pogey, who was lying on the bed, with his hand under his head, a lanky visitor, who was standing in the window recess, and Mr. Farquhar.

"Mr. Pogey?" inquired Mr. Farquhar.

"That is my name," returned Pogey, raising his head languidly. "Bless me!" he added, staring with surprise at the apparition of a stranger, and surveying Mr. Farquhar from head to foot, "I beg your pardon. I thought it was the laundress!"

The individual who stood in the window, and whose outline, in spite of the shabbiness of his dress, had a certain air of better days and gentility about it, now advanced towards Mr. Farquhar.

"I think," he said, "I have the pleasure of knowing this gentleman. Confoundedly dark here—but, if I don't mistake, I have met you at Mr. Rawlings'?"

"You have the advantage of me," returned the other; "I know Mr. Rawlings—but—"

"Mr. Farquhar, I think?"

"Quite right, sir: may I ask your name?"

"Dingle—Captain Scott Dingle—you remember me?"

"Oh! perfectly well. I am very glad to meet you."

"This gentleman is a friend of Mr. Rawlings, Pogey."

"Very curious," remarked Pogey; "just talking of him this moment. Great changes, sir, since I knew Mr. Rawlings first. The way of the world—one up, another down. I've had my rubs—wasn't all my life cribbed up in a den like this—eh, Dingle?"

Mr. Pogey shuffled off the bed, and stood upright in the middle of the room. Great changes indeed! The pursy man had become flabby—the plump face had wasted downwards—his cheeks had fallen in heavy masses of skin over his jowls—and his rusty clothes, hanging in patches upon him, betrayed the attenuated corpulence that had once filled them out so lustily. The merry twinkle of the eye was gone—a morbid and sallow tint lay upon his features—and a brown wig, bristling over with sprightly curls, gave a painfully ludicrous expression to his whole appearance. The original character of the man was exclusively preserved in his wig. His optimism still danced out in those comical little twists of hair; all the rest was a dead blank of disappointment and hopelessness.

"Glad to see any friend of Mr. Rawlings. Thought he hadn't forgotten me altogether!"

"It is on his business, Mr. Poge, I came here. You have known Mr. Rawlings a long time, I believe?"

"You may say that," returned Poge. "Known him? I have known him since he was a strip of a lad. Bless my soul! when I look back and think. The world is really a sort of magic lantern. I was well off when I knew Richard Rawlings first, eh? Do you remember, Dingle? I was a comfortable man then. Lord, Dingle, what we have seen and gone through in our time,—the ups and downs of this volcanic earth! It was the railways ruined me, sir; and just fancy now how strangely things turn up—they made the fortune of Richard Rawlings. Fortune and misfortune, sir—action and reaction all through the whole animal economy of man."

"Very true, sir—very true," replied Farquhar.

"'Pon my life! though," observed Dingle, "it is very wonderful what fluctuations take place in life. As for me, I am an old campaigner—hang it! I don't mind knocking about, only I'm not quite so young as I was, and it comes a little hard upon me now;—but here's Poge—with a profession at his back—carried everything before him in Yarlton—such a man as that, sir, ought to be able to live. Now, I'm fit for nothing, was bred to nothing—if I can't live like a gentleman, must starve like a gentleman. But, Poge—devil take it, Rawlings ought to do something for him."

"I think I can answer for Mr. Rawlings," replied Farquhar, "that he is well disposed to serve his friends. They are not so plenty, Mr. Poge, that a man can afford to turn his back upon them."

"Friends!" exclaimed Poge, "I was going to say, that you might as well look for a pin in a bundle of hay. But I have great faith, sir, in human nature; always had. There are all sorts of people to be found, if we only knew where to find them. That's my philosophy: never knew it fail yet. Miss to-day—hit to-morrow. Sound sense that, I believe. Three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, and plenty of room. Some people never think of that—now I am always thinking of it, and looking forward. Very odd I should be talking of Mr. Rawlings, and you should pop in just at the moment. Thought he wouldn't forget me! Ha! ha! ha! My philosophy isn't so bad after all, Mr. Farquhar!"

Poge was in high glee. For the thousandth time in his career of perpetual expectation he confidently believed that his cards were all trumps. He was perfectly oblivious of the little bit of sly treachery he had practised against Richard Rawlings; or, perhaps, if it did flash upon his memory, he trusted to the improbability of its ever having transpired against him.

"A cheerful philosophy, at all events," rejoined Mr. Farquhar; "and certainly much wiser than to give way to despon-

gency. There's always help for people who are resolutely determined to help themselves. My object is calling upon you, Mr. Pogey, was to say that Mr. Rawlings is anxious to see you, and, as you understand the value of time so well, perhaps you would accompany me to him at once."

"Only too delighted," replied Pogey, "and under all manner of obligations to you for giving me the chance. We should never let the grass grow under our feet, you know—the cup and the lip—fine old saying that, and as true as the Gospel. I haven't lived all these years of my life in an indiscriminate row with mankind, as I may say, for nothing—depend upon that. Ready for you in three minutes."

While Pogey was bustling about the room, Dingle put in a claim to join them. He hadn't seen Rawlings for weeks past, and was intending every day to give him a look in. Mr. Farquhar was a little reluctant at first to admit a third party to their councils; but, as Dingle seemed to know so much of Pogey's history, he thought Mr. Rawlings might find him useful, and so he consented to give him a seat in the cab that was waiting in Charing Cross to convey them to Park Lane.

When they turned out into the daylight, dim as it was, the seediness of their wardrobes was revealed in detail. They realized the perfect ideal of those sinister, threadbare figures we see skulking about the streets, whom we pass with a vigilant hand upon our pockets, and whom we hope to see dogged at a safe distance by a lynx-eyed policeman. We sometimes do injustice to poverty in this matter; for, if it were as innocent as a babe, it cannot help looking suspicious.

Mr. Rawlings had waited at home expecting Mr. Farquhar.

The meeting was a remarkable illustration of the "ups and downs" Pogey spoke of. Since he and Mr. Rawlings had seen each other last, they had been severally projected to the opposite extremities of prosperity and distress: the relation which they held to each other in the first days of their acquaintance, when Pogey was on the pinnacle of his Yarlton glory, and Richard Rawlings was a scrub and drudge in Noah's Ark, had been inverted to an extent of exaggeration very difficult of belief; yet, notwithstanding the grand house and retinue of servants on the one side, and the sunken penury on the other, the predominant characteristics of both remained pretty much the same. Richard Rawlings was as impassive and unimpressible as ever, and Pogey was still blatant in his rage. The latter worthy individual little suspected, when he flustered into the fine drawing-room, trying not to look sheepish and abashed, and endeavouring to work himself up into the burly and topping mood of the old times, how short a distance in the way of worldly aggrandizement really separated them at that moment!

"Well," exclaimed Pogey, after the first salutations were over, dry and curt enough on Mr. Rawlings' part, "I *did* hear you had a fine place, and all the rest of it; but really this is beyond

everything. A palace—actually a palace! What a sight of money you must have laid out! Well, it *is* a pleasure, after all, to see one's friends flourishing. It's quite out of all calculation."

"Superb, isn't it, Pogey?" cried Dingle, sauntering negligently about the room, with the air of one who was familiar with grandeur of that sort.

"Superb? Magnificent—really. Ah! Mr. Rawlings, you *are* the fortunate man; but I must say you deserve it,—never let go the main chance—industry, perseverance, steady as old Time. Never knew it fail—except in my own case. I'm an exception to the general rule. Don't know how it is, but it slipped somehow through my fingers. Thought I was pretty safe too; kept my eye on business, morning, noon, and night; turned everything to account, never lost an opportunity, worked like a horse—all no use. Business ran away from me like water through a sieve. And now, where am I? Actually nowhere. But it might have been worse; and I often think that's a great comfort, Mr. Rawlings. Too prudent to marry—now that I call a bit. True political economy adapted to the use of families. Where should I be now if I had married? Just think—a household of children, and no house to put them in. Capital joke that would be—eh?"

"Much better as it is, Mr. Pogey," said Rawlings, with a dryness in his voice that brought down Pogey's artificial spirits as effectually as a sudden frost acts on the sensitive mercury of the thermometer. "Better as it is. You have one advantage, at all events, over me, that you are pretty sure to escape envy and detraction."

"Envy? ah! yes—true. Nobody envies me, I dare say. But I don't know about detraction. Had my share of that. You can't conceive what I have suffered from the jealousy of the faculty."

"You are not singular," returned Rawlings; "I, who have been no man's rival, am made the mark of the basest detraction from quarters, too, where I should have least expected it."

"You, Mr. Rawlings? You? oh! pooh!—you?—you can afford it. It don't affect you, you know—not a bit of it. If I were in your shoes, I'd let them say what they liked. Bring my philosophy to bear on it. But, lord! philosophy's no good to me now—no use for it, except to lend it to my friends—eh? Ha!" ending with a little broken spasm of a laugh, as if he were trying to work up the steam against the storm he saw gathering in Richard Rawlings' face.

"I can afford it less than you can, Mr. Pogey; but that is nothing to the purpose. You have known me a great number of years, and, although I am not in want of a certificate of character, I wish to ask you whether you are aware of any circumstance in my life which would justify a charge of dishonesty?"

"Dishonesty? There it is, you see; you rich men are so

particular. Now they might charge a poor devil like me with dishonesty to the end of the chapter, and nobody would care a straw about it. Dishonesty? certainly not—of course not. Never heard such a thing hinted at—that I know of."

"You hear that, Mr. Farquhar?" said Rawlings.

"Very singular, indeed."

"Now, Mr. Pogey," continued Rawlings, "as you never heard such a thing hinted at, I suppose you never could have made such an assertion yourself?"

"I, Mr. Rawlings?" stuttered Pogey.

"You know Lord Charles Eton, I believe?"

"Know him? Can't say that I know him—can't pretend to that honour exactly—but—yes—I have seen him."

"Precisely; you have seen him. Now, try and recollect whether you ever had any conversation with him about me."

"Well—I think it not improbable."

"Lord Charles seems to have a clearer memory of what you said than you have yourself, Mr. Pogey. He informs me that my employer, on his death-bed, took me into his confidence, and that I abused the trust he placed in me by turning it to my own advantage; and he gives you up as his authority."

At this point of the conversation Dingle, with his instinctive delicacy, interposed.

"I'm afraid I'm rather in the way here. No ceremony with me, you know. Only say the word, and I'm gone."

"On no account," said Rawlings; "I should like you to hear Mr. Pogey's explanation."

Pogey's face was the picture of consternation.

"Explanation, Mr. Rawlings?" he stammered out; "don't talk in that way. You'll really destroy my nerves. I haven't the stamina I used to have. I'm dilapidated, and find my memory terribly shattered latterly."

"Shattered or not, you must know whether you had any grounds for such a statement."

"None at all—none in the world. What could I know of a breach of trust? I never heard what old Raggles confided to you. If you remember, you wouldn't tell me."

"It is the more extraordinary then, that, not knowing what the trust was, or whether there was a trust at all, you should assert that I had abused it."

"No! Did I say so? Did I really? Very extraordinary indeed—very. Can't at all account for it, except that my head isn't altogether in a satisfactory condition. Brains, Mr. Rawlings, will suffer—wear and tear—wear and tear."

"How did you become acquainted with Lord Charles Eton?"

"I can explain that. You know I was sold up at Yarlton—obliged to turn to something else; so I laid my case before the Earl of Dragonfelt."

"The Earl of Dragonfelt? Ha!—I see."

"He was always a patron of mine, you know—attended the

household round for twenty pounds a year—never lost a patient, though in the long run I lost them all. His Lordship couldn't do any thing for me—rather hard up himself. Strange reverses in this world, to be sure! But he gave me a letter of introduction to Lord Charles. That was it. Natural, you know, I should speak of you, Mr. Rawlings—of course that's the way it happened. I dare say I did say something about old Raggles—never could make it out myself—perhaps I said so."

"I think we have got the clue at last, Mr. Farquhar," said Rawlings; "my friend Pogeys is evidently in the interest of his patron, the Earl, and, no doubt, thought he might serve his own purposes by retailing a little scandal against me. But we will set that right in a moment. Dingle, will you do me the favour to touch the bell."

Dingle, who was sitting near the bell-rope, gave it a smart pull, while Pogeys remained motionless in his chair, looking as frightened as if he expected to see Lord Charles step into the room to confront him.

The bell was answered by Crikey Snaggs.

"Crikey Snaggs," said Rawlings, "I wish you to be a witness to a statement I have to make to these gentlemen. Shut the door, and stand over there. You remember when Mr. Raggles died?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have lived with me, I believe, ever since?"

"Never been a day from you, sir."

"Very well. I have always told you that if you served me faithfully I would take care of you."

"And haven't you, sir, more than ever I can repay, if I was to work my hands off. I have reason to pray for you, sir, every night and morning, for I was nothing but an orphan—hadn't a friend in the world when you took me up, and put me to school, and brought me up—and more than that, sir, if you would let me tell it."

"That's enough at present. Now, gentlemen," continued Rawlings, "I feel that I am justified in relieving myself from a responsibility that has long pressed upon me, and which I should have relinquished without calling in witnesses, if I had not been assailed by a foolish and malignant calumny. I must vindicate myself, by showing what was the nature of the trust reposed in me by Mr. Raggles, and how I have discharged it."

"La-a!" breathed Pogeys hard between his teeth, and listening with intense curiosity—the most lively faculty that remained to him.

"Mr. Raggles," resumed Mr. Rawlings, after a short pause, "had passed through a dissipated youth into an old age of thrift and avarice."

"That's true," cried Pogeys; "he lived upon crusts. Never could get him to try a generous diet. Mere skin and bone when he died."

"The follies of his blood were over when I knew him, but they had left a legacy behind which nobody suspected. When he was dying he sent for me, and, as he desired to speak to me alone, I was obliged to get my good friend Pogey, here, who was attending him, to leave us together."

"Ha! ha! I remember!" cried Pogey.

"He had but a few moments to live, but long enough to put me in possession of a pocket-book that contained the one miserable secret of his life, which he had hidden from all the world, and which pressed heavily at that hour upon his conscience. Here is the book exactly as I received it. Upon one of the pages you will find his last will and testament—the only one he could ever prevail upon himself to make—and on a ~~large~~ sheet of paper an authority by which I was empowered to carry out its provisions. Will you read it aloud, Mr. Farquhar?"

Mr. Farquhar took the book, and with some difficulty deciphered the writing, which was in a cramped straggling hand.

"I hereby confess myself of all my manifold sins, and ask forgiveness for them at the Throne of Grace, where no sinner, whose repenteth, is turned away; but in particular that which burthens me most heavily in not acknowledging my own flesh and blood in my natural life-time, the which I have not done in respect of my dear wife, for her sake. But that it may be done after my death, this is my last will and testament to wit, and so forth, that I have placed out at interest in the Yarlton Loan and Deposit Bank the sum of 500*l.* Stg. value received, to accrue for the use of Crikey Snaggs, who is my lawfully begotten son out of wedlock before I was married to Barbara Flight, by Susan Jones, her body; and the said Susan Jones being called to her account, the said Crikey Snaggs is to inherit the same for his sole use and benefit. To which I put my hand as witness thereof, and God pardon me my sins and transgressions.

"THOMAS RAGGLES."

The reading of the latter part of this curious document, was much interrupted by some wild demonstrations of amazement on the part of Crikey Snaggs. His features passed through a series of contortions, growing white and scarlet by turns, while he twisted his hands and knuckles together in an execrating manner, uttering a guttural cry that resembled the gurgling scream of a man going off in a fit. A crush of wonders had come upon him all at once—the astounding discovery that he had had a father, a fact of which he had been accustomed all his life to entertain a considerable doubt; then that his father should be no other than Mr. Raggles, a person he always thought of with a feeling of awe; and then the legacy of 500*l.*! Altogether he was quite thrown out of his equilibrium, and nothing but the presence of Richard Rawlings restrained him from indulging in a dance of frenzy about the room.

Having concluded the will and testament, Mr. Farquhar proceeded to read the other document, which contain merely an

authority to Richard Rawlings, in the same to-wit and so-forth style, to dispose of the 500*l.* for the benefit of the aforesaid Crikey Snaggs. It was apparently of subsequent date to the former, and, from the tremor and uncertainty of the penmanship, seemed to have been written only a short time before the death of the testator.

"You will perceive," observed Rawlings, "that the secret was not mine to disclose. How far I have discharged the trust so strangely put upon me, you have in part heard from the young man himself. I took some pains about his education, enabled him from time to time to collect little savings, and I believe at this moment he is pretty well off for a person in his situation in life."

Crikey testified to the fact, by a convulsive effort to express his gratitude, which the other motioned him to suppress.

"I take no credit to myself," continued Rawlings, "for what I have done. Crikey is not my debtor—the obligation is the other way. When I received that 500*l.* for his use, I found he had been so ill-cared for, morally and physically, that I could not apply it to his benefit at once, and thought the best thing I could do for him was to bring him up in my own house till the time came when he might be able to make the most of his advantages. In the meanwhile I held it in my own hands, and employed it successfully. It was so useful to me at that time, that we are fairly quits on the score of obligation. And now," he added, drawing a small strip of paper from his pocket, "the time has arrived when I may resign my trusteeship, and in your presence hand over the amount of the legacy, to which I have added a trifle as a reward for faithful services."

Pogey looked sadly bewildered throughout this scene. He was labouring under the disagreeable sensations of a culprit who had been fairly detected, rebuked, and dismissed to "sin no more." The good sense and generosity displayed in the conduct of this transaction by Richard Rawlings confused and overwhelmed him; but he contrived to splutter out some flourishing apophthegms notwithstanding.

"Very astonishing, indeed! Old Raggles of all men—that Crikey Snaggs should be his son! I must say, I always thought there was something peculiar, remarkably peculiar, about Crikey. Five hundred pounds! Incredible, isn't it? That Crikey Snaggs should actually be worth five hundred pounds, and I, who have been working at a profession for half a century, not worth a doit! The voyage of life, sir!—strange, how some men are tossed about, to be sure, while others sail direct into port. Can't comprehend it."

"Yet it is easily comprehended, Mr. Pogey," observed Rawlings; "men who are always trimming their sails and tacking about with every wind cannot expect to make land like men who pursue a straight course on their voyage; and it is not very surprising if they should be shipwrecked at last. I'm afraid

that's your case; and if you will allow me to give you a little friendly advice, I would recommend you in future not to trust too much to your skill in tacking, but to make the best headway you can. In this instance you have made an egregious blunder, for you have failed in securing the patronage of Lord Charles Eton, which you hoped to propitiate by casting odium upon me, and you have forfeited for ever all claim upon any services I might have been disposed to render you. You have trimmed between us till you have lost both."

It was a severe lesson to poor chap-fallen Pogey. He felt as if his whole life had been that instant swept up like so much dust, and blown out of the window. He wished he could be blown out of the window himself, or up the chimney, or any where so that he could only get out of the presence of that stony man. Never was a system of philosophy so shattered at a single blow, just like a house of cards knocked down by a waive of the finger; and never was a man so delighted as Pogey when he escaped at last clear out of the house under the arm of the good-natured Dingle, whom he entertained all the way down the street with a heart-rending homily on the vicissitudes of life, rounding it off by declaring that much as he had studied human nature, he was puzzled more than ever to make it out.

Crikey lingered in the room, as if he had something on his mind to say, but didn't know exactly how to say it.

"Well, Crikey," said Rawlings, "what is it? What can I do for you?"

"Why, sir, if I might make bold, sir," said Crikey, crumpling the book in his hand, and looking down slyly at the carpet, "I wanted to know, sir, what name I'm to go by. Are they to call me Crikey Ragglea, if you please, sir?"

"No — no —" replied Rawlings, "we'll not trouble you to go to the Herald's Office. You had better keep the name you're used to, Crikey. Only take care of your money, and your name will take care of itself."

"Thank you, sir," returned Crikey; "but if you'd only please to do something with it for me—"

"Well — we must see about that another time. Now, Mr. Farquhar," continued Rawlings, when Crikey had left the room, "what is your opinion of Lord Charles Eton?"

"I am compelled to form a very poor opinion of his discretion; but I will explain to him the injustice he has fallen into, and I hope it will have the effect of bringing about a better understanding between you."

"It is too late," said Rawlings; "a man who runs away from a falling house, is not likely to be drawn back when it is in ruins. I know him thoroughly—"

"I hope your affairs are not so involved as you seem to apprehend."

"You shall judge for yourself. I have been brought in as a principal, where I acted only as an agent, to an extent that, if

carried against me, would absorb more than double the amount I am worth in the world. I know these demands could not be sustained in law—but Chancery is not law, and, to escape annihilation in Chancery, I am compelled to compound and make the best terms I can. I have fought the battle to the last, and am beaten by a system of terror which hangs chains on the limbs of justice, in the shape of costs, that, whether you have right or wrong on your side, must beggar you in the long run. No man with his eyes open would incur such a risk as that, and my whole struggle at this moment is to snatch something out of the wreck. No matter! I am prepared for the worst. I have eaten the bread of luxury—eaten it till it palled upon me—and found it rank and bitter to the taste.”

“I will make no professions at such a moment, Mr. Rawlings; but I am deeply grieved at this information. It may be in my power to diminish something of the severity of this trial—and if I can—”

“I thank you,” said Rawlings, “I thank you. If I betray a weakness which a man of courage at such a time should wrestle with and vanquish, it is not on my own account. There is no future for me. I have fallen from the height I climbed—let me be crushed. But you—who have shown such magnanimity—who link yourself with us in our ruin—it is for you I feel—it is there—there—I suffer.”

“I understand your feeling, and appreciate it. Happily, I can afford to dispense with the fortune which I know it would have gratified you to bestow on Clara. Give her to me without a shilling, and I shall consider myself enriched far beyond my deserts.”

Richard Rawlings struggled to control his emotion; but it was evident that the effort he had undergone in making this communication had shaken him severely. He trembled violently and clasping Farquhar's hand with an agitation which he in vain endeavoured to dissemble, cried

“I will send her to you—”

And, like one whose eyes were struck with darkness, staggered blindly out of the room.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Return after the Duel.

THE fog still hung heavily over the streets, growing darker and darker as the morning advanced, when a post-chaise slowly entered Portman Square, and stopped opposite the door of Lord William Eton's house. Fletcher, the confidential servant of Lord Charles, had apparently been on the watch for its return, and, opening the hall-door as it drew up, looked out with an expression of inquisitive anxiety on his face. Colonel Beauchamp having alighted, and left the surgeon in charge of his wounded friend, beckoned Fletcher aside.

"Is Lord William down yet?"

"He is at breakfast, sir."

"Let him know that I should be glad to speak with him presently;—and, Fletcher—keep the servants out of the hall for a few minutes. Is Lady Charles up?"

"I believe she is dressing, sir."

Fletcher glided back into the house.

Lord Charles was conveyed into the hall with difficulty. He had suffered severely from the motion of the carriage, which the surgeon would have obviated by procuring a litter, but his Lordship was obstinate, and overruled him. His pride, galled and humiliated by the triumph of his antagonist, was paramount to the sense of danger. He would have borne without wincing tenfold the pain that racked him rather than have avowed the full extent of it. But pain will assert its mastery over the stubborn spirit at last, and when his Lordship was carried into the study at the back of the dining-room—for it was impossible to get him up stairs into his own chamber—the struggle was over, and he fainted.

Silent movements, whispering, and stealthy steps, indicated the preparations that were making for converting the room into a sick chamber. His Lordship was undressed and placed upon a large couch, and the surgeon, having now examined the nature of the wound more carefully, declared that he did not like to assume the whole responsibility himself, and that it would be necessary at once to hold a consultation. In the mean while the requisite measures were taken to ensure quietness, Fletcher was placed in attendance, and Colonel Beauchamp proceeded to communicate the distressing intelligence to Lord William Eton.

His Lordship was strongly attached to his nephew. It was the only domestic tie he had cherished through a life of what may be described as town asceticism. Harsh and repulsive to the rest of the world, this was the relenting point of his character, at which his affections flowed out freely from their pent-up channels. The news of the disaster that had happened shook him fearfully. Of all men, Lord Charles was the last he should have expected to find engaged in such an affair; but the reflection that was hardest to bear, and hurt him most, was that his nephew should have concealed it from him. Had he taken him into his confidence, the terrible catastrophe might have been averted.

"A heavy responsibility rests on you, Colonel Beauchamp," he said, "for not having consulted me on this business. You, sir, are an older man than Lord Charles, and at your time of life, with your experience,—what was the reason you did not instantly inform me of what was going on? You have acted ill, sir,—ill, sir,—very ill."

"Pardon me, my Lord," replied the Colonel; "we must not judge these matters by results. Your nephew's reputation was

at stake, and, as a military man, honoured by his confidence, I dared not have acted otherwise than I did."

"Reputation! Do you think, sir, I would have risked his reputation? It was dearer to me than my life. Do you suppose I would have suffered him to lie under an insult? But it is too late to talk about it now. What does the surgeon say? Is there any danger?"

"At three o'clock there will be a consultation, and nothing can be determined with certainty till then. All that can be done at present is to keep him quiet. Marsh has left instructions with Fletcher, and will return himself presently. Let me advise you not to see him yet."

"Not see him? But I will see him, sir. What! not see my boy that I have trained up from childhood, my companion, my dear boy Charles? I have seen as much of the world as most men, Colonel Beauchamp, and have had some trials—bitter ones—in my time; but this—this,—is the greatest blow of all. Don't be alarmed—I will not disturb him—I will not speak to him—but I must see him."

"The least excitement may be attended with dangerous consequences. Marsh impressed that upon us."

"Yes, yes—I understand."

"I was anxious, my Lord, to say something else to you. It is necessary that this matter should be broken to Lady Charles."

"Poor soul!—poor soul!"

"Perhaps, my Lord, you would undertake—"

"Well—by and by. Just see if I can go into the room."

Colonel Beauchamp withdrew, and left his lordship alone. The portraits of the Eton family looked down upon him from the walls. His eye rested on Grace Hunsdon, and the picture recalled to him the conversation he had had with Lord Charles when the union with Margaret Rawlings was first discussed between them, and he involuntarily contrasted the happy fate of that poor peasant girl with the doom that was hanging over the richly dowered Margaret. He almost blamed himself for giving way to his nephew's arguments on that occasion, and felt in some measure responsible to her for the blight that would fall upon her life if this affair should prove fatal to her husband. He was not unconscious of the unhappiness that attended their marriage; he even felt at this moment of poignant grief that he had in some measure contributed to it himself; and the sympathy which springs from a common calamity, gave her a new interest in his heart. Thinking of what she had suffered—of the isolation of her position—her youth—and the trial that lay before her, he was more touched by her bereavement than his own.

Lord William Eton was not the sort of man of whom such generous and kindly emotions could have been predicated on the surface; but how little do we know of the latent sensibilities of men in their ordinary intercourse with the world!

In a few minutes Colonel Beauchamp returned; and Lord

William descended with him to the study. The room was carefully darkened, and, fearful of disturbing the patient, they entered noiselessly. Lord William approached the head of the couch, and bent down to listen. His nephew was breathing hardly, and unconscious of his presence. The case seemed even worse than he had feared, and he drew back with a slight tremour, and passed his hand over his eyes. There was a rustle at the door, and standing in the dim light of the hall, as if she were hesitating whether she should come in, he discerned the figure of Lady Charles. Colonel Beauchamp was interposing to prevent her entrance with a motion of his hands, entreating her to retire. It was no place for her.

"What is the matter?" she demanded in a low voice of Colonel Beauchamp.

"Hush!—madam—not here," he returned.

Lord William, summoning up a great effort for the painful task he had to perform, went towards the door, and, as he passed out to Lady Charles, Colonel Beauchamp whispered to him, "Better not tell her the particulars."

She was standing there mute and paralysed. Lord William took her gently by the hand, and led her away.

"Patience—patience, and you shall know every thing. We must control ourselves for *his* sake."

The tone of his voice affected her more than his words. There was a tenderness in it which made tears spring into her eyes. It was the first time he had ever spoken to her so softly—the first accents of sympathy, or comfort, or affection, and they were all blended in his subdued and tremulous voice, she had ever heard in that house.

"We must be patient, and hope for the best," he said. Both her hands were clasped in his, and, as he looked into her pained face, full of terror and confusion, the habitual harshness of his features appeared to her changed into an expression of pity and affliction.

"What is it, my lord?" she exclaimed; "what has happened?"

"Lord Charles has met with an accident—I hope not very serious. But you must control yourself. You know how necessary it is that we should not betray any emotion before him?"

"What accident? I entreat of you to relieve me from this dreadful suspense. May I not go to him and attend him?"

"Not at present. He must be kept very quiet, and your presence would only agitate him."

"You do not answer my question. How did it happen? He went out early this morning, and has met with an accident. How—where—what it is?"

"Margaret," replied his Lordship, "I expect you will act with courage and resignation, when I have told you what has happened. I am not justified in concealing it from you; but I expect you will bear it patiently. Women have more patience

and endurance than we have, and I look to you for an example of that fortitude which, I confess, I find it not easy to exercise myself."

"Indeed, my Lord," she returned, "I am very grateful to you for the kindness and consideration you show me. I will try and act as you would have me. It has been my constant desire to do so."

"I know it—I feel it; and I owe you some atonement for the unhappiness I have observed growing upon you in this house. Your life here has not been what a young wife had a right to anticipate. We have been harsh—harsh; our habits and mode of life, and, let me say, some pride of lineage, made us cold to you. No—you must hear me—it eases my heart to speak to you; it is not a time for pride now, when he, in whom all my ambition was centred, lies, perhaps—but we must hope the best."

"He is not in danger, my Lord?"

"I cannot answer for that. We shall know the worst presently. I am an old man, and have had calamities to bear like other men. They shut up my heart from the world. You see what a solitary life I lead—but I was not always a misanthrope. Margaret! we will not speak of that. This trouble has touched a chord I had hoped was silent for ever. From a certain period I relinquished society—there was no pleasure or joy in it for me. I garnered up all my hopes and affections in *him*—it was the object that engrossed me; and now, should this accident end badly, my pride will be rebuked, and turned to dust!"

He covered his face with his hands, and Margaret, in the depth of her fear of what was coming, held a breathless silence.

"But you will be left to me," he resumed; "you bear his name—he told me he loved you. It was that which won my consent to your marriage. I believed you loved him, and, harsh as you think me, I resigned all the views I had for him from that consideration alone."

"You wring my heart, my Lord—I so little expected this from you."

"I have judged more wisely since. Charles is a man of ambition, qualified by nature and education to make a great figure in the world. Men of that kind are not always as tender as they might be of the feelings of women. But, if this affliction should pass from us, he will prize you more highly than ever. You deserve it—and it shall be my grateful task to see that you are cared for, and nurtured as you deserve."

"Oh! my lord—pray spare me. Your goodness overwhelms me. I hardly know what to say or think. I fear to ask."

"I promised to tell you what has happened, and, indeed, it cannot be concealed, and it is better you should hear it from me, than that it should reach you from any other quarters. Lord Charles, I hardly know how it occurred, or what it arose from, was drawn unfortunately into a quarrel. It is gratifying to know that he was not the aggressor, and that the slightest blame does not rest upon him—I am assured of that."

"A quarrel, my Lord? When?—with whom?"

"It seems that it took place under very strange circumstances the other evening at the Opera."

"At the Opera?—My God!"

"Margaret!—you must be more firm. Look up—compose yourself."

"I dare not ask you—do not tell me—who?—no—no—do not tell me who it was—I would rather be ignorant of that—hide it from me, my Lord. Oh! God, now, indeed, my cup of wretchedness is full."

"I am not surprised at this emotion. It is natural you should regard with horror the man who has brought this upon us. But we must be just even to him, Margaret. We must not allow our grief to stifle our justice. If it be found that his conduct is capable of vindication, we must subdue our feelings, and be silent. It is only reasonable to remember that he took his chance of the issue, and might have been the victim of it himself."

"Ah! Lord William—What a noble and generous heart you have. And Lord Charles is wounded—it is horrible to think of it! What do they say?"

"Marsh, the surgeon, is attending him, but declines to give any opinion until he has had a consultation. This looks bad—it may be over caution, or anxiety; yet we must not conceal from ourselves, that, if the wound were slight, he would have no difficulty in saying so at once. That is the worst feature of the case?"

"When may I be permitted to see him?"

"That must be determined by the medical men. You had better send for your sister, and let her remain with you. I promise you that as soon as they consider it safe, you shall be admitted; and I am sure you will act with discretion—his life may depend upon it."

The agony that Margaret underwent through the latter part of this conversation, was rendered more intense by the necessity of concealing the apprehensions it suggested. She ran over in her mind all the incidents of that fatal evening—the wild manner of Henry Winston—the sullenness of Lord Charles—and then this duel following so rapidly—all seemed clear, except that she could not comprehend when or how the quarrel took place, for Lord Charles entered her box almost immediately after Henry Winston had left it, who would never have visited her if they had quarrelled previously. In putting all these things together, the difficulty was to understand when it occurred. Yet it was at the Opera, and who could it be if it was not Henry Winston? She wished to believe it was any one else—she recoiled from the thought that it came from *his* hand.

She was not suffered to remain long in suspense. A low knock at the door startled her out of this train of speculations, followed by the entrance of Fletcher, who in dumb show drew Lord William aside, and whispered him.

"To inquire?" demanded Lord William.

"Yes, my Lord."

"The gentleman himself?"

"No, my Lord—a servant, with Mr. Winston's compliments."

Margaret caught the name, and gasped—"Who is it, Fletcher?"

Fletcher looked at Lord William.

"My compliments," said Lord William, drawing himself up with dignity, "his Lordship is going on, we hope, favourably."

Fletcher withdrew.

"You will not deceive me, I know," exclaimed Margaret, grasping Lord William by the arm, and gazing earnestly into his face; "I am sure I heard the name—what did *he* want here?"

"To inquire after Charles."

"He?—Henry Winston? I knew it was he. Why should *he* inquire?"

"Why? It is not unusual, Margaret—rather creditable to him—though, at this moment, I could have dispensed with his courtesy."

"Not unusual? If you have the least pity for me, you will explain what this means. I have known Henry Winston all my life—we were children together—Lord Charles knew him at college—they were then inseparable—oh! could I blot out that from my memory—could I forget the things that happened—you shall judge for me, Lord William, what must be my despair to think that it is from his hand Lord Charles is suffering—perhaps by his hand—my senses will forsake me!"

"Then you know the cause of their quarrel?"

"It *was* he!—I knew it—it *was* Henry Winston!"

"I will not deceive you. It was Mr. Winston."

"Merciful heaven! that I should be the cause of this!" The exclamation escaped her, and it was scarcely uttered, when she would have recalled it—but it was too late.

"You?" exclaimed Lord William, recoiling from her with a look of astonishment.

"No—I did not mean that. I am ignorant of how or when they quarrelled. It has come upon me like an avalanche, and seems to carry away my reason. Do not heed my words. I know nothing."

Lord William felt that there was a deeper import in that burst of emotion than mere alarm or surprise; but in the state of nervous agitation into which she was thrown, it was necessary to approach the subject cautiously. He led her gently to a seat, entreating her to collect herself, and went on.

"I was aware that Mr. Winston was formerly acquainted with Lord Charles; but I did not know he was a friend of yours."

"It was before our marriage, my Lord—we have not met since—I have never seen him, or heard of him since, till that evening at the Opera."

"Did you meet by accident at the Opera?"

"I implore you to ask me no more questions. I know nothing of what happened."

"There is something in this unfortunate affair you are anxious to conceal from me, Margaret. I cannot, of course, divine your reasons; but you wrong me and yourself by withholding your confidence from me."

"Indeed, I would trust you with my most secret thoughts—you are too noble not to decide justly and compassionately—but this—I dare not—to you!—no—no—I dare not!"

"Yes—to me of all men you may most safely open your heart. You think that my affection for Charles would prejudice my judgment. You do me an injustice. You do not know me—we have not hitherto known each other as we ought—we have been estranged, and an unnatural distance has been between us—but we must make amends to each other in the future. Whatever befalls us, Margaret, for good or ill, you must learn to look upon me as your friend and protector."

"I did not expect this," she replied, in a stifled voice, "I do not deserve it. I now feel how little I understood your worth—your great goodness and kindness—believe me, I am very grateful!" and, bursting into tears, she sank upon her knees at his feet.

"Come—come, not thus."

"No—here on my knees, I will tell you all. There is a load upon my heart—it is crushing me—killing me. I feel I can speak to you now. Give me one moment. We grew up from childhood almost under the same roof; and were never parted till he went to college. We met again in London—early feelings were revived—we—you understand?"

"Clearly. You may spare that explanation."

"How considerate you are. You give me courage to speak. I know not how to tell my story without seeming to bring shame upon myself. You will condemn me—I fear you will; but no condemnation can equal my own remorse. But, indeed, I am not to blame. We were sundered by violence—all hope of happiness in this world went with him. My father commanded me to receive Lord Charles. What did it matter how they disposed of me? I was a blighted creature, and did not care what doom lay before me. There was no struggle then between my heart and my duty, for in that separation I was betrayed into the belief that he had broken his faith; and in that belief I submitted to my father's will, and—married. But it was false! They had deceived us both—and happy had it been for both had we lived on deceived, and never met again!"

"Was Lord Charles aware of your attachment?"

"I think he must have known it; he could not have mistaken my manner—but no censure upon him! He treated my feelings with forbearance, as if he understood my sufferings, and respected them. I was thankful to him for that, honoured him for it, and believed that I should be able to repay his generosity

by dedicating myself to his happiness. I tried—I tried—I banished all thoughts but the one thought of what I owed to him—he was all to me—he might have secured my peace and his own—but—”

Lord William shook his head.

“You have thrown a light upon your mutual position that makes many things clear to me that were dark before. I will not say to you what I think of his conduct. I ignorantly attributed the coldness I have observed between you to other causes—but its springs are evident now. He knew of your attachment and married you; and Mr. Winston was his friend! It was base—money on one side, vile ambition on the other—and you, weak, deceived, indifferent to your fate, the victim of both.”

The condition of his nephew, hovering at that moment between life and death, restrained him from giving full vent to his indignation. But he felt keenly and bitterly the wrong that had been done to Margaret, and to which he had been, in some sort, made a party. He had been duped into his consent to the marriage on the plea of love; the story of Grace Hunsdon had been cited to work upon his feelings; and, now that he looked back upon the arguments Lord Charles had employed, he saw that he had cast but a thin disguise over his real motives. Deeply affected by the cruel position in which Margaret was placed, it became no less a point of honour than of feeling with him to sustain and shield her.

Her confidence was full and unreserved. She detailed all the circumstances of the meeting at the Opera, and the disclosures made by Henry Winston; and when he related to her the particulars of the abrupt rencontre in the lobby, there was no longer any doubt that it occurred immediately after Henry Winston had left her box. Margaret naturally feared that Lord William Eton would take a severe view of the conduct of the aggressor; and it was an unexpected relief to her to find that he pitied rather than blamed him. Had he confessed to her his real feelings, she would have discovered that his sympathies were warmly enlisted on his behalf.

At three o'clock the consultation was held on Lord Charles. The silence that brooded over the house was solemn and painful. The servants were strictly ordered out of the way—not a footfall was heard—and Margaret sat in her room alone, waiting for the return of Lord William. A long interval elapsed—the longer the more fraught with doubts and terrors. At last a step came to the door—she had not strength or energy to rise, but sat, stricken with fear, to receive the intelligence he brought, which she fancied she could anticipate in the haggard expression of his face.

“I see it,” she cried convulsively, “there is no hope!”

“Be comforted,” he replied, kissing her forehead tenderly; “there is always hope while life remains. We must put our trust in God!”

ON THE MASSACRE OF A CONVENT OF NUNS AT PARIS,
AT THE TIME OF THE REVOLUTION.

I stood in France's capital,
'Twas Terror's diabolical reign,
The sights of fear I witness'd there
May I ne'er view again.
Oh! may I never hear on earth
Such sounds as met mine ear,
The murderous shout, the horrid mirth,
The shriek of deadly fear.
The curse of blood was on the place—
On woman, child, and man,
And a stream of blood, like an autumn
flood,
Through all the city ran.
And aye was seen a hellish band
Of fiends in carnage dyed,
And the clothes they wore were sprink-
led o'er
With a dark and ghastly tide.
Where'er they came that blood-stained
crew,
Nor age nor sex they spared,
And in search to slay like beast's of
prey,
Their eyes insatiate glared;
And fierce they laughed a fearful yell,
In wild and fiendish glee,
And loud was the shout of that fearful
rout,
And their shout was "Liberty!"
Yes! so did they profane that time
The Watchword of the Free,
As if her name to deeds of shame
Could e'er a sanction be.
Oh, God! it was a dreadful sight
The dying and the dead;
And the blood-red light, through the
gloom of night,
That the torch of Carnage shed!
I feel, I know, I saw it all,
Yet can't tell where nor how,
Though it did seem some fearful dream,
'Tis all before me now.
It was a nation's bloody zeal
Their monarch to destroy,
Show her their Queen who erst had been
That people's pride and joy.
I saw the tears of bearded men
Shed o'er their children dead,
And dame, and knight, and maiden
bright,
To the same scaffold led.
While the gory axe with ceaseless stroke
Still sped the work of death,
And its baleful sound fell on all around,
Like the Siroc's blating breath.
But one day I remember well
The sun was shining o'er,
So bright his smile, I dreamt awhile,
That carnage was no more.

But, as I mused, broke forth afresh
That cry of hellish joy,
And I knew by the sound that the axe
had found
Fresh victims to destroy.
I looked on these, 'twas a female band
In Religion's garb array'd,
And at their side in horrid tide
Their ruthless murderers strayed.
Some there were gray and ancient
dames,
With feeble step and slow,
Whose souls, I ween, long since had
been,
Dead to this world below.
But some were maids of noble birth,
And beauteous as the day,
With form and face that well might
grace
The bridal's bright array.
Yet all unmoved they passed to death,
Their eyes were fixed on heaven,
They prayed e'en then for those bloody
men,
That their sins might be forgiven
When sudden from their lips arose
A strain so pure and sweet,
Methought such sound alone was fount,
Where angel spirits meet.
'Twas a song of praise I loved to hear
In peace and tranquil time,
But its glorious swell no tongue can
tell,
Amid that rush of crime!
Oh! never can remembrance lose
Their rapture-breathing strain,
As they gazed on high at the cloudless
sky,
Where they hoped to meet again!
I saw no more—I turn'd aside,
I could not see them die;
But in mine ear rang loud and clear
Those notes of ecstasy.
But fainter, feebler grew the sound,
As ceased each victim's breath,
Till one sweet tone was heard alone,
Then all was hush'd in death
And horror-struck I left the spot,
That land of blood and crime,
And many a sun his course has run
Since that ill-omen'd time.
But never can my soul forget
That wild and hellish cry,
And still I fear whenever I hear
The shout of "Liberty!"
Oft, too, in sleep those maidens bright,
Like angel visions throng,
And voices sweet around me meet,
In that triumphant song.

J. J. H.

ZOOLOGICAL NOTES AND ANECDOTES.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF "LORD BACON IN ADVERSITY," ETC.

No. I.—LIONS.

"Thou makest darkness and it is night, when all the beasts of the earth do creep forth. The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God.

"The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens."—PSALM civ.

IT would be difficult to find language which more simply and elegantly describes the habits of the Monarch of the Forest than these words of the Psalmist, and they are strictly in accordance with truth. During the day, the lion lies concealed beneath the shade of some thick stunted tree, or buries himself in a covert of lofty reeds or thick grass, but when the sun goes down, and the shades of evening fall, he sallies forth to prowl during the hours of night. The tawny colour of his hide is admirably adapted for his concealment. Mr. Cumming (whose recently published work contains the best information on the habits of the South African wild animals), states that he has often heard lions lapping water at a less distance from him than twenty yards, and, although blessed with the keenest vision, he was unable to make out even the outline of their forms. Their eyes, however, glow like balls of fire, which may be thus explained. In many animals, the inner surface of the back of the eye presents a membrane called *tapetum lucidum*, which, in the lion and cat tribe, is of a yellow colour, and brilliant metallic lustre like a concave mirror; it is the reflection from this which causes the "glare" of their eyes. Thus are they peculiarly fitted for nocturnal habits, but ill-adapted to bear strong sunlight; some travellers have described what would certainly appear, at first sight, to have been cowardly retreats on the part of lions, but doubtless in the majority of instances where they have turned tail on inferior antagonists, they were conscious of the disadvantage under which they laboured from their eyes being dazzled by the intense glare of an African sun reflected from the burning sands of the desert.

It is on dark and stormy nights that

"Through the gloom,
Leading the wands, is heard the hungry howl
Of famished monsters."

Then it is that the lions, like the witches of old, hold their hideous revels! Then does it behove the traveller to watch with unceasing vigilance, and if in a district populous with lions, he may esteem himself fortunate should he escape with minor losses. The sentry as he walks his round runs much risk of being carried off:

"And while his thoughts oft homeward veer,
A well-known voice salutes his ear,"

in the terrific and heart-paralysing roar with which the lion springs upon his prey. The Journal of the Landdrost Jah. Sterneberg, affords a painful example of such a calamity.

"The waggons and cattle had been comfortably put up for the night, when about midnight they got into complete confusion. About thirty paces from the tent stood a lion, which, on seeing us, walked very deliberately about thirty paces farther behind a small thorn-bush, carrying something with him, which I took to be a young ox. We fired more than sixty shots at the bush. The south-east wind blew strong, the sky was clear, and the moon shone very bright, so that we could perceive anything at a short distance. After the cattle had been quieted again, and I had looked over everything, I missed the sentry from before the tent. We called as loudly as possible, but in vain; nobody answered, from which I concluded he was carried off. Three or four men then advanced very cautiously to the bush, which stood right opposite to the door of the tent, to see if they could discover anything of the man, but returned helter-skelter, for the lion, who was still there, rose up and began to roar. About a hundred shots were again fired at the bush, without perceiving anything of the lion. This induced one of the men again to approach it with a firebrand in his hand; but as soon as he approached the bush, the lion roared terribly and leaped at him, on which he threw the firebrand at him, and the other people having fired about ten shots at him, he returned immediately to his former station; the firebrand, which he had thrown at the lion, had fallen into the midst of the bush, and favoured by the wind, it began to burn with a great flame, so that we could see very clearly into it and through it. We continued our firing into it; the night passed away and the day began to break, which animated every one to fire at the lion, because he could not lie there without exposing himself entirely. Seven men posted at the farthest waggons, watched to take aim at him as he came out; at last, before it became quite light, he walked up the hill with the man in his mouth, when about forty shots were fired without hitting him." The end was, that he made his escape in perfect safety. In this narrative it is hard to say which is most to be marvelled at, the wonderfully bad shooting of the men, or the cool dogged obstinacy of the lion. He seemed to be quite aware of the sort of men he had to deal with, and to have diverted himself with their fears. Not less than three hundred shots must have been fired at him, and yet unscathed he carried off the wretched man.

The late Sydney Smith, in his witty and able "Sketches of Moral Philosophy," thus argues, when comparing mankind with the brute creation:—"His gregarious nature is another cause of man's superiority over all other animals. A lion lies under a hole in a rock, and if any other lion happen to pass by, they fight. Now, whoever gets a habit of lying under a hole in a rock, and fighting with every gentleman who passes near him, cannot possibly make any progress . . . if lions would consort together and grow out the observations they have made about killing sheep and shepherds, the most likely place for catching a calf grazing, and so forth, they could not fail to improve." Unfortunately for the argument, it was based upon a fallacy, for the observations of Mr. Cumming prove that lions live and hunt in troops, and, for aught we know, may benefit by that very gregarious spirit which the worthy canon imagines them to want. "It is a common thing," says Mr. Cumming, "to come upon a full-grown lion and lioness associating with three or

four large young ones nearly full-grown. At other times, full-grown males will be found associating and hunting together in a happy state of friendship; two, three, and four, may thus be discovered consorting together."

We have reason to believe that the peculiar merit of Mr. Cumming's work—that of fidelity—is scarcely appreciated. Our ablest Zoologists attach most credence to those statements which contain evidence of truth visible only to Naturalists. For example, he mentions that "a horrid snake, which Kleinboy had tried to kill with his loading-rod, flew up at my eye and spat poison in it; immediately I washed it well out at the fountain. I endured great pain all night, the next day the eye came all right." This statement has been much ridiculed; it was but the other day that we heard a stout gentleman thus wheeze out his incredulity as he held a glass of 20 port to his eye; "Snakes spit, indeed! ha! ha! ha! that's rather too good: I suppose we shall have the sea serpent spitting next—ha! ha!" and exit the port! It so happens, however, that a species of serpent—a *naija*, which does eject its venom, infests that part of Africa where Mr. Cumming describes the occurrence as having taken place, and there are many other little points which tell in his favour as a mighty hunter, and not a retailer of "travellers' tales." To that intrepid sportsman, the grandest music was the roar of troops of lions, as three or four of these advanced from different quarters to the same watering-place, and no description could more accurately convey an idea of this terrible though sublime sound.

"One of the most striking things connected with the lion is his voice, which is extremely grand and peculiarly striking. It consists at times of a low deep moaning, repeated five or six times, ending in faintly audible sighs. At other times, he startles the forests with loud, deep-toned, solemn roars, repeated five or six times in quick succession, each increasing in loudness to the third or fourth, when his voice dies away in five or six low muffled sounds, very much resembling distant thunder. At times, and not unfrequently, a troop may be heard roaring in concert, one assuming the lead, and two, three, or four more, regularly taking up their parts, like persons singing a catch. Like our Scottish stags at the rutting-season, they roar loudest in cold frosty nights; but on no occasion are their voices to be heard in such perfection, or so intensely powerful, as when two or three strange troops of lions approach a fountain to drink at the same time. When this occurs every member of each troop sounds a bold roar of defiance at the opposite parties, and when one roars all roar together, and each seems to vie with his comrades in the intensity and power of his voice." The following powerfully drawn picture, conveys a most accurate idea of the fearful banquets held in the primeval forests of Africa, and, at the same time, is full of interest, from the light it throws on the habits of the carnivora. Mr. Cumming had shot three rhinoceroses near a fountain, and soon after twilight had died away, he came down to the water to watch for lions. With him was a Hottentot named Kleinboy. "On reaching the water, I looked towards the carcass of the rhinoceros, and, to my astonishment, I beheld the ground alive with large creatures, as though a troop of zebras were approaching the water to drink; Kleinboy remarked to me that a

troop of zebras were standing on the height: I answered 'yes,' but I knew very well that zebras would not be capering around the carcase of a rhinoceros. I quickly arranged my blankets, pillow, and guns, in the hole, and then lay down to feast my eyes on the interesting sight before me; it was bright moonlight, as clear as I need wish. There were six large lions, about twelve or fifteen hyænas, and from twenty to thirty jackals, feasting on and around the carcasses of the three rhinoceroses. The lions feasted peacefully, but the hyænas and jackals fought over every mouthful, and chased one another round and round the carcasses, growling, laughing, screeching, chattering, and howling, without any intermission. The hyænas did not seem afraid of the lions, although they always gave way before them; for I observed that they followed them in the most disrespectful manner, and stood laughing, one or two on either side, when any lions came after their comrades to examine pieces of skin or bones which they were dragging away."

Lions will occasionally give chase to deer or buffaloes which have been wounded, and a very remarkable "course" of this description occurred to Mr. Oswell, an officer of the East India Company's service. This gentleman had wounded a buffalo when shooting on the banks of the river Limpopo in South Africa, and with a companion was galloping in pursuit, when suddenly three lions appeared, and, without observing the sportsmen, gave chase to the buffalo, which held on stoutly, followed by the three jolly lions, the sportsmen bringing up the rear; the lions very soon sprang on the huge buffalo and pulled him down, when a terrific scuffle ensued; after admiring the fun for a short time, the sportsmen thought it well to interfere, and accordingly opened their fire on the lions; as these were struck by the balls, they seemed to consider them as pokes from the buffalo, and redoubled their attentions to him accordingly; at length two of the lions were killed, and the third, finding the ground too hot, made off, exceedingly puzzled at the unexpected death of his royal brothers.

The reign of Henry the First saw the first menagerie established in England; this monarch made at Woodstock a park, walled round with stone, seven miles in circumference, laying waste much fertile land, and destroying many villages, churches, and chapels; in the words of the old chronicler, "He appointed therein, beside great store of deer, divers strange beasts to be kept and nourished, such as were brought to him from far countries, as lions, leopards, linnets, porpentine, and such other."

The origin of the "Lion Tower," in the Tower of London, was a present from the Emperor Frederick II. to Henry III. in 1235, of three leopards, to which he assigned quarters in that fortress. It appears that, in the reign of Edward III., one lion, one lioness, one leopard, and two "cattes lions," formed the menagerie, and were formally handed over to the custody of Robert, the son of John Bowie.

In the reigns of the first three Edwards, the allowance for each lion was sixpence a day, the wages of the keeper being three halfpence. At later periods the office of keeper of the lions was held by some person of quality about the King, with a fee of sixpence a day for himself and the same for every lion under his charge. In 1657, there were six lions in the Tower, and not less than eleven in

1708. On the establishment of the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, the animals were transferred to them by William IV.

It was a curious coincidence that one of the finest litters of cubs whelped in the Tower, was born on the anniversary of Lord Howe's victory, in 1794, and the next litter was presented to the nation by the lioness, on the 20th October, 1827, the day of the battle of Navarino.

There are now, October 1850, three very handsome young lions in the Zoological Gardens, which were brought over from Grand Cairo by the head keeper; he was anxious to obtain a fine female cheetah, or hunting leopard, from a person who possessed it, but he declined to part with it unless the cubs were taken also; two were mere little playthings, scarce bigger than good-sized kittens; the third, Sampson, was larger, and had been kept chained up. This he resented exceedingly, and in one of his struggles the skin was rubbed from his nose, where there is now a black mark. During their voyage to England the lion cubs were great favourites, especially with the sailors, and by way of a treat, they were now and then favoured with a fowl. The door of the poultry hutch would be opened, and out would fly a hen, cackling and rejoicing at her liberty; in a second, however, a cub would bound across the deck, make a spring, and cut short the *peep* and the life of the poor hen together. They have grown and thriven immensely, and now bid fair to be noble specimens of the lion tribe; there are slight indications already of the mane, and the tuft at the end of the tail, but as they are little more than fifteen months old, these appendages are quite in embryo. When newly whelped, the fur of the lion is brindled with a deep brown, especially on the legs, and there is a line of the same colour running along the back; these markings disappear during the second year. A few months since the Society lost a lion whose history was remarkable. Two gentlemen, brothers, were crossing a desert in Barbary, on camels, when suddenly a lioness sprang on the foremost camel; the rider of the one behind immediately fired two balls into her body with fatal effect; on examining her it was discovered that she was suckling, and two helpless young cubs were found and secured; one died, the other was reared and presented to the gardens, where he fell a victim to the scrofulous disease, which has deprived the Society of many of their finest animals. We saw him the day before he died; he lay on his back with a deep and gaping wound in his neck, which he had considerably increased by licking with his rough tongue. It was suggested that if it could be touched with lunar caustic it might assist its healing. "Why, sir," said the keeper, "he'd be sure to *bolt* the caustic, for the part is so sore, and he's so irritable, that he won't allow nothing to come nigh him, but would bite at it directly." Chloroform was suggested, but the difficulty of applying it to a lion rendered savage by pain, was the objection. Everything practicable was done, but he died the next day.

Those who visited the Gardens four years ago, may remember a remarkably fine and majestic lion, called Albert. It is not generally known that he furnished the subject for the picture by Sir E. Landseer, of the "*Desert*," exhibited in 1849, and which is now in the possession of Mr. Russell, the Accountant-general. We were greatly amused at some of the criticisms passed on this

fine portrait. "That a dead lion," said one, with a knowing look, "I'm sure he never saw a dead lion who painted *that*." Some objected to the drawing, others to the colouring; some had no patience with the background; and a few especially, wise in their generation, considered the picture as a gigantic caricature. This picture, painful to those who, like the writer, had often admired the magnificent proportions and majestic gait of this noble lion when in health, and who recognised in it a faithful delineation of nature, originated pretty much as follows. The lion was attacked with inflammation of the lungs and died; intimation was sent to the most eminent zoologist of the day, with a request to know if he wished to dissect it. Having had much experience in the anatomy of lions, he declined the opportunity, but suggested that it should be placed at the disposal of the great artist. Accordingly, about half-past five the following morning, there was a knock at Sir Edwin's bed-room door.

"Hallo! who's there?"

"Please, sir, have you ordered a lion?" was the reply.

"Ordered a *what*?"

"A lion, sir: have you ordered a lion? 'cos there's one come to the back-door, but he doesn't know whether you ordered him or not."

"Oh, very well! take him in; I'll be down directly." And the artist, rightly supposing that some friend had borne him in remembrance, but not having the most remote idea whether it was a living or a defunct lion which had thus unexpectedly paid him an early visit, hurried his toilet, and descending to his back yard, beheld the grisly monarch stretched at length upon the stones; a few minutes sufficed to arrange his materials, and so struck was he with the noble object before him, that he ceased not from his work till the picture, as exhibited, was completed.

The veterinary art must have been rather low among the Romans, if we may judge from the following ludicrous prescription for a sick lion, given us by Pliny. "The lion is never sick but of the peevishness of his stomach, loathing all meat; and then the way to cure him, is to ty unto him certain shee apes, which, with their wanton mocking and making mowes at him, may move his patience, and drive him from the very indignitie of their malapert sauciness into a fit of madness, and then, so soon as he hath tasted their blood, he is perfectly well againe; and this is the only help."

To be licked by the tongue of a dog is a mark of affection; but such a demonstration from a lion would be productive of unpleasant consequences. The tongues of the lion and tiger tribes are covered with a thicket of strong horny papillæ, the points directed backward, fitting it rather for sweeping off fragments of meat from bones, for which it is especially employed, than for gustatory enjoyment or expression of endearment. The sense of taste is very low in all the feline, of which an example is presented in that favourite amusement of cats, called "dressing their fur." When changing their coats the hairs are swept off in hundreds by the rough tongue without causing the slightest annoyance, whereas the presence of even a single hair in the human mouth, is notoriously unpleasant—simply from the greater perfection of the nervous influence.

* Holland's Pliny, chapter xvi. Ed. 1635.

The younger Pliny, whose work on Natural History is full of information mixed up with the quaintest stories, remarks that the test of a lion's temper is his tail. "At first," says this writer, "when he entreth into his choler, he beateth the ground with his taile; when he groweth into greater heats he flappeth and jerketh his flanks and sides withall, as it were to quicken himselfe, and stir up his angry humour." Pliny, however, does not appear to have been aware of the existence of a peculiarity in the lion's tail, which was known to Didymus Alexandrinus, was subsequently denied, and rediscovered by Mr. Bennett in 1832. This is a claw at the tip of the tail, which, although not always present, undoubtedly exists in the majority of lions. Whether it has any effect in raising the "choler" of the lion it is difficult to say, but the ancient Assyrians were well acquainted with this claw, as is proved by the sculptures on the Nineveh marbles, where it is distinctly represented.

Pliny, too, picked up another story, which, although it has been ridiculed, is certainly founded on fact. "Polybius, who accompanied Scipio Emilianus in his voyage of Africke, reporteth of them (the lions) that when they be growne aged they will prey upon a man; the reason is because their strength will not hold out to pursue in chase any other wild beasts. Then they come about the cities and good towns of Africke, lying in wait for their prey, if any folke come abroad, and for that cause he saith that while hee was with Scipio hee saw some of them crucified and hanged up, to the end that upon the sight of them, other lions should take example, and be skarrd from doing the like mischiefe." A lion in the form of a spread eagle must have been an edifying spectacle, and it is to be hoped that the other members of the royal family profited by the example. Be that as it may, these anthropophagi still exist, and are the most dreadful scourges imaginable. The wretched Hottentots in the interior of Africa are unable to destroy them with their imperfect weapons, and night after night some poor inhabitant of the kraal is carried off, until the miserable remnant are driven to seek a precarious safety by quitting the spot, and removing perhaps to a distance of two or three hundred miles. The following account of an attack by one of these man-eaters, as they are called, (for having once tasted human flesh they will eat nothing else if it can be obtained) makes the blood run cold. Mr. Cumming and his party had, unknown to them, pitched their camp in the proximity of a lion of this description; all had retired to rest, when (says Mr. C.) "suddenly the appalling and murderous voice of an angry blood-thirsty lion burst upon my ear, within a few yards of us, followed by the shrieking of the Hottentots. Again and again the murderous roar of attack was repeated. We heard John and Ruyter shriek 'the lion! the lion!' Still for a few moments we thought he was but chasing one of the dogs round the kraal, but the next instant John Stofulus rushed into the midst of us almost speechless with fear and terror, his eyes bursting from their sockets, and shrieked out 'the lion! the lion! he has got Hendrick! he dragged him away from the fire beside me. I struck him with the burning brands upon his head, but he would not let go his hold. Hendrick is dead, oh God! Hendrick is dead! Let us take fire and seek him!' The rest of my people rushed about shrieking and yelling as if they were mad. I was at once angry with them for their folly, and told them that if

they did not stand still and keep quiet, the lion would have another of us, and that very likely there was a troop of them. I ordered the dogs, which were nearly all fast, to be made loose, and the fire to be increased as far as could be. I then shouted Hendrick's name, but all was still! I told my men that Hendrick was dead, and that a regiment of soldiers could not now help him, and hunting my dogs forward, I had everything brought within my cattle kraal, when we lighted our fire and closed the entrance as well as we could.

It appeared that when the unfortunate Hendrick rose to drive in the ox, the lion had watched him to his fire side, and he had scarcely lain down when the brute sprang upon him and Ruyter (for both lay under one blanket), with his appalling murderous roar, and roaring as he lay, grappled him with his fearful claws, and kept biting him on the breast and shoulder, all the while feeling for his neck, having got hold of which, he at once dragged him away backwards round the bush into the dense shade. As the lion lay on the unfortunate man, he faintly cried, 'Help me! help me! oh God! men help me!' after which the fearful beast got a hold of his neck, and then all was still, except that his comrades heard the bones of his neck cracking between the teeth of the lion."

It is satisfactory to know that on the following day Mr. Cumming took ample revenge on the lion, whose huge grisly hide is now to be seen in his collection at Hyde Park Corner.

In 1823, General Watson being out one morning on horseback in Bengal, armed with a double-barrelled rifle, was suddenly attacked by a large lion, which bounded out from the thick jungle at the distance of only a few yards; he fired, and happily the lion, pierced through the heart, fell dead at his feet; but almost instantly a not less terrible opponent appeared in the lioness, who was furious at the death of her mate; but the general again fired, and wounded her so severely, that she retreated into the thicket; having loaded his rifle, he traced her to her den, and quickly gave the *coup de grace*. In the den were found a pair of beautiful cubs, male and female, about three days old. These the general brought away with him, and fed them by means of a goat, who was prevailed on to act as their foster-mother. They were brought to England and placed in the Tower, where both attained maturity, the lion being long known by the name of "George." He was the gentlest creature imaginable, allowing himself to be treated with the greatest familiarity by the keepers and those with whom he was acquainted: the lioness was not quite so manageable. On one occasion, when nearly full grown, she had been suffered, through inadvertence, to leave her den, when she was by no means in good temper. The under-keeper, however, alone, and armed only with a stick, had the boldness to undertake to drive her back. It was a service of no ordinary peril, for she actually made three springs at him, which he was fortunate enough to avoid; and by a bold front and determined bearing, he eventually succeeded in lodging her in her place of confinement. "George" was afterwards removed to the Zoological Gardens, but did not long survive the change of quarters.

The instinct which renders the protection of the young paramount to every other consideration, is strongly evinced in the lion tribe, and of this an interesting example is narrated by Mr. Cumming. One day, when out elephant-hunting, accompanied by two hun-

dred and fifty men, he was astonished suddenly to behold a majestic lion slowly and steadily advancing towards the party with a dignified step and undaunted bearing, the most noble and imposing that can be conceived; lashing his tail from side to side and growling haughtily, his eyes glaring, and his teeth displayed, as he approached; the two hundred and fifty valiant men immediately took to their heels in headlong flight, and, in the confusion, four couples of dogs which they had been leading for the sportsman were allowed to escape in their couples. These instantly faced the lion, who, finding that by his bold bearing he had succeeded in putting his enemies to flight, now became solicitous for the safety of his little family with which the lioness was retreating in the background. Facing about, he followed after them with a haughty and independent step, growling fiercely at the dogs which trotted along on either side of him. Having elephants in view, the sportsman, with "heartfelt reluctance," reserved his fire, and we think that most of our readers will rejoice with us that this gallant and devoted lion was permitted to escape scot free. It would be a subject not unworthy of Landseer, this "retreat of the Leonidæ." The mother leading away the young, the noble father covering the rear, and the bold two hundred and fifty warriors in hot flight, dotting the ground in the distance. Another instance of the magnanimous conduct of the lion, is related in the case of a Boer, who might well have exclaimed, "Heaven defend me from my friends!" A party of Boers were out lion-hunting, when one of them, who had dismounted from his horse to get a steady shot at the lion, was dashed to the ground by him before he could regain his saddle; the lion, however, did not attempt to injure him further, but stood quietly over him lashing his tail and growling at the rest of the party, who had galloped to a distance in violent consternation. These fine fellows, instead of coming to the rescue of their comrade, opened their fire at an immense distance, the consequence of which was, that they missed the lion, and shot the man dead on the spot! The lion presently retreated, and none daring to follow him, he made good his escape.

Diederik Müller, who, next to Mr. Cumming, ranks as one of the most intrepid and successful lion-hunters in South Africa, came suddenly on a lion, who at once assumed an aspect of defiance. Diederik instantly alighted (for the Boers do not seem to be in the habit of firing from a horse's back), and took deliberate aim with his rifle or roer at the forehead of the lion, who was couched in the act of springing, but at the moment the trigger was drawn the hunter's horse started and caused him to miss his aim. The lion bounded forward, but stopped within a few paces, confronting Diederik. The man and the lion stood looking each other in the face for some minutes, and at length the lion moved backwards as if to go away. Diederik began to load his gun, the lion looked over his shoulder, gave a deep growl, and returned. Diederik stood still. The lion again moved cautiously off, and the Boer proceeded to ram down his bullet. Again did the lion look back and growl angrily; and this was repeated until the animal had got off to some distance, when he took to his heels and bounded away.

We might bring forward many other instances of the forbearance of lions, who certainly seem to possess a large amount of what may

be termed generosity. If fairly attacked, they will fight it out; but, unless impelled by hunger, there is ample evidence to show that they are slow to destroy. They are also capable of strong attachment, differing in both these respects from the tiger, who is faithless, crafty, and sanguinary. With reference to the generosity of the lion, an important point turns upon the line of conduct to be pursued if a person happens to come in collision with an animal of that species, or with one of the dog tribe. With the lion, perfect quiet affords the best chance of escape. With the dog, on the contrary, resistance à l'outrance is necessary—it must be “death to the knife” with him—for if he overcomes his opponent, he will not cease to worry and tear so long as life exists. Some years ago, when in Lisbon, we made a short cut one night, and passing by a ruined convent which had been destroyed in the great earthquake, we suddenly came upon a pack of the savage half wild dogs with which that city, like Constantinople, is infested. They are the scavengers of the place, invisible during the day, but when night falls, coming out of their lurking-places and prowling in packs, disputing with the rats the offal which the idle inhabitants throw into the streets in abundance; cowards though they are singly, they are formidable in numbers, especially to solitary passengers. There were a dozen or so in the pack the writer disturbed, whilst greedily devouring some garbage, and they at once made at him. There was nothing for it but defence, so placing his back against the wall, and twisting his cloak around his left arm, a sweeping stroke with a formidable stick drove them back a few paces. Their leader was a mangy old brute with one ear, and scarred in many a fight, and it was clear that the greatest danger lay in that quarter. A sharp eye was kept on him, and every time he attempted to spring he was beaten back with a blow on the nose; the others meanwhile ramping and raging in a semicircle just out of reach of the stick. This exciting amusement continued about five minutes, when fortunately a picket of soldiers turned the corner, and the curs at once fled howling. This was the first and last short cut attempted by the writer in that interesting but unclean city.

Though the Lion is considerably under four feet in height, he has no difficulty in overcoming the most lofty and powerful giraffe, whose head towers above the trees, and whose skin is nearly an inch in thickness. He also, when his teeth are unbroken, generally proves a match for an old bull buffalo, which in size, strength, and fierceness, far surpasses the largest European cattle. A lion having carried off a heifer of two years old, was tracked for full five hours by a party on horseback, and throughout the whole distance the carcass of the heifer was only discovered to have touched the ground twice.

The lion of South Africa is, in all respects, more formidable than the lion of India; in colour it is darker, and of greater strength, the mane, the characteristic of the male, appears about the third year; at first it is of a yellowish colour, in the prime of life nearly black, then, as he becomes aged and decrepit, it assumes a yellowish grey, or pepper-and-salt colour. The manes and coats of lions frequenting plains are richer and more bushy than those of their brethren of the forest. If the lion is thirsty he stretches out his massive arms, lies down on his breast, and in drinking makes a loud

lapping noise, pausing occasionally for breath ; the tongue curls the contrary way to that of the dog during drinking.

Visitors to the Zoological Gardens cannot fail to have remarked, near the den of the Polar bears (we may now speak in the plural, for a fine and very sociable male of this species has just been added to the collection), the elegant grey *Pumas* lounging on the branches in their den, or gambolling with most graceful action. These are the representatives of the lion tribe in the New World. They have a wide geographical range, being found from the equatorial forests as far south as the cold latitudes of Terra del Fuego. In La Plata the puma chiefly preys on deer, ostriches, and small quadrupeds, and is never dangerous to man ; but in Chili it destroys horses and men. It is asserted that it always kills its prey by springing on the shoulders and then drawing back the head with one of the paws till the neck is dislocated. Although excellent climbers, these creatures are often captured with the lasso by the guachos. At Tandee as many as one hundred have been destroyed in three months. In Chili they are more frequently driven into trees and there shot. The puma is an exceedingly crafty animal ; when pursued often doubling, and then suddenly making a powerful spring on one side, it waits till its pursuers have passed by. The flesh is eaten, and Mr. Charles Darwin gives in his Journal an amusing account of an epicurean surprise he encountered on the Rio Tapalguen. "At supper, from something which was said, I was suddenly struck with horror at thinking I was eating one of the favourite dishes of the country, namely, a half-formed calf, long before its proper time of birth. It turned out to be puma. The meat is very white, and remarkably like veal in taste. Dr. Shaw was laughed at for stating that the flesh of lion is in great esteem, having no small affinity with veal, both in colour, taste, and flavour. Such certainly is the case with the puma. The guachos differ in opinion whether the jaguar is good eating, but are unanimous in saying that *cat* is excellent."

Although easily tamed if captured when young, the puma is exceedingly blood-thirsty and ferocious with its prey. Of this, Major, now Colonel H. Smith, witnessed an extraordinary instance. A puma which had been taken, and was confined, was ordered to be shot, and was so, immediately after it had received its food. The first ball went through its body, but the only notice the animal took was by a shrill growl, redoubling his efforts to devour his food, which he continued to swallow with quantities of his own blood, till a better directed shot laid him dead.

Those who enjoyed the society of the celebrated Edmund Kean, will remember his tame puma. This fine creature was so docile and gentle that it was often introduced to the company in his drawing-room. He was capable of strong attachment, and would lie down on his back between the feet of those he liked, and play with their garments like a huge kitten. He especially delighted in leaping and swinging about the joists of a large unoccupied room in the old College at Edinburgh. During his voyage to England, this puma was on terms of intimacy with several monkeys, but a goat or a fowl was utterly irresistible. A spring, and a blow with his powerful paw, and all was over ! One night, whilst in London, it made its escape into the street, but allowed itself to be taken into custody

by a watchman, without even a show of resistance, trotting along by his side in the most amicable manner. After the death of this fine fellow, it was discovered that a musket-ball had injured the skull, a circumstance not known during its lifetime.

When the Zoological Gardens were first established, it was considered that those animals which were natives of the Tropics required warmth, and they were, therefore, kept in close and heated rooms. The mortality was excessive, as must always be the case with animals and human beings, when densely packed in ill-ventilated dwellings; on just grounds, therefore, it was decided to try the effect of abundance of fresh air. This has answered beyond expectation, the carnivora and monkeys (among whom was the greatest mortality), having since enjoyed excellent health, and being perfectly indifferent to cold. In their roomy dens there are large branches of trees, which, by inducing the animals to take exercise, have been found very beneficial. The daily allowance of food for the larger carnivora is about seven pounds of meat and bone, but the young lions are fed on rabbits: when at Cairo, fowls constituted their chief food. A good supply of water, perfect cleanliness, thorough ventilation, and careful drainage, are points especially attended to, and it would be difficult to find animals in confinement more healthy, or apparently more happy, than those which constitute the interesting collection in the Regent's Park.

SACRED STANZAS. — LATINÆ REDDITA.

Ut caleat Phœbus, curru flamante coruscus ; *

Ut Phœbe niveis conspiciatur equis

Clara per obscuras (nequeo numerare) tenebras

Sidera ut emineant quis facit ? Ipse Deus !

Cum terrâ, quæ terra tenet, quis cuncta creavit ?

Fert rores sicco quis pluviasque solo ?

En, campos inter viridesque errare recessus

Milia quadrupedum qua facit ? Ipse Deus !

Quis maris immensæ potius est compescere fluctus,

Nec sinit è fixis finibus ire sinus ?

Quis tot serpere humi sinuoso animalia flexu,

Tot nare oceanum quis facit ? Ipse Deus !

Arte sua quis finxit aves, et inanità cœli

Præpotibus pennis pervolare dedit ?

Piacibus unde cibi satius alitibusque ferisque ?

Ne mihi quid desit quis cavet ? Ipse Deus !

Quis nobis vitamque dedit dulcemque salutem,

Addidit et largâ dona benigna manu ?

Unde anima ? utque leves, adventu mortis, in auras

It rubitô, hanc ad se quis vocat ? Ipse Deus !

Non interrupti præbet quis munera somni,

Fessa soporifero membra levante toro ?

Quis mihi (et o meritis si possem exsolvere grates !)

Semper adest, semper protegit ? Ipse Deus !

Quicquid agam, dicam, quis scit, sensusque latentes

Perpicit, et taciti pectoris ima videt ?

Vel veniente die, vel sero vespere, supplex

Ut precor, aure preces quis capit ? Ipse Deus !

W.H.

* " Who gave the sun its warmth and light ? " &c.

THE DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE WORLD.

BY PROFESSOR CREASY.

"Those few battles of which a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world in all its subsequent scenes."—HALLAM.

MARATHON.—THE DEFEAT OF THE ATHENIANS AT SYRACUSE.—ARRELA
—THE METABURUS.—ARMINIUS'S VICTORY OVER VARUS.—CHALONS.
—TOURS.—THE DEFEAT OF THE ARMADA.—PULTAWA.—SARATOGA.
—VALMI.—WATERLOO.

NO. VIII.—DEFEAT OF THE ARMADA, A. D. 1588.

"In that memorable year, when the dark cloud gathered round our coasts, when Europe stood by in fearful suspense to behold what should be the result of that great cast in the game of human politics, what the craft of Rome, the power of Philip, the genius of Farnese could achieve against the island queen, with her Drakes and Cecils,—in that agony of the Protestant faith and English name"

HALLAM, *Const. Hist.* vol. i. p. 220.

ON the afternoon of the 19th of July, A. D. 1588, a group of English captains were collected at the Bowling Green on the Hoe at Plymouth, whose equals have never before or since been brought together, even at that favourite mustering place of the heroes of the British navy. There was Sir Francis Drake, the first English circumnavigator of the globe, the terror of every Spanish coast in the Old World and the New; there was Sir John Hawkins, the rough veteran of many a daring voyage on the African and American seas, and of many a desperate battle; there was Sir Martin Frobisher, one of the earliest explorers of the Arctic seas, in search of that North-West Passage, which is still the darling object of England's boldest mariners. There was the High-Admiral of England, Lord Howard of Effingham, prodigal of all things in his country's cause, and who had recently had the noble daring to refuse to dismantle part of the fleet, though the Queen had sent him orders to do so, in consequence of an exaggerated report, that the enemy had been driven back and shattered by a storm. Lord Howard (whom contemporary writers describe as being of a wise and noble courage, skilful in sea matters, wary and provident, and of great esteem among the sailors) resolved to risk his sovereign's anger, and to keep the ships afloat at his own charge, rather than that England should run the peril of losing their protection.

Another of our Elizabethan sea-kings, Sir Walter Raleigh, was at that time commissioned to raise and equip the land-forces of Cornwall: but we may well believe that he must have availed himself of the opportunity of consulting with the Lord-Admiral and the other high officers, which was offered by the English fleet putting into Plymouth; and we may look on Raleigh as one of the group that was assembled at the Bowling Green on the Hoe. Many other brave men and skilful mariners, besides the chiefs whose names have been mentioned, were there, enjoying, with true sailor-like merriment, their temporary relaxation from duty. In the harbour lay the English fleet with which they had just returned from a cruise to Corunna in search of information respecting the real condition and movements of the hostile Armada.

Lord Howard had ascertained that our enemies, though tempest-tost, were still formidably strong; and fearing that part of their fleet might make for England in his absence, he had hurried back to the Devonshire coast. He resumed his station at Plymouth, and waited there for certain tidings of the Spaniard's approach.

A match at bowls was being played, in which Drake and others of the high officers of the fleet were engaged, when a small armed vessel was seen running before the wind into Plymouth harbour, with all sails set. Her commander landed in haste, and eagerly sought the place where the English Lord-Admiral and his captains were standing. His name was Fleming, he was the master of a Scotch privateer, and he told the English officers that he had that morning seen the Spanish Armada off the Cornish coast. At this exciting information the captains began to hurry down to the water, and there was a shouting for the ships' boats; but Drake coolly checked his comrades, and insisted that the match should be played out. He said that there was plenty of time both to win the game and beat the Spaniards. The best and bravest match that ever was scored, was resumed accordingly. Drake and his friends aimed their last bowls with the same steady calculating coolness, with which they were about to point their guns. The winning cast was made: and then they went on board, and prepared for action with their hearts as light, and their nerves as firm as they had been on the Hoc Bowling Green.

Meanwhile the messengers and signals had been despatched fast and far through England, to warn each town and village that the enemy had come at last. In every sea-port there was instant making ready by land and by sea; in every shire and every city there was instant mustering of horse and man.* But England's best defence then, as ever, was in her fleet; and after warping laboriously out of Plymouth harbour against the wind, the Lord-Admiral stood westward under easy sail, keeping an anxious look-out for the Armada, the approach of which was soon confirmed by Cornish fisher boats, and signals from the Cornish cliffs.

The England of our own days is so strong, and the Spain of our own days is so feeble, that it is not easy, without some reflection and care, to comprehend the full extent of the peril which England then ran from the power and the ambition of Spain, or to appreciate the importance of that crisis in the History of the World. We had then no Indian or Colonial Empire, save the feeble germs of our North American settlements which Raleigh and Gilbert had recently planted. Scotland was a separate kingdom; and Ireland was then even a greater source of weakness, and a worse nest of rebellion than she has been in after times. Queen Elizabeth had found at her accession an incumbered revenue; a divided people; and an unsuccessful foreign war, in which the last remnant of our possessions in France had been lost; she had also a formidable pretender to her crown, whose interests were favoured by all the Roman Catholic powers; and even some of her subjects were warped by religious bigotry to deny her title, and to look

* In Macaulay's Ballad on the Spanish Armada, the transmission of the tidings of the Armada's approach, and the arming of the English nation are magnificently described. The progress of the fire-signals is depicted in lines which are worthy of comparison with the renowned passage in the *Agamemnon*, which describes the transmission of the beacon-light announcing the fall of Troy from Mount Ith to Argos.

on her as an heretical usurper. It is true that during the years of her reign which had passed away before the attempted invasion of 1588, she had revived the commercial prosperity, the national spirit, and the national loyalty of England. But her resources to cope with the colossal power of Philip II. still seemed most scanty; and she had not a single foreign ally, except the Dutch, who were themselves struggling hard, and as it seemed, hopelessly, to maintain their revolt against Spain.

On the other hand, Philip II. was absolute master of an empire so superior to the other states of the world in extent, in resources, and especially in military and naval forces, as to make the project of enlarging that empire into a universal monarchy seem a perfectly feasible scheme; and Philip had both the ambition to form that project, and the resolution to devote all his energies, and all his means to its realization. Since the downfall of the Roman empire no such preponderating power had existed in the world. During the mediæval centuries the chief European kingdoms were slowly moulding themselves out of the feudal chaos. And, though their wars with each other were numerous and desperate, and several of their respective kings figured for a time as mighty conquerors, none of them in those times acquired the consistency and perfect organization, which are requisite for a long sustained career of aggrandizement. After the consolidation of the great kingdoms they for some time kept each other in mutual check. During the first half of the sixteenth century the balancing system was successfully practised by European statesmen. But when Philip II. reigned, France had become so miserably weak through her civil wars, that he had nothing to dread from the rival state, which had so long curbed his father, the Emperor Charles V. In Germany, Italy, and Poland he had either zealous friends and dependents, or weak and divided enemies. Against the Turks he had gained great and glorious successes; and he might look round the continent of Europe without discerning a single antagonist of whom he could stand in awe. Spain, when he acceded to the throne, was at the zenith of her power. The hardihood and spirit which the Aragonese, the Castilians, and the other nations of the peninsula had acquired during centuries of free institutions and successful war against the Moors, had not yet become obliterated. Charles V. had, indeed, destroyed the liberties of Spain, but that had been done too recently for its full evil to be felt in Philip's time. A people cannot be debased in a single generation: and the Spaniards under Charles V. and Philip II. proved the truth of the remark that no nation is ever so formidable to its neighbours for a time, as a nation, which, after being trained up in self-government, passes suddenly under a despotic ruler. The energy of democratic institutions survives for a few generations, and to it are superadded the decision and certainty which are the attributes of government, when all its powers are directed by a single mind. It is true that this preternatural vigour is short-lived; national corruption and debasement gradually follow the loss of the national liberties; but there is an interval before their workings are felt, and in that interval the most ambitious schemes of foreign conquest are often successfully undertaken.

Philip had also the advantage of finding himself at the head of a large standing-army, in a perfect state of discipline and equipment in an age when, except some few insignificant corps, standing armies were

unknown in Christendom. The renown of the Spanish troops was justly high, and the infantry in particular was considered the best in the world. His fleet, also, was far more numerous, and better appointed, than that of any other European power; and both his soldiers and his sailors had the confidence in themselves and their commanders, which a long career of successful warfare alone can create.

Besides the Spanish crown, Philip succeeded to the kingdom of Naples and Sicily, the Duchy of Milan, Franche-Comté, and the Netherlands. In Africa he possessed Tunis, Oran, the Cape Verd, and the Canary Islands; and in Asia, the Philippine and Sunda Islands, and a part of the Moluccas. Beyond the Atlantic he was lord of the most splendid portions of the New World, which Columbus found for Castille and Leon. The empires of Peru and Mexico, New Spain, and Chili, with their abundant mines of the precious metals, Hispaniola and Cuba, and many other of the American islands, were provinces of the sovereign of Spain.

Philip had, indeed, experienced the mortification of seeing the inhabitants of the Netherlands revolt against his authority, nor could he succeed in bringing back beneath the Spanish sceptre all the possessions which his father had bequeathed to him. But he had reconquered a large number of the towns and districts that originally took up arms against him. Belgium was brought more thoroughly into implicit obedience to Spain than she had been before her insurrection, and it was only Holland and the six other Northern States that still held out against his arms. The contest had also formed a compact and veteran army on Philip's side, which, under his great general, the Duke of Parma, had been trained to act together under all difficulties and all vicissitudes of warfare; and on whose steadiness and loyalty perfect reliance might be placed throughout any enterprise, however difficult and tedious. Alexander Farnese, Duke of Parma, Captain-General of the Spanish armies, and Governor of the Spanish possessions in the Netherlands was beyond all comparison the greatest military genius of his age. He was also highly distinguished for political wisdom and sagacity, and for his great administrative talents. He was idolized by his troops, whose affections he knew how to win without relaxing their discipline or diminishing his own authority. Pre-eminently cool and circumspect in his plans, but swift and energetic when the moment arrived for striking a decisive blow, neglecting no risk that caution could provide against, conciliating even the populations of the districts which he attacked, by his scrupulous good faith, his moderation, and his address, Farnese was one of the most formidable generals that ever could be placed at the head of an army designed not only to win battles but to effect conquests. Happy is it for England and the world that this island was saved from becoming an arena for the exhibition of his powers.

Whatever diminution the Spanish empire might have sustained in the Netherlands seemed to be more than compensated by the acquisition of Portugal, which Philip had completely conquered in 1580. Not only that ancient kingdom itself, but all the fruits of the maritime enterprises of the Portuguese had fallen into Philip's hands. All the Portuguese colonies in America, Africa, and the East Indies, acknowledged the sovereignty of the King of Spain, who thus not only united the whole Iberian Peninsula under his single sceptre, but acquired a transmarine empire, little inferior in wealth and extent to

that which he had inherited at his accession. The splendid victory which his fleet, in conjunction, with the Papal and Venetian galleys, had gained at Lepanto over the Turks, had deservedly exalted the fame of the Spanish marine throughout Christendom, and when Philip had reigned thirty-five years, the vigour of his empire seemed unbroken, and the glory of the Spanish arms had increased and was increasing throughout the world.

One nation only had been his active, his persevering, and his successful foe. England had encouraged his revolted subjects in Flanders against him, and given them the aid in men and money, without which they must soon have been humbled in the dust. English ships had plundered his colonies; had defied his supremacy in the New World, as well as the Old; they had inflicted ignominious defeats on his squadrons; they had captured his cities, and burned his arsenals on the very coasts of Spain. The English had made Philip himself the object of personal insult. He was held up to ridicule in their stage plays and masks, and these scoffs at the man had (as is not unusual in such cases) excited the anger of the absolute King, even more vehemently than the injuries inflicted on his power.* Personal as well as political revenge urged him to attack England. Were she once subdued, the Dutch must submit; France could not cope with him, the empire would not oppose him; and universal dominion seemed sure to be the result of the conquest of that malignant island.

There was yet another and a stronger feeling which armed King Philip against England. He was one of the sincerest and one of the sternest bigots of his age. He looked on himself, and was looked on by others, as the appointed champion to extirpate heresy and re-establish the papal power throughout Europe. A powerful re-action against Protestantism had taken place since the commencement of the second half of the sixteenth century, and he viewed himself as destined to complete it. The Reformed doctrines had been thoroughly rooted out from Italy and Spain. Belgium, which had previously been half Protestant, had been reconquered both in allegiance and creed by Philip, and had become one of the most Catholic countries in the world. Half Germany had been won back to the old faith. In Savoy, in Switzerland, and many other countries the progress of the counter-Reformation had been rapid and decisive. The Catholic League seemed victorious in France; and the Papacy itself had shaken off the supineness of recent centuries, and, at the head of the Jesuits and the other new ecclesiastical orders, was displaying a vigour and a boldness worthy of the days of Hildebrand, or Innocent III.

Throughout continental Europe the Protestants, discomfited and dismayed, looked to England as their protector and refuge. England was the acknowledged central point of Protestant power and policy; and to conquer England was to stab Protestantism to the very heart. Sixtus the Fifth, the then reigning Pope, earnestly exhorted Philip to this enterprise. And when the tidings reached Italy and Spain that the Protestant Queen of England had put to death her Catholic prisoner, Mary Queen of Scots, the fury of the Vatican and Escurial knew no bounds. Elizabeth was denounced as the murderous heretic whose destruction was an instant duty. A formal treaty was concluded (in June, 1587) by which the Pope bound himself to contribute a million of scudi towards the expenses of the war; the money to be

* See Ranke's *Hist. Popes*, vol. 2, p. 170.

paid as soon as the King had actual possession of an English port. Philip, on his part, strained the resources of his vast empire to the utmost. The French Catholic chiefs eagerly co-operated with him. In the seaports of the Mediterranean, and along almost the whole coast from Gibraltar to Jutland, the preparations for the great armament were urged forward with all the earnestness of religious zeal, as well as of angry ambition.—“Thus,” says the German historian of the Popes.*—“Thus did the united powers of Italy and Spain, from which such mighty influences had gone forth over the whole world, now rouse themselves for an attack upon England! The King had already compiled, from the Archives of Simancas, a statement of the claims which he had to the throne of that country on the extinction of the Stuart line; the most brilliant prospects, especially that of an universal dominion of the seas, were associated in his mind with this enterprise. Everything seemed to conspire to such end; the predominancy of Catholicism in Germany, the renewed attack upon the Huguenots in France, the attempt upon Geneva, and the enterprise against England. At the same moment a thoroughly Catholic prince, Sigismund III., ascended the throne of Poland, with the prospect also of future succession to the throne of Sweden. But whenever any principle of power, be it what it may, aims at unlimited supremacy in Europe, some vigorous resistance to it, having its origin in the deepest springs of human nature, invariably arises. Philip II. had to encounter newly-awakened powers, braced by the vigour of youth, and elevated by a sense of their future destiny. The intrepid Conart, who had rendered every sea insecure, now clustered round the coasts of their native island. The Protestants in a body,—even the Puritans, although they had been subjected to as severe oppressions as the Catholics,—rallied round their Queen, who now gave admirable proof of her masculine courage, and her princely talent of winning the affections, and leading the minds, and preserving the allegiance of men.”

Ranke should have added that the English Catholics at this crisis proved themselves as loyal to their Queen, and true to their country, as were the most vehement anti-Catholic zealots in the island. Some few traitors there were; but as a body, the Englishmen who held the ancient faith, stood the trial of their patriotism nobly. The Lord Admiral himself was a Catholic, and (to adopt the words of Hallam) then “it was that the Catholics in every county repaired to the standard of the Lord-Lieutenant, imploring that they might not be suspected of bartering the national independence for their religion itself.” The Spaniard found no partisans in the country which he assailed, nor did England, self-wounded,

“Lie at the proud foot of her enemy.”

No English reader can require a repeated description of our lion-hearted Queen's demeanour, how she rode among her troops, “full of princely resolution, and more than feminine courage.” The memorable words with which she encouraged the hearts of her captains and soldiers, are familiar to us all as household words. The spirit of the nation was worthy of that of its sovereign, and if the enemy had landed we may be sure that he would have been heroically opposed. But history shows us so many examples of the superiority of veteran troops over new levies, however numerous and brave, that without disparaging our

* Ranke, vol. 2, p. 172.

countrymen's soldierly merits, we may well be thankful that no trial of them was then made on English land. Especially must we feel this, when we contrast the high military genius of the Duke of Parma, who would have headed the Spaniards, with the imbecility of the Earl of Leicester, to whom the Queen's most deplorable favouritism had then committed the chief command of the English armies.

"The most fortunate and invincible Armada," as the Spaniards in the confidence of their hearts, termed their great fleet, set sail from the Tagus on the 19th of May 1588. It consisted, according to the official returns, of 130 ships, carrying 2630 guns, having on board nearly 20,000 soldiers, and manned by more than 10,000 mariners and galley-slaves. The chief reliance of the Spaniards for a sea-fight was on forty-five galleasses "and galleons of unusual size and strength. The orders of the Spanish Admiral, the Duc de Medina Sidonia, were to sail through the Channel, without seeking an action with the English fleet, to Calais, where the Duke of Parma with his flotilla was to join him. He was then to escort the Duke and his army to England, and to land also the troops that were on board his own ships. The Duke of Parma had, in the meanwhile, collected a squadron of war ships at Dunkirk, and had with almost incredible toil and skill prepared transports for his army, and all munition "and necessary provision for the war." As Napoleon afterwards waited with his army and flotilla at Boulogne, waiting for Villeneuve to drive away the English cruisers, and secure him a passage across the Channel, so Parma waited for Medina Sidonia to drive away the Dutch and English squadrons that watched his flotilla, and to enable his veterans to cross the sea to the land that they were to conquer. Thanks to Providence, in each case England's enemy waited in vain!

A storm drove the Armada back with some loss to Corunna, but on the 12th of July it sailed again completely refitted. On the 19th, the intended invaders first saw the English coast, and on the 20th, they encountered the first division of the English fleet.

The total amount of ships which the Queen's government and the patriotic zeal of volunteers had collected for the defence of England, was a little under two hundred. But though the number of sail was greater than that of the Spanish, the English ships were far inferior in size, their tonnage being less by half than that of the enemy. There were a few large vessels that approached the size of the Spanish first-class ships, but the great majority of the English vessels were small in size, though more manageable, and better sailers than the Spaniards. The Dutch readily sent an auxiliary squadron of sixty sail: but it was necessary for the English Admiral to subdivide his forces; and Lord Henry Seymour, with forty ships, Dutch and English, was employed in blockading the hostile ports in Flanders, and in preventing the Duke of Parma from coming out to join the Armada.

On the 20th of July Lord Easingham came in sight of his formidable

* The common ship of war in the Spanish fleet, was the galley, such as was generally used in the Mediterranean. The galley pulled oars, as well as using masts and sails, and carried cannon on her prow and stern. The galleass was a third broader and larger than the galley. Besides its sails, it used large oars, each of which was worked by several rowers. Its batteries were more powerful than those of the galley. The galleon was the largest class vessel of all, having a regular broadside of cannon, and mounting very heavy guns at its enormously elevated poop and forecastle.

adversaries. The Armada is described by Camden as having appeared "with lofty turrets, like castles, in form like a half-moon, the wings thereof spreading out about the length of seven miles, sailing very slowly, though with full sails." The English let the leviathans pass by, and then with a fore right wind chased them in the rear, and kept up a running fight along the Channel. The details of the woe of engagements that ensued, are too familiar to every reader of English history to justify recapitulation. Some of the best ships of the Spaniards were captured; many more received heavy damage; while the English vessels, which took care not to close with their huge antagonists, but availed themselves of their superior celerity in tacking and manœuvring, suffered little comparative loss. Each day added not only to the spirit, but to the number of Effingham's force. Raleigh, Oxford, Cumberland, and Sheffield had now joined him; and "the gentlemen of England hired ships from all parts at their own charge, and with one accord came flocking thither as to a set field, where glory was to be attained, and faithful service performed unto their Prince and their country." Still, the Spaniards, unbroken though sorely distressed, held on along the Channel, and on the 27th came to anchor off Calais. But Parma's flotilla could not meet them there; he and his force were blockaded in Dunkirk; and the English ships, which it was supposed would have been scared from the seas by the Armada, were hovering around, ready, like birds of prey, to pounce on the first Flemish or Spanish vessel that should leave the shelter of the coast. For a time the Spanish fleet, moored off Calais, with its largest vessels, like a line of fortifications outside, seemed to defy attack. But at last, on the night before the 29th of that memorable July, by the bold and skilful employment of fire-ships, the English Admiral drove them from their moorings, and cut them off from Calais roads. A battle followed, in which, as one of the English captains (Lord Monmouth) described it, "we had a glorious day of them, continuing fight from four o'clock in the morning till five or six at night." Many of the largest Spanish ships were sunk or captured in the action of this day. And at length the Spanish Admiral, despairing of success, fled northward with a southerly wind, in the hope of rounding Scotland, and so returning to Spain without a farther encounter with the English fleet. Lord Effingham left a squadron to continue the blockade of the Duke of Parma's armament; but that wise general soon withdrew his troops to more promising fields of action. Meanwhile the Lord Admiral himself, and Drake, chased the vincible Armada, as it was now termed, for some distance northward; and then, when they seemed to bend away from the Scotch coast towards Norway, it was thought best, in the words of Drake, "to leave them to those boisterous and uncouth northern seas."

The sufferings and losses which the unhappy Spaniards sustained in their flight round Scotland and Ireland, are well known. Of their whole Armada only fifty-three shattered vessels brought back their beaten and wasted crews to the Spanish coast which they had quitted in such pageantry and pride.

Some passages from the dispatches, written by Drake during the struggle, have been already quoted; and the most spirited description of the defeat of the Armada which ever was penned, may perhaps be taken from the letter which our brave Vice-Admiral wrote in answer to some lying stories by which the Spaniards strove to hide their shame.

THE PRINCE OF ZOOLOO.

BY ABRAHAM ELDER,
AUTHOR OF "THE LUCKY GROCER."

SAMUEL SIMS, Grocer of Long Lane, Barbican, was in the due course of time gathered to his fathers, and Samuel, his son, retailed bacon and herrings in his stead. Now Samuel, having at a former period of his life tasted of affluence, was discontented with the penny and halfpenny profits of his retail trade.

While in this temper of mind an intimate friend of his, Benjamin Hyam, known among his particular friends by the name of Blue Benjamin, called upon him.

"Such a go!" said Blue Ben, as he entered Sims's room, throwing his hat upon the table, "such a chance as never *was* seen. Young smart fellows, like you and I, could make our fortunes in a crack—come home again—smoke cigars—drink sherry cobbler—wine—Vauxhall—Cremorne firs—drive our gig—Sider Sellars; every sort and kind of fun for the rest of our lives. Think of that, Samuel."

Here he stopped to take breath.

"I say Blue," replied his friend, "you'r a rum chap, very. What 's it all about?"

"You know Mr. Capper, dont you?"

"Oh! him in the Ingy trade, got a brother at the Cape."

"The very same, I'll tell you what, Capper is a regular trump. Lookye here, his brother at the Cape writes home that two Indian officers went up into the interior of the country a sporting with a big waggon to carry their traps. They came into the country of a Nigger King. There they found droves of elephants, hundreds and hundreds of them as tame as pigs—one ball between the eyes kills them—the greatest bother is a knocking the ivory teeth out of their jaws; and then there are bostriges a walking about like haru-door fowls, with such grand white plumes a sticking to their hinder parts."

"And what do they have to give to the Nigger King? I suppose he'll have a share."

"Oh! they just fobs him off with coloured beads and a little Irish snuff. He is very well pleased with it."

"Now Capper wants a few smart young men, who have got a little money of their own to go out with him. How this place stinks of herring and tallow! Come along to Capper's!"

Samuel did go, and enrolled himself—let his shop, sold his stock, and invested part of his money in glass beads and Irish snuff.

The expedition sailed from the Thames in the good ship "Orontes," and arrived safely at the Cape, and the party then re-embarked in a small ketch for Algoa. Samuel thus describes his voyage:—"Ship very small—bobbed about a precious deal—smell of bilge water, worse than the smell of the shop—wind blew arder—waves grew igher—tossed about like a pea in a child's rattle—very sick—rolled in it—sick again—rolled over again ever so many times—tried to go on deck—fund we was nailed down. Captain told us arterwards, that was what they called battened—quite a customary thing—did not know at the time that it

was customary, so I 'ollered. Blue Ben laught, he'd been at sea afore; but Capper, who was captain of our expedition, could not laugh cause he was sick."

After nearly foundering at sea, and narrowly escaping being wrecked on a rocky island, they at length were landed in Algoa Bay. The boat, however, in which Sammy left the ketch was unfortunately upset in the surf on the shore, and Sammy was fished out with great difficulty. He lay senseless on the ground for some time, but, after throwing up a considerable quantity of salt water, he came a little to himself; when Blue Benjamin patted him on the back, and asked him what he thought of it? Sammy muttered something indistinctly, of which the only syllable that was heard distinctly was "ome," which Blue Benjamin considered to have a reference to his former shop in Long Lane. But when a half-drowned man does not die, he soon comes round again: so the next day Sammy was very busy cleaning his guns, and recounting the feats that he intended to perform, in shooting ostriches and hunting elephants. Meanwhile Captain Capper was engaged in purchasing three long waggons, with six oxen for each waggon, and a few spare ones for contingencies, together with about a dozen horses. In addition to these Sammy and the other heroes purchased each of them a private charger.

While these arrangements were being made, which occasioned considerable delay, the time was made good use of by Sammy in practising with his gun and rifle upon little birds or dead marks, or riding out upon his new horse, attended by his dog Tip: perfectly satisfied that he was now one of the chief lords of the creation. At night, Sammy, Blue Ben, and some other choico spirits kept it up with brandy-punch and metropolitan songs.

At length the expedition started in good earnest on their road to Graham's town, if such an expression can be used where there are no roads.

There were three waggons, two driven by Hottentots, and one by a Dutch boer, each drawn by six oxen, besides cavalry and loose oxen. On the second day the expedition was brought to a standstill for many hours, and its chance of success nearly ruined by Sammy's insisting upon driving one of these six-in-hands, and upsetting the waggon into a deep hollow. It was, however, patched up again, and the broken articles thrown away. Captain Capper vowed he would turn Sammy adrift in the desert if he ever acted the part of coachy again.

At length they began to ascend the Zwartkop mountain, very steep and difficult amidst thousands of aloes in full bloom. "Such noseays as never was seen," was Sammy's entry in his journal. At length they arrived at Quagga's flat; here for the first time they saw a few springbucks, which were too wild to allow themselves to be approached.

The next day three ostriches were descried in the distance.

"There they go, by Jingo," said Blue Ben.

"Let's you and I go and catch em," said Sammy, and putting a bundle of string into their pockets to tie up the feathers with, they rode after them.

After some hours they returned, Sammy, with his horse quite done up, his temper ruffled, and the string that was to have tied up the ostrich feathers hanging out of his pocket.

"A regular do, this Captain Capper," said Sammy very crossly.

"A dol! I should say that your horse was quite done."

"Ay, a nice kettle of fish you've made of my ox, Captain Capper, with your stories about bostriges, them 's as wild as awks."

"I am not answerable for anything that is done without my orders," said the Captain, dryly.

The next day Captain Capper killed two spring-bucks, and the knight-errants feasted upon venison.

Two days after this they arrived at the farm of Mynheer de Klerk, a Dutch boer, where they were hospitably received, and stopped a day to rest their cattle and enjoy the pastime of guinea-fowl shooting; the birds were found in abundance among the long grass and bush; when flushed they rose whirring like pheasants high above the tops of the trees. Sammy was now in good humour again. "Jolly fun this—pop, pop, pop, all day long," was Sammy's entry in his journal. They arrived at Somerset without mishap, but in crossing the Little Fish River, Blue Ben was nearly drowned by his horse getting into a quicksand. Soon after they unyoked at a Dutch boer's farm, who stole their oxen in the night driving them into the bush. But after a grand search, and a good deal of bullying on the part of Captain Capper, they were restored.

Many nights they had to pass without water, which was now becoming a scarce article. Many days' travelling they had over rocky, hilly country, covered with bushes, which very much impeded their advance, but not a feather or a tooth had they touched yet. "All in good time—hurry no man's cattle," were the sage replies of Captain Capper when any discontented remarks were made to him.

They next arrived at Graaff Reinat, a pretty little Dutch town, where they found ripe oranges and lemons hanging upon the trees, which Sammy, singularly enough, said put him in mind of London.

Now Captain Capper told them to cheer up, for that in little more than two hundred miles further north they would be among the elephants and ostriches. It was of no use for his followers to grumble, for they had gone too far to think of going back.

Every day that they now advanced they got farther into the wilderness; sometimes the country was all white with spring-bucks, every now and then they roused up a lion from among the bushes, who walked without attempting to attack them; now they had to cross a salt desert, and several of their oxen perished from fatigue. The deceitful mirage tempted them with its fairy lakes of disappointment, and though the Eland antelope occasionally afforded them the finest venison in the world, Sammy wished himself at home, selling red herrings in Long Lane. Savages of different tribes often surrounded their waggon, asking for snuff and tobacco.

Once or twice they fell in with a party of armed natives, who showed some disposition to bully. But the firm demeanour of Captain Capper kept them in proper order. They were, however, more often troublesome in the shape of beggars petitioning for snuff and following every sportsman with a gun for the purpose of feeding upon the refuse, or any portion that might be left them of the beast shot.

Many deer of different kinds, and antelopes, and other animals, were shot by Sam and his friends, and for the most part they slept pretty snugly in their waggon. At length, as ill luck would have it, Sam and his friend, Blue Ben, in following a herd of antelopes, pulled up their horses at the end of the chase pretty well tired.

"We had better go back again," said Sam. Blue Ben agreed with him entirely, but the question now arose which was the way back?

Sam said that it was to the right, Blue Ben said that it was to the left, and both stoutly maintained their original opinion. They were both hungry and extremely thirsty: but neither waggon nor hut, Christian or Blackamoor, was to be seen. They then resolved to follow the horse-tracks back, but the evening was setting in, and they soon lost all trace of them.

"Let us oller," said Sam, and they hallooed as loud as they could. "Let us shoot," and they fired off their guns; there was no answer; but the roarings of the lions were more frequent and louder.

"I did not know nothing of them beasts when I asked you to come out here," said Ben.

"There's a ouse," said Sam, "one, two, three ouses."

"I hope the natives wont kill us," said Ben, "but it's better than dying of thirst."

"They're very rum ouses," said Sam. "In fact they turned out to be only the nests of the social grosbeak, who build their nests together in trees, and thatch them with straw, so that they very much resemble haystacks."

"It's a regular sell," said Sam, as he looked up at the birds.

They spent that night perched in a tree, with their horses' knees haltered below, firing off a gun every now and then, when they heard a lion roar very near them. At daylight they found the remains of one of the horses that had been killed by a lion, the other they never saw again.

Almost perishing with thirst they wandered on the greater part of the day. At length they were suddenly surrounded by a number of armed Kafirs, with spears in one hand, and a kind of parasol of ostrich feathers in the other. Blue Ben was instantly transfixed by three spears, and as they were about to end the life of Sam in the same manner, one of them, who appeared to be their chief, struck at their spears, repeating the word "Moselecatze." They now gave Blue Ben a knock on the head to finish him, and, having stript the body, they deprived Sam of his gun and drove him before them. In vain Sam, by signs, tried to tell his new masters how very hungry and very thirsty he was. He opened and opened his mouth, and then he made his hand like a cup, and pretended to drink out of it. It was all of no use; as long as he could walk, they cared not how hungry or thirsty he might be. When from fatigue he lagged, a prick with a spear point sent him on again.

He thought to himself that it was very much the manner in which a fat ox was goaded to Smithfield. His whole mind was now engrossed with the thoughts of whether he should be eaten or not. He had seen fellows like these suck the blood of a hartle deer before it was quite dead. Horrible were the thoughts that crowded into his brain. Would they roast—would they boil—or would they eat him raw? Would they eat him with salt? He gave a loud and horrid laugh, which startled his sable drivers. The protracted thirst and heat of the sun had affected his brain—he was going mad.

At length, just as they came to the sight of water he fell down exhausted. When he came to himself it was early morning. He was lying under the shade of some trees with his Kafir guards sitting round him, broiling antelope steaks at a fire. They allowed him to take a

moderate meal, and to drink as much water as he wished. They then pursued their journey.

Towards evening, from the top of a hill, they descried a circle of bee-hive looking wigwams, and a great number of Kafirs moving about in all directions round it. Here Sam's guards made signs to him to sit down and rest himself. They gave him as much as he could eat of cold antelope steaks, patting him on the back to encourage him to eat more. They also gave him as much as he could drink, and then they *greased his face*, during all which time the name of their chief Moselecatze was very frequently pronounced. It was evident that they wished their prisoner to make a sleek appearance before their master. "They'll certainly eat me," said Sammy to himself, with a deep sigh.

When they had got half-way to the village, they were met by a messenger, who, after looking at the prisoner, and exchanging a few words with his guards, scampered off again as fast as his legs could carry him.

"He's going to report that I am in good roasting condition—I know he is," thought Sammy to himself. As they drew nearer, the Kafirs gradually gathered round him. They had all their heads shaven, surmounted by an oval ring attached to a scalp-lock, that was left for that purpose: a large slit was in their ears, in which was stuck a gourd snuff-box; round their waists was a girdle, from which hung strips of cat's-skin all round, like a kilt cut into slips.

As Sammy neared the wigwams, the curiosity of the natives seemed to be suddenly quenched, and the name of Moselecatze rang on every side: and the great man himself was seen issuing from his humble palace. Before him came two attendants making most grotesque gestures, and now and then shouting certain sentences, which Sammy naturally enough did not understand. His subjects bowed their heads, and humbly cringed before him. Blue Ben's clothes, his gun, his pencil-case, and knife, were spread on the ground before the potentate, who rubbed his hands and smiled, and said, "*Ban, ban!*" which Sammy thought betokened that he was well pleased with his plunder. So pleased was he, that he sent a messenger back to his wigwams to order his ten wives and all his daughters to come and see the fun.

They were most of them fat, and all of them well greased and smeared over with a red earth touched up here and there with a little charcoal powder. They were laden with coloured beads—round their necks, roll after roll of them, round their arms, round their wrists, round their legs, and round their ankles. Some wore their beads all of the same gaudy colour—some were of all the colours of the rainbow, they all wore kilts of leather, greased and blackened with charcoal.

Sam thought they looked at him with a hungry eye. With so many wives, and such large ones, he did not think that he would make a meal for them for more than two days.

When Moselecatze had shown his wives all the different articles that had belonged to Blue Ben, he took up the waistcoat, which was of a bright pattern with coloured glass buttons, and having strutted up and down in it several times, he took it off again, and resumed his former staid important air.

He now fixed his eyes upon Samuel Sims.—He spoke two words,

and a Kafir stood on each side of the unhappy prisoner. He then extended his arm, and made an odd sort of sign with his fingers, and in an instant off went Sam's hat—off went his coat, his waistcoat. Two men behind him laid him flat upon his back—off went his shoes—his trousers—his stockings; and then his last under linen fluttered in the breeze, and Sam stood before the wondering assembly in the same costume in which he entered the world.

If there is such a thing as female modesty in the interior of Africa, it certainly did not flourish at the court of King Moselcatze, for they not only kept staring at the white man in his primitive costume, but they actually crowded round him, and pinched him, and pulled his whiskers. The potentate appeared to be no more jealous of his wives admiring the white man, than a sugar-planter would be at his wife examining a nigger. However, ladies at times do take strange fancies.

Presently an order appeared to be given for the women to stand away from the prisoner, and he was immediately surrounded by men with uplifted spears, who stood with their eyes fixed upon their chief, waiting for the expected signal.

Before it was given, an extremely fat girl, covered with sky-blue beads, stepped from among the others, and said something that set the whole company in a roar of laughter. The despot held his sides, and appeared nearly suffocated by his mirth, and when he appeared to have stopped, he started again with a fresh peal of laughter.

The fat girl, however, walked up to Sam, patted him and pinched him, and then rubbed her greasy nose against his, without appearing to care a rush for the merriment of the spectators.

"She's going to dress me in a particular way," thought Sam: "perhaps she will put me in the pot alive like a lobster." However, she certainly did keep patting him, and almost fondling him, as if she did think he was particularly nice.

At length one of the king's wives made some observation that appeared to disconcert the fat girl, for she looked put out and appeared thoughtful for a few seconds, when she suddenly brightened up, and, clapping her hands, said something with the air of a person that thinks she has made a clever hit. The audience also appeared to see it in that light, for they clapped their hands and laughed, and laughed again.

The fat girl, who was evidently the king's daughter, now gave an order, and instantly black subjects were running off in different directions.

They returned in a few minutes with bundles of green leaves, something like walnut-leaves, which they put into bowls and mashed up with sticks into a sort of pulp. The women now crowded round Sam with these bowls in their hands, and taking out the pulp after the manner of a sponge, they rubbed the juice over him, above and below, before and behind, till there was not a bit of his body of the size of a sixpence that had not been anointed with it. It appeared curious to Sam, that whatever part of his skin they rubbed the pulp over, it turned to a nut-brown colour in a few seconds.

This operation, however, was not at all pleasing to Sam, for it struck him that they were going to eat him raw—perhaps alive, as they do oxen in Abyssinia, a part of Africa, only a little north of where he was then; and they were just saucing him up to give him a flavour.

However, if the process was not satisfactory to Sam, it was highly so to the Zooloo Kaffirs, who shouted and laughed and shouted when they saw Sam turned to a hazel brown.

They next squatted Sam upon the ground, and began to divest him of the hair of his head, which they did partly by shaving with a knife, and partly pulling it out by the roots—holding his head steady by a long tuft that they left in the middle. Then came a man with a large knife, with a very sharp point. The men who had been shaving him held his head steady, two other men held his shoulders, while the fat girl and another woman held his feet.

The point of the knife approached the left side of his throat. Sam knew how pigs were killed—and he set up a loud yell; he thought his hour was come, and he did not like it at all. The man with the knife took hold of his ear, but, instead of plunging his instrument into the jugular vein, he cut a large slit, or rather hole, in the lobe of his ear.

Suddenly it flashed across Sam's apprehension that the Zooloo Kaffirs wear their gourd snuff-boxes stuck in a slit in their ear; and vanity whispered to him that the fat girl was a Zooloo princess who had fallen in love with him, and was obliged to have him browned, his head shaved, and his ear slit, that he might conform to the customs of the country, and vanity thus one time told him the truth. But if he supposed that his toilet was completed, he was very much mistaken, for they next greased him all over with a fine savory lard, and then they chalked him over with a kind of brown earth, and when they had sobered the colour down with a mixture of a little charcoal, they turned out Mr. Samuel Sims with a very rich Zoolooish complexion. They next twisted two elliptical copper rings in the tuft of hair that was left for that purpose. They then tied a leather girdle round his waist, with strips of leopard skin hanging on all sides down nearly to his knees. He was now completely attired in Zooloo costume. The Kaffirs shouted and clapped their hands, and the fat girl again rubbed her greasy nose against his. One of the king's wives now took hold of one of his arms, and another wife took hold of the other. Two Zooloo chiefs took the fat girl in the same way; they were each in this manner led round in a circle till they came opposite to one another again. The fat girl now thrust a gourd snuff-box into the recent cut in Sam's ear, though it was very sore; the blood, indeed, was still streaming from it on to the ground. A gourd snuff-box was now put into Sam's hand, and he was told by signs to stick it into the fat girl's ear.

Such is the marriage ceremony among the Zooloos. The attendant Kaffirs now twisted some green feathers of a parrot's tail into the scalp-lock that they left upon his head, and twisted some entrails of a recently killed animal round his left ankle. Thus was he promoted to great honour; these ornaments being only allowed to be worn by the royal family. Again there was a clapping of hands and shouting, which being interpreted signified, "All hail to the Prince of Zooloo!"

The Prince of Zooloo and his wife now retired to the royal wigwam, and feasted upon raw meat, and toasted meat and grease, all very nasty in Sam's opinion.

It is the custom with novel writers to draw the curtains round the nuptial couch, a thing impossible in the present instance, as Sam and his fat wife slept in the same wigwam with the King and his ten wives.

The apartment was round, of about fourteen feet in diameter. The inmates slept with their head to the outside, their feet coming nearly together in the middle. The only ornament or furniture in the room were a number of calabashes of native beer, which were hung round the wall.

The next day Sam and his fat wife took what we should call a honey-mooning walk together. Sam, as he was directed by signs to do, walking with his arm round his wife's waist. They were walking in silence, for they could neither understand a word of the other's speech, when suddenly Sam heard a loud crackling of boughs, as if some huge animal was rushing through the bushes towards them, when suddenly out rushed a great white rhinoceros about seven feet high, and nearly as broad, with a horn upon his nose as long as your arm, and a small one growing behind it. It put its snout to the ground, and charged right at the loving pair. Mrs. Samuel Sims stepped neatly on one side with her husband, and, as the huge beast went flaunting past them, she gave it a switch behind with the stick that she carried in her hand, saying in a contemptuous tone, "*Chikore!*" which is Zooloo for rhinoceros.

Though they got out of its way easily enough, Sam could not help thinking that it was close shaving; and when he saw the beast deliberately pull up, and turn round to have another go at them, Sam hallooed out lustily, "Here's Chikore coming again, misses! here's Chikore coming again!" She bobbed aside again in the same manner, and the huge beast again rushed past them, but did not trouble them any more.

The next thing that arrested Sam's attention, was the number of Zooloo Kaffirs that appeared to be coming in on all sides. Where there was one yesterday there were a hundred to-day. There was evidently something brewing, but what it was Sam could not imagine, unless it was some warlike expedition. All this Sam viewed with great indifference, for he felt clear that they would never think of teasing him, so newly married, away from his domestic circle. In this he was very much mistaken, for the next morning they fresh greased him, and browned him over, and gave him two assegais and a heavy knobstick, and signified to him, by signs, that he was to go with the other Zooloos to the war; and his wife gave him raw beef and maize meal rolled up in a cat's-skin for provisions.

Two long days they travelled; the sun was hot, water scarce, and the Zooloo system of cookery was very indifferent. Sam had great curiosity to find out who the enemy was that they were to fight with; but could make nothing out of it all; till at length they pointed out to him, in the far distance, some long waggons, and cattle grazing, which Sam rightly guessed to belong to emigrant Boers, who so singularly left the English colony, and so unceremoniously walked into the country of the Kaffirs.

The Zooloos, having now made out the position of their enemy, advanced, under cover of hills, or up watercourses, with the intention of taking the Dutch Boers by surprise. The Dutchmen, however, this time outwitted their crafty foes; for they watched their movements in the distance with a telescope, and were able to trace the direction of their advance, by the occasional peeping out of the head of a Zooloo scout. The consequence was, that the Zooloos, instead of surprising

the Dutchmen, were caught in a trap themselves: for suddenly, as they were creeping up a water-course, the Dutchmen, with their long rifles, started up on every side, and opened a murderous fire most unceremoniously. Many of the red men fell dead, the remainder attempted to escape: some successfully, but some were taken prisoners.

Sam threw himself flat upon his face to sham dead, that people might not shoot at him. When the skirmish was over he got up, and, walking up to one of the Boers, he said, "That was a werry pretty mess that I got into, I should think;" and taking the Dutchman familiarly by the arm, he was beginning to tell his tale.

When the Dutchman felt Sam's arm on his, he started as if he had been bit by an adder, and drawing a pistol from his belt he deliberately took a shot at Sam's head. It was natural that he should not like being seen walking arm-in-arm with a man of Sam's present appearance, but Sam thought this rather a short way of showing his displeasure.

Luckily for Sam, he ducked his head quick enough to save his life with the loss of the tip of his left ear. Sam's dismay was increased by perceiving that the Boers gave no quarter, but were butchering the wounded and prisoners right and left.

The fact was, that about a fortnight before, a Boer of the name of Hans Schrecklebottom had been caught wandering by himself by the Kaffirs, who murdered him and cut his body into small pieces, for the purpose of intimidating the Dutchmen; who were now taking the first opportunity of returning their compliment.

Sam, however, standing quite still, and telling them a long story in English, which they did not understand, puzzled them a little; they could not make him out at all. However, after some confabulation together, they had his hands tied behind him, and drove him before them to their encampment. After which they held a counsel of war, in which Sam's fate was discussed.

"It's a queer animal. Is it English it talks?" said Peter Stump in High Dutch to his fellow counsellors.

"It has an English twang about it," answered Johan Knickerbocker, taking his pipe from his mouth. "Where 's Skipper Snook? he can speak English a little."

Sam and Skipper Snook were sent for. In the course of examination, Sam informed Skipper Snook that he 'ad met with a wery great lot of haccidents since he 'ad been hin Haffrica, where he 'ad come a 'unting belephants and hostriges, for which purpose he 'ad left 'is 'ouse and 'ome in Lunnun.

Skipper Snook at once, without hesitation, pronounced his verdict that the prisoner was decidedly *not* an Englishman, though he had picked up some of the language which his organs were incapable of pronouncing properly. Sam had told him that he was a white man, only the Zooloos painted him. Peter Stump took a cloth and rubbed a bit of his shoulder, the grease and the brown earth came off easily enough, but the dye beneath still retained its nut-brown hue. Peter Stump shook his head, and there was a general shaking of heads through the assembly. What was to be done? nobody spoke, but all continued smoking their pipes. Some took short whiffs—some took long whiffs, according to the thoughts that were passing through their minds.

Knickerbocker at length observed that there would be no harm

in flogging Sam in the mean while. "Niell Tottledam," said he, blowing a long wreath of smoke out of the corner of his mouth, "Niell Tottledam is a neat hand with the cat, and will be pleased at an opportunity for display." The other senators nodded their heads, and Sam was tied to a waggon. They did not indeed strip him, for there was nothing to strip.

Niell Tottledam took off his coat and waistcoat, and rolled up his shirt-sleeves carefully. He then spit on his hands and took up the cat, and began leisurely, "Een—twee—drei!" Then slap went the cat, and Sam hollaed. Niell then began again, "Een—twee—drei!" Slap went the cat, and Sam hollaed again. Half a dozen lashes were given in this manner, when Niell stopped to rest a little, and then began again, "Een—twee—drei!" apparently taking as much pleasure in the performance as Sam had pain.

Old Knickerbocker now came up, and putting on a large pair of spectacles, began to examine Sam's back. "He flogs white," observed the old gentleman. In fact the cat, along with the outer skin, had brought away some of the brown dye with it. This gave an appearance of veracity to part of Sam's story, and Knickerbocker told Niell to desist, which he appeared to do with great regret.

Sam, being now turned loose, began to think of washing himself white again, as well as he could. But he was speedily stopped by old Knickerbocker, who told him that, as long as his skin was brown, he might walk about wherever he liked, with no clothing beyond a few strips of skin round his waist, but that it would be the height of indecency for a white man to walk about in that airy dress. So they not only prevented Sam from washing, but they actually made him brown over again the stripes upon his back; and as no one would give him any clothes, Sam was obliged to continue in his Zooloo browser attire, till, after the lapse of some days, Knickerbocker's young wife remarked to her husband, what fine whiskers Sam had for a red man (the Kaffirs being beardless), and expressed some interest in his welfare. Old Knickerbocker now came forward, and presented Sam with a suit of clothes, gave him leave to scrub himself, and took an early opportunity of sending Sam off to the British colony.

Captain Capper and the remainder of the expedition fared much better than Sims; and, although they did not make the tremendous fortunes that they expected, they had saved all their capital, and made some little addition to it.

The portion that came to Sam's share was sufficient to enable him to stock his old shop, and right savoury to him was the old-fashioned corner of red herrings and tallow, to which he had been so long a stranger, and he sat himself down in his old shop again, if not a much richer, a much more contented man.

THE LAND OF MY FATHERS.

A more taking title we have rarely met with than "A Hebrew's Pilgrimage to the Land of his Fathers:" it is a title that so instantly engages the attention, and that so entirely enlists our sympathies and best feelings on behalf of the writer. The difficulty with us Christians is ever to get an insight into Jewish life—we can never gain access to a Jew's house, or to his heart; he wraps himself up in his own strong feelings and prejudices and will not allow us the least clue to his opinions on his present condition, or to his hopes of the future; we know nothing of his prospects, his purposes, or his polity.

During his pilgrimage, Mr. Margoliouth visited all these, to us, hidden communities; speaking their language, knowing intimately their law, well read in all their rabbinical books; a learned man in what they consider as the chief learning; one, in fact, of themselves, he found access where no one else could; and has given to us in his volumes a very large amount of most valuable information concerning the Jews in France, Africa, and Asia. To compress his facts and anecdotes within any reasonable limits is perfectly hopeless; nor could we do otherwise here than to sketch out, very briefly, some of his observations.

He first throws light on his subject in his remarks on the Jews in Paris, whom he estimates at 13,000, with two principal synagogues and about twenty conventicles. Religion, among all classes of them, we regret to find he considers at a very low ebb.

Of Christian Jews there are about 350, the great majority of them very wealthy, and of these he says they are the most consistent Christians, ruling their households in the fear of the Lord, and making the Bible their code of laws for their conduct through life.

An adventure he met with at Paris, enabled him to state some curious particulars of the Jews in Portugal and Holland, and to his narrative concerning these we may add, that the Dutch Jews number about 40,000, and that what are called the Portuguese Jews among them are probably, as a body, the most learned, the most consistent, and the most respectable Jews in the world.

In England, it seems, the Jews number about 26,000: but there are in England upwards of a hundred families, very wealthy and very learned, who are Hebrew by nation and Christians by creed.

In Mr. Murray's "Hand-book for France," it is said, "there are more Jews in Metz than in any other city of France, except Paris; and in Metz is the central rabbinical school, the most important establishment which the Jews possess in that country." The writer's letter to his father, whose ancestors a century and a half since filled the professional chairs in its colleges and seminaries, is of great interest; and especially that portion of it which speaks of the course of study pursued in that school, through the six years necessary to qualify the pupil for the title of rabbi.

The story in the eleventh letter of the Protestant Romish Priest, once a Jewish rabbi, an Obadiah in the household of Jezebel, is very curious. We have heard before of such things, but could scarcely credit them.

The twelfth letter is pardonable for wandering from its proper subject,

"A Pilgrimage to the Land of my Fathers By the Rev. Moses Margoliouth. 2 vols., with illustrations. Bentley, 1850. London

since it introduces us to an object of the highest antiquarian interest: which is a large square stone, lately disinterred at Marseilles, and covered with inscriptions in the Phœnician character, relating to the law concerning offerings in the Temple of Baal. This, and the sketch and history of the Taurobole, also at Marseilles, give this chapter a peculiar historical value.

We are sorry to hear, of the 1200 Jews of Marseilles, that the generality of them are imbued with the principles of Voltaire and Volney, and that the rabbi himself is a rank rationalist. And certainly it tends to make good the words of the principal Jewish teacher in that city that "the Jews of Marseilles seem to have but one object in view, namely, the worship of the golden calf, when we find that at the great fair held there, many of the stalls were kept by Jews: and what does the reader suppose these same Jews sold?—even crosses, crucifixes, and all sorts of Roman Catholic household gods.

Of the Jews at Leghorn, however, better things can be said. Here are three Hebrew printing establishments, an infant school for 180 Hebrew children, a school for 400 older poor children, with twenty-five masters and mistresses; the rich Jews sending their children to Christian schools, or keeping tutors at home. Here, also, a magnificent hospital is erected; but the great attraction is the synagogue, one of the finest, if not the finest, in Europe. This is rich in funds and in ornaments—"sixty splendid Torahs, or parchment rolls of the Pentateuch, are enshrined in three magnificent arks, before each of which are curtains beautifully worked in gold; hundreds of chandeliers adorn the interior of this temple, and on an evening of the Jewish feasts, when thousands of candles are lighted, when the arks are opened and the torahs are exposed, when the choir is singing the Hallelujahs, then one is forcibly reminded of those times when the tribes went up to Jerusalem, to adore the Lord in the temple."

At Florence there are two synagogues, with two distinct and wealthy congregations; and at Pisa there is a synagogue and a rabbi, with about 250 Jews.

The Malta synagogue is a small affair: it is an upper room in the third story of a private house, and the writer's interview with the Jews there is one among many hundreds of curious and amusing traits of character that these volumes supply us with. The letters on Malta are of great interest, and are filled with remarks upon the Protestant and Roman Catholic churches and congregations; upon the knights' magnificent church of San Giovanni, the new colossal round church at Musta, and the lately discovered Phœnician ruins on the sea shore.

The multiplicity and the novelty of the subjects treated of by the author while at Tunis, render his letters from that city of very peculiar interest; but as we must strictly limit ourselves to very brief observations upon the Jews alone, we can only refer the reader to the work itself—first, for the particulars of an extraordinary trial of a Maltese smuggler for the murder of Sir Thomas Reade's dragoon—then of a Jewish wedding—a Mahomedan wedding—a Jewish circumcision—and a Mahomedan funeral of the reigning Bey's mother, originally a Genoese Christian. There are also some curious details and biographies of the conversion of divers Roman Catholics to Islamism; of Jewish rabbis to Roman Catholic monks; and of thoroughly well educated Hebrews to the English Church.

The Tunisian Jews are divided into two large classes, the Tunisian and the Livornese—the latter the most enlightened. Of their synagogues the largest is small, and in a very poor state indeed; but the exclusive study by the rabbis of the Talmud would seem to narrow their intellects and their charity, since they are among the very fiercest of the persecutors of the Jews who become Christians. There is one trait in their character, however, says Mr. Margolouth, which is very touching, namely, the undying love which animates them for their holy city, as well as for their hallowed land. No entertainment, no earthly enjoyment is allowed for one moment to cause Jerusalem to be forgotten; and they devise mementos of all sorts to keep that loved spot alive in their memories; and a description of one of these is given, with the very just remark, "what a lesson for a Christian!"

When the war steamer, the "Avenger," was wrecked off the Tunisian coast, Mr. Margolouth left Tunis for Biserta to render aid, if aid they wanted, to the shipwrecked mariners, and this brings the Biserta Jews under our notice.

Constantinople finds employment and subsistence for, it is said by some, 80,000 Jews, whose chief rabbi has had the dignity conferred upon him of a bashaw of three tails. These Jews are great readers of rabbinical and cabalistic books, and would seem to be far less bigoted, and far more tolerant than their nation in general. "We went from synagogue to synagogue," says the author, "and from school to school, in all of which I had lengthy conversations. It is really surprising how accessible the Jews are to conversation. The moment they are convinced that one knows something of their history and character, and is therefore able to sympathise with them, that moment their hearts draw towards such an one, notwithstanding such an individual happens to be a Christian. I had, therefore, many opportunities of discussing the questions at issue between Jews and Christians, and that on the most amicable terms. Whilst speaking with the principals in the schools on the evidences of Christianity, the students listened with the most profound attention. In the Karaite synagogue I found several Bible Society's Hebrew Bibles, and the Jews there kindly allowed me to take a roll of the law from its sanctum, which I unfolded, and preached the gospel to those present."

In the Sultan's Medical Seminary the chief physician and lecturer is a Jew; and there were twenty-four very intelligent Jewish students in that establishment, who court the society of Christians, especially of Jewish Christians, more than that of any other people.

Of the multitude of Russian and Polish Jews that passed through Constantinople on their pilgrimage to the Holy Land, nothing can here be said further than that the author mingled much with them, and that from the conversations that ensued we have derived great amusement and no little information.

One of the most entertaining letters is that which speaks of the Jews of Smyrna, and of the author's interview with the two chief rabbis there. We can only allude to it, equally as to his letters from Rhodes, in which island are about 1,500 Jews, and from Cyprus, in which he passes an opinion not particularly favourable to Sir Moses Montefiore.

At length the pilgrim touches the land of his fathers, and there, from the wretched condition and the misery of his poor brethren of the House of Israel, the words of the prophet are at once, and powerfully,

brought home to him, "Our country is desolate, our cities are burned with fire, our land strangers devour it in our presence." For what passed in the synagogue at Beyrout and subsequently between the rabbi, and the young men of his congregation, the volume itself must be consulted.

Of Lebanon and Baalbec very much is said in not many words; and there is a glowing description given of the splendour and riches of the palaces of the Jews at Damascus, and which are said to be as elegant and classical as magnificent. But the sight most worthy to be seen in this city is a beautiful MS. in vellum of the Hebrew Bible, one of the oldest in the world, and one of the most highly illuminated, and enriched with arabesque designs in gold and colours. When the rabbi was asked by a Mr. Brooke whether five thousand piastres would pay for it, the reply was no, nor five hundred millions of piastres.

Damascus has always been celebrated for the beauty of its women, and according to Mr. Margoliouth's testimony, has abundant reason still to be proud of its celebrity, and in confirmation of his opinion, he introduces us to the family of a Rabbi Judah, whose females look beautiful in his description.

Of the Hebrews at Safet and Nablous, and of the celebrated Samaritan Pentateuch at Nablous, there is a short notice; but the pilgrim was too near to Jerusalem to tarry more than a few hours at any place in its vicinity. He preached, however, in the Samaritan equally as in the Jewish synagogue; and as he preached what was utterly opposed to their belief, he must have preached most discreetly, to call down from them blessings on his head.

What an enthusiastic Hebrew Christian must feel on his first entrance into Jerusalem, we Gentile Christians can but faintly, perhaps, understand; and on this subject Mr. Margoliouth must be allowed to speak wholly for himself; but he had feelings of joy peculiarly his own, through meeting there the Rabbi Ehas Shuffani, for whose history his own pages must be consulted.

Concerning the Jews at Jerusalem, he says, "I very often go to see them, and they come to see me, and we frequently converse about the things belonging to their peace." We are certainly surprised at what he reports of their sayings, which, if they are the echo of their thoughts, we cannot but agree with him that "they are half won." We had always, however, understood that the Jews of that city were a collection of the most intolerant, bigoted, prejudiced, unapproachable Jews to be found on the earth, and that they were precisely the people to spit on the ground in wrath and scorn, upon any mention of the name of their true Messiah. Mr. Margoliouth would teach us to think differently, and far more favourably, of his Hebrew brethren in the holy city.

There is a highly interesting account of the Jews of Hebron, and of a three hours' discussion with them, on the usual terms in which all such discussions were carried on, namely, that neither the Talmud nor the New Testament should be quoted. These Jews number about a hundred families, forty being of the sect of the Jephardim, and sixty of the stricter and far more decorous sect of the Chasidim; and strange does it appear that such utterly different scenes and practices could prevail in their separate synagogues.

THE TOURIST IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY CHARLES LANMAN.

AUTHOR OF "THE ANGLER IN CANADA."

TROUT FISHING.

It carries us into the most wild and beautiful scenery of nature; amongst the mountain lakes and the clear and lovely streams that gush from the higher ranges of elevated hills, or make their way through the cavities of calcareous rocks,—
SIR HENRY DAVY.

Were it not for the salmon, we should pronounce the trout the most superb game-fish in the world. As the case now stands, however, we are inclined to believe that he has delighted a greater number of anglers than any other inhabitant of the "liquid plain." The characteristics of this charming fish are so well known that we shall not, on this occasion, enter upon a scientific description, either of his person or habits. In all the particulars of beauty, of colour and form, of grace, of activity, of intelligence and flavour, as before intimated, he has but one rival. He always glories in the coldest and purest of water, and the regions of country to which he is partial are commonly distinguished for the wildness of their scenery; and therefore it is that to the lover of nature this imperial fish has ever been exceedingly dear. Their period of spawning is in the autumn, and they recover as early as February, thereby remaining in season a part of the winter, as well as the entire spring and summer—though the trouting months, *par excellence*, are May and June.

In weight, even when fully grown, the different varieties of trout run from four ounces to sixty pounds, and of the different distinct species found in the United States and Canada, we are acquainted only with the following:—

The Common or Brook and River Trout.—There is hardly a cold and rocky stream in any of the New England or Northern States, or among the mountains of the Middle and Southern States, where this species is not found in abundance. In regard to weight, they ordinarily vary from three or four ounces to two pounds; and in colour, according to the character of the brook or river which they inhabit. So apparent is the difference of colour in this family, that, in the several sections of the country where they are found, they are designated by the names of Silver or Fall trout, as in Lake George; and the Black trout, as in many of the smaller lakes or ponds of New England. The only civilized mode employed by our people for taking them is with the hook; but, while the scientific angler prefers the artificial fly (with an appropriate reel), large numbers are annually destroyed by the farmers' boys with the common hook and red worm. As to the heathenish mode of netting this beautiful fish, we can only say that it merits the most earnest condemnation of every gentleman. The common trout is proverbially one of the most skittish of all the finny tribes; but, when he happens to be a little hungry, he is fearless as the hawk, and at such times often leaps into the air as if for the purpose of defying the cunning of his human enemies. According to our experience, the best bait for early spring fishing is the common worm, but for June, July,

and August, we prefer the fly. Sometimes, however, a minnow is preferable to either. The great charm of fly-fishing for trout is derived from the fact that you then see the movement of your fish, and if you are not an expert hand, the chances are that you will capture but one out of the hundred that may rise to your hook. You can seldom save a trout unless you strike the very instant that he leaps. But, even after this, a deal of care is required to land him in safety. If he is a half-pounder, you may pull him out directly; but if larger than that, after fairly hooking him, you should play him with your whole line, which, when well done, is a feat full of poetry. The swiftness with which a trout can dart from his hiding-place after a fly is truly astonishing; and we never see one perform this operation without feeling an indescribable thrill quivering through our frame. The fact that this is the only fish in the world which nature has designated by a row of scarlet spots along the sides, would seem to imply that she deemed it the perfection of her finny creations, and had, therefore, fixed upon it this distinguishing mark of her skill.

The Salmon Trout.—Under this head we include all those fish of the trout genus which are found only in those lakes of our country having no connection whatever with the sea. The fish now under consideration resembles, in its general appearance, the legitimate salmon, but is totally unlike it in several particulars. The salmon trout, for example, varies in weight from three to sixty pounds; and, if everybody is to be believed, they have been taken in some of our waters weighing upwards of one hundred pounds. They are also of much less value than the real salmon as an article of food, there being nothing at all delicate in the texture or flavour of a mammoth fish. As sporting fish, too, they are of little value, for they love the gloom of deep water, and are not distinguished for their activity. The names besides its own by which this fish is recognized, are the lake trout and the Mackinaw trout; and, by many people who ought to know better, they are often confounded with the genuine salmon. As is the case with the salmon, they are seldom or never found in any of our rivers, but chiefly in the lakes of the northern and northwestern States of the Union, being found in the greatest numbers at the Straits of Mackinaw, in Lake Superior, Lake George, and the other Lakes of the Empire State, and in Moosehead Lake.

The Sea Trout.—Our idea of this fish is that it is quite at home in the "deep, deep sea," but rather partial to the brackish waters of large rivers and the inland bays of the American coast. And also that they vary in weight from three to fifteen pounds, and ought to be highly prized as a game-fish, their flesh being of a rosy hue, and excellent, and their courage and strength allied to those of their more aristocratic cousin—the salmon. Like the salmon and common trout, too, they scorn the more common baits of the fisherman, and possess a decided taste for the fly, albeit thousands of them are taken with the shrimp and minnow. The waters where they mostly abound are those of the lower St. Lawrence and its tributaries, the bay of Cape Cod, all along the southern shore of Barnstable, the entire shore of Martha's Vineyard, and the bays Delaware and Chesapeake. So much for the varieties of trout with which we are personally acquainted.

It now behoves us to record some of our experience in trout fishing, but we have already published in our books of travel, and elsewhere, quite as many *fish stories* as will be readily believed. We shall, there-

fore, content ourselves, on this occasion, with a brief description of our favourite localities.

As a matter of course, the first place that we mention in this connection is Saut St. Marie, which, for many reasons, is an exceedingly attractive place. In the first place, it is the outlet to Lake Superior, the largest body of fresh water on the globe. It is also the western terminating point of the lake navigation of the north. From the earliest periods of our history to the present time, it has been, as it were, the starting place for all the fur expeditions by land which have ever penetrated the immense wilderness bordering on Hudson's Bay and the Arctic ocean. The fall of the river St. Mary, at the spot called the Saut, is nearly twenty-five feet within the space of half a mile, so that from a canoe at the foot of the rapid it presents the appearance of a wall of foam. The width of it is reputed to be one mile, and on the British side are several beautiful islands, covered with hemlock, spruce, and pine, pleasingly intermingled with birch. The bed of the river at this point consists chiefly of coloured sand-stones, the depth varies from ten to perhaps one hundred feet, and the water is perpetually cold, and as clear as it is possible for any element to be. But what makes the Saut particularly attractive to the angler, is the fact that the common trout is found here in good condition throughout the year. They are taken with the fly, and from boats anchored in the more shallow places of the river, as well as from the shore.

We have known two fishermen to spend an entire day in a single reef, or at one anchorage, and, in spite of sunlight and east winds, have known them to capture more than a cart load of the spotted beauties, varying in weight from half a pound to three and four. How it is that the fish of this region always appear to be in season has never been explained, but we should imagine that either they have no particular time for spawning, or that each season brings with it a variety peculiar to itself. Those of the present day who visit Saut St. Marie for the purpose of throwing the fly, ought to be fully prepared with tackle, and that of the best quality. With regard to the *creature comforts* obtainable in the village of Saut St. Marie, they will be as well supplied as in any other place of the same size equally remote from the civilized centre of the world. And when the pleasures of trout fishing begin to subside they can relieve the monotony of a sojourn here by visiting the Indians in their wigwams, and seeing them capture (with nets, in the pure white foam) the beautiful white fish; they may also with little difficulty visit the copper mines of Lake Superior, or, if they would do their country service (provided they are Americans), they may indite long letters to members of Congress on the great necessity of a ship canal around the falls or rapids of St. Mary.

And now for the island of Mackinaw. For an elaborate description of this spot we refer our readers to any of the numerous travellers who have published its praises, not forgetting, by way of being *impartial*, an account from our own pen already before the public. The time is rapidly approaching, we believe, when this island will be universally considered one of the most healthful, interesting, convenient, and fashionable watering-places in the whole country. And the naturalist, not to say the angler, will find here the celebrated Mackinaw trout in its greatest perfection. And when the Detroit and Chicago steamer runs into the little crescent harbour of the island for the purpose of landing the traveller, and he discovers among the people on the deck

some half-dozen wheelbarrows laden with fish four feet long and weighing fifty or sixty pounds, he must not be alarmed at finding those fish to be Mackinaw trout, and not sturgeon, as he might at first have imagined. The truth is, the very size of these fish is an objection to them, for, as they have to be taken in deep water, and with a large cord, there is far more of manual labour than sport in taking them. But when one of these monsters happens to stray towards the shore where the water is not over fifty feet, it is then, through the marvelously clear water, exceedingly pleasant to watch their movements as they swim about over the beds of pure white sand. As before intimated, the Mackinaw trout is far inferior to the common trout as an article of food, and to the white fish almost infinitely so.

The Mackinaw trout (as is the case with all salmon trout) is in fine condition throughout the winter months; and the Indians are very fond of taking them through the ice. Their manner of proceeding is to make a large hole in the ice, over which they erect a kind of wigwam, so as to keep out the light; and stationing themselves above the hole, they lure the trout from the bottom by an artificial bait, and when he comes sufficiently near pick him out with a spear; and they are also taken with a hook. The voraciousness of the Mackinaw trout at this season is said to be astonishing; and it is recorded of a Canadian fisherman that, having lost all his artificial bait, by their being bitten to pieces, he finally resorted to a large jack-knife attached to a hook which he had in his pocket, and which was swallowed by a thirty-pound fish. Another anecdote that we have heard touching this mode of winter fishing is as follows, and shows the danger with which it is sometimes attended. An Indian fisherman, of renown among the tribes of Lake Superior, while fishing on this lake in the manner above mentioned, at a considerable distance from the shore, was once detached with a cake of ice from the shore and carried into the lake by the wind, and was never heard of more. Such a death as he must have met with it would be difficult to describe.

But we cannot leave Mackinaw without making a passing allusion to the fish whose Indian name is *ciscowet*. It is a beautiful fish, unquestionably of the trout family, a bold biter, richly flavoured, and quite beautiful both in symmetry and colour. They are not very abundant, and are altogether the greatest fishy delicacy in this region, excepting the white fish. They weigh from five to ten pounds, and are remarkable for their fatness. At the Island of Mackinaw the common trout are not found at all, but in all the streams upon the main shore of Lake Michigan, which is only a short distance off, they are very abundant and very large.

Another trouting region whose praises we are disposed to sing is that of northern New York, lying between Lake George and Long Lake. All the running waters of this section of country are abundantly supplied with common trout, and all the lakes (which are quite numerous) with salmon trout. The scenery everywhere is of the wildest and most imposing character. The two branches of the noble Hudson here take their rise, and almost every rood of their serpentine courses abounds in rapid and deep pools, yielding common trout of the largest size. But the angler who visits this region must not expect to be feasted with the fashionable delicacies of the land, or spend his nights in luxuriantly furnished rooms; he must be a lover of salt pork, and well acquainted with the yielding qualities of a pine floor.

In the "times of old" we have enjoyed ourselves exceedingly in making piscatorial pilgrimages among the Catskill and Shandaken Mountains, but their wilderness glory is rapidly departing. We can now only recommend this region as abounding in beautiful as well as magnificent scenery. Now, while we think of it, however, we have one little incident to record connected with Shaw's Lake, which beautifies the summit of one of the Catskills. Having once caught a large number of small common trout in a stream that ran out of this lake, we conceived the idea that the lake itself must of necessity contain a large number of full grown fish of the same species. With this idea in view, we obtained the services of a mountaineer named Hammel, and tried our luck at the lake, by the light of the moon, with set lines and live minnows. During the night we caught no less than forty-two trout, averaging in weight over a pound a piece. We were, of course, greatly elated at this success; and, having enjoyed quite a romantic expedition, we subsequently published an account of the particulars. A few days after this, a party of anglers residing in the town of Catskill saw what we had written, and immediately posted off to Shaw's Lake, for the purpose of spending a night there. They did so, and also fished after the same manner that we did, and yet did not capture a single trout. They of course returned home considerably disgusted, and reported that the lake in question was covered with dead eels, that the water was alive with lizards, that they saw the glaring eyes of a panther near their watch-fire, and that we had been guilty of publishing a falsehood. It now becomes us to deny, and in the most expressive tone, this rough impeachment, although we fully confess that there still hangs a mystery over our piscatorial good fortune.

If the anglers of New York city are to be believed, there is no region in the world like Long Island for common trout. We are informed, however, that the fish are here penned up in ponds, and that a stipulated sum per head has to be paid for all the fish captured. With this kind of business we have never had any patience, and we shall therefore refrain from commenting upon the exploits or trespassing upon the exclusive privileges of the cockney anglers of the empire city.

But another trouting region, of which we can safely speak in the most flattering terms, is that watered by the two principal tributaries of the river Thames, in Connecticut, viz., the Yantic and the Quinebang. It is, in our opinion, more nearly allied to that portion of England made famous by Walton in his "Complete Angler," than any other in the United States. The country is generally highly cultivated, but along nearly all its very beautiful streams Nature has been permitted to have her own way, and the dark pools are everywhere overshadowed by the foliage of overhanging trees. Excepting in the immediate vicinity of the factories, trout are quite abundant, and the anglers are generally worthy members of the gentle brotherhood. When the angler is overtaken by night, he never finds himself at a loss for a place to sleep; and it has always seemed to us that the beds of this region have a "smell of lavender." The husbandmen whom you meet here are intelligent, and their wives, neat, affable, and polite, understanding the art of preparing a frugal meal to perfection. Our trouting recollections of this section of New England are manifold, and we would part with them most unwillingly.

THE PILGRIM IN INDIA.*

BY

فانی یارکس

So fertile in novelties and incidents as India must ever be to English travellers and sojourners—so curious and so varied as are the architecture of the country and the habits and appearance of the people in their several castes—so passing strange must be all that the eye sees on the land's surface, of things animate and inanimate—that we can readily believe it to be one of the easiest things imaginable to write an exceedingly entertaining book from any really sensible and observing traveller's notes upon Indian scenery, etc.

We doubt, however, if those ever publish who have the most to say, who see the most, who know the country best, and who have the closest or the least reserved intercourse with the people. For this there are necessarily reasons to be assigned, as for all things else in this world that men do or leave undone; but the result to us is, that we see less than we might see into Indian life, and know less than we might know of a country and its inhabitants, both of which are unquestionably among the most remarkable and the most interesting to us Englishmen of all that are on the earth.

To add something further to our information of India, of the private life of its people, of the country's productions in its animals and vegetables, and especially to bring us into closer acquaintance with the chief of the Hindoo deities, two large and rather gorgeous volumes have lately been published, into which we have looked with more than usual interest, partly because they are the production of a lady long resident in India, partly because of the very taking title of the work, and partly because of the number and variety and beauty of its illustrations.

The authoress would seem, however, to have persuaded herself that it would add greatly to the interest of the work, could she prevail upon the English public to believe, that she had become a convert to Hindooism. So, immediately upon a dedication "To the Memory of my beloved Mother," follows a solemn "Invocation" to that monstrous idol Guneshu, whose image and accessories, in gold and gaudy colours, form the frontispiece. And this, again, is followed by an "Introduction," which is, however, nothing more than a history of this same Ganesh, and a renewed invocation to him: "a mighty lord," she calls him, "her inspiration, her penates." Nor would the reader who took up this idea be undeceived, who read the work through to the end; for if the authoress was actually and in very truth a worshipper of the Hindoo idols, she could not well have said more than she has said in their praise, nor given stronger proofs how highly she venerated, and adored, and honoured them. A prejudice will, we fear, in consequence be raised

* *Wanderings of a Pilgrim in Search of the Picturesque during Four and Twenty Years in the East.* London: P. Richardson.

against the work in many a reader's mind, and the feeling then raised is certainly not likely to be allayed by a perusal of the whole of the two volumes.

These were compiled, it would appear, from a journal written almost from day to day for the gratification of the writer's mother, and it notices, in consequence, every passing occurrence that it was supposed could interest the "dear home circle." Printed, seemingly, as it was written, the narrative conveys to us, very unreservedly, the opinions of an English lady upon all that was passing around her in a strange land, and among a people whose laws, customs, language, habits of life, and opinions, were as wide apart as the poles from our own. All, certainly, that she could obtain a knowledge of, or an insight to, she observes upon; and as she was very frequently on the move—sometimes travelling *dak*, sometimes in a boat on the Ganges—and visited a variety of stations, and was personally known to natives of high rank, equally as to Europeans of all grades, very many and diversified were the characters that came under her observation: and the volumes abound with anecdotes of all classes of people, highly characteristic and explanatory of their thoughts and feelings. Many of these are highly amusing, some highly instructive, and all combining to give us a correct idea of the morals and manners of the Indian population.

The fair writer is undoubtedly entitled to have it said of her, that she kept her eyes open on all occasions, and availed herself, at all costs to herself of trouble and fatigue, of every opportunity afforded her, to see whatever there was to be seen within the range of her vision. Nothing, indeed, seems to have escaped her; active and enterprising, curious and daring—a bold and expert rider—a ready and determined sketcher, and very inquisitive observer, she scrupled not to enter into places and among crowds of the people at their fairs and festivals, and religious gatherings, that Europeans in general are very careful to shun. Her sketch-book and her note-book were, in consequence, enriched with views and descriptions that were wholly unknown to others, and which enlighten us as to the scenery, and the buildings, and the customs of the people.

To illustrate the work, fifty plates are given, of various degrees of excellence and finish, and which refer chiefly to tombs, temples, costumes, scenery, and idols; but certainly the greatest care, and labour, and expense have been given to the idols—they glitter with gold and the gayest colours, and are evidently the writer's favourite subjects.

In a work of this description, the matters touched upon are necessarily so various as to be almost entitled to the term innumerable; they embrace everything that came or could come within the writer's observation, from the wild lawlessness of the soldiers in the Mahratta camp on the hills, to the sickening details of the consequences of the famine in the bazaar at Kanauj.

Scores upon scores of pages are, however, devoted to Hindoo temples and tombs; and many scores besides to the Hindoo deities—to their parentage, their histories and adventures, to their influence upon the people, and the horrid rites of which they are the object. But this is a subject that could not but be imperfectly reported upon, however diligent and patient and persevering the writer, since the Hindoo deities amount to the no inconsiderable number of three hundred and thirty millions.

THE PILGRIM IN INDIA

BY

پارکس

So fertile in novelties and incident
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We doubt, however, if there is a more
who see the most, who know the most. The stories of tigers, leopards,
or the least reserved interest and exciting enough to please the most
necessarily reasons to be found in horrors, and several romances might be
that men do or leave us of travel which the volumes contain. But
than we might see interspersed from all others upon India, by their review
of a country and its history, into which the authoress was admitted
the most remarkable with her highness the ex-queen of Gwalior. What
that are on the earth must be left to her pages to explain, and what she
To add something of royal and noble ladies must be new, or nearly
life of its people, to readers. We have as briefly as possible spoken of
tables, and especially of the Hindoo gods, and have purposely avoided entering upon them
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lately been published; they find therein the subjects they most desire to know
interest, partly because of the certain measure of praise will therefore be given by
in India, partly because of the measure of praise will thus be given by the whole to a
because of the fact that it will be read with the highest interest by all who take an

The author of this Indian empire, and in the wonderful people who form it.
it would add to the English literature. So beloved
Ganesha
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The most entertaining portions of the book to most readers will probably be the descriptions of river-side and mountain scenery, the many incidents of travel, the perilous adventures on the land and the waters, and the wide range of country travelled over by the writer, the cities of great fame which she visited, cities possessing within them objects of the highest historical and antiquarian interest, supplied her with the most abundant means of enriching her pages with facts and observations that could not but inform and amuse the reader. On one occasion she travelled from Calcutta to Allahabad by dāk, on another by the Ganges. Then there are given very clever and entertaining descriptions of Benares, of Cawnpore, of Lucknow and Delhi—of Agra, Fathigar, Ghazipur, Rajmahal, Kanauj, Assam, and indeed of the whole line of country from the Sunderbunds to the Himalaya range. Added to this, the fair traveller was an ardent collector of whatever was curious and rare in nature and in art, and we expect has a very well-furnished museum around her of Indian varieties and singularities. Nothing came amiss to her—flexible stones and butterflies, skeletons and skins, idols of all kinds, insects, plants, flying foxes, tiger-claw charms, coconuts—whatever the country could produce of curious and beautiful, that she could obtain, was added to her stores. The stories of tigers, leopards, bears, thugs, are numerous and exciting enough to please the most fastidious in tales of perils and horrors, and several romances might be made out of the incidents of travel which the volumes contain. But these are chiefly distinguished from all others upon India, by their revelations of life in the Zenana, into which the authoress was admitted through her intimacy with her highness the ex-queen of Gwalior. What she there witnesses must be left to her pages to explain, and what she there says of the lives of royal and noble ladies must be new, or nearly so, to all English readers. We have as briefly as possible spoken of these elegant volumes, and have purposely avoided entering upon their multifarious contents; they speak of so many things that all classes of readers must necessarily find therein the subjects they most desire to be amused upon. A certain measure of praise will therefore be given by all, and the full measure of praise will thus be given by the whole to a work that will be read with the highest interest by all who take an interest in our Indian empire, and in the wonderful people who form its main population.

A RATTLESNAKE ON A STEAMBOAT.

THE LIFE OF A LOUISIANA "SWAMP DOCTOR."

SHORTLY before the usual time for wending my way North to the medical lectures, an opportunity was afforded me by an ingenious negro, who had caught the reptile asleep, of exchanging a well-worn blanket coat and two dimes,—principally in cash—for as fine a specimen of the rattlesnake as ever delighted the eye or ear of a naturalist: nine inches across the snout of the head, six feet seven-eighths of an inch in length, eyes like globular lightning, colours as gaudy as an Arkansas girl's apron, twenty-three rattles and a button, and a great propensity to make them heard, were the strong points of my purchase.

Designing him as a propitiatory offering to one of the professors, my next care was to furnish him with a fitting habitation. Nothing better presenting itself, I made him one out of a pine box, originally designed for shoes, by nailing thin slats transversely, so as neither to exclude air or vision, but sufficiently close, I thought, to prevent him from escaping. The day for my departure arrived, and I had his snakeship carried on board the boat destined to bear me to V—, where I would take an Ohio steamer.

Unfortunately for the quietude of my pet, on the Yazoo boat was a young cockney lady, who, hearing that there was a live rattlesnake on board, allowed her curiosity to overcome her maiden diffidence sufficiently to prefer a request that the young doctor "would make 'is hainimal offer;" a process which the proverbial abstemiousness when in confinement of the "hainimal" was accomplishing rapidly without any intervention on my part. Politeness would not allow me to refuse, and as it was considerable of a novelty to the passengers, his snakeship was kept constantly stirred up, and his rattles had very little rest that trip.

The steamer at length swung alongside the wharf boat at V—, and transferring my baggage, I lounged about until the arrival of a boat would give me an opportunity of proceeding. The contents of the box were quickly discovered; and the snake had to undergo the same inflictions as the day previous—until, thoroughly vexed, I made them desist, and resolved thenceforth I would conceal his presence and allow him to travel as common baggage.

"The shades of night were falling fast," as the steamer "Congress" came booming along, and, after a detention of a few minutes for passengers, proceeded on her way, obtaining none however, except myself. The snake-box was placed with the other baggage on the cabin deck in front of the "social hall," jam up, as luck would have it, against one of the chimneys, making the location unpleasantly warm. It was one of those clear, luminous nights in autumn, when not a cloud dims the azure, and the heavens so "beautifully blue," (Alas! poor Newl,) are gleaming with their myriad stars, when the laughing breeze lifts the hair off the brow, and presses the cheek with as soft a touch as the pulpy lips of a maiden in her first essay at kissing. The clear, croupy cough of the steamer was echoed back in prolonged asthmatic strains

from the dark woods lining the river, like an army of cowed gigantic monks come from their cells to see a steambot. Supper was over, and the beauty of the night had enticed the majority of the passengers from the cabin to the open deck.

A goodly number, myself among the rest, were seated in front of the social hall, smoking our cigars, and swapping yarns of all climes, sizes, nations, and colours.

Sitting a few yards from me, the most prominent personage of the group, smoking a chibouque, and regaling the crowd with the manner in which he choked a "Cobra de Capello" to death that crawled into his hammock in India, was an old English sailor, who, from his own account, had sailed over all the world, and through some parts of it.

Weighing the words down with a heavy ballast of oaths, he said he "wasn't afraid of anything in the snake line, from the sea serpent down to the original snake that tempted Eve." I asked him if he had ever met the rattlesnake since he had been in America, thinking I would put his courage to the test on the morrow.

"Seen a rattlesnake? Yes, enough to sink a seventy-four? Went to Georgia on purpose to kill them. Pshaw! To think a man that had killed a boa-constrictor, fair fight, should be afraid of a little noisy flirt of a snake that never grew bigger round than a marlin spike!"

At this moment the boat was running a bend near in shore, and the glare of a huge fire at a wood-yard was thrown directly under the chair of the braggart, when, to my utter amazement, I saw there, snugly coiled up, the huge proportions of my snake!

I was so astonished and horrified that I could neither speak nor move. I had left him securely fastened in his cage, and yet there he was at liberty, in his deadly coil, his eyes gleaming like living coals. The light was intercepted, and the foot of the sailor moving closer to the reptile it commenced its warning rattle, but slowly and irregularly, showing it was not fully aroused.

"What is that?" exclaimed a dozen voices.

The foot being withdrawn, the rattling ceased before its nature or source could be clearly traced.

"'Twas the steam escaping," said one.

"A goose hissing," said another.

"The wind."

"A trick to scare the sailor," thought a good many; but I knew it was a rattlesnake in his deadly coil!

The horror of that moment I shall not attempt to describe; every second I expected to hear the shriek of the sailor as the deadly fangs would penetrate his flesh, and I knew if a vein were stricken, no power on earth could avail him, and I powerless to warn him of his danger.

"It sounded monstrous like a rattlesnake!" observed a passenger. "but there are no doctors or fool students on board, and nobody but cusses like them would be taking snakes 'bout."

"I was gwine up the Massassip wunst when a rattlesnake belonging to a medecal student on board, got out and bit one of the passengers; the poor crittur didn't live ten minutes, and the sawbone's prentice not much longer, I reckon."

My hair stood on end, for there was an earnestness about the man that told me he was not joking.

"You didn't kill him, surely?" asked some one.

"Oh, no! we didn't 'sactly kill him, sich as cuttin' his throat, or puttin' lead in his holler cimblin, for that would have been takin' the law inter our own hands; but we guv him five hundred lashes, treated him to a coat of tar and feathers, made a clean crop of one ear, and a swallow-forked-slit-under-bit-and-half-crop of the other, an' put him out on a little island up to his mouth in water, and the river risin' a plum foot an hour!"

Not knowing but a similar fate might soon be mine, in agony, with the cold sweat streaming over me, I listened to this infernal recital of an instance of the summary punishment termed "Lynch Law," to which the unavailability of the statute law so often drove the early settlers, and which, unfortunately for the fair character of the South and West, is not yet entirely abolished.

The sailor must again have moved his foot closer than agreeable to the snake, for his infernal rattling recommenced, and *this time* clear, loud, and continuous to the tutored ear, indicating great danger, the prelude to a fatal spring.

I shook off my lethargy, and shrieked out, "Don't move for your life! a light! for God's sake bring a light! Quick! quick!" None moved—thinking I was jesting.

"Mister," spoke the sailor, "if it's a trick to scare me, you'll miss the figure with your child's rattle. Jes bring one of your real rattle-snakes along, and I'll show you whether he can frighten an English sailor or not."

Hearing me calling so loudly for a light, the mate, a stalwart Irishman, came running up with a large torch, but hardly had he reached the deck, when he discovered the monster—his head drawn back ready for striking.

"Snake! snake!" yelled he, punching at him with his glaring torch.

"Whereabouts, you lubber?" said the sailor, still suspecting a trick.

"Under your feet."

The sailor looked down, and beheld the hideous reptile directly under his chair. With a loud yell, he made but one spring over the guards into the river.

"Rattlesnake!"

"Man overboard!"

"Stop her!"

"Out with the yawl!"

"Fire!"

"Snake!"

"She's sinking!"

"Shoot him!"

"Snake!"

"Whose is it?"

"Lynch the rascal!"

"Kill the scoundrel!" swelled on the air, mingled with the crashing of broken doors and chairs, the oaths and rushing of terrified men, and the screaming of still more terrified women, who knew not what to fear, while clear and distinct above the infernal *méléc* arose the piercing rattle of the snake, who, writhing his huge proportions about, and striking at everything near him, seemed to glory in the confusion he had created.

A shot was heard, and then the coil collapsed, and the rattling slowly ceased. The snake was dead.

"Who brought him on board?"

"Let's lynch the scoundrel!"

"Are there any more of them?"

"Here 's the box he got out of!"

My name was on it in large capitals.

"Throw it overboard!" I yelled out, "it may have more in it throw it overboard."

No sooner said than done, and as the only evidence of my participation floated over the wave, no one was louder in his denunciation, no one wanted to be shown—in order that he might be lynched—the rascal that brought it on board, more than I did, except, perhaps, it was the sailor, who, now thoroughly humbled, stood shivering in his wet clothes by the furnace, ready to acknowledge that the "little noisy flirt of an American snake, no larger than a marlin' spike," was "some snakes" certain.

THE TABLE OF THE INN.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF O. PFITZER.)

Not long ago, a country inn
I chanced at eventide to win,
Whose table, as I near it drew,
Unnumbered names revealed to view.

My simple meal upon it spread,
I read and sipped, and sipped and read;
And many a thought across me came,
While pondering over many a name.

And one was stout and strong to view—
The oak right heartily cut through;
As firm, methought, 'mid toil and strife,
The carrier cuts his way through life.

And one had drawn, with skilful art,
A wreath around his name apart;
And fair and neat the name was found
Within the garland's graceful round.

And one was crooked, one was straight,
And one was small, and one was great.
And many a strange plebeian name,
Clumsy and coarse, between them came.

Old table! oft I think of thee
When the world's motley mass I see,
As full of folks as thou of names,
Pursuing each their different aims.

There every name becomes a man,
His neighbour elbowing as he can;
Some calmly seek to shun the fray,
While others jostle on their way.

Guests of the world's tumultuous inn,
Each aiding in the general din,
Oh wise would ye your squabbles cease,
And take your quiet glass in peace!

Be thou content with humble fate,
Unstayed by envy and by hate;
Nor hope a Cadmus to awake,
E'en though a transient mark you make.

Long as a single space is left,
By former carriers still unleft,
A treasure will appear that space
To one who longs his name to leave.

And as we think, while looking on,
Who this can be—where that is gone,
Death, or the joiner, comes and passes,
And not a single name remains.

From board and life alike depart
The wreath and cypher—pride and art!
And names that filled them many a year,
From world and table disappear.

On the blank board, a younger race
Again delight their names to trace,
The old ones to oblivion bow—
As busy once, as these are now!

ETA.

MADRILENIA;

OR,

TRUTHS AND TALES OF SPANISH LIFE.

BY H. DRUMMOND WOLFF.

"I was always fond of visiting new scenes, and observing strange characters and manners."—WASHINGTON IRVING'S *Sketch-Book*.

The Inn.—Cafés.—Ladies.—*Los Pollos*.—Vervena.—Bullfight.

HAVING chosen our apartments, and sufficiently recruited ourselves by ablutions which our dusty journey had rendered necessary, as well as by administering provender to the inner man, we sallied forth to deliver our letters of introduction, to search for those addressed to us, and without loss of time to *reconnoitre* the wonders of a metropolis as yet unknown. And how many things are there strange and wondrous in this peninsular capital,—an European town it is, but how completely different from others I had seen in many countries.

Here semitic lands begin to dawn, and all that is seen is nearly as much Oriental as European. I beheld Moors sitting at the doors of shops, guarding their wares with faces of dignified imperturbability, and every countenance that passed bore the swarthy stamp of Asiatic or of African blood. The natives wore dresses made after fashions exploded for two or three years in trans-Pyrenean lands, and everything I saw tended to confirm my preconceived idea that this nook of land had but little in common with the continent to which it is joined by local position only.

We experienced great difficulty in discovering our names amongst those for whom letters had arrived, for these cognomina are posted on the pillars of the Post Office, owing to the fact that all Englishmen in Spain bear the name of Esqre, or Sqre, according to the powers of decyphering that nature or education has accorded to the clerk on duty; but having at last succeeded in proving ourselves to belong to this extensive family, and in receiving the letters destined for us, our plans with regard to our tour were completely altered. Circumstances compelled me to abandon my intention of proceeding southward, and R—— resolved to remain with me during my stay at Madrid; thus, though I was obliged to postpone beholding Andalusia to some future occasion, I had a fair opportunity of learning and loving wild Castile, and of making many acquaintances and forming many friendships which I trust will last for so long or short a time as I am destined to tread the surface of this orb.

Leaving the Post Office, with eyes on every side, we walked slowly up the Calle de Alcalá, a magnificent street, bordered by acacias, and for width I should think nearly unrivalled. At last perceiving a *café*, a fine large room, we went in to rest our limbs, weary from our journey, and to refresh ourselves with some of the cooling drinks for which Madrid is celebrated: this is a fine opportunity for me to give a description of these beverages, which are unequalled even in Paris, or in the land flowing with sling and

coblers. First, and foremost, peerless and revivifying, comes *agraz*:—pearl of drinks, talisman of potions,—pressed from the pulp of the unripe grape, the acid freshness of immaturity is tempered with pure water of icy coldness; mixed with the camomile wine of southern Spain, the Manzanella, it gives fresh life to the weary traveller, and he would fain die whilst its luscious fragrance still lingers on his lips. Next comes *orchata de chufas*, white creamy nutty liquid, soothing the soul, excited by the sun; then we drink orangeade and lemonade, only to be made in Spain; and last, not least, *leche helada*, fresh goat's milk, rendered more palatable with sugar and beaten snow. This last liquid is not lacking in the smallest village of Spain, as goats pervade the land; and as tea and beer are indigenous in the remotest corner of Great Britain, so ice or beaten snow is to be found in the meanest hamlet of Spain; for all over Spain there are mountains whose heads are ever capped in white. These drinks bear the name of *sorbetes*, from the Persian sherbets, to distinguish them from the *quesitos* (literally small cheeses), hard frozen creams and water ices. These are the only things sold at the *cafés* in Madrid, which do not as at Paris profess to give any eatables.

While engaged in the agreeable task of drinking and staring, a woman entered dressed in a showy Spanish costume, and bearing a guitar. She sang us many popular little melodies, and with southern fire, as she proceeded, enacted the various characters incidental to the songs, throwing her guitar high in air, catching it and thrumming on the back, changing her keys suddenly, and astonishing us with many pleasing peculiarities, in which, while we considered them as necessary accessories to Spanish vocalism, we discovered much that resembled the salient points of Americo-Ethiopian serenaders.

As soon as this Maritana of Madrid had made an end of her singing, the *café* in which we were, yept the *Café Surco*, began to fill with Spanish dandies and well dressed ladies, who adjourn to flirt and eat ices at these resorts after their promenade on the Prado, and here, too, the manners of the people struck us with a pleasing strangeness. Men sat with the fair dames they were escorting, smoking their cigars and *papelitos*, never dreaming of an apology to their gentle companions for indulging in a habit that is practised in the most refined drawing-rooms of the country. The ladies talked and laughed without reserve, and in a manner which in cold Albion would perhaps be considered not quite consistent with decorum, but not the less pleasing to us from its novelty, and the charming appearance of the soft beings whose natural grace and frankness had never been confined by the strait-laced regulations of septentrional *etiquette*. Still, though delighted by the beauty and freedom of the fair Madrilénian women, we could not be blinded to the miserable inferiority of their companions. The beaux of Madrid are usually quite boys from fourteen to sixteen years of age—*los pollitos*, or chickens, as they are aptly named, who forced forward faster than even the ardent sun of Spain necessitates, ape the vices of older men without any of the nobler qualities which partly redeem men's follies. In the words of a satirical song written on them—"they infect all salons, insulting ladies with coarse *double entendres* too palpable to deserve the name, thus endeavouring to keep up their manly character." Insolent and conceited nothing can sub-

them, and they are seen and heard every where lying respecting their fabulous conquests, and boasting of the worst depravity and the lowest disreputable vices with the lack of tact and bad taste of precocious juvenility. Nobles, they glory in meannesses; though born gentlemen, they affect the blackguardisms of the mob they venture to despise. True there are one or two bright exceptions, but not sufficient, I fear, to redeem the class from universal reprobation. This race have only started up of later years, and will tend to render the Spanish race still more degenerate; for among those who are older, who had entered the world at a suitable age, ere this fast disposition had been allowed to enter the minds of children, we found many, who, besides being agreeable companions, by their talents and accomplishments could gain for themselves a good position in any country.

On leaving the *café* we met a friend of R—'s, who had been resident some time in Madrid, an Irish gentleman, whose kindness and attention to us during our stay were unabating. He informed us that a *vervena*—a kind of night-fair and feast—was going on, to celebrate the day of some one of the many saints to whom the Roman Catholic faith assigns festivities.

The Calle de Alcalá, and the Prado, with its continuation, the Fuente Castellana, which traverse at right angles the main street, were lighted up with dim lamps, attached to stalls at which all kinds of wares were vended. At the first step, we saw a little temporary warehouse displaying saints manufactured in china and other materials; at the next a booth dealing in a dirty kind of greasy cake, and a bad sort of brandy called *Leche de viejas*; then we beheld toys, fans, parasols, lace, castanets, daggers, and every species of

“Fine knacks for ladies, cheap, choice, brave and new,”

appropriate to the country and inviting purchasers. Every now and then the twang of a guitar and the click of castanets, informed us that dancing of some kind was going on, but this not being a good specimen, I will defer my description of Spanish saltation to a future time, when I saw the cream of Spanish dancing, both professional and amateur. Sometimes sights of little children attracted us, who, having been given some little saint or virgin, had withdrawn to dark corners, near trees, or behind the booths, and, in their innocence, worshipped the holy bauble as they were shown by the teaching of their perverted faith.

(Occasionally—but seldom, to the credit of Spain—we encountered some man roaring drunk, screaming his salutations in the market-place, but very good-natured in spite of his spirituous aberration; his usual familiarity being the offer of a dram or a cigar (to make a bull), the universal olive branch of Spain. Having refused a multitude of invitations both from gentlemen and ladies, we returned to our inn, tired and pleased with our first experience of Madrid life.

On re-entering the inn, we were informed by Joachim, the waiter, who had been assigned to us, *more Hispanorum*, to be our servant during our sojourn, that on the following day a grand bullfight was to take place. Montes, the great *espada* or *matador*, he told us, was to perform, and the whole affair was to be executed “in a style of unprecedented splendour,” as the playbills have it. He, ingenuous youth! with his usual forethought, had secured for us two seats in

the shade, and we retired to our rest, imagining mantillas and dreaming of bulls.

Dressed as northerners, we sallied forth to see a spectacle of which we had heard so much, eager to behold it; but, on starting, an undefined feeling of anticipatory regret—a vague sense of prospective remorse—took possession of us: a modification of that sentiment which a man must feel who is on the point of committing a murder, or of throwing over his constituents. We had been told and had read of the cruelty of the sport, the horses that were slain, the limbs that were broken, and the torture of the bulls; but the elasticity of the air and the gaiety of the scene, as we wandered towards the *locus in quo*, soon dispelled these foreboding and humane dispositions, and casting prejudices to the wild winds of the Guadarrama, we revelled in the universal joy.

Much was there to please us. As we placed our feet outside the door, we seemed to have paid and entered into one of Burford's panoramas. In our room we were in the dirtiest part of France; in the street we found ourselves in the cleanest part of Spain. A long noble street, bordered by sweet-smelling green-leaved trees, spread its wide length straight before us, and the parti-coloured mob that covered the space, seemed as a river reflected in a kaleidoscope. At different points of the street, until we reached the Puerta de Alcalá, out of which is built the *plaza de toros*, dragoons in yellow or in scarlet, and helmets like those of our lifeguards, were stationed doing policemen's duty. Omnibuses studded the space—not the dark chests which bear British carcasses to the Bank, Cremorne, and other places of refined amusement, but a nice long box with an awning and pendant curtains. Cabs and Broughams strewed the Puerta del Sol in delicious confusion, increased rather than remedied by the exertions of the orderlies; but, rejecting all conveyance, we lounged on, drinking in the new sights with avidity: nothing reminded us of what we had seen, the land seemed but as a landing place for further travel. A Spanish hidalgo passes *hijo de algo*—a son of something;—certainly he is so, but what is the something? Can he tell us? I doubt it. Send him on; who comes next? Another: Who are you, friend? *Hijode*——. Pass on; I doubt you. Who is an hidalgo? That man got up even as for a ball, in a black frock coat (the pink of costume in Spain), a white waistcoat, and dark supplements; for here they wear evening clothes in the morning, and *vice versâ*. Now comes a *calesa*, a kind of cab mounted without springs on a foot-board, on which, or on the shafts, sits the driver, clad simply in black conical hat, shirt, dark trousers, and crimson sash, out of which gleams his *nabaja*. This vehicle dashes on wildly and nearly runs over us, and, turning to see from whom the peals of merry laughter at the disaster proceed, we perceive one or two *manolas*—the grisettes of Madrid—chaperoned by their *manolo*, who bears a long stick, in addition to a dress nearly similar to that of the *calesero*. These *manolas* are most dramatically attired. A short gaudy dress, flounced with black lace, displays the delicate ankles and tiny feet of Moorish blood, and a fan, and black silk or lace mantilla thrown gracefully on the head, complete the costume. Sometimes a cap, or even a many-coloured silk handkerchief forms the only covering; but their small heads are seen to much more

advantage in these head-dresses than they could be in bonnets, which hide their classical shape, and encumber the graceful motions of the throat. A rumour prevails in Madrid that these ladies wear daggers in their right ligà or garter ;—but—who can tell ?—Now another dress attracts our notice—a *majo*, literally “slang swell,” gleams in true Spanish fashion, such as we see in engravings, and which is thought to be peculiar to the province of Andalusia. Richly made, it is often affected at bullfights by gentlemen, and is very graceful. It consists of, first, a black velvet hat, with a low nearly conical crown, and from the brim rises a little parapet, of nearly the same height ; on the left of it two black plush balls are placed, one on the crown, the other opposite on the parapet ; secondly, a black jacket, covered with braid and silver ornaments and buttons—the ambition as to the latter being new silver *pesetas*, or francs ; thirdly, a waist-coat, often of a gaudy colour, without any collar, of the make affected by French dandies of the present age, and ornamented with filigree buttons. Then the everlasting crimson sash, tied many times round the waist, the end of which forms a pocket for their money ; in its folds is held the unwhiling knife. Those whose legs can bear publicity, wear short black breeches and gaiters ; those who are not blessed with swelling calves, long black or very resonant trousers made very full. Everybody is shouting, smoking and laughing. Cries of “*¿Quién quiere agua ?*” from the water-carriers fill the street, and little boys, in search of lucre, run about offering lighted ropes even to those whose cigars are blazing. At length the Prado is passed, and on approaching the gate the water-carts are seen going to the Plaza.

I never saw such a primitive idea for a new invention (for it is new) as these. A large barrel is mounted on a square frame and two wheels, the whole being drawn by two mules. From the back of this barrel emerges a long flexible leathern hose or pipe, the end of which is tied up and pricked so as to form a rose. A long rope extends from the end of this hose to some distance ; a man walking behind sways the latter from side to side by means of the former, and thus effectually lays the dust. Finally, and after much difficulty, we attain the door that leads to our places, and without having to show our tickets, which are collected during the performance, we find ourselves safely located in the arena.

Dazzled and confused by the mixture of the scene, we scarce were able at first to comprehend what we saw ; but on recovering from the giddiness caused by the circular appearance of the singular and varied assemblage we were delighted.

The *plaza de toros* is thus constructed. Extending round a large arena is built a palisade, about the height of a man, over which the fighters, when hard pressed, vault ; in this feat they are assisted by a step stuck to the paling, at the height of about twenty inches from the ground. Four swing-gates, through which the horses, bulls, &c., are admitted, alone interrupt the otherwise unbroken circle. About eight feet beyond this safeguard, forming an outer ring, is a higher wooden wall, behind which, on graduated benches, sit the *profanum vulgus*—the *pueblo*, the most amusing part of the spectators. This part is in fact the pit of the bullfight. Glance your eye on the highest of these seats, and you behold a gallery stretching round, covered, and containing three rows of benches, where the bourgeoisie

and unsubscribing portion of the aristocracy can take places, and above this gallery again runs another intitled the *palcos*, or boxes, divided into separate portions, some of which are hired for the season by families, while others are omnibus boxes, or let off in ephemeral places. In these latter we were lucky enough to obtain seats ; we had a *tabloncillo*, i. e. a back seat, which gives you the advantage of a dorsal support. A lady sat in the *centro* below me, and, without any false pride, used my knees as a back, and looked very indignant whenever I attempted to alter the position of her *dossier*.

The royal box is placed over one entrance opposite the bull's stable, and next to it is the box of the *ayuntamiento*, or corporation, where the *corregidor* sits administering the police of the arena. Over the bull's entrance sits a military band. Now to look round and examine the company. Lo ! we behold gay Andalusians, majos thinking themselves unapproachable, manolas, Gallicians, whose attire is indescribable, lovely women glancing their bright eyes, and shaded with black or white mantillas, while watching them are natives of many lands, Moors, Spaniards, in evening toilette, Englishmen, practising moustaches in their national habit, with that stare so full of meaning, and that timid and uncontentuous smile so much their characteristic, and Frenchmen really enjoying themselves. Men are selling oranges, and throwing them everywhere, with handkerchiefs containing copper change for small silver pieces. Tobacco is puffing in every direction. Women are screaming water and iced drinks, men are selling fans, shaped like firecreens, roughly made of an old newspaper, and a half-peeled stick. Jokes are bandied about, short quick sarcastic jokes, sharp as the steel with which they are sometimes returned. A *taurumachia* is evidently the only sight for which a Spaniard cares. The Spanish origin must be the same as that of the Irish, for the chief distinction of either nation is a bull. But

" See to their desks Apollo's sons repair,"

and a blast of trumpets ushers in some two or three mounted soldiers to clear the course, and I see the heart of my knee-friend below me flutter at the thoughts of the impending contest. Now another flourish of wind instruments, and one of the side gates opens to admit a mounted alguazil, who is attired in the old Spanish costume, a feathered hat, sword, ruff, short cloak, doublet, silk knee thing-umbobs and stockings. He is followed by the *picadors*, mounted on horses at which a British knacker would look twice ere committing himself to purchase them, blindfolded, poor beasts, and accoutred with a sharp curb, and a high demipique saddle in which the mildest horseman would feel himself secure.

The riders wear a broad hat, a jacket, aiguilletted and embroidered, sufficiently open to exhibit a waistcoat somewhat similar, a sash, thick chamois leather knees, and boots padded with iron ; they carry in their hand a stout lance, at the end of which is a prong, long enough to repulse the bull, but not calculated to kill him.

Then come the *matadors* or *espadas*, clothed in a light jacket, trimmed most expensively, being covered with amulets, charms, embroidery, stones, and other devices, laced velvet breeches, and white silk stockings. They wear a kind of bag at the back of the head in which long hair is gathered up, a wig, I am told, as out of

the ring the *torero's* hair is closely clipped like that of all other Spaniards. Next in order march the *banderilleros*, who wear a dress somewhat similar, though less ornamented, and the *chulos* still plainer, bearing on their arms their many-coloured *capas* or cloaks, the waving of which to distract and infuriate the bull, forms their duty.

Gaily caparisoned horses, harnessed four-and-four abreast, with a driver walking behind holding the reins, close the cavalcade. They are destined to drag away the carcasses of defunct bulls and horses.

After having passed and saluted the magnates, the actors arrange themselves in their allotted stations round the arena. The *picador* being placed, one on the left of the bull's gate, the other a little further on. The horses gallop off to wait till their services are required, and in their haste cause the tumble of their Juhu, which practical joke, on their parts, excites the laughter of the easily amused public to such a pitch that their roars resound for some minutes. These off, the *alguazil*, hat in hand, rides nearly under the box of the *corregidor*, and having caught the key of the stables, trots to give it to a *chulo*, who immediately opens the gate. The *alguazil* gallops off through the opposite exit, as though in terror for his life, and this jest repeated weekly at every bullfight again induces the popular cachinnation.

The bull darts out ferocious, irritated at the last moment by a bunch of ribbons being nailed into his shoulder; misguided brute—he feels the pain more than the distinction. The door clashes behind him, and he attacks the nearest *picador*. He sprang against Sevilla, who received him on the point of his spear, and, after a short struggle, repulsed him. The bull left him to attack his next antagonist, and Sevilla gallops beyond his comrade to prepare for the next onset. Taurus now flew at Picador No. 2, whose designation I forget, as also the place of his birth, which is always given in the programme; the mighty animal meeting here with better success, plunged his long horns into the bowels of the horse. The poor beast's entrails gush out, he is lifted high in the air by the bull's immense strength, and then falls a heavy crash on the *picador's* leg. The *chulos* rush with their *capas* to lead the bull to another victim, and to replace the fallen man on his legs. The latter instantly feels the ear of his steed. Should they prove to be cold, it is a sign of immediate death; his saddle and bridle are removed and placed on another animal for the *picador* to mount, and he is allowed to breathe his last undisturbed; but should they feel warm, as often occurs, then the unhappy animal is beaten with sticks till he rises, is remounted, and forced to gallop to his place to stand another attack; and frequently he treads on his intestines, which trail on the ground as he is urged on to eke the few minutes of his life in providing a morbid excitement to a half-civilized people. This is the only really revolting part of the exhibition, but, as though to counter-balance the brutality, I was delighted to feel my fair neighbour shudder at the horrid sight. Her feelings of disgust, I am happy to be able to state confidently, are universally shared in by the ladies of Spain, many of whom reprobate the entire spectacle, and all of whom agree with me that this act at least might be dispensed with. The nation at large, however, think differently, and as four other horses were thus treated by the bull, rendered furious by the flutter

of the skilfully applied *capas*, the applause was actually stunning.

At last, tired, exhausted, and asted with blood, the bull thinks to gain a few moments' repose, or, perhaps, to have baffled his tormentors; but vain hope! little does he know the inveteracy of his foes, and that his death, made a lingering torture, alone will satisfy them; with this expectation, however, he desists from slaughter, stands in a corner and bellows.

The presiding spirit of the play "nods a new signal," a few notes of music, and the *banderilleros* commence their work. Small darts, about eighteen inches long, decorated with cut and coloured paper, are held one in each hand, and it is the duty of the *banderilleros* to rush up to the bull's very face, and to affix one of these annoying weapons on either side of his neck. As he does this, attendant *chulos*, myrmidons of evil, stand ready to furnish more instruments for the *gestion* of this torment. This scene of the play is very graceful and interesting. The *telite*, a small wiry man, sways his body to and fro with the stinging weapons stretched out, ready to be fixed into the shoulder of his dumb foe. He awaits for a moment or two, and then suddenly darting forward "like buttered lightning," he does the deed, and dodges nimbly from the retaliation he deserves. Four pairs are successively planted, and the poor bull, baulked in his vengeance, and irritated to madness, shrieks, bellows, foams, and wildly rages in his endeavours to throw the insidious points from his flesh.

"Ho flies, he wheels, distracted with his throes;

Dart follows dart; lance, lance; loud bellowsings speak his woes."

The active fighters successfully keep out of his way, and he occasionally vents his ire by leaping over the first barrier, and excites a laugh by causing amateurs, who have secretly crept into the colour, as much *recherché* as the wings of a theatre, to jump into the arena to avoid the outpouring of his wrath. Now he rushes round the passage, beaten with staves by the surrounding *manolos*, laden with abuse, and as the nearest gate is swung open, he once more charges into the battle field.

"Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty brute,
And wildly staring, spurns with sounding foot
The sand.

Wide waving to and fro
His angry tail; red rolls his eyes dilated glow."

The last scene of the tragedy approaches: the "light limbed *matador*" kneels to receive permission to deal the death-stroke to the bull, and a deep silence pervades the whole assembly. All eyes are fixed on the *corregidor*, expecting the never-refused signal; the great body of the *toreros* flock *en masse* in one corner; the tired bull, panting in his nook, knows not what to make of his short respite; the *corregidor* bends his head, and the strong man prepares to slay the wearied brute.

* These quotations from "Childe Harold" will be at once recognized. Lord Byron's description of the bull fight, though circumstantially not quite correct, is a splendid and graphic picture of the exciting amusement.

INEDITED LETTERS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS.

MRS. PIOZZI.

Our next batch of the Piozzi correspondence finishes the grand tour, and brings the writer home to publish her letters, and renew her acquaintance with English scenery, which, notwithstanding all the fine sights she saw abroad, from the frost-locked Danube to the enchanted island of the Lago Maggiore, has lost nothing of her love and admiration. The contrast between the voluptuous climate of Italy, which makes the traveller feel as if life were literally a holiday, and the repose and comfort of England, is unquestionably in favour of the latter at the end of a long journey. The comparison, however, is scarcely fair—the sensation of getting home again being a large item in the balance of pleasure.

These letters contain few allusions to the literary people or domestic affairs. They are chiefly taken up with the gossip of the road, the mode of life in Germany, the romance of Hungarian names, and the poetry of the Lombard lakes, on whose margins the cheapness of the living, it appears, was as remarkable in Mrs. Piozzi's time as in the present day. It is always pleasant to hear what she has to say about her husband; she is so proud of him and devoted to him, and so resolved, by loving and praising him, to falsify the prophecies of the Johnson and Thrale circles. Whatever they may have thought of her marriage, or affected to think of it, there can be no reasonable doubt that it brought her the happiness she looked for in it; and as ladies may be presumed to marry for the advancement of their own happiness, and not that of their friends, the union, if not a prudent one so far as fortune was concerned, seems to have been very prosperous in all other respects.

Mrs. Piozzi, on her return to London, busied herself with collating her collection of Johnson's letters, in which task she availed herself of the advice of her constant friend, Mr. Lysons. In the latter part of the year (1787) she went into the country, visiting, amongst other places, the charming retreat of Guy's Cliff, near Leamington, the seat of Mr. Greatehead. This gentleman, whose mother was sister of the Duke of Ancaster, had met Mrs. Piozzi in Italy two years before, and was one of the contributors, in conjunction with her and Mr. Merry, to a gathering of odds and ends in prose and verse, called "The Florence Miscellany." He is immortalized in the Baviad and Mæviad as the Reuben of the Della Cruscan school. The tragedy alluded to by Mrs. Piozzi is the only dramatic production by which he is known, nor is its merit of a kind to justify much regret that he confined his ambition to that single effort. It is called "The Regent," and was acted at Drury Lane in the latter part of the season of 1788, when the performers were taking their benefits; so that whatever chance of longevity it might have derived from the zeal of Mrs. Siddons, to whom it is dedicated, was cut short by a succession of interruptions. An

event which rendered the title of the play obnoxious to the public, occurred soon afterwards, and prevented its reproduction in the ensuing season; and it has never been played since.

DEAR MR. LYONS,

Milan, 15th August, 1796.

You are just setting out on your summer excursion I see, when we are returning from ours. Since I wrote last, the heat grew so intense that, to shelter me from its ill effects, Mr. Piozzi kindly procured me a country house about forty-five miles off in the Varese, where the Grison Alps, covered with eternal snow, refresh the air, and the beautiful lakes, with that astonishing verdure that for ever adorns their sides, cures the effect made upon one's eyes by the dazzling of the sun in less shaded, and less lovely situations. Oh! nothing I have hitherto seen, at all equals or comes near the Lago Maggiore, with its enchanted island and palace, which, inspired by a politeness peculiar to himself, Count Borromeo put into our possession for a week, and we made it resound with music and merriment, having carried out from Milan a band of nine performers to divert us on the water; and I do think that the effect of the French horns by moonlight, with the view of our fairy dominion rising as by magic out of the lake, was a scene no theatre can pretend to represent. A barge full of noble friends, who favoured us for five weeks with their company at Varese, though used to the delights of this glorious climate, confessed they had never been so entertained before. Every art has indeed been tried by our acquaintance here, all of the first rank, to detain Mr. Piozzi among them, and I will allow that such temptations are very near irresistible. You cannot figure to yourself the cheapness with which one might hire here, or purchase here places so beautiful, that in England no money would be thought enough for them.

My husband is, however, not only willing, but desirous, to move northward; and proposes to himself no small consolation in that country where good talents and good conduct are respected beyond birth and fortune, as Miss Burney's well-deserved preferment can evince, better than any thing I could say upon the subject. In consequence of this resolution we return to dear Verona the end of next month, and there you must direct *poste restante*; from thence over the Tyrol into Germany, that one may see something of the Rhine and the Danube; and breaking the winter by passing a month or two at Vienna, come home with the new year, and publish our letters when the town is at full, to say nothing of the moon.

You are very good natured to send me some news, and I am very happy to see you so sedulously bent on success in your profession; 'tis exceedingly commendable indeed, and nothing will be able to stand against virtue, genius, and application united.

We used to laugh about my Lord Tetbury, but as Shakespear says, "Jesters do oft prove prophets."

Let me hear some good of the dear Jameses; when you are at Bath tell them how sincerely their happiness, as well as your own, is desired by my kind husband and

Your sincerely obliged friend, and faithful servant,

H. L. Piozzi.

Write soon, or we shall be run from Verona again; and after the

next letter you must be kind enough to direct to Vienna, *post restante*; but let me find one letter at Verona, pray do. *Addio!*

A Monsieur.

Monsieur Samuel Lysons,

To be left at the Post Office, Gloucester,
Gloucestershire, Angleterre.

DEAR MR. LYSONS,

Milan, 20th Sept. 1786.

I WRITE just as I am leaving Milan to inclose Cardinal Passionens's head which you desired: for the answer to my last letter, I have some slight hopes of finding at it Verona, but you must now direct to Vienna, and tell all my friends to send their kind words to the same place.

Cadell tells me how kind you are, but so have you always been. The pearls should have come here before now, and then I should have carried them with me, but care shall be taken that you get them somehow. I can add no more, being between nest and wing so, one is half crazed with packing.

Adieu; accept my husband's best regards, with those, dear sir, yours sincerely,

H. L. Piozzi.

Send me the News of the World to Vienna.

DEAR MR. LYSONS,

Vienna, 8th November, 1786.

WHILE you are lamenting the rainy weather which keeps you within doors, and the fog which takes away all taste of going out, how little do you think of the bitter frosts and snow that whiten all our prospects! and while they whet our desire of returning home, impede our progress, and render it very serious in the eyes of these good Germans, who kindly wish to detain us among them the whole winter.

The streets are narrow, and I suppose dirty, when 'tis less violently cold than now: the men all walk out clothed in wolf skins, and the Danube looks willing to swell when the frost shall be willing to break.

The sweet Veronese sent me your letter hither, and I hope to have but one more from you this jaunt; you will please to direct that to Bruxelles.

We will promise to be very diverting companions at our return, when I hope you will be among the first to say "Welcome home, dear Mr. Piozzi, I see your wife is grown fat in *your* country; let us keep her so, now she's come back to her own."

If I said a word of the fossil fish that we carry in the coach, or of the petrified wood, I might be jealous that it was them you came to see, so not a word shall I tell.

My book is sent for to put up in this public library, they tell me; it has had very great honours paid it indeed both in England and abroad; but Cadell never sent the promised copies to Lyons, or they never received it there.

I am glad you are settling in chambers, and say with sincerity God give you good luck! My expectations are very high, and will not I dare swear be disappointed.

Tell all my true friends that I love them exceedingly, and that my husband proves his love towards me in every possible indulgence of my taste, and even of my caprice. Poor Johnson has been sick here. Oh, how kind he has shewn himself to her on my account. If I had not been in love with him before, I would begin now. But you would rather hear about Baron Borne, who has found the secret of amalgamation. Well! he is sicker than Johnson; the quicksilver has seized him, and he looks like the poor wretches that used to be sent from the mines near Bristol to recover at Bath by dint of the hot water. His company is pleasing, however, if his print had any resemblance I would bring it you.

Adieu! these nasty stoves suffocate, but do not warm one. My husband wishes for a good coal fire, so does

Your affectionate friend and servant,

H. L. Piozzi.

A Monsieur,
Monsieur Samuel Lysons,
Chez le Rev. Monsieur S. Peach, at East Sheene,
near Mortlake, Surrey, Angleterre.

Prague in Bohemia, 29th November, 1786.

WHAT will you give, dear Mr. Lysons, for a letter with this date? Does it not look very wild somehow? And so here we are sure enough at the original source of Reformation—at the camp of the King of Prussia, at the scene of poor Prince Palatine's miseries; by the side of a bridge justly famous for its size and convenience; and in the midst of weather so hideous, and roads so terrifying, that no people but ourselves would venture forward almost. My tenderest friends, however, need not apprehend my being put in a convent here in Germany, for the Emperor has taken them all away. When we made a party to see Presburg, in Hungary, we were within forty posts of the Turkish dominions; and there, my beauty might have occasioned some hazards of a *seraglio*.

Well, now for all I joke about my beauty, you will see a better face put upon things than when we parted at Bath, that you will; meantime, you want to hear how the people live at Vienna? Why, they live five, or six, or seven families all in one house; every one shutting his apartment, or set of apartments, out from the others, by a great iron door, or grate; so that the approach to each habitation seems like a prison or a nunnery. How they get to one another's houses is difficult, for the streets are miserably narrow, and dirty; crowded besides with four-wheeled carts, and cutters of wood, which incommode passengers more than all the rest, but the people are pleasing enough when one gets at 'em. It is at Prague, of all places, that one eats best, and sleeps softest, of any town we have yet experienced: so, where I hope for diversion abroad, I found, to my much amazement, excessive great comfort at home; perhaps those intolerable inns we have passed through to get hither, may make us still more delighted with our present lodging. I fancy we shall take England for Italy at our return, so beautiful will Whitehall, and even the Horse Guards, look after German architecture. And the theatres here and at Vienna! what things they are! The rivers, forests, and furs of such animals as reside in

them, are the real glories of this country ; such fish it is impossible to see out of smaller streams, and a little Severn salmon, on Mr. Hancock's board at Bath, would hardly venture to measure against a Danube carp. If we escape the precipice between here and Dresden, and if we do not make food for the eels in the Elbe, which runs under it, I will write again one other letter, to tell of the *Notte of Correggio* ; and so crawl on to Brussels, through Leipsig, Cassel, and Cologne—not Hanover and Amsterdam. Our coach will hardly hold out more frisks, and one grows tired of seeing the library, and the museum, and the same stuff over again at every place. Mr. Murphy used to say, when we asked him to go with us to look at some gentleman's seat, I remember. " No, do let me alone," says he, " I'll describe it to you when you come home just as exact." Accordingly, when we returned, he was ready to receive us. " And well," says he, " you ran up a flight of stone-stairs, did not you ; turned into an Egyptian hall ; then through a magnificent corridor to the picture gallery ; the library is in the other wing, &c."

I begin now to be of his mind, and think it would [be] a comfortable thing to sit quiet and stir the fire ; a pleasure we never enjoy, for the stoves here warm, but do not divert me ; and the double windows tease me to death, I can never get a good look out in the street ; there is such a ceremony with our curious casements.

My husband is going out on foot, and promises to carry this letter himself to the post, an offer I will not decline ; for if one leaves them to others, I see they never go. Adieu ! then, dear sir.

You have now the pragmatic sanction added to every other reason for believing me your sincerely

Obliged friend and humble servant,

H. L. Piozzi.

Answer this to Brussels, and God bless you !

A Monsieur,
Monsieur Samuel Lyons,
Chez Monsieur le Révérend S. Peach,
at East Sheene, near Mortlake, Surrey, Angleterre.

DEAR MR. LYONS,

Brussels, 3rd Feb. 1787.

After a very long journey, as you know, and if one had a mind to multiply wonders, a very serious one at this season, I found sincere comfort in your three agreeable letters. What you tell me of Mr. Murphy's friendly remembrance flatters and pleases me : those who loved my husband, shall always be loved by me, that's certain ; and Dr. Lort is very kind too, and writes very sweetly !

Every one agrees in sending us back to Antwerp ; we mean to be there next Monday to dinner, if possible,—the Dusseldorf Gallery answered very well, but 'tis not the Dresden one to be sure. Potsdam, Berlin, and Sans Souci exceeded all my imagination, perhaps more than anything I have seen at all ; for of every other famous town or palace I had screwed up my fancy very high ; but had no notion of the magnificence, taste, and splendour united by the King of Prussia in his dwelling-houses. Did not I write to you from Saxony, to say how we passed the precipice between Lowositz and Dussig ? half on foot, and half in the carriages of the country ; having floated our own coach down the Elbe to save its utter ruin, and leave it, at least, in a mendable state ; which, with less good

management would have been impracticable, as those roads have certainly been getting worse every day since Lady Mary Wortley passed them; or, her husband would not have been asleep I believe, nor the postilions neither. All was forgot, however, when we saw the Elector's treasures, and the pictures of Correggio, worth more, in my mind, than the green diamond and the onyx together. After Berlin, the most striking thing was our King's arms, and livery, and picture, found in a country little resembling his British dominions. God knows! for a more melancholy place than Hanover, except Brunswick, did I never see. Had the English mob a notion how welcome fifteen thousand pounds must be to such princely people in so poor a state, they would have been more generous; but John does run ahead before he knows at whom, and is sorry when he has done tossing an innocent person.

The story of Mr. Bowes and Lady Strathmore is a very disgraceful one, and I'm sorry it ever happened; all the foreigners wonder, as they do at the histories of highway robberies, and say 'tis very strange that the laws of a country like England do not prevent such outrages. The diffusion of gazettes and newspapers to distant nations is really not a desirable circumstance; every little ridiculous incident is by that means displayed before all Europe, and canvassed over by those who never could have taken any interest in it, if they had known the original beginning. Not that I think slightly of these crimes against Heaven, and against society; but if people will play such tricks, 'tis better not to publish them to others who can't mend them.

And now, adieu! dear sir, and be glad to see us when we come to the Hotel Royal, in Pall Mall, which I trust will be before St. David's day. Meantime, and ever, believe me,

Much your affectionate friend, servant, &c.

H. L. Piozzi.

My husband sends you a thousand compliments. No letter from Mr. James here; 'tis the first time he has failed to write in answer to mine from Dresden; tell him I say so, and that we love him dearly.

A Monsieur,
Monsieur Sam. Lysons,
Chez le Reverend Monsieur S. Pouch, at East Sheens,
near Mortlake, Surrey, Angleterre.

I ENCLOSE you some trifling letters from Johnson, and some too melancholy for me to endure the reading of; they are on my dear son's death: if your heart is as hard as that Alexander's we talk so much of in our letters, you perhaps may like them. Write me word what you do with my stuff, and pray take care to scratch names out. Yours is a very serious trust, and though you live to be Lord Tethbury, you will never again have the heart of any one so completely in your hand to rummage every sorrow out, as you now have that of your

Humble servant,

H. L. Piozzi.

Wednesday night.

It comes in my head, seeing these letters from me, dated Bath, that I must have a heap from him somewhere which we have not yet looked over. When I have a quiet moment I'll search again, and—then, if we find enough of his, mine may be excused.

Mr. Samuel Lysons.

Mrs. Piozzi presents her best compliments and good wishes for Mr. Lysons's good journey: she sends the lapis lazuli stuff by her maid, who hopes to catch him at Mr. Cadell's.

Compliments to Mr. Cadell besides.

Wednesday.

Send me word you have received it safe, that is, write me word; because, 'tis a valuable charge to my maid, as you may see I esteem it by the direction.

H. L. P.

To Mr. Lysons, of Clifford's Inn,
At Mr. Cadell's, Bookseller, Strand.

Monday noon.

I AM ashamed to plague you so, my dear sir, but my papers are ready before I hoped, and if you could come either to dinner, or directly after dinner to-day it would do nicely. We have here two thousand good lines, fairly and more than fairly counted; besides my own letters, and a pretty long preface, and all the verses. Tomorrow morning at nine o'clock I depend on your friendship and company, if not this evening.

Adieu! much yours,

H. L. Piozzi.

Mr. S. Lysons,
No 17, or No 11, Clifford's Inn.

DEAR MR. LYSONS, Hanover Square, Thursday, 12th April, 1787.

Do not dispirit us, all will do very well; and we will have lines enough; I have a deal to tell you which I should not quite like to write. Come on Tuesday morning, do, at nine o'clock, and bring all the letters, and let us have a good sitting to them; wherever the names can carry displeasure, we will dash them. Miss Thrall refuses her assistance, but we will do without, and very well too. Adieu! till Tuesday morning, and accept the thanks of

Your much obliged and faithful,

H. L. Piozzi.

To Samuel Lysons, Esq.
At the Rev. Mr. S. Peach's House,
at East Sheene, near Mortlake, Surrey.

Hanover Square, Monday, 23rd April, '88.

WHAT can be become of two other letters, where my uncle is mentioned? They should come in before the account of his having willed away the estate; you may remember I made you take them: they spoke of his stagnation, of unactive kindness, and you once wished to reject them, but repented and accepted them. Where are they?

Will you dine here on Wednesday next, and shall I ever see Mr Cadell again? To-morrow is a children's ball, and I am devoted to Cecilia.

Samuel Lysons, Esq., Clifford's Inn.

DEAR MR. LYSONS,

Holy Thursday, Hanover Square.

I have found about forty letters of Johnson's in the old trunk, which may very well be printed; some of them exceedingly long ones, and of the best sort. I read two or three to Mr. Cadell, and he liked them vastly, but will not abate of mine, and for the sake of his partiality I am now resolved to be patiently tied to the stake, and if we can find six or seven tolerable ones for each volume, he shall have them, but let me look them over once again. No need to expunge with salt and lemons all the names I have crossed—let the initials stand; it is enough that I do not name them out; civility is all I owe them, and my attention not to offend is shown by the dash. The preface is written, and when I get the verses from Dr. Lort I will not be dilatory, for I have a nice little writing-room, and a very gentleman-like man to deal with in Mr. Cadell.

Marquess Trotti and Mr. Colle carry my commendation to the dear Jameses. When shall you get to Bath, I wonder. Write at least once again to your

Obliged and faithful servant,

H. L. Piozzi.

To Samuel Lysons, Esq., at Rodmarton, near Cirencester.

DEAR MR. LYSONS,

Portsmouth, July 17th. 1787.

We have passed a very pleasant month driving about England, which I think grows more beautiful every day; so do Mr. James's children, who bid me give you a thousand compliments. I shall expect a world of news in return for my lean accounts of Stourhead, Wilton, Southampton, &c. Pray do pick me up whatever can most interest me in particular, and bring it with you on Friday evening to Hanover Square, where we hope to arrive after seeing Payne's Hill, &c. No signs of poor "Paulina's Adventures" in the "Monthly Review:" I do think she is used very ill.

Mr. Piozzi sends his kind regards, and bids you observe that he is always better than his word, and always comes home some little time before he is expected.

I am very sincerely yours, &c.,

H. L. Piozzi.

Samuel Lysons, Esq. No. 17, Clifford's Inn, London.

Hanover Square, Wednesday, 23rd Jan.

Mrs. Piozzi sends her compliments and her preface to Mr. Cadell, and begs that he will neither say nor think that her negligence delays the publication.

Mr. Cadell, Bookseller, Strand.

DEAR MR. LYSONS,

Manchester, Sunday, 9th Sept. '87.

You must forgive me for not writing sooner, we have been rambling about, and I have lost your letter; the best way will be to

direct this to London. Mr. Greatheed is sorry you could not come to Guy's Cliffe, where he will always be happy in seeing you, he says; but it is likely enough you may have met in town before now, for he went up in consequence of my urgent advice to promote the bringing forward his tragedy, which is a very likely one to please the public, and should not be kept concealed. In our return home we shall call again at his charming seat in Warwickshire, and thither I would have you direct your answer to this letter. It was a great gratification to me the being showed Shakspeare's tomb, after seeing those of Virgil, Raphael, and the King of Prussia. Since we were in that part of the world I have not been idle in endeavouring to swell Cadell's second volume for him, with matters less trifling than familiar nonsense scribbled by myself a dozen years ago with little notion of printing it, heaven knows; and how the public will receive my letters, it is certain I tremble to think: but the promises and anecdotes picked up at Lichfield and Ashbourne give me some hopes of making everybody amends.

Mr. Piozzi has been very well diverted in his little tour, and likes Hagley Park vastly as a fine specimen of English taste, and Chatsworth House as a good imitation of Italian magnificence: but I have seen few things superior to Warwick Castle in the old way, and Kendleston in the new. The dear Leasowes are always delightful, and our British Alpheus and Arethusa, and Marriage, in Mr. Port's garden at Ilam, is singularly curious. You would never have the pencil out of your hand was you to perambulate Derbyshire, and surely Matlock by moonlight is a first rate view for a painter.

We met Mr. Parsons at Buxton; he esteems you much, and desires to cultivate your acquaintance; do not neglect him. This is a rich, and populous, and thriving town: what did the people lament about so? and why did they say they were all o' ruining?

"Ungrateful Britain! dost thou call it ruin,
To live as we do?"

I find every place in a state of improvement beyond my expectation all over England; and Buxton is so fine, I had not the least recollection of it. The report is that the Duke of Devonshire has found a silver mine in the mountains—that would indeed be a fine thing. Farewell, dear Sir, we are going on to Liverpool, Chester, Flint, Denbigh, and dear Bachygraig; then back through Wrexham, Shrewsbury, &c., to Warwickshire again—and then to town, where all shall be settled for our spring publication. Meantime, accept Mr. Piozzi's best compliments, with those of your faithful friend,

And obedient servant,

H. L. Piozzi.

Let me find a letter from you at Guy's Cliffe.

To Samuel Lysons, Esq., Cirencester, Gloucestershire.

KING LOUIS PHILIPPE AND HIS CIVIL LIST.

BY THE COUNT DE MONTALIVET.

FORMERLY INTENDANT-GENERAL OF THE CIVIL LIST TO KING
LOUIS PHILIPPE.

TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM JONES.

CHAPTER I.

Calumnies refuted.

HENRY THE FOURTH once observed to his contemporaries: "You will only render me justice after my death." I have often heard Louis Philippe repeat these sad words of his ancestor.

King Louis Philippe is no more; his day of justice has at length dawned. Not that his memory claims the honours of panegyric; for that there is no need: a simple exposure of facts will render it the highest eulogium, and the homage of which it is worthy.

The slow poison of calumny, has, above all, attached itself to his individual sentiments, tainting, in its purest source, the moral influence which the character and private virtues of this monarch impressed upon the political acts of his government. We enter, therefore, upon the actual field of battle, and aim at the heart of calumny itself, in speaking of the King's private life.

That which cannot be too much admired in Louis Philippe, is the union of conduct and sentiment which characterised him throughout his career. The entire history of the King, from the long exile of his youth, to his declining years, may be summed up in these words:—absolute devotion to France. This truth we will undertake to demonstrate from the evidence of facts which have been passing before us during a period of eighteen years, with which none can be better acquainted than ourselves. But before being overwhelmed by the authority of facts, calumny should be confounded in the very source of its triumph. Since the 24th of February, 1848, every document that could interest the past, present, or future welfare of the Orleans family, from the overflowings of the heart, to the most subtle political combinations;—all the papers, from the most intimate and familiar letters, to accounts of secret disbursements—without the least exception, have remained in the hands of those who had pursued the King with all the venom of their hate. Never has more terrible catastrophe, falling suddenly upon a dynasty, displayed in a more striking, favourable, and unforeseen light, its sentiments, designs, and interests.

Owing to concurrent circumstances, of which I do not at present propose to fathom the causes, or to analyse the unhappy result, the retreat of the King and the Royal Family was so hasty, that neither they nor their attendants had a moment to prepare the objects more immediately necessary for their departure. The destitute condition in which the King quitted Paris was such, that he was obliged to borrow a sum of three thousand francs on his way to Versailles. How, then, amidst the revolutionary tempest, so resistless in its rapidity, could the documents which encumbered the palace of the Tuileries, the Palais Royal, the Louvre, and the Hôtel of the Place Vendôme, be sought

after? Not one escaped the men who, on this ill-omened day, and by an inscrutable decree of Providence, triumphed without combat and without glory. In vain a faithful servant hastened to hide, in an obscure and retired corner, two precious portfolios, which he anticipated finding later;—even these could not escape the researches of the government of the Hôtel de Ville, aided by the eager assistance of secret traitors. Thus these indefatigable calumniators, who had every day accused King Louis Philippe of conspiracy against the laws, of betraying the honour of France, of pillaging the state, of investing wealth abroad, now held in their hands proofs of all the wicked thoughts, and all the crimes that their deadly calumnies had imputed to the Prince!

For the past sixty years, incessant revolutions have unsettled France, and all the powers who have successively held the reins of government, seem to have been condemned to precipitate themselves by a fatal concatenation of circumstances in a common abyss, that even their ruins could not fill up. Louis the Sixteenth, Napoleon, Louis the Eighteenth, and Charles the Tenth were allured, each in his turn, to that precipice which seems to bear away the fortune and even the name of France towards unknown shoals; but not one of these governing powers have been struck in so sudden, so unforeseen, and so fatal a manner as Louis Philippe. Louis the Sixteenth during his long and painful trial of royalty;—the princes, his brothers, anterior to taking refuge in a foreign land;—Maria Louise, before quitting Paris;—the Emperor before abdicating at Fontainebleau;—Louis the Eighteenth during fifteen days (from the 5th to the 20th of March);—Napoleon, once again, during his martyrdom at the Elysée;—and, to conclude, Charles the Tenth, from the day when he signed his disastrous decrees,—all had been able to preserve and guarantee from the profanation of publicity, their glory or their interests. For the august head of the House of Orleans, Providence had reserved other rigours and other dangers. His person, it is true, was destined to remain unscathed by his enemies, but his soul, his secret feelings were to remain, in some degree, prisoners in the hands of his most inveterate accusers.

And now, petty declaimers, mighty impeachers of kings; during four months you have been ransacking these archives, delivered into your power by a sudden outbreak;—with an ardent and passionate eye you have read that correspondence, notes, and memoirs. Why have you preserved silence on those proofs destined to absolve you from the shame attached to calumniators? You have even dared to stammer forth from the tribune the words *miserly King*; and you have also dared to call Louis Philippe a *tyrant* in the columns of a newspaper which has lost the right to speak of corruption and tyranny:—but your tongue froze in your mouth, and your pen moved not when it was necessary to prove that for eighteen years you had not lied to France and to the world! Already you have expatriated the whole of a royal race, but you have not been able to banish with it justice and truth, those two great comforters of the exile, which are alike superior to your attacks, and stronger than parliamentary decrees.

Politics alone were far from sufficient to satisfy the authors of the incessant warfare directed against the royalty of July. Their calumnies pursued it with still greater exasperation, in its most intimate and private relations. To pervert certain facts, to exaggerate others, and, indeed, to invent circumstances materially false; such were the proceed-

ings by which they endeavoured, every day, to corrupt public opinion, by exciting it against the man and the father of a family, and, at the same time, against the monarch. The avarice and rapacity of Louis Philippe!—such was the exhaustless subject of enormous accusations which the democratic press, and often, alas! the dynastic opposition itself, caused to be circulated amongst the people by a thousand channels of extensive publicity. Newspaper articles, insertion of letters, anonymous denunciations, pamphlets, and popular almanacs, nothing was spared. In vain official denials were repeatedly given at the tribune with energetic indignation; and explanations afforded, I may be permitted to observe, on the authority of good faith, uncontested then, and since proved by time. In vain some newspapers and courageous writers endeavoured to disabuse this national credulity, which, in France, leans always on the side of opposition. Their united efforts could not stay the impetuosity of the poisoned torrent. Doubt and hesitation penetrated into many minds, while animosity and blind passion took possession of others. Even the mass of the Parisian middle classes, attained by degrees that spirit of careless indifference, which, when the day of supreme danger might arrive, rendered defence impossible. To act in self-defence was to kindle civil war, which shocked the generous spirit of the king, and would have plunged the whole of France in blood.

In what concerns the intimate and private affairs of King Louis Philippe, the documents which fell into the hands of the victorious insurgents were more numerous, and much more precise, than those directly relating to politics. All, without any exception, belonged to two administrations, those of the civil list and private domains, and it should be remarked, that these archives consisted, from their nature even, of disbursement orders, budgets, and accounts, which formed so many documents easy to verify, and irrefutable in themselves. Those of bad faith may interpret as they may to the satisfaction of the passions by which they are impelled, the character and object of the diplomatic and administrative papers, seized by successful violence. They may, and without a doubt, will do so; but their success is no longer probable at the present time, and the accusers of a policy of eighteen years' duration, brought to the bar in their turn, will not escape the condemnation of history. However, bad faith never dies by defeat; it has always its writers, its newspapers, and partizans; and may thus still maintain awhile the arbitration of democratic passions against the political career of Louis Philippe; but if there is a field upon which unprincipled persons meet all the difficulties of a false position, as well as the embarrassments of conscience, it is assuredly where affairs resolve themselves into figures, in accounts with vouchers to support them.

"It concerns us very little," an orator of the Mountain declared some months ago, "to know in what sense, more or less generous, the debts of the civil list may have been contracted." What difference is there, gentlemen, in this constrained and unscrupulous language, and the accusations that you formerly levelled against the monarchy with so injurious an assurance? Then you desired to know all, or to hear you, you were acquainted with everything. You were aware that the revenues of the King's private domains had reached a sum four or five times higher in amount than that officially stated. You pretended to know that King Louis Philippe was constantly transmitting money to England, and that the administration of the civil list destroyed the

crown woods and forests; and that munificence and charity were banished from the palaces of kings. The ineffable disdain that you now affect in presence of facts which reach you on every side, appears to you the most certain means of preserving to your passions their most necessary ally and most steady accomplice, the blindness and ignorance of the multitude. But, thank God, the public conscience has other requirements, and France already knows what name those accusers merit, who have prepared by agitation the evils under which she is now suffering.

CHAPTER II.

Origin of the Embarrassments of the Civil List and Private Domains.—King Charles the Tenth.—The Bonaparte Family.—Commerce and the Working Classes.—Benjamin Constant.—Audry de Puyraveau.—J. Laffitte.—The Dotage question.

THE detail of the King's debts on the 24th of February, 1848, is the first matter of fact which will be adverted to in this historical notice. These debts, contracted either by the civil list, or by the private domains, had increased at this epoch to upwards of thirty-one millions of francs.* There is not one of these debts which has been occasioned by a transfer of funds abroad. This fact cannot be too much insisted upon, as it replies victoriously to one of the most obstinate and, unhappily, one of the most popular calumnies that have been directed against King Louis Philippe. Never under any form, either directly or indirectly, did this monarch send money out of France. He had concentrated, for the service of his country, all his confidence and devotion. Several times when solicited to place in foreign securities a portion of the patrimony of his children, Louis Philippe always refused, with that unchangeable firmness which he displayed in the accomplishment of all the designs that concerned his conscience or his honour. One day, especially, this resolution was put to a decisive test. In 1840, at the period of the marriage negotiations between the Duke de Nemours and the Princess of Saxe Cobourg Gotha, when already the first preliminaries had been exchanged, the Duke Ferdinand, father of the princess, demanded with importunity that the portion settled by the King upon the Duke de Nemours, should be invested in a foreign country. "You are in a land of revolutions," it was observed to the King; "you reign over the most inconstant people in the world, whose vivacity predisposes them to imprudence; whose feelings, swayed by every impulse, may lead them one day out of the limits of moderation in which your wisdom has been able to retain them until now. Discretion requires that you should ensure your children, if not yourself, against the return of revolutionary troubles, which, in other times, have sacrificed so many interests."

"If France is destined to suffer," replied the King, "we will bear our portion with her. I will never separate my own, nor my children's fortunes, from those of my country!"

* The administrators entrusted with the liquidation of the former civil list and private domains, to which I have been completely a stranger, and the definite results of which I am unacquainted with, will soon make these statements known most accurately. Until then, it is with the aid of former documents remaining in my possession, that I have arrived at the lowest computation of thirty-one millions.

Persuasion was renewed and became urgent. The King declared that in awarding a portion for his son, he would even add to it as an absolute condition, that it should be inscribed upon the great book of the public debt of France, and that if this stipulation was not agreed to, the marriage should be broken off. It was then only that the Duke Ferdinand of Saxe Cobourg Gotha resolved to accept this condition, and to conclude a marriage, which was to give the Queen a daughter worthy of her.

Such sentiments, however, were not new to Louis Philippe. From the day when he entered France for the first time, this monarch (and it cannot be too often repeated) never invested money out of France. On the contrary, he withdrew from the hands of Messrs. Coutts and Co., his London bankers, from the year 1818, a sum of three hundred thousand francs, to contribute, with the sale of several estates, to the liquidation of his father's succession. The trifling surplus that he left with Messrs. Coutts and Co. was the remainder of that economy which he had effected in his modest establishment, after his marriage with the Princess of the two Sicilies. It is this old and trifling account, which has never been increased except by the interest on the small sum first placed there, which has furnished an occasion for the publication of the King's affairs with Messrs. Coutts and Co. in the "Retrospective Review."

"The Orleans branch," said M. Dupin on the 14th of January 1831, in the Chamber of Deputies, "the present reigning dynasty, identifies itself with the French nation in the highest degree. Never has prince more allied his fortunes and his destinies to the country of his birth, than the head of the House of Orleans. Not only has the reigning monarch never bought property out of the country, but he has never invested his means elsewhere. All is under the hand of the nation, as everything he possesses is under the safeguard of his constitutional government." Thus the King, true to his principles, refused constantly to engage in any foreign speculation, whether from the resources of his civil list, or from the revenues of the private domains. He never even consented to take securities for the portions voted to the princes, his sons, and the princesses, his daughters. Noble temerity, which afforded a pretext to the Provisional Government to seize upon the whole of the estates of every kind belonging to the King and the Royal Family, from the forests of the private domains, even to the portion of the Queen of the Belgians; and from the jointure of the Duchess of Orleans, to the entire fortune (a revenue of seventeen thousand francs) of her youngest son, the Duke de Chartres! Patriotic imprudence, which furnished to the democratic factions the means of depriving, at the same time, the King and all the members of his family of every kind of income for more than nine months.

* The "Retrospective Review" was a work that may be characterised more or less severely, but, for my part, I am disposed to absolve it from all complicity with the passions of the Provisional Government. The letters of the King and his documents relating to the Royal Family, published in this collection, have been, in fact, the most flattering homage that could be rendered to the patriotic levity and pure sentiments of the exiled princes. After having read the correspondence of Louis Philippe with the King of the Belgians, from 1831 to 1834, it is impossible to believe the calumny that his policy was *grossier et myrte*, and that having perused the letters of King Louis Philippe, on the occasion of the several marriages, and above all, his *exposé* of the 14th of September, 1846, to the Queen of the Belgians, it is impossible, either in France or in England, to credit the accusations of family aggrandizement, or of disloyalty to a faithful ally.

The embarrassments of the civil list, and the private domains, date from the first days which followed the revolution of 1830. At this period of public suffering, when the high price of bread, and the stagnation of affairs, preceded only by a few months the invasion of the cholera and intestine commotions, the King's revenues were largely employed not only in operations profitable to the working classes, to architects, and artists, but in a more direct manner still, to the relief of public destitution and private misfortunes. This was the first and truly noble origin of the debts of the civil list and private domains. The first in our remembrance, according to date, is also the most striking from the profound respect which the great reverses to which it was attached, inspired. At the moment when the Duke of Orleans ascended the throne, to relieve France from the wretchedness which she was fated to experience eighteen years later, he was acquainted by a message on the part of King Charles the Tenth, that this prince wanted six hundred thousand francs, and that the bearer of the request was to do all that he could to procure them. These were nearly the expressions, laconic and precise, of the mission. The Duke of Orleans replied to the general officer sent by King Charles the Tenth, that the sum of money he was endeavouring to obtain, would be placed at his disposal. He wrote immediately to Baron Louis, then minister of finances, and requested him to remit to General * * * the six hundred thousand francs destined for the King's use. "I will be security," he added, "to the public treasury for this advance." The money was, in fact, delivered the same day into the hands of the general, who was enabled to leave immediately, and announce to the retreating monarch the success of his mission.

Three weeks after, King Louis Philippe was informed that the Duke d'Angoulême, in order to cover the heavy expenses incurred by supporting the stud at Meudon, established by himself in 1821, was endeavouring to dispose of it. Inspired by a feeling of sympathy for the duke and for the institution itself, which he regarded as eminently useful to the country, King Louis Philippe gave orders for its purchase. Accordingly, from the fifteenth of September following, the whole of the stud became his private property, at a cost of two hundred and fifty thousand francs. This sum was paid over at once to the Duke de Guiche, formerly the skilful director of the stud at Meudon, and provided by the Duke d'Angoulême with special powers for its sale. Acting upon this, the Duke de Guiche reserved to himself the privilege of reclaiming, from *whosoever it might be due*, the cost of the manual labour and constructions, which the Duke d'Angoulême had ordered at his own expense, upon the crown lands appertaining to the stud. These works, of various descriptions, had all been profitable to the state, to which they reverted by reason of the recent revolution, and it became in consequence legal debtor to the prince. They had been, besides, subjected to a regular and administrative valuation, the amount of which was far less than that demanded by the Duke. The two questions were submitted to the King, and he at once decided them both, to the profit mutually of the Duke d'Angoulême and the state, ordering to be paid from his privy purse into the hands of the Duke's representative a sum of one hundred thousand francs, which was double the sum estimated by the administration.

In 1831, a year almost to a day since the first proof of the King's earnest solicitude for the interests of Charles the Tenth, his sympathy

was again awakened by reading an article which appeared in an English newspaper, announcing that a warrant had been issued in Scotland against that monarch. Part of his goods had already been seized, and his liberty even had been placed in jeopardy. One of his creditors, a M. de Pfaffenhoffen, after having vainly for several years importuned the French Chambers with his demands, pursued his royal debtor even in a strange land. He availed himself of the rigorous laws both of France and England. Profoundly moved by these proceedings, of which he had not been aware, and fearing the consequences that might result, Louis Philippe sent at once for his treasurer, M. Lamet, and ordered him to find M. Pfaffenhoffen without losing a single instant, and to treat with him at any cost. Two conditions were imposed upon the negotiator by the King—a promptitude that would ensure success, and the most absolute secrecy. A few days afterwards, through the efforts of the crown treasurer, and the good offices of Casimir Perier, whose intervention was screened under the name of a friend, Mr. Edward Arnold, the King's wish was accomplished. By means of an immediate payment of one hundred thousand francs, and an engagement to receive an annual pension of ten thousand francs—payable every three months, and in advance—Count Pfaffenhoffen renounced the benefit of the judgment he had obtained in Scotland against King Charles the Tenth.

Some months later, King Louis Philippe struggled with all the force of his constitutional prerogative against the adoption of the law which banished the elder Bourbon branch, and which imposed upon each of its princes the obligation of disposing of all the estates which they possessed in France within the period of one year. The King had already provided that the new law should have none of the violent character and odious penalty (the punishment of death) introduced into the so-called amnesty law, passed in 1816, against the Bonaparte family.*

Nevertheless, this modification was far from satisfying Louis Philippe. His most ardent desire was to efface the law itself altogether from the French code, and to leave between exiled royalty and the new sovereignty no other barrier than the will of the French people. Being at that period a member of his council, where I had the honour of sitting as the colleague of Casimir Perier, I was a witness of the long opposition which the King sustained with indefatigable ability against the energetic resistance of his prime minister, engaged with his party upon this question in the two chambers, not from his predilections, but from political exigencies. The obstinate and prolonged struggle of the King was compelled at length to yield, after a combat of five months' duration, to the last argument of every constitutional minister—resignation of office. The King hesitated in the face of this alternative, which would have been the certain retirement of Casimir Perier from office, and would at that juncture have been so disastrous to the fortunes of France, and he sacrificed once more his own feelings to the public interest. But

* Article V. of the Law of December 1816, enjoined perpetual exclusion from the French territory of all the members or connexions of the Bonaparte family, under the penalty mentioned in Article XXI of the Penal Code, as follows: "incitement and conspiracy, of which the purport is to excite civil war, by means of causing to arm, citizens against each other, shall be punished by death, and the effects of the conspiracy shall be confiscated."

King Louis Philippe caused to be erased from this article the punishment of death, and confiscation of property. Law of the 27th of April 1832. Article XII.

still the King took care, that this law of banishment remained merely a written protestation, and never became an offensive weapon in the hands of his government.

Louis Philippe considered himself the principal guardian of interests which the exiled princes could no longer defend. He speedily proposed, and caused to be adopted for the liquidation of the civil list of Charles the Tenth, a law, the first article of which is to this effect : " the former civil list shall be paid at the expense, and on account, of the state." Thus sixteen years have elapsed without the Count de Chambord being compelled to dispose of the estates he possessed in France, and which he might have been obliged to part with within a year. The Prince retains them entire to the present day, owing to the generous countenance of a government, that was nobly directed.

It is not sufficient, however, to recount the efforts made by King Louis Philippe to oppose the law of banishment against the princes of the elder Bourbon branch ; it is necessary to show how the family of the Emperor Napoleon were protected at one time against the miseries of exile, by the permission accorded to several of its members to revisit France ; and again, by a generous pardon, as at the period of the Strasbourg attempt ; and the extrication from the embarrassments of an unsettled position, as in 1847 and 1848, at the moment when ministers had received directions from the King to demand from the Chambers an annual credit of one hundred and fifty thousand francs, to constitute a pension for the benefit of Jerome Bonaparte, ex-King of Westphalia ; a portion of which was to revert to his son, Jerome Napoleon. And, besides this, the personal munificence of the King had already protected a youthful member of the Bonaparte family, who, remote from his friends, and travelling in Belgium, was hard pressed by inexorable creditors, and upon the point of being imprisoned. The embarrassments of his situation increasing daily, he conceived the idea of making it known to Louis Philippe, and soon the royal coffers saved the liberty of the Emperor's nephew.

The King's heart was not merely moved by the spectacle of great political misfortunes. The sufferings of the people attracted, above all, his sympathy, and unceasingly occupied his thoughts. From 1830, while his ministers proposed to the Chambers, by his order, measures destined to afford commercial security, activity to business, and labour to the working classes, Louis Philippe, setting the example, opened vast sources for labour and charity on his private estates, and on crown lands, of which he had provisional possession. In particular, he distributed liberally his bounty to the miserable classes of the population, whose sufferings were aggravated by the high price of provisions. During the winter of 1830 to 1831, a sum of more than two millions of francs was devoted by him to donations of bread, soup, meat, clothing, and bedding, besides relief in money to the indigent inhabitants of Paris and the departments, who suffered most from want and the stagnation of trade. If this charity, so systematically bestowed in secrecy, should never obtain its full meed of fame in the praises of history, it is because it was the policy of the King to veil it from publicity. In his generous actions, as in everything else, Louis Philippe eschewed notoriety and affectation. Silence was, in his estimation, the best ally of royal benevolence.

It is well known that the grievances of commerce had engaged, from

the first days of his accession, all the solicitude of the King. Many millions of francs had been advanced by a special law for the encouragement of commerce in general, and above all to those establishments the momentary suspension of which, placed in peril the means of existence of a large number of the working classes. Several industrial institutions were not only in pressing want of present assistance, but some, and among them the most important, were unable to manage themselves without a permanent allowance. Loans, however, of this character had not been sanctioned by the law, which only authorised advances, to be reimbursed at fixed dates. The King, in this juncture, did not hesitate to come to the aid of the state, and to complete the succours legally voted, by personal sacrifices, which amounted to several millions of francs. Other misfortunes claimed to be relieved. Justly parsimonious of the public money, the legislature dispensed its generosity, as we before observed, to commerce and industry;—the totally wrecked fortunes of numerous private individuals received no assistance. The kind heart of Louis Philippe could not remain insensible to these sorrows confidentially mentioned to him. At this particular crisis, the King devoted more than one million two hundred thousand francs to repair the losses of honourable families, and to sustain others who were menaced with total ruin. Among the parties thus relieved we may mention, in the first place, Benjamin Constant. He had for a long period neglected his pecuniary affairs, in the ardent pursuit of literature, and later, by exertions in the senate; and he now found himself overwhelmed by the infirmities of age, and the agony of a poverty which he had never foreseen. The liberty of this brilliant writer was about to be compromised. The secret of his embarrassments could not escape the King's attention, and he forwarded him immediately an order for two hundred thousand francs upon his private treasury. Two other well-known names figure among those of the capitalists, or merchants, who were indebted to King Louis Philippe for their escape from the disastrous consequences of a commercial crisis. These were M. Audry de Puyraveau and Jacques Laffitte. The first mentioned, in partnership with M. Gallot, an honourable merchant, had suffered severe losses in the revolutionary ferment. Certain indemnities received from the city of Paris, for the repairs of damages experienced during the days of July, and a portion also of the thirty millions of francs voted for distribution, by a special law, had not been sufficient to strengthen his credit. A succouring hand could alone draw him from the precipice leading to his ruin, and this was the King's, who, by a gift of two hundred thousand francs, saved the house of Audry de Puyraveau, Gallot, and Co.

The situation of M. Laffitte afforded a still more noble instance of Louis Philippe's generosity. Here, by a rare exception, general business was allied most intimately to private interests. The future prospect of a large number of financial and commercial establishments depended, in a manner, upon the prosperity of the house of Laffitte. Its ruin would have been another and grave blow to public credit, and an additional calamity to commerce.

The Bank of France had for a long time reposed every confidence in the celebrated banker. The revolution of July at length laid bare the fallacy of this apparent great prosperity, and exposed to the light of day the vulnerable nature, until then unsuspected, of the house of Laffitte.

The Bank of France, amidst its own embarrassments, was compelled to refuse payment of the enormous advances which, beyond even the limit authorized by its regulations, it had lent to M. Laffitte. To save the wreck of the immense interests that were giving way, it was necessary to furnish, with the least possible delay, a sum of ten millions of francs, or to provide engagements at short dates, and a guarantee of six millions of francs, amounting in the whole to sixteen millions. To ask such an advance out of the vote of the thirty millions was impossible. That law was applicable to French merchants generally, one of them alone could not appropriate so large a share; and, besides, M. Laffitte was himself a member of the committee commissioned by the government to apportion under its responsibility the sum awarded by the Chambers.

In vain M. Laffitte endeavoured to find a purchaser for his splendid estates at Maisons and Breteuil. Capital had fled, frightened away by the revolutionary tempest, which, beginning in France, had communicated itself throughout Europe. Any sale, even at a ruinous sacrifice, was impossible. The King came to the relief of M. Laffitte, notwithstanding the personal inconvenience that might arrive to himself, or the expense of deeds estimated at nearly a million of francs; besides the depreciated value of an estate for which, in a more prosperous season, Count Roy had refused to give five millions and a half of francs. Louis Philippe consented to become the purchaser of the forest of Breteuil, and he at once offered for it a price which had not even been demanded, namely, the ten millions of francs which M. Laffitte had judged indispensable for his solvency. At the same time the King granted him a guarantee of six millions of francs, on the strength of which the Bank of France consented to extend the payment of a similar sum lent to him some time previous. This guarantee involved Louis Philippe in further sacrifices. The situation of M. Laffitte became worse afterwards, and he was unable to fulfil any of the conditions which he was pledged to by the deed of loan, in October, 1830.

In 1832, the Bank of France, receiving neither capital nor interest, addressed itself to the administration of the Civil List, and claimed the benefit of the guarantee subscribed to by the King. The Intendant-General pleaded the common right, by virtue of which a guarantee cannot, and ought not to be pursued, until after the examination of the chief debtor; and this principle, admitted by the Bank in general cases, but contested in that wherein royalty was concerned, was allowed and decided by the judicial courts. The Bank, therefore, had only one resource left, which was to pursue its debtor, and proceedings were accordingly commenced against M. Laffitte. To the pressing and just demands of his creditors, this gentleman could only offer as a set-off, landed property of deteriorated value, actions then useless, and more or less questionable bills of long date. The peril was equally as menacing as in the last months of 1830. The approaching bankruptcy of M. Laffitte seemed inevitable. The King fully understood this position of affairs, which, besides, was generally canvassed in public.

This was in 1834. Having already, anterior to this, become decided adversaries to Louis Philippe's policy, Messrs. Laffitte and Audry de Puyraveau were soon in the ranks of the opposition, and amongst the most hostile of the King's antagonists. M. Laffitte had even gone to

far as to demand pardon *from God and man* for all that he had done for the royalty of July. The remembrance of past benefits conferred on M. Lafitte might, in the moments of pardonable bitterness, have rendered the monarch's heart insensible to his distresses, but this was not the case, and the King (than who no sovereigns have displayed greater leniency) gave orders to the Intendant-General of the Land List to do everything that was possible to save his former minister. Finally, after repeated conferences with the superior functionaries of the Bank, an agreement was made, by which, on the payment of a certain sum by the King, the Bank of France engaged itself to allow a reasonable delay to M. Lafitte, in order that he might realise the various sums of money that were owing to him. The King accordingly paid to the Bank one million two hundred thousand francs, which amount, added to the three hundred thousand francs for interest, already advanced for him in 1832, formed a total of one million five hundred thousand francs, the last payment having been made in a spirit of pure benevolence. By this timely assistance M. Lafitte was enabled to pay off liabilities which, without the royal generosity, would have been his ruin.

In detailing, for the first time, these matters of fact, it is far from our wish to indulge a resentment which the grave at Weybridge would disavow. In a narrative destined to disperse the clouds of calumny from the memory of Louis Philippe, the names of Messrs. Lafitte and Audry de Puyrâteau naturally occupy their places.

It may now be as well to collect these scattered facts, and resolve them into figures. Independent of the various outlays devoted to the encouragement of labour, and all the expenses of a representation thus rendered royalty accessible and profitable to all classes of society, King Louis Philippe, from the commencement of his reign, had generously burdened himself with an expense altogether unforeseen, of nearly sixteen millions of francs. He had, besides, become guarantor for six millions, to which, at a later period, was added a sum of one million two hundred thousand francs.

As a sole compensation for this, the private domains had experienced an increase of revenue which had not, however, attained the sum of one hundred and ten thousand francs in 1831 and 1832. There was in all this much matter for reflection to Louis Philippe, both as a monarch and father of a family. His first care should have been to make up the deficit, that even so brief a lapse of time had sufficed to increase; but the King was inspired by the principle, that all the revenues which passed through his hands from the public treasury, ought to be returned to the country by every species of outlay likely to favour its interest and glory. To relieve distress and repair the injustice of fickle fortune; to encourage letters and the fine arts; to promote industry, and be in constant communication with those who sustained the pillars of state, and with the National Guard and the army; to establish, in fact, the crown in all the splendour required from the head of a great nation:—such was the basis upon which this Prince fixed the standard of royalty. He considered that as sovereign, even more than when he was Duke of Orleans, he ought to contribute to the well being of the populations that subsisted on his ancient family estates.

It could, therefore, easily be foreseen, that future economy could scarcely repair the prodigalities of a past already so generous. Another

circumstance was also likely soon to add to the personal embarrassments of the King. In fact, the law of the 2nd of March, 1832, which regulated the civil list, reduced to twelve millions of francs the royal allowance, which the ministry of Messrs. Laffitte and Dupont (of Eure) had proposed to establish at eighteen millions, and upon which Louis Philippe had relied to meet all the exigencies of the crown. The spirit of opposition and credulity which insensibly undermined, and at length overthrew monarchical institutions, was already apparent in several articles of the new law. Contrary to historic tradition, and to the spirit even of primitive right, recognised anew by the law of the 15th of January, 1825, the Chamber of Deputies suppressed the appanage of the house of Orleans, without admitting, at the same time, the principle either of a new appanage, or of dotations to the princes; and yet, we may remark, how clearly M. Dupin, in an unanswerable discussion, explained the rights of the house of Orleans: "Thus, as may be seen from letters patent of the edicts of Louis the Fourteenth, in March, 1661, registered in parliament the 10th of May following, the appanage of the house of Orleans has been constituted not only as a present right, but one in succession. This appanage constituted the legitimacy of the Orleans family. It was the price of its renunciation on behalf of the elders (Louis the Fourteenth) to the domains, lands, lordships, furniture, and goods, transferred by the death of their father. By this the claims of nature had been fulfilled, and royalty had acquitted its obligation, as was expressed later in letters patent of the 7th of December, 1766." It was in reliance upon history, and the study of the primitive contract, that Casimir Perier said at the tribune of the Chamber of Deputies, on the 3rd of October, 1831, "The appanage effects are those which Louis the Fourteenth had constituted in favour of his younger brother, to serve him instead of his hereditary succession to the King their father."

The Chamber, taken unawares by an impromptu amendment, confined itself to voting an article which stipulated that dotations should be accorded to princes and princesses of the royal family, provided the private domains were insufficient.

Experience has proved that the legislative measure contained in its germ the greatest political dangers. Persons of violent passions did not fail to take advantage of the ground so well prepared for them by parliamentary imprudence and defiance. It is from this moment more particularly that may be dated the systematic exaggerations of the value of the private domains, affirmed with so much impudence, and accepted with such credulity. It was thus that several persons were induced beforehand to receive unfavourably all demands of credits in the loyal execution of the law of the 2nd of March, 1832. They shook the firmness of ministers, when called upon to demand from the Chambers the dotations necessary to secure the independence and establishment of the princes and princesses of the royal family; and at length they succeeded in imposing upon the civil list and private domains fresh charges and embarrassments.

The picture of the passions, the faults, and the weaknesses, which have made the question of princely dotations one of the most ill omened to the royalty of July, will not come under our notice; it is in a general review of the internal policy during the eighteen years of Louis Philippe's reign, that a question like this should find its place. But

it is as well at the same time to point out a truth which belongs to history, that never, at any time, did the King make it a condition to any of his ministers to present a dotation law; nor did he ever force or dissolve a cabinet on the subject of this family question. On the contrary, he was always desirous of making it subordinate to the exigencies of general policy, and even to the duration of several cabinets. One ministry alone saw its existence terminated by the rejection of a dotation law, but it fell before a vote of the Chamber of Deputies, and not before any requirement or discontent on the part of the crown. This ministry, forced upon the King on the 12th of May, 1839, by the triumphant coalition, had been led to believe that a particular show of devotion to royalty would rebut, partly at least, the prejudice of its origin. Was this impression it was proposed to the King to present a law of dotation, of which the Conservative cabinet of M. Mole had not thought it in a position to take the initiative; but the ministry was not subjected in this matter to any conditions or constraint; it was its own conviction and ability that had induced the determination to present the law to the chambers. The dotation bill fell before the incurable defects in all third party ministries—the doubt and inactivity of power in the days of strife and peril. The King, however, who might have felt justly offended by the silence of his ministers towards himself, in a question entirely personal, received with repugnance the resignations that were voluntarily offered to him, and reconciled himself with difficulty to consider them as irrevocable.

A retrospective glance at the history of the various ministries that have succeeded each other since 1830, renders still more palpable the assertion that we have proclaimed, namely, that King Louis Philippe, notwithstanding the profound conviction of his family right, which he openly avowed, always took the most scrupulous care to separate matters of general policy from his private interests, and especially on the question of the princes' dotations.

As I have already observed, the first ministry that occupied itself with the civil list, and the situation of the Royal Family, was that over which M. Laffitte presided, and in which M. Dupont (of l'Eure) assisted as privy seal. It was in the month of December, 1830. Being minister of the interior in this cabinet, I shared in all its deliberations upon this grave subject, and I am therefore enabled to render to Messrs. Laffitte and Dupont the justice to declare, that they discussed the subject in a monarchical spirit which left nothing to desire. M. Laffitte in his capacity as president, took the initiative of this project of law before the council of ministers, and together with M. Dupont he proposed it to the Chamber of Deputies on the 15th of December, 1830.

This project fixed the civil list at eighteen millions of francs, recognised the appanage principle, and accorded the enjoyment of it to the heir to the throne when he should have attained his eighteenth year, and recommended, in fact, that dotations should be allowed to all the princes and princesses of the Royal Family. No President of Council could have been more proper than M. Laffitte to secure, by his relations with the opposition, the success of a project so conformable to the King's wishes. If he remained in power, the law would not be likely to encounter any serious obstacles, but if he quitted affairs, it incurred the greatest danger. Louis Philippe was aware of this, but M. Laffitte's policy, leaning more and more towards the opposition, menaced at the same

time the public tranquillity and credit. Without casting a thought upon the probable fate of the dotation bill, the King separated himself from M. Laffitte and contracted with the conservative party, in the person of its most illustrious member, Casimir Perier, that indissoluble alliance, to the principles of which he remained faithful during the eighteen years of his reign. Under M. Perier's Ministry, and with his own consent, the civil list was reduced from eighteen millions to twelve millions of francs; the crown domains were not forgotten, the appanage question was put aside, and the dotations were left to future consideration, and still no minister could rely upon a more energetic and constant support on the part of the sovereign.

By renouncing the discussion of all these questions, Casimir Perier prejudiced the King's interests, as at a later period he wounded his feelings, by obliging him in a measure to sanction the law of banishment against the Princes of the elder Bourbon branch. Louis Philippe felt strongly such proceedings, which wounded him to the heart, and attacked the convictions firmly rooted in his mind. I have often heard him complain somewhat bitterly; but the King retained, notwithstanding, for M. Perier, a constant friendship that was proof against every trial; for he knew full well, that the safety and welfare of the country depended upon the maintenance in power of this great enemy of the wild schemes and obstinacy of the opposition.

Some years later, in 1837, a circumstance led naturally to a resuscitation of the dotation question. The Princess Marie was led to the altar, and Louis Philippe, always ready to yield to political exigencies, but resolute in questions which he considered his honour and privileges involved, drew the attention of the Ministry to the dotation stipulated in the marriage contract, and to the project of laws that should provide for it. Count Molé was then president of the council. I had the honour to be Minister of the Interior, in a cabinet that had commenced its career by an amnesty, and which was to succumb, two years later, to the efforts of the coalition.

The Ministry perfectly agreed with the King upon the right of princely dotations, and obtaining from the Chambers the grant of a dowry to the Queen of the Belgians. New parliamentary circumstances, however, and the open hostility of several eminent members of the conservative party, caused Count Molé and his colleagues to consider that the moment was not sufficiently opportune for the presentation of a new project of dotation law so soon after the first.

I was commissioned by the Cabinet to make known to Louis Philippe this resolution. None of the other Ministers, it may easily be conceived, were desirous of being the bearer of this decision to St. Cloud, as it might occasion strong displeasure in the royal mind. They considered, besides, with reason, that my well known devotion to the royal family would give to their decision the character which really belonged to it, that of an adjournment pronounced with regret, and inspired only by a well understood interest for the crown.

After having listened to me attentively, the King sent for the Queen and Madame Adelaide, and imposed upon me the painful mission of acquainting them myself, with the resolution of the Cabinet, and detailing to them all the motives which had dictated it. This was the only evidence of royal dissatisfaction which my proceeding had occasioned him. "I cannot acquiesce in any of the reasons you have urged on me,

in justification of a measure which wounds me, and has caused me deep disappointment; but," added he, raising his head, "let the Ministry manage with ability the affairs of the country; all the rest will be soon forgotten!"

It may be remembered that a short time afterwards, Louis Philippe sustained, with great energy, Count Mole in his glorious opposition to the coalition; that he granted him two successive dissolutions, and made the most vigorous efforts to the last moment to retain him and his colleagues. The Minister who had taken to St. Cloud the resolution of the Cabinet in relation to the dotation of the Princess Marie, reassumed by the King's command his former functions of intendant-general of the civil list, thus receiving new proofs of a confidence which will remain the pride of his life!

Such actions, and the expressions we have cited, prove far better than we can explain, the deep convictions with which King Louis Philippe sought to sustain his family rights; and with what firmness of mind he knew how to render them subordinate to the interests of his country. This victory of the King over himself, however, increased his personal embarrassments by retarding the execution of the legal instruments, which had, at least, secured dotations and dowries to the princes and princesses of the royal house, in case of the insufficiency of the private domains to provide for them. This had been admitted in principle by the Chambers, when they granted the dowry to the Princess Louise of Orleans, afterwards Queen of the Belgians; but, by a strange contradiction, or rather by the effect of certain parliamentary combinations, other measures were brought forward in the Chamber of Deputies. The dotation of the Duke de Nemours failed before the league of diverse interests united either against the King or his ministry. From that moment all the weight of the dotations fell upon the civil list and private domains, against all propriety and equity, for (and this cannot be too often repeated), the private domains were really and absolutely insufficient for the calls upon it.

In January 1832, M. Dupin estimated the net revenues of the private domains at 1,300,000 francs; so, in order that the net produce of this, and the following years, might be regarded as completely liquidated, it would have been necessary to admit this supposition, contrary alike to good sense and truth, that the King ought not to incur upon his old palatial residences other expenses of building, of parks, and furniture, than those absolutely indispensable to their preservation. Thus he would have been compelled entirely to renounce those works of embellishment, which constitute one of the chief glories of his reign, as they had already redounded to his honour when he was Duke of Orleans. From 1840 to 1847, in not charging to the account of the private domains, any of the new improvements effected at Neuilly, Eu, Bay, La Ferte Vidame, and Dreux, but only the expenses of their preservation and maintenance, it will be found that the net produce of the private domains had not reached one million five hundred thousand francs. Add to this sum the expenses incurred by the King and royal family, which were of two kinds, first, those of ordinary life, buildings, furniture, housekeeping, lighting, firing, &c., and, secondly, pensions, honorary attendance, personal services, the stables, travelling presents, encouragements to good conduct, and charities bestowed by the prince. The expenses of this last category were regularly authenticated by

vouchers, and by accounts accurately kept, which enable us to submit the amounts for several years to the public.

1843	.	.	.	2,479,593 francs.
1844	.	.	.	2,970,871 "
1845	.	.	.	2,720,410 "
1846	.	.	.	3,201,266 "
1847	.	.	.	2,392,293 "

The ordinary daily expenditure did not admit, by its nature even, of especial notice and individual partition. It would therefore seem difficult to ascertain the amount, did there not exist the means of comparison, which renders an appreciation somewhat possible. King Charles the Tenth had valued at one million eight hundred thousand francs the common expenses of the royal household, and this sum was paid into the coffers of the Civil List every year, after having been retained, by his orders, upon the dotation of seven millions, decreed by the law of the 15th of January, 1825, to the princes and princesses of the royal family, instead of appanages. In adopting the same amount to represent the expenditure of the House of Orleans, we will confine ourselves to point out how this sum is moderate, if we consider the proportionate family of the two royal branches. We can then establish the definite table of all the charges, supported by the Civil list and private domains, for the royal expenses, from 1843 to 1847 inclusive, by adding one million eight hundred thousand francs to each of the amounts of the preceding tables :—

1843	.	.	.	4,279,592 francs.
1844	.	.	.	4,770,871 "
1845	.	.	.	4,520,410 "
1846	.	.	.	5,001,266 "
1847	.	.	.	4,192,293 "

which gives a lower yearly expense of 4,552,886 francs; and on adding the amount of the net revenue of the private domains, estimated at the least at 1,500,000 francs, it will be seen that the insufficiency of the private domain can, and should be, rendered from 1843 to 1847 by the amount of 3,052,886, that is to say about three millions. Viewed on these authentic grounds, the question is no longer doubtful. By Article XXI. of the law of March 2, 1832, the state had engaged to grant dotations to the princes and princesses of the royal family, in case of the private domains being insufficient. This insufficiency had increased to three millions—the law has not, therefore, been executed; and the state at fault in its engagements, seriously complicated the personal affairs of King Louis Philippe from the first months of 1832.

After all that has been stated, it may be affirmed that the financial embarrassments of the King had a double origin, easy to explain in a few words, and in these terms; the monarch had done more than was required of him, and the state had done less than it ought to have done.

A CHARTIST NOVEL.

To express the woes of Chartism in a novel is an experiment that comes recommended at least by courage and novelty ; and both will be found in the autobiography of Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet.* But we should have been better satisfied with the book if it had been the genuine life-story of a working man, instead of being, as it is, the production of a writer who merely sympathises with the miseries he looks on from a safe distance, and advocates principles which his conscience and his intellect reject. Some good, however, may accrue from the perusal. Its pictures of struggle and suffering amongst the poor are calculated to awaken the attention of a class of readers not likely to be tempted into political researches by parliamentary papers, or long letters in the *Morning Chronicle* ; while the folly and extravagance of the doctrines it enunciates are so obvious as to encourage a hope that this exposure of them may convert from their errors a few disciples of the faith it is put forth to vindicate.

The story of Alton Locke possesses little dramatic interest, although there is some clever characterization woven through it. Constructed confessedly as a means of bringing out certain views of life, and exhibiting certain phases in our social condition which cry aloud for amelioration, the plot, so to speak, is of secondary importance to the aims of which it can be considered only as the medium. Alton Locke is the son of a poor Calvinist widow, and is placed out by a rich uncle in a tailor's workshop to learn a trade and earn his bread. There is nothing, apparently, very hard in this ; and if we could poll the class in which Alton Locke was born we dare say we should discover that such a provision for a weakly boy, who is half-starved at home, would be generally regarded as a piece of signal good fortune. But Alton Locke evidently takes a different view of the matter. He finds the workshop close and pestiferous, and the new companionship to which he is introduced extremely distasteful. He has longings after something higher and pleasanter, and feels his lot to be an especial cruelty, which he logically traces to the despotic power wielded by the upper ranks of society over the destinies of the lower. We have here at once the most propitious materials for the composition of an enthusiastic Chartist, and, accordingly, we are not surprised to find that Alton is ready to embrace that hopeful creed the moment it is developed to him by a certain fellow-workman, who is remarkable, like all heroes in the conspiracy-line, for a moody brow and impenetrable mystery of speech.

Alton is still further qualified for his new vocation by discovering in himself the germs of a poetical temperament. Plain prose and common sense are thrown overboard, and, having prepared himself for the mission of enfranchisement by scrambling for a miscellaneous self-education at bookstalls, with the help of a canny Scot, who keeps an establishment of that description, he launches his genius valiantly on the great sea of agitation, writes for Chartist journals, is disgusted, we are happy to say, with the trading and unprincipled spirit in which they are conducted, and throwing up his literary employments goes into the country, as a delegate, to preach a crusade against Queens, Lords, and Commons.

In the meanwhile, we should have observed, another element of

* Alton Locke; Tailor and Poet. An Autobiography 2 vols. Chapman and Hall.

commotion has entered into his soul, as if he had not enough of inflammatory influences acting upon him already. He falls in love with a clergyman's daughter, so far above him in the social scale as to furnish inexhaustible fuel for that fire of despair in which it is his delight to be consumed. He visits a cousin of his at Cambridge, gets a glimpse of high life, is more convinced than ever that the aristocracy are guilty of all the evils and misfortunes in the country, and proceeds upon his trip of sedition prepared to instruct the people upon the rights of which they are defrauded, and to convince them that they will never be satisfied, and ought not to be satisfied, till the whole structure of society is remodelled.

The people take him at his word, and proceed at once to the remodelling of our institutions by attacking a farm-yard, helping themselves to all the eatables and valuables they can find, and winding up the regenerating exploit by setting fire to the stacks. Presently there comes down upon them some dozen soldiers or so, and the valiant multitude, consisting of a thousand and upwards, take to their heels, leaving Alton Locke, who is too much in earnest to run away, in the hands of the Philistines. For his share in this business he is brought to trial, escapes narrowly with his life, and expiates his patriotism by an imprisonment of three years.

During that interval it might be supposed he had leisure enough to reflect upon the practicability of a physical-force reform, but he no sooner comes out of jail than he joins the grand demonstration which was to have set the Thames on fire on the night of the 10th of April. After the collapse of that magnificent bubble, he catches a fever; becomes a sadder, and, possibly, a wiser man; adopts a new faith, which has a sort of democratic Christianity for its basis, and, by the assistance of some benevolent people, emigrates to Texas. The end of his career is miserable enough. Just as he comes in sight of land, he is found lying dead in his cabin.

Such are the main incidents of our Chartist novel. It is written with remarkable vigour, and abounds in passages of original and lofty eloquence. Its literary merit deserves, and will reward the curiosity it has excited. But the author must be content to find the approbation of all reflective and judicious readers stop short at that point. The doctrines he inculcates, and which it is difficult to suppose so able a man can believe in himself, are at once pernicious and illogical. It may be very effective in a Chartist oration, to denounce the upper classes as the cause of the ignorance and misery of the lower; but in a deliberate book, written with masterly power, and displaying, if not an intimate acquaintance, certainly a sincere sympathy with the condition of the poor, this species of popular appeal is calculated to produce only a sentiment of regret that a writer of such marked capacity should so signally abuse his talents.

We are convinced, however, that, notwithstanding the mad tone of the book, Alton Locke will do more good than harm. It is full of fine, wise, and genial things; and the history of the hero is so ludicrously unfortunate, his revelries are so wild and inconsistent, and the scheme of Chartism, as a means to any practical object under the sun, is so effectually blown up by a series of failures, that, whatever the intention of the author may have been, we cannot help thinking that the inevitable tendency of his work is to bring Chartism into greater contempt than it fell into on the 10th of April, under the heroic auspices of Mr. Feargus O'Connor.

LITERATURE.

A Guide to German Literature; or, Manual to facilitate an acquaintance with the German Classic Authors. By Franz Adolph Moschzisker, of the University of Leipzig, and Professor of the German Language and Literature. 2 vols. 8vo. J. J. Guillaume. London. 1830.

This book eminently justifies its title; it contains exactly that kind of direction in the choice of books suited to convey a thorough knowledge of the language and genius of Germany which the learner would expect from a competent and judicious friend. But it contains more than this. It is a learned and comprehensive synopsis of German literature from its earliest dawn in the days of Ulphilas, to its meridian splendour at the period of Klopstock, Goethe, and Schiller. It is divided into seven chronological epochs, which mark the progressive development of the German mind, and exemplify distinct phases in the national literature. The range over which it conducts the reader is immense, leaving untouched scarcely any department of science or art which takes form and expression from letters. Here is an illustrious company of poets, philosophers, historians, and divines. They are presented to the reader, not merely by name; he is informed of the circumstances of their birth and education, of the character of their labours, and of the manner of their death. He receives the brief story of the life of each, with its relations to the lives of others who have moved the intellectual world. Nor is this a dumb phantasmagoria. He hears the marvellous assemblage speak through the medium of an impartial selection from their best productions, and whilst he familiarizes himself with their noble tongue, he may revel in their loftiest and most beautiful thoughts. It is surprising how the author has been able to compress so much within such comparatively narrow limits, yet large as is his theme, he has omitted nothing that ought to be included; he even glances at the renowned songs of other lands, and becomingly acknowledges the influence they have exercised on the minds of his countrymen. A short, but discriminating critique accompanies the notices of the most distinguished writers, and often furnishes the key to the most difficult parts of their works; we would cite as a special example the critical analysis of "Faust," hitherto the great literary puzzle, not only to Englishmen, but even to the Germans themselves. The book is equally well calculated to serve as *Analecta* for the beginner, and as a repertory of valuable and elegant extracts for the more mature student.

Considering the extensive and increasing popularity of the German language amongst ourselves, and its growing influence upon our habits of thought and feeling, this Manual cannot fail to meet with a cordial reception. It has the great merit of seeking with integrity and impartiality to fulfil the promise of its title. The author is evidently a man of high moral and religious feeling, but he has no weak diffidence of the principles to which he has given his faith; he seems willing that they should be thoroughly tested, and, therefore, gives the authors of whom he disapproves, as well as those whom he admires. He appears

anxious only that counsel should be heard on both sides. In this we cordially concur as a general principle, and believe it especially applicable to all German questions of opinion. Whatever is impure or false in German literature will never be corrected by the writings of foreigners. There is a peculiar subtlety of thinking and enunciating in the German mind, which, whether we attribute it to training merely, or to an idiosyncrasy of the Teutonic race, can alone correct its own aberrations, as the diamond can be cut and shaped by the diamond only. M. Moschzisker has, therefore, rendered good service to the cause of religious and philosophical truth, as well as to the progress of good taste by marshalling and classifying the representatives of all shades of opinion, and describing their leading characteristics, in principle, thought, and style. In the theological field, for example, we have the Neologian doctors, Strauss, Bohlen, Langeske, and Vatke, opposed by the equally stout and resolute champions of orthodoxy—Jacobi, Olshausen, Tholuck, and Hengstenberg. In the regions of speculative philosophy, too, we find the daring leaders, Kante and Fichte, closely attended and controlled by the accomplished Herder, and the moderate Schleiermacher. Nor is this impartiality forgotten by our author when he enters the realms of fancy. He passes in review before us the Minne-Song, the German echo of the sweet lyrics of Provence, with its monumental Niebelungenlied; and the satyric and didactic Meister-Song, its sly humour and profound observation receiving the most perfect illustration in the wondrous history of "Reinecke Fuchs." The Meister-Song gives place in turn to the deep flood of religious harmony called forth from the German heart by the voice of Luther, and which attained its greatest depth and volume in the grand epic of Klopstock. Here also we find the fascinating but somewhat sensual realism of Goethe met and neutralized by the equally fascinating *spirituelle* idealism of Schiller.

It is a book to which the reader will recur again and again for the positive advantage of its own contents, as well as for direction to other mines of intellectual treasure. We cannot close our notice of this work without a word of commendation for its clear and beautiful typography. It is, indeed, worthy of the Royal Prince to whom it is dedicated.

Travels in the Interior of Brazil, principally through the Northern Provinces and the Gold and Diamond Districts. By George Gardner, M.D., F.L.S. Reeve and Co., London.

"Gold mines and diamond districts" read beautifully upon paper, and amazingly delight the imagination—what gorgeous pictures and scenes we can conjure up,—when we have at our full disposal, the mines of Golconda and the gold of Peru, but yet to the unimaginative man fields of good coal with abundance of iron ore near, are far better things more useful and more profitable—they enrich nature while the others impoverish in the end, every people with whom they are found. No people, however, who have, like the Brazilians, all these productions or their substitutes, at the same time in their possession, will ever be persuaded of this fact. Provided there is gold in the land, men will pass their lives in scratching for it on the surface, or in searching for it in the very substance of the mountains.

Happily for us, gold and diamonds are too rare commodities in our soil to induce us to make it the business of our lives to search for them exclusively; we follow more sober pursuits to a more certain and satisfactory result, and in consequence lay all the gold producing countries under tribute to us, for the really useful articles we have the good sense to manufacture for their use.

Diggers for gold, have no time and but little inclination to make for themselves coats and shirts, and gladly for these will they give us in return some of that same gold which they have collected together with so much toil and risk and anxiety.

We are likely, however, very soon to have somewhat more of this hitherto scarce commodity sent to us than perhaps is profitable for us. There may be, and there probably will be, ere long a plethora of gold amongst us, disturbing greatly our commercial operations, and disquieting many minds that have been hitherto wholly at their ease upon such matters. California is besides at this moment not a little troubling all the proprietors of gold mines throughout the world—and the result of the very great abundance of easily found gold in that district, of the tons the Californians are only beginning to pour out into Europe, will inevitably be to compel all the less productive mines to be abandoned, or so much more scientifically and energetically worked as to produce more gold at less cost.

All countries possessing gold mines become just now, in consequence objects of peculiar interest to us—we wish to know something certainly about them, what they at present produce of the precious metal, and to what extent they can increase the production. Time was when Brazil could send forth what is always wealth to the possessor, twelve pounds of diamonds yearly, and a large amount of the gold that the world needed; and we have lately looked for information as to that country's present productiveness into the book of a traveller who was for several years recently in the gold districts of Brazil. There we find mines still worked some by natives, some by English companies, with more or less success, but none producing so abundantly as to bring them into the least measure of rivalry with California.

But Dr. Gardner travelled in no search for gold, and rather left, we expect, in Brazil a portion of the gold he took with him, than brought any thence away with him—but he brought with him into this country—a very valuable collection of many thousands of new or rare plants, and has enriched his country with many very valuable specimens of Brazilian shrubs and flowers. Six thousand specimens in Botany alone he brought with him—the rarest of which, or the most beautiful or remarkable, he mentions in his pages. He travelled far and deep into the country—saw much and endured much of vexation and privation. Botanical collectors in foreign soils must of necessity fare hard, and work hard, to find what they are in search of, and to convey it away when found. Boxes of specimens are awkward things to convey many hundreds of miles over almost pathless districts, and among a rude people—with rivers continually to ford—and no roofs to be found to give shelter in the night, and in the frequent storms—several times did the horse and his burden flounder in the stream, and the toils and labours of many months were several times in danger of perishing.

But there is far more to amuse in this volume than what has refer-

ence to plants, or to gold—the every-day life of the inhabitants of the towns and villages throughout Dr. Gardener's extensive route—their odd ways, and odd thoughts—their idleness, and their hardships in some cases—their absolute want of the most common necessities of life in places where the land, if cultivated would bring forth abundantly—their general churlishness and occasional kindness, are all well told in the narrative, and convey to our minds as graphic a picture of Brazilian morals and manners as words can be expected to do.

We regret to find the priests affording such strong grounds for such unfavourable observations upon them, and they would, indeed, seem, whether in decorum or attainments, in professional acquirements or usefulness to bear no comparison whatever with the Jesuits whom they have succeeded rather than displaced.

Many of the anecdotes of men of all grades, and of animals of all kinds, are highly entertaining, and the work abounds with descriptions of things animate, and inanimate, of great and varied interest. The descriptions are mainly of parts of the Brazilian territory not hitherto described, and they refer to customs and modes of life as strange to us as singular in themselves. We have no space for quotations, and can but refer the inquiring reader to the volume itself for much general and valuable information concerning a great portion of the Empire of Brazil. That most useful accompaniment to a book of travels, a map, accompanies this, which enables us to follow the traveller easily and pleasantly through all his coasting voyages, and his far inland wanderings. To the botanist, the naturalist, equally as to the reader for amusement and information, the volume will be highly acceptable.

Affinities of Foreigners.

In the first of these stories the authoress herself, who is, she tells us, a Miss Desmond, is about to "wed a stranger," who had murdered his own brother, and who seeks to assuage the pain of her refusal of him by seducing the lady with whom Miss Desmond is living.

In the second, a lovely and amiable English girl, betrothed to a young gentleman whom she had loved from infancy, being at Vienna, is so dazzled by the wealth and splendour of a Russian nobleman that she marries him, and is sold to a young "illustrious personage" at St. Petersburg, whose mistress she becomes. Further "downward steps" in the career of vice are hinted at. She is at Paris with her husband during the late revolution, and there she meets her first lover; and her Russian spouse being shot by the insurgents of June, she is mightily grieved that the young gentleman won't now marry her—indeed, that he can't; for he has just become a Roman Catholic priest.

The fourth is the best conceived of the whole; but the most repulsive. The French Count—a rake who has yet a sort of reverence for virtue—the English lady, all gentleness and purity, who from some refined spirituality, can tolerate the vices of her lover, because she knows that his soul is her own, are a little out of the beaten track.

The Devil in Turkey. 3 vols. Effingham Wilson.

This romance is the production of a Greek, Stefanos Xenos, and translated into English. The object of the author is to make known to his countrymen who live in free Greece, and who had never visited Turkey, the condition, customs, and sentiments of the different tribes of that empire both before and after the Reformation, not as an historian, but as a novelist. But the writer has certainly mistaken his calling. His work is dull and wearisome; and many of the scenes and characters are disgusting.

Norah Dalrymple; a Woman's Story. Newby. 3 vols.

The author of this work gives indications of higher talents than she has here put out. Not that her present story does not possess merit—it is interesting and purely moral.

Ceylon and the Cingalese. By Henry Charles Sirr, M.A. London: Shoberl, 1850.

It is only justice to Mr. Sirr to acknowledge that his history of Ceylon, ancient and modern, is more complete and instructive than any that has preceded it. The author has spared no pains to collect and to condense all the information that was necessary to the full completion of his design. He has described, with a glowing and graphic pen, the general features of the country,—he has made us acquainted with its antiquities and literature, and he has illustrated the character and habits of its varied population, unfolded the capabilities of the "Cinnamon Isle," and directed attention to its yet undeveloped resources.

The Modern Housewife; or, Ménagère. By Alexis Soyer.

That indefatigable caterer for the public appetite, Mr. Soyer, having devoted his gastronomic lucubrations to the service of the two extremes of society, the rich and the poor, has now produced a book for the special benefit of the middle classes. He has shown what surprising feats in housekeeping may be effected by a judicious economy, and what innumerable changes the person of moderate means may substitute for the ordinary dishes of joints—boiled and roasted. It will scarcely be denied, that these matters are susceptible of improvement, and Mr. Soyer has here furnished "nearly one thousand receipts for the economic and judicious preparation of every meal of the day," all within the reach of persons of moderate income. But Mr. Soyer's production is not merely a cookery book, it is a little drama in itself—sustained by dialogue and correspondence—beguiling the reader into a contemplation of the multitude of good things that may be enjoyed by most of us. One thing, at least, may be gleaned from this volume—the multifarious knowledge necessary to constitute the true *chef de cuisine*.

command was instantly
 whole allied force
 for deliberation ;
 at the head of the
 hasten to take posses-
 about half a mile, and
 advancing. When Lake
 emerging from the jungle
 small neighbouring villages ;
 us, and the battle of Suddozam
 ut. Edwardes, at the head of his
 and to the left, and threatened the
 Cortlandt, in command of two regiments
 ten guns, attacked the enemy's centre.
 ral. Lake on the right had compelled the
 ge in his front ; and his men steadily held
 they had suffered some loss, and had one gun
 time McPherson (of the Newab's service) was
 not, and killed upon the spot, whilst gallantly en-
 A heavy cannonade was now kept up on both
 y apparent advantage to either. Edwardes hastened to
 the field, whilst Cortlandt engaged the enemy's centre,
 Lieut. Lake, who most gallantly led his Doudputrees
 broken ground, and materially aided in driving the Sikhs
 r last position.

raj himself had taken up a position in the centre of the field,
 some date trees, near which he had planted many of his guns ;
 had also thrown out a strong body of infantry along the banks of a
 small water-course, who, favoured by the jungly nature of the ground,
 made a stout resistance, and did some execution amongst our men ;
 they were, however, dislodged by Cortlandt's sepoye, and compelled to
 fall back on the main body.

The enemy hastily retreated across the canal into the immediate
 environs of the town, planting cannon on the bridge, and making every
 preparation to defend it. Thus ended the battle of Suddozam, in
 which the Sikhs were a second time completely beaten.

After the battle of Suddozam, Moolraj withdrew into his fort, with
 a portion of his army. He had now evidently determined to abide the
 chances of war within his fortress, and not again to risk a general
 battle in the field.

We do not think Moolraj himself considered his fort impregnable ;
 although it is well known that his people did ; and the inhabitants of
 the city felt this so thoroughly, that they were content to remain in
 the place, and to carry on business as usual. The inhabitants of the
 neighbouring districts, and the people beyond the Indus, were so con-
 fident it could not be taken by force, that for many months after its
 fall they would not believe it, and now when they can no longer doubt,
 they attribute our success to satanic agency.

Moolraj, unquestionably, had great hopes of being able to repulse
 our forces, and he failed not to avail himself of every procurable means
 that bid fair to ensure success : but he looked further, and depended
 more fully on the assistance he hoped to meet with from the large and
 powerful army now being raised by Chuttur Singh, and about to as-
 semble on the banks of the Jhelum.

The allies, after the victory of the 2nd of July, retired in triumph to their camp at Tibba; and we can well imagine it must have been a proud moment for Edwardes, Lake, and General Cortlandt, when having met after the fight, they congratulated each other on their successes. The happiness they felt, was alas! however, soon to be forgotten in an unfortunate accident that befell Lieut. Edwardes. Three days after word was brought to Edwardes in his tent that the enemy had again crossed the canal, and were preparing for another battle. Of course all was instantly bustle and preparation; and Edwardes, in arming himself with a brace of pistols, one, which he was endeavouring to thrust into his belt, exploded, and the contents passed completely through his right hand, as may be supposed, terribly shattering it.

The position of the allied army was now, to say the least of it, a precarious one, and not perhaps without danger,—with Moolraj's own force on the one hand, and a treacherous ally on the other, what arms would not have been in danger?

Of Rajah Shere Singh's intentions, Edwardes and his colleagues often expressed their doubts. Edwardes, however, took the greatest pains to reassure the Rajah, and constantly talked of the coming siege as certain to end in the destruction of Moolraj, and the downfall of the Sikh nation, if they attempted anything further. Personally we treated the Rajah with the greatest respect and consideration, and gave him all the honour due to his rank; not from any sentiments of anxiety for ourselves, nor from fear that he would take part with Moolraj against us, but (and I can most truly assert it) with a sincere wish to save him from the pitiable condition his defection would assuredly bring on himself and family.

Lieut. Edwardes's army remained at Tibba, until the force under Major General Whish advanced upon Mooltan. Then, in accordance with the request of the general, it changed ground, and took up a position at Soorajkoond, to the west of the nullah, encamping on the ground the Rajah had for some time occupied; Shere Singh moving the same day as we did, and exchanging camps with us. The two armies passed each other on the march, and exchanged salutations, apparently of a friendly character.

It will be remembered that the village of Soorajkoond has a deep rapid canal, or nullah, running near it. This nullah, at the time we speak of, was full of water, and only passable by bridges. The allied camp was, therefore, strongly defended in front by this canal, upon which cannon were planted, and a chain of sentries posted. Lord Lake's troops occupied the right, and Lieut. Edwardes's own men the left of the camp; the cavalry filled up the rear, having behind them some broken ground and small nullahs.

It is customary in all native armies, after victory, or on the eve of an expedition, or after a change of ground, to fire a general salute.

On the present occasion, therefore, the men were allowed to fire three rounds from each gun,—which (seeing we had between them and forty pieces of cannon), kicked up, as a friend remarked, "a very decent row," and may well have been taken, as indeed it was, by the British (who were only two marches distant) for a general action. Lord General Whish, acting on this supposition, commanded his tents to be struck, and everything to be made ready to move at a moment's notice. The firing in the allied camp having ceased, orders were given to put

The battle of Kuneyreh commenced between the hours of seven and eight on the morning of the 18th of June, 1848, by a simultaneous discharge of cannon on the part of the Sikh and Bhawalpoor armies. Moolraj had about ten thousand troops in the field, including two thousand cavalry and ten guns. The Newab's force amounted to nine thousand men and eleven guns. The fire on both sides was kept up for some hours with great hardihood, when the Bhawalpoor troops, having suffered some loss, and beginning to slacken their fire, the whole of the Sikh line advanced, maintaining a heavy cannonade, and steadily closing on their enemies. This compelled our allies to fall back, and they soon after retreated to some strong ground in their rear, and withdrew out of range, leaving some dead upon the field.

The Newab's troops did not again take part in the action, but left Edwardes with his handful of men, to withstand the whole Sikh army, and to hold his ground as best he might, until Cortlandt could come up. The enemy now brought the whole of his guns to bear on Edwardes's position, and bore down in front with his artillery and infantry; whilst his cavalry hovered on the flank and rear. This must have been a critical juncture for our gallant countryman: to have retreated, would have insured a general defeat, as the Bhawalpoor troops had already fallen back dispirited, and Cortlandt's guns and men were coming—and *could only* come up singly, and in small parties. Lieut. Edwardes, however, determined to hold his ground to the very last, having written to General Cortlandt, at 8 A.M., saying that he *would* do so till 3 P.M., and urging him to send up the guns by that time, or all must necessarily be lost.

He hastened to take possession of every strong and favourable post, ordering his men to lie down and take cover in every possible way, and not to fire a shot until the enemy were fairly within range of musketry. Edwardes was doubtless much favoured by the nature of the ground, which was unfavourable to the advance of artillery, and to cavalry movements; and served to screen his men from the enemy—who could neither ascertain their exact locality or number; for it appears that the Sikhs imagined there was a much larger force opposed to them. Advance, however, they did, firing round shot, and when near enough, pouring in grape and musketry. Edwardes's men now returned the fire with great spirit, and under the eye of their brave leader stood manfully to their posts. This, however, could not last long,—the disparity of numbers was too great, and Edwardes was well aware that in a very short time, if some of Cortlandt's troops did not come up, his little band must be swept from the field. In his own words, "I did not think I had ten minutes to live."

The enemy now seemed to have discovered the weakness of their opponents; and it was clear, that if something were not done, the battle would be irreparably lost. At this fearful moment the gallant Edwardes did not lose his presence of mind, but determined to make another effort to gain time. Accordingly he ordered the mounted officers (for he had no cavalry) to charge the foremost of the enemy, and most nobly did they obey his command, killing many of their foes, and losing many of their little band; and, by the desperate and unexpected nature of their onset on Moolraj's cavalry, checking, for a few moments, the enemy's whole advance.

Short as this check was, it gave time for one gun to come up, which was immediately opened, and soon followed by another regiment of

Cortlandt's foot, then another, and another gun came rattling in, accompanied by a second regiment of regular infantry, and a body of Markers. Soon, therefore, there were six guns upon the field, pouring forth grape and round shot, and between four and five thousand foot—falling in and delivering their fire as they reached the scene of action. Edwardes himself now hastened to every part of the field, encouraging his men, in which he was well seconded by his *nature* officers. The men, fatigued although they were, and out of breath, fought with the spirit of British soldiers, and poured in such volleys of grape and musketry, that the Sikhs were wholly unable to withstand it, and soon began to give way; whereupon Edwardes commanded the whole line to advance, and at its head, with sword and bayonet, he drove the enemy from their guns, from every position, and completely off the field.

For want of cavalry the pursuit could not be carried far, but the victory was in every way complete: eight of the enemy's guns being captured, with all his munition and baggage. The loss of men (killed and wounded) was considerable, two hundred on Edwardes's side, and not less than five hundred on Moodraj's.

The Sikh army never halted until it reached Mooltan, whither the whole of the allied force followed, as soon as it could complete the passage of the Chenab, bury its dead, and doctor the wounded,—*without a doctor*.

This force now amounted to about eighteen thousand men, including four thousand cavalry. General Cortlandt's regular troops; the irregulars (or Markers) raised by Edwardes on the right bank of the Indus; and the Bhawalpoor army, now under Lieut. Lake, who had come from Jullunder to take command. The artillery, including the captured guns, amounted to thirty-one pieces of cannon, and three mortars.

The Sikhs retreated on Mooltan with precipitation; offering no impediment to the advance of the allies, until they reached Soorajkoond, a village to the south-west of the city. Running close to this village and between it and Mooltan there is a deep canal (or nullah) with high and rugged banks, which, for five months in the year, is abundantly supplied with water from the Chenab. The stream is rapid, and not fordable; it takes a serpentine course, passing near the fort, and stretching away in a south-westerly direction, for many miles into the country. Out of it many lesser water-courses run, for the purposes of irrigation.

This nullah when filled with water, offers a formidable barrier to the progress of a hostile force. At Soorajkoond, where the allies advanced upon Mooltan, there were two narrow bridges over it; and near the fort, on the north-west, a good brick bridge. Upon the two former bridges the Sikhs had planted cannon, and seemed determined to defend the passage. Edwardes and Cortlandt, however, did not consider it desirable to cross the canal here, but marched in the direction of a village (called Tibba) to the north-west, keeping the canal on their *right* hand, and between them and the enemy. The Sikhs now withdrew their guns, and moved in the direction of the last named bridge, with the nullah on their *left*.

On the morning of the 1st of July, General Cortlandt had just encamped all the troops at Tibba, when intelligence was brought that Moodraj himself, at the head of his whole army, had crossed the nullah.

A SKETCH OF THE SIEGE OF MOOLTAN.

BY JOHN JONES COLE,

ASSISTANT SURGEON, LATE IN MEDICAL CHARGE OF THE ALLIED ARMY

WITH A PORTRAIT OF MAJOR HERBERT EDWARDES.

[THE following Narrative, the production of a medical officer attached to Major Edwardes' division of our Indian Army, will be read with particular interest, as being the relation of an eye-witness. Major Edwardes' long-expected work, "A Year on the Panjaub Frontier," will be published in the course of the present month.—Ed.]

THE late war in the Punjab may be said to have commenced at Mooltan, on the morning of the 20th April, 1848, when, by Moolraj's command, the fort guns opened on the Kedgah, in which the late Mr. Agnew and Lieut. Anderson were lying wounded, and in which they were, on the following evening, barbarously murdered.

The circumstances attending the death of these unfortunate officers are too well known to need repetition, let it suffice to say, they were attacked and murdered while issuing from the fort, where they had gone, on the 19th April, to take possession; and were killed by Moolraj's order, or connivance, on the evening of the 20th.

After the perpetration of this crime, Moolraj completely threw off the mask, and disavowed the authority of Dalkeep Sing. He proceeded at once to strengthen his fort, to lay in munition of war, and to increase his resources, and already powerful army, by appropriating the revenue of the country, by raising the inhabitants, and by offering rewards to all who would join his standard. Circumstances were wholly in his favour, and there was a fair open field before him, in which (as it appeared) he might have marked out his own ends, without fear of opposition. It seemed scarcely practicable to send an efficient British force against him, and hardly prudent to do so in the months of June and July. But happily Lieut. Edwardes was in the field, and about to meet the rebel, with a force as vigorous as it was unexpected. At this time Lieut. Edwardes was in the Derajat, on the right or western bank of the Indus, near Dera Fati Khan, with two companies of regular infantry, a few horse, one disaffected Sikh regiment, and two guns. In the month of April he crossed over to Leiah (a considerable town on the left bank of the Indus), and commenced collecting the revenue: whereupon Moolraj sent ten thousand men, and ten guns to attack him. The approach of this formidable force necessarily compelled Lieut. Edwardes to fall back, and recross the Indus, which he did on the 4th of May, taking all the boats with him.

On the following day the enemy entered Leiah, and fired a general salute. Previous to this Lieut. Edwardes had written to General Cortlandt (of the Sikh service) who was in the Bunnoo districts, to come to his assistance, and, expecting his arrival, he ordered two guns

to be fired as a signal, on the night of the 4th of May, which were soon after answered by the General, who was dropping down the river in boats from Dera Ishmael Khan. He joined Lieut. Edwardes with one regiment of foot, a small body of horse, and four well-appointed guns, and marched in a few days (having been joined by six more companies of regular infantry), in the direction of Sunger, Lieut. Edwardes remaining to watch the enemy, and cover the passage of the river. The Sikhs, however, made a corresponding movement to that of Cortlandt, encamping opposite to him; and Edwardes dropped down the river in his boats. On the following day Cortlandt again marched, the enemy keeping time with him, and Edwardes joined in the boats as before. In this way, marching on alternate days, securing all the boats, and increasing and strengthening their army by every means the country could afford, did Lieut. Edwardes and General Cortlandt reach Dera Ghazee Khan, the principal town of the Derajul. Here they halted to levy more troops; and in five or six days found themselves at the head of an army of nine thousand men, and twelve good field guns. Moolraj's army, as usual, had taken up a position opposite to them, on the eastern bank of the Indus.

In the mean time the Newab of Bhawalpoor (a state of Western India) having been applied to for aid, sent ten thousand men into the field, two thousand of whom crossed the Sutluj at Ouch, and threatened the enemy's rear, whilst eight thousand men, and eleven guns, passed over the Sutledge in the direction of Mooltan. Moolraj, now fearing for the safety of his capital, hastily recalled his army, which fell back to the left bank of the Chenab, between Mooltan and the Newab's troops.

By this retrograde movement the passage of the Indus being left open, Edwardes immediately brought over his forces, and hastened to throw them across the Chenab,* and, if possible, join the Bhawalpoor army, before it could be attacked, as, singly, it was not much to be depended upon.

On the evening of the 17th of June, he, with very great difficulty, for want of boats, got over three thousand irregular infantry, and a handful of horse.

Early in the morning of the 18th of June, Edwardes himself proceeded to cross the river (Cortlandt remaining to superintend and facilitate the transit of the artillery), but he had not reached the opposite bank when heavy firing in the distance announced that the work of destruction had commenced. At this time not a gun had crossed, and there appeared but small chance of any being ~~soon~~ brought over, as the enemy had secured all the boats fit for the carriage of ordnance. General Cortlandt was doing what man could do in procuring craft, and in the distance a few large boats might have been seen creeping slowly up the stream. Lieut. Edwardes had, therefore, no alternative but to hasten to the field of battle, and, by his presence and example, give confidence to the army. Having reached the scene of action, and placed himself at the head of the troops that had already come up (3,000 irregular infantry, and 80 horse mounted officers), he took up a position on the left of the line in some broken ground, here and there covered with brush-wood and long grass.

* It must be remembered, that there are four rivers here, all converging into each other, and ultimately forming one with the Indus. They are, the Indus, the Chenab, the Sutledge, and, below the junction of the last two, the Panynd.

progress of a regular siege. The weather had now become cool and pleasant, and the men were in excellent health, and the best spirits. Horse-races, foot-races, throwing the hatchet, and playing at quoits, were introduced by the officers, and encouraged by the General. The best feelings of friendship abounded, and all appeared determined to pass the time as pleasantly as possible, until the Bombay troops arrived—which they did on the 15th of December, when these amusements were immediately forgotten in the all-important preparation for the coming siege.

We cannot stop to enumerate the various preparatory measures now taken; suffice it to say, that the whole of the reinforcements having come up, and all the munition of war, General Whish resolved to lose no time in commencing operations. Accordingly, on the 25th and 26th of December, the combined army advanced to invest Mooltan, and encamped on the north-east in one extended line; a noble force in all respects, excellently equipped, and well able to achieve the task assigned it. At one P.M. December 27th, 1848, the British commenced the siege, by a simultaneous attack on the suburbs, and carried, at the point of the bayonet, in one heroic charge, the whole of the villages, gardens, mosques, temples, tombs, mounds, and hillocks, extending from the north-east angle of the fort, to the great canal that bounds the city on the west. From one and all of these positions the Sikhs were driven in about two hours, and the British in some places advanced up to the very walls. At the same time the allied army swept round to the north-west, and opened a heavy cannonade, which drew in that direction the attention of a part of the garrison.

All these rapid successes were not, however, achieved without the loss of many fine fellows (both officers and men), as the enemy desperately defended every post, maintaining a tremendous matchlock and musketry fire, and opening every gun that could be brought to bear upon the works.

Notwithstanding, the British steadily and rapidly advanced, so that in a few days it was wonderful to see the batteries, trenches, &c. that had been thrown up. Already our shot and shell had terribly shattered the enemy's walls and defences, some guns were silenced, and the fort was seen to be on fire in two places.

On the 29th December, General Whish, having approved of the chief engineer's (Brigadier Cheap) plan for taking the town *first*, ordered two eight-gun breaching batteries to be erected within a hundred yards of the walls, one opposite the Delhi gate, and the other between it and a strong bastion (Khoonee Boorj) at the north-east angle of the city. These batteries were completed in the short space of two or three days, and without much loss, although the Sikhs poured in, day and night, a frightful musketry fire, so that no one dared for a moment show himself above the works, or move out of the battery; if a cap were held above the trench but for a moment, a dozen bullets came instantly whistling in: every crevice in the face of the battery was a mark for a score of matchlocks.

In these batteries 18-pounder guns were instantly ordered to be planted, which was not, however, done without much labour, and considerable loss; nevertheless our brave fellows soon overcame all difficulties, and on the 31st December the batteries were reported ready to open their fire. Accordingly, on the morning of the 1st January, they commenced the work of demolition, firing at regular intervals salvoes of shot.

Day by day, with a cool determination and a gallant, cheerful bearing on the part of all, did the operations against Mooltan progress. Daily and hourly was there something lost on the part of the besieged, and gained by the besieging. On the 3rd January, one of Moolraj's principal magazines blew up with a most terrific report, and all eyes were turned in the direction of the stunning sound. Over the spot where the explosion had taken place, a mighty column of smoke was seen ascending to the heavens—in form of a lofty tree, with branches of gigantic proportions, and thick dark foliage, covering, as with a canopy, the fort around—becoming more and more portentous, until at last, losing all form, it enveloped, in one thick cloud of acrid, pungent smoke, the whole of the city and its suburbs.

This having cleared away, the shattered remains of houses could be seen, and a heap of blackened ruins, that had buried many human beings in its fall.

On the 4th of January, the city trenches having been reported practicable, General Whish determined to assault, as soon as the necessary arrangements could be made; accordingly, on the morning of the 6th, troops were told off for storming parties. On the right (a Bombay breach) H. M. 32d foot, the 49th and 72d Regiments of N. I. led by Captain Smyth, would attack; and on the left (or Bengal breach) the Bombay fusiliers—the 17th and 4th (Rifles) Regiments N. I. The columns having surmounted the breaches, would turn to the right and left, sending parties into every street in the place. About the middle of the day these troops moved down, and drew up under cover, near the batteries. There they were ordered to rest for a time, and at a signal, given by the simultaneous discharge of all the guns, they would move out, with the European regiments leading, and carry both breaches at one and the same time. Between two and three p.m. the troops began to move, and approached in the most gallant manner the foot of the deadly breach, up which on the left the Bombay fusiliers rushed, regardless of the enemy's fire, and, struggling through the barricades at the top, where they met the Sikhs hand to hand; after a short but gallant fight, they compelled them, at the point of the bayonet, to give back, and soon, under a heavy fire, to retreat into the town, where they were immediately followed by both Europeans and Natives, and the war was carried into the very heart of the place.

On the right our gallant fellows behaved with equal bravery, and advanced to the foot of the wall, in which, however, there was no opening, *no breach* whatever. Above, the walls were knocked to atoms; below, and higher than man could reach they were unbroken and entire. In front of the gateway there was a slight rising, and between this and the wall, a dip, a natural ditch, crossed by an arch leading to the gate,—these effectually covered the *real* foot of the wall, and led to the supposition that the breach was practicable, which indeed it appeared to be from the battery, out of which no one dared advance to get a nearer look.

Capt. Smyth having satisfied himself that there was no possibility of getting in, withdrew his men, with some loss in killed and wounded; he himself having received a severe contusion on the head; and, having re-formed his troops, he hastily led them into the town on the left, after their more successful comrades, and assisted in driving the Sikhs from every position. In about two hours there was not an enemy to be seen, and the city of Mooltan was wholly in the hands of the British, and the flag of England waved upon its walls.

some ten or twelve men were killed and wounded. This unfortunate affair was the commencement of a night of troubles.—Major Edwardes who had been writing in his tent, in consequence of the firing, hastened to the trenches, and Lieut. Lake, too (who, in returning, had learned the real state of things), came in, justly much grieved for the loss of his men. A few regrets, however, an "impossible to be helped," and all betook them to their blankets, tired, cold, and gloomy, determined to lie down, and get a little rest. To sleep, however, was almost impossible. The report of the enemy's guns, and the heavy, dull sound of his shot, striking against the embankments at our heads, together with the noise of our own artillery, kept Morpheus effectually at a distance. General Cortlandt and myself were consoling ourselves with a cool cheroot, and meditating on the chances of success to-morrow, when a sepoy came running in to say, that the regular troops which had gone with Lieut. Pollock, to hold the British battery, had, to a man, deserted to the enemy. This most unpalatable news speedily brought all our little party to their feet, but still unwilling to believe the intelligence. All doubt was, however, soon removed, by the arrival of the native commanding officer, who said that he had gone out of the battery with his men, but seeing their intentions, hastily left them, and returned to the camp. Major Edwardes, Lake, and Cortlandt, were for a moment completely confounded, and I shall not soon forget the General's expressions of regret and mortification. It was, however, no time for either; our own personal safety, and that of the camp, claimed immediate attention, and it was necessary on the instant to send troops to Pollock's assistance, as he was now attacked in force, and in great danger of being cut to pieces. He, nevertheless, most gallantly held his ground, aided by Lieut. Burny, with two guns, who nobly declared, he would stand by him to the last.

The British advanced pickets were immediately ordered into the battery, and other troops coming up, the position was secured. Major Edwardes proceeded at once to the General, to consider what was best to be done under the circumstances, whilst Cortlandt and Lake hastened to every post to encourage the men. More irregular troops were ordered into the trenches, and every preparation made to defend ourselves as best we might. It was, however, by no means a pleasant position, for who could tell, since treachery had crept in, who were friends and who were foes. The night was dark, cold, and apparently interminable, but morning did at length appear, and the sun had just begun to overlook the jungle, when Major Edwardes reached the trenches, bringing the welcome intelligence, that the British would attack, as before arranged, about the hour of 8 A.M. Scarcely, however, had he said this, when firing at our advance post in the canal brought all eyes in that direction, and it was soon perceived that the enemy had attacked the position, and were driving back a party of Pathans who had held the post. The Sikhs now set up one fiendish yell, and, jumping out of their trenches, bore down manfully on our camp, turning the flank of our six-gun battery.

Their success, however, was but short-lived, for the artillery men immediately withdrew the guns from their embrasures, and, bringing them to bear on the enemy, powered in a shower of grape so well directed, that they hastily took cover in the nullah, along the dry bed of which they continued to advance, and, strong parties coming up, they renewed the attack, with redoubled vigour. Fresh troops were

immediately ordered out to meet them, and Major Edwardes, seeing, from what had happened in the night, that he could not answer for the remaining regular regiments, sent word to the General that his camp was attacked in force, that he thought the issue doubtful, and that an immediate diversion was necessary. In the interim, General Cortlandt ordered his troops to advance, and urged them by their actions to show that they were free from the imputation of treachery. And he was not disappointed, for several companies hastily threw themselves from the trenches, and advanced manfully to meet the foe, gallantly led on by Mr. Quin (Major Edwardes's writer), who, as usual, was first at the post of danger. But he had scarcely topped the nullah, when he was struck in the chest by a spent round shot, which, for a time, completely paralyzed him, and he was carried to the hospital. I may here mention a singular proof of the genuine bravery of this man: about two hours after we were crossing some trenches on the field, and again met Mr. Quin, who was with some difficulty making his way up a bank, looking as pale as a sheet, and in much pain, but with a sword in hand, declaring he was ready to lead against the enemy.

Cortlandt's sepoy now fought with their accustomed spirit, and met the Sikhs hand to hand, on the banks of the nullah, checked their advance, and steadily drove them back; at the same time a body of Lieut. Lake's troops coming up, the enemy was beaten at all points, and compelled to retreat to their intrenched positions.

In about half an hour the fighting had ceased, and, the smoke clearing away, showed us the British column, moving down to our assistance under the command of Brigadier Markham. In a short time it crossed the canal, and drew up on the eastern bank, and soon after marched in open column, through the broken jungly ground, making a considerable detour, so as to overlook the enemy's position; it then wheeled into line, with three guns on the right and left, and the cavalry on the right of all, under the command of Major Wheeler. We watched from the high bank of the nullah these military movements with the greatest admiration, and when, soon after, we saw the whole of the cavalry bearing down to the charge, at the very top of their speed, our enthusiasm knew no bounds. On! on! they came, driving everything before them; and, notwithstanding the heavy fire of grape poured into them by the enemy, charging up to their very guns; then hastily re-forming, and dashing off to cover the right. By this brilliant charge the whole of the ground in front of the advancing infantry was cleared, and we could see a long line of British bayonets, coming at a running pace, to finish the business; and soon were they on the enemy, who, however, scarcely waited their approach, but, firing one last round, quitted their guns, and threw themselves over the bank into the nullah, where many of them were shot by the British; and the allies, on their side, coming up, poured in a heavy fire: the victory was complete; and the Sikhs retreated out of sight, leaving five cannon in the hands of the victors.

Thus ended the fight at Soorajkoond, than which (although perhaps a small matter) there was not during the whole war a more successful or dashing affair. Moolraj did not again come near our camp, but kept a strong body of men in the suburbs of the town, to guard every approach; and he was especially careful not to allow our reconnoitring parties to come within range of his guns. Our engineers, however, were not idle; they had satisfied themselves, by repeated observation, as to the most eligible point of attack, and were actively engaged in the construction of all kinds of implements necessary to the attack.

arms on the British, and the men directed to lie down near them; but scarcely had these orders been complied with, and quiet restored, when a sharp discharge of musketry, in the direction of the pickets, brought every one to his feet, and every soldier immediately stood to his arms. Intelligence was soon brought that the enemy were approaching in considerable numbers to attack the camp, whereupon troops were instantly ordered to advance to meet them, and, accordingly, a few companies of H. M. 10th Foot, the 8th and 52nd Regiments N. I., and also Wheeler's Irregular cavalry, pushed forward in the direction of the fire.

The Sikhs opened a dropping fire of musketry, which was returned by our pickets, but after a few rounds, the officer in command thought it his duty to retire, and fell back on the advancing column, which, coming up, poured in such a rapid and well-directed fire, that the enemy immediately turned and fled, leaving, it is said, between thirty and forty men dead upon the field. The British loss was very slight, both in killed and wounded. Thus the discharge of a hundred guns in the allied camp, probably saved the lives of some of our gallant countrymen, and was often spoken of after as a friendly salute indeed.

The Sikhs, it seems, intended mischief, and were going to walk off with no end of guns. They had come provided with artillery horses, ready harnessed, to facilitate the little matter, but they found it a nasty business.

General Whish's army reached Mooltan in two columns, on the 18th and 19th of August, 1848, and encamped at Seetul ke Maree, in a fine open plain, to the north-east of the fort, and just out of range of its guns.

On the morning of the 2nd, the first attempt upon Mooltan may be said to have commenced by the British, and the first parallel begun, at a considerable distance from the city walls. This first approach can scarcely be called a siege, seeing that no guns were ever brought to bear fairly upon the defences of the place.

On the 12th of September a second attack was made on one of the enemy's positions, and although the enemy defended themselves to the last, and, firing through loop-holes in the walls, committed great havoc amongst our men, still the gallant fellows pressed on, led by Colonel Patoun and Major Montizambert, and carried the place by storm, putting every enemy within it to the sword.

The British troops now began to suffer from fatigue, and men could scarcely be found to defend the trenches; and the officers were constantly on duty, many being in the batteries for forty-eight and even seventy-two hours at a time.

Notwithstanding all these difficulties, the severe losses, and the formidable opposition the troops had met with, our gallant fellows pressed on without a murmur, fully determined to carry the place or die in attempting it. General Whish, seeing the defences were much stronger than had been supposed, and that the number of his troops was scarcely adequate to the task before them, necessarily became anxious for his men, doubting nothing as to their spirit and bravery, but justly fearing that long continued fatigue, would ultimately wear them out. To relieve this, he commanded the auxiliary force to move nearer his own, and measures were being taken for a more concentrated approach, and a more immediate cooperation, when the defection of Shere Singh, on the 14th of September, peremptorily put a stop to all

operations, and the British and allied armies at once fell back to Soorajkoond. Major Edwardes's force took up its old ground at the above village, and the British encamped for a few days to the north-west; but, the position not being considered a good one, the army fell back to a short distance, and pitched to the west of the irregular force, its right being distant about one thousand yards.

At Soorajkoond, General Whish determined to wait the arrival of reinforcements from Bombay; and such reinforcements as would ensure success, at least, with which there would be no more retreating, no more falling back. And every one felt that in the second siege the place would be taken, or the army left dead in the ditch.

Three months and more is a very long time to wait, particularly for an army needing assistance in the field. Three months and upwards the army had to wait, and wait it did. It is, however, a long way from Bombay to Mooltan, and as there was no help for the delay, the General wisely resolved to fill up the time in preparing for the siege.

On the 1st of November, Moolraj having brought out six guns, and placed them in hastily constructed batteries on the eastern bank of the great canal, commenced firing into the allied camp. This canal or nullah, as before said, ran in front of Major Edwardes's camp. It had now become dry, and consequently not so formidable a defence as when filled with water. Its course is north and south. On the north of the allied camp, and towards Mooltan, the enemy had planted his guns, and, giving them an oblique direction, brought them to bear on the left of our position, and kept up a continued fire for six days.

The allies opened between fifteen and twenty guns in reply to the Sikhs, throwing up a battery for six, four hundred yards in advance, on the west of the nullah, and another battery for three guns on the east. The British also erected a battery for four heavy guns to the north-west, and about eighteen hundred yards from the allied camp. The Sikhs, however, were so effectually protected by the western bank of the canal, that, notwithstanding the heavy fire that was kept up on them night and day, they could not be dislodged. Indeed their guns were so completely covered, that not one could be seen, and our shot either struck the first bank, or passed harmlessly over. The enemy now, emboldened by his success, brought some of his guns within six hundred yards of our camp, and a large body of infantry, which entrenched itself as it advanced.

The enemy now redoubled his fire, and having got the range of our tents, rendered it exceedingly dangerous to remain in them: our little party was more than once startled by the shot passing within a few feet, and men were being killed whilst cooking their bread.

It was, therefore, high time to drive the Sikhs from their positions, and, if possible, capture their guns. Accordingly, on the morning of the 7th of November, it was determined to attack the enemy, on the east and west of the canal, at one and the same time.

About 7 p.m., Pollock proceeded to his post, and Lieut. Lake accompanied him, to assist in putting the irregular troops in order. A portion of these last named troops, not being to time, hurried down the dry bed of the canal, purposing to make a short cut, to join their fellows, and coming out of the nullah, abreast of our six-gun battery, and not answering to repeated challenges, Mr. James (now Ensign) immediately opened his guns upon them, at the same time the infantry poured a sharp musketry fire, and before the mistake could be explained,

A GOSSIP ABOUT MERRY CHRISTMAS.

BY ROBERT BELL,

AUTHOR OF "THE LADDER OF GOLD," ETC.

"Now, all our neighbours' chimnies smoke,
 And Christmas' blocks are burning;
 Their ovens they with bak'd meats choke,
 And all their spits are turning.
 Without the door let sorrow lye,
 And if for cold it hap to die,
 We 'll bury 't in a Christmas pie,
 And ever more be merry."—*Juvenilia*. 1622.

From time immemorial, two conditions appear to have been indispensably attached to Christmas—that people should be merry and eat pies. It is easy enough to be merry where there are pies to be eaten, or the affluence which they are presumed to indicate; but we apprehend it is not quite so easy to get at the top of one's animal spirits where there are no pies, or the means of procuring them. And this suggests a seasonable consideration touching this fine old festival in its social aspect.

There are two Christmases—the Christmas of the Rich, and the Christmas of the Poor. Need we describe the difference? Boars' heads, plum-puddings, roast-beef, mince-pies, burnt claret, wassail cups, and no end to games and carousals on the one hand—empty grates, naked boards, chilblains, shivering fingers, haggard faces and wolves' eyes on the other. So much has been written, said and sung concerning the merriment of Christmas, that it requires a little courage to say anything about its miseries; yet we take it that the very mirth and joyfulness of the time supply the best of all possible grounds for stopping to think a little about the condition of those in whom mirth and joy are killed by penury and grief. It cannot make us the more merry to know that others are wretched; but we can greatly enhance our own enjoyment by contributing to the enjoyment of the poor, who, without our help, can have neither pies nor pleasures of any kind at Christmas. And be it remembered that it is the peculiar property of all true delights to increase by diffusion, and that the more happiness we distribute around us, the more reason we shall have for being happy ourselves.

Poverty is a dismal thing at any time; but it is a hundred fold more dismal in a season of general feasting and carousing. The force of contrast heightens all sorts of suffering. Starving is bad enough; but to starve in the midst of plenty is worse. The agonies of drowning are sufficiently severe—to drown in sight of land gives them additional intensity. And so it is at Christmas time with the poor. A man may starve and die out in the ordinary way, as tens of thousands do, without sign or struggle; but when the world is lighted up around him, and he is compelled to look on at banquets he must not taste, and to listen to rejoicings and shouts of revelry while despair is in his soul and hunger is gnawing the flesh from his bones, he cannot be expected to starve exactly like a philosopher.

Now, this is the point which strikes us as being first entitled to

attention when we are making preparations for the jollity of Christmas. Our own ease and indulgence, and hearth-stone gatherings, are not the only things to be thought of. We are pretty sure of them, and may leave them securely to adjust themselves. The traditions which come down to us with such stirring invocations to the larder and the wine cellar, also come down to people to whom larders and wine cellars are no better than a myth. Let us look a little after them. They have Christmas appetites as well as ourselves, and Christmas memories and associations, hearts and sympathies, and desires as strong as the best of us to collect their kindred about them, and dance the old year out and the new year in. When we have done something towards helping the needy to a flavour of reasonable comforts, we may turn with more tranquil sensations, and purer feelings to our own firesides and groaning tables. Christmas was not given to the rich alone. The poor have an equal right in it. Give them a little share of the revel, and your own feast will be all the more joyous from a sense of the joy you have created, and the tribulation you have consoled out of doors. Thus sang Poor Robin, that cheeriest of social philanthropists, in his Annual, precisely one hundred and fifty years ago :—

" Good customs they may be abus'd,
Which makes rich men so slack us,
This feast is to relieve the poor,
And not to drunken Bacchus,
Thus if thou doest,
'Twill credit raise thee,
God will thee bless,
And neighbours praise thee."

In spite of its transmitted injunctions to be very merry and espyes, Christmas somehow throws a shadow of melancholy over us all. We may cry "merry, merry old Christmas!" just as the Christian world has been crying out any time for hundreds of years, yet we feel in our consciences that we are by no means as inert as we pretend to be, and that the cry is only a make-believe after all. Like all anniversaries it recalls extinct pleasures, severed friendships, faces that have vanished from amongst us, and that carry with them the gloriousness of life which never can be set up in our hearts again. Every recurring Christmas reminds us of the years we are burying under our feet as we journey onwards, until we come at last to look with less and less eagerness to the future, and to live more and more in the past. We run over all the bygone festivals and end by thinking them all better than the present; and, with our enthusiasm thus diminishing year by year, we are fain to believe that Christmas is not what it used to be, because we are no longer what we were.

But it ought to be some little satisfaction to us to know that while we are peeping over the summit of the hill, or descending on the other side, there are crowds of urchins climbing up its face to what Christmas is pretty much the same it was once to us. Christmas is still Christmas to the young, who feel as we felt, hope as we hoped, and who have not the slightest consciousness of spectral faces glaring out upon their romps from the darkness of the past. To them the glass through which they look is clear and bright—to us it grows darker and darker, until we see no more.

Still we cry, merry old Christmas! And right we should; although we cannot conceal from ourselves that its glories are all but departed. We cannot afford to be as bountiful and roystering as our forefathers. Population presses too hard on the heels of industry. Notwithstanding the new Pactolus on the shores of the Pacific, and the golden disclosures of the Oural Mountains, there is by no means as much money in the world as there used to be, taking into account the increased calls that are made upon it. Modern forms and modes of society, too, are not so congenial to merry-making as the modes and forms that prevailed in the happy age of mumping and morris-dancing, of city poets and lords of misrule; and we hope nobody will suspect us of favouring Popery if we add that the Poor House is not so open and hearty in its hospitalities to beggars and wayfarers as the monastery of old. With the extinction of the monasteries (for which we have much reason to be grateful, seeing what was extinguished with them) went a whole batch of superstitions, which effectively assisted the imagination through the hilarity of these festivals. First of all the faeries, being stout Roman Catholics, took their departure. They emigrated the moment England embraced the Reformation. This curious historical fact is attested by no less an authority than Bishop Corbett, who assures us that the good people never "danced on any heath" after Elizabeth came in—

"By which we note the faeries
Were of the old profession;
Their songs were Ave Marias,
Their dances were procession."

He conjectures that from that time forth they must either have gone beyond the seas, or retired into private life. A multitude of articles of belief went out in most places at the same time—such as the charms supposed to reside in the kindled log, the hunting of the wren, the winnow-sheet, the oxen dropping on their knees in their stalls on Christmas Eve, the going a-gooding on St. Thomas's day, and numerous other fancies and customs, out of which the popular faith extracted all manner of cures, gifts, blessings and love-spells. Our prose Protestantism has plucked out the poetry of the season, like Jack in Swift's Tale of a Tub taking off the lace, and converting his garment into a plain coat.

It is only in Scotland and on the English border, and in some spots in the south and west of Ireland that Christmas is kept with a due regard to its ancient rights. Sometimes, to be sure, we discover that the form alone is preserved, while the spirit has evaporated, and that although certain usages are still honoured in the observance, they are no longer trusted with the destinies of the actors in them, who take care beforehand to provide against the contingencies of fate by regulating the issues for themselves. We have an example of this in the superstition of the First Foot, which ascribes to the first person who enters your house on the morning of Christmas-day a direct power over your fortunes. According to the legend, if the visitor be a woman, then all is to go wrong with you, (which leads us to suspect that the said legend is a relique of loveless old monkery); but if the threshold be first crossed by a man or a boy, then you are cast for happiness and prosperity through the whole of

the ensuing year. In order to make sure of the result, the individual, who holds to the superstition, names and appoints the first visitor himself, whereby he is guilty of playing off a very scurrily trick upon the "Sisters three," to whose hands these prophetic accidents are supposed to be confided. Nor is he generally content with merely selecting a boy, but he must needs choose one, if such a one can be found, with raven hair and jet black eyes, such being considered omens of extraordinary good luck; and this juvenile messenger of grace enters exultingly, bearing fresh leaves in his hands, and crying aloud "A merry Christmas and a happy new year!" which, under the circumstances, is rather a work of supererogation.

The actual creed of the canny householder who practises this pleasant ruse would furnish matter for curious speculation. He evidently believes in the superstition, or he would not be so afraid of risking its results. We wonder does he equally believe in the providence of his own making?

The fact is, we have dropped the old usages under a pretence that we have grown too sensible for them; and wherever a lurking credulity in these matters still lingers, we try to evade it by a little stroke of sophistry. We burn the log, but we disavow all reliance on its magical influence over the diseases of cattle, and the guardianship of houses. The consequence is, that nothing but the skeleton of Christmas sorcery remains—the vital spark is dead. Reason has ejected imagination; science has expelled divination, and as a little faith in these antique rites of the season is absolutely essential to give them an influence over us, the performance of them, now that our faith is annihilated, has degenerated into the dullest of all entertainments. Nobody laughs or shudders at them now. The enjoyment on the spiritual side of the question is gone by, and we have taken exclusively to the substantial. We have given up the poetical merriment, and gone over to the pie, which yield us a merriment of a more solid kind. We no longer believe in south-running streams, charmed apples, and gift-candles, but England must undergo a more radical revolution than the Reformation itself, before we relinquish our belief in fat capons, puddings, and ribs of beef.

Touching the matter of pies, Selden tells us that the coffin shape of these dainties was designed as an imitation of the *cratch* or manger in which the infant Jesus was laid. A still more remarkable memorial of the nativity was preserved in the *Yule-dough*, which in the old times used to be baked at Christmas in the shape of a *babe*. The religious character of these compositions is happily expressed in a single couplet by a poet of the seventeenth century:—

"The cloyster'd steaks with salt and pepper lye,
Like nunnies with patches in a monastrie."

The true Christmas pie, however, was not made of steaks alone—it was a learned mixture of neats' tongues, chickens, eggs, raisins, sugar, lemon and orange peel, and spices; sometimes the chief ingredient was a goose; but the most memorable instance on record of an elaborate production of this kind is described in a newspaper of the year 1770, to have consisted of the following ingredients: two bushels of flour, twenty pounds of butter, four geese, two turkeys, two rabbits, four wild ducks, two woodcocks, as

snipes, and four partridges, two neats' tongues, two curlews, seven blackbirds, and six pigeons! This prodigious work, which distances out and out the monster exploits of M. Soyer, measured nearly nine feet in circumference at the bottom, and weighed twelve stones, was fitted in a case upon four wheels, and required two men to put it upon the table. We fear we shall never look upon its like again.

Such enormities were proportioned to the open hospitality of the times. It appears that at Christmas the most abstemious and retired people relaxed from their quiet habits, and gave free scope to the roystering spirit of the season. The country squire of three hundred a year who flourished in the reign of Queen Anne, may serve as a sample. Grose says that this worthy never played at cards but at Christmas, when the family pack (think of that!) was produced from the mantle-piece. He never drank anything the whole year round but home-brewed, except on these gala days, when he would make a bowl of strong brandy-punch, garnished with toast and nutmeg; and there sitting on his cushions in a huge two-armed chair in the chimney corner, he would collect his tenants round a glowing fire, and set them going with tales of ghosts and witchcraft till fear made them afraid to move, so that we must infer, they sat out the whole night with him till daybreak.

Connected with the Christmas fire a bundle of curious items might be gathered. The yule-clog, or Christmas block would take a book of itself. According to the antiquarians who have explored its history, the Anglo-Saxon *Gule* or *Yule* was formerly a Pagan festival, and when the Saxons were converted to Christianity they continued the custom, applying it to the nativity of the Saviour, the commemoration of which happened to fall at the same time. When the Normans came in, a new appellation was adopted—*Noel*, derived from *Natahs*. Noel is the Christmas of the French. The appropriateness of setting fire to a great log of wood on Christmas-day—a blaze that should illuminate the entire house, and turn night into day—is explained satisfactorily by Blount, who says that Christmas was called the Feast of Lights, because they used many lights or candles on that occasion, or rather because it was on that day Christ, the light of all lights, the true light, came into the world. Logs were used before candles came into vogue, and in the mining districts, where logs cannot be easily obtained, great blocks of coal are set apart for the purpose to the present time. A household superstition was attached to the great log. It was never suffered to be burned out, a portion of it being always preserved to light the next Christmas block with, under an impression that it acted as a spell throughout the year against misfortunes and the machinations of evil spirits. Herrick, the best of all chroniclers of these old customs, lays down the law on this subject:—

“Kindle the Christmas brand, and then
Till sunne set let it burne,
Which quencht, then lay it up agen,
Till Christmas next returne,
Part must be kept wherewith to tend
The Christmas log next yeare;
And where 'tis safely kept, the fiend
Can do no mischief there.”

In another of his Christmas lyrics, he commands his "merry boys" to bring the log to the firing, and then instructs them how to proceed:—

"With the last year's brand
Light the new block, and
For good success in his spending,
On your pastimes play,
That sweet luck may
Come while the log is a teending."

A correspondent of the Year Book speaks of a farmer at Mulbarton, in Norfolk, who had two considerable orchards that supplied him with sufficient cyder for his family for the whole year round and who always kept a fragment of the Christmas block in his house, adding that so long as any part of it remained unconsumed, they had the best and strongest cyder at their meals. This farmer of strong faith was a man of half a century ago.

The bear's head—to say nothing of the hostelry in Eastcheap—would supply another volume of illustrative matter. It was the grandest and most solemn of all the Christmas ceremonies, considering with what state it was brought to table, and the psalmistry that accompanied its entry.

"The bore's head in hande bring I,
With garlandes gay and rosemary,
I pray you all syng merely.

Qui ostis in comitibus.

The bore's head, I understande,
Is the chefe serveyce in this lande,
Looke wherewe it be faunde.

Servite cum Cantico.

The carol, of which the above are the opening lines, was printed by Wynkyn de Worde, in 1521, and is mentioned by Warton as being retained in his time at Queen's College in Oxford, where, according to Dr. Dibdin, a modernised version of it was sung in full chorus up to a recent period. Although the old carols are, for the most part, of a purely religious character, referring chiefly to the nativity, many of them allude expressly to the custom of bringing in the bear's head; and from the following passage in one of them, written in the reign of Henry VIII, a reason is assigned for giving the place of honour to that dish.

"The borys hede, that we bryng here,
Betokeneth a pryncce withowte pere,
Ys borne this day to hye us dere,
Nowell.

"A bore ys a soverayn beste,
And acceptable in every feste,
So mote thys lord be to moute and lyste,
Nowell.

"This borys hede we bryng with song,
In wonnyp of hye that thus sprang
Of a virgyn, to redresse alle wrong;
Nowell."

When the ceremony was observed in full state, the bear's head was served up soused, on a silver platter, accompanied by high strains of minstrelsy:—

"Then the grim bear's head crowned on high,
Created with bays and rosemary."

In consideration of which customs, of the wassail-bowl garnished with ribands, the reeking sirloin, the plum-porridge and the Christmas pie, Walter Scott exclaims:—

“ England was merry England then,
 Old Christmas brought his sports again.
 'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale;
 'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
 A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
 A poor man's heart through half the year ! ”

In the Highlands, the approach of Christmas is still a time of great bustle and preparation. The first object of the good housemaid is to make her *sour scones* from meal which has been steeped for a fortnight in the *sowans-bowie*. Hard cakes, soft cakes, buttered cakes, branched bannocks, and pannich perm, are in succession produced from the gridiron, which on that morning covers the fire. The gridiron is followed by the sowans-pot, in which the sowans are boiled to the consistence of molasses; it is then poured into as many bickers as there are individuals to partake of it, and served to every member of the family in bed. The ambrosial food, says the author of the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands, is dispatched in aspiring draughts; and as soon as each finishes his bicker he jumps out of bed, the elder to examine the ominous signs of the day, and the younger to plunge into its amusements. The swing is the favourite pastime, the youngest getting the first “shoulder,” and so upward in succession. While this entertainment is going forward, the person in the swing and the person appointed to swing him, enter into a humorous altercation about their kail, the one exclaiming that he'll eat the other's kail, and the other answering that he shan't, till the dispute grows so high that it generally ends in a capsize. Then follow prize shooting and ball clubs, which in turn give way to the more substantial pleasures of the “sonsy haggia,” and the flowing bowl.

In France they order this matter differently. Christmas, although it is duly marked in the calendar as a *jour de fête*, is scarcely distinguished by any external signs of rejoicing or holyday-making from any other day in the year. The shops are all open as usual, the ordinary bustle of business goes on in the streets, and, except amongst the English and the *restaurants* and other places they are known to frequent, you could not detect a solitary trace of the great Christian festival. It is in the churches on Christmas-eve the French commemorate the anniversary by a solemn midnight mass, which in point of display and scenic surprises is more like a theatrical show than a religious ceremony. The altars are hung with flowers and plants, and every part of the interior is decorated in the most costly manner; lights are made to stream from concealed recesses at a certain signal, and what with the singing of full choirs, the chaunting of crowds of priests, and the swinging of incense, impregnating the whole atmosphere with fragrance, the midnight mass on Christmas-eve may be regarded as one of the most attractive spectacles of a people justly celebrated for their skill in the production of stage effects.

But there are no popular usages out of doors or in-doors by which the Christmas-tide is kept as a special *fête* in France. If you saunter up the Boulevards, or through the English quarters of Paris, you

will here and there find a *plomb-pudding* set down in the *cartes* of the *restaurants*; this must be accepted, however, as a concession to the prejudices of John Bull, for if there is one *plat* which a Frenchman abhors more than another it is plum-pudding. He regards it as a barbarism—it is too coarse and rich and heavy for his palate, and seems to him to be the express and condensed type of everything that is fat, greasy and revolting in the English *cuisine*. Whenever a Frenchman happens to acquire a taste for our national pudding, he runs his love of it to tatters, like all converts who, not content with embracing a new faith, never know how to show zeal enough in their fury to exalt and defend it. Louis XVIII. is said to have been so fond of plum-pudding that he not only had an enormous one prepared for Christmas-day, but insisted upon the remains of it being eaten up by his servants, *bon gré, mal gré*.

A French plum-pudding, however, like a French *byssack*, is a very different affair from the original. Even with the assistance of the most accurate receipt, they cannot get up the same consistency or the same flavour. There is something, we hardly know what, exotic in the mixture. It does not come off the palate with that light and gracious lusciousness to which we are accustomed at home; and no effort of the most complacent imagination can inspire us with a satisfactory belief in it. In fact it is against the grain of their genius, and it is idle to look for such a luxury in its primitive integrity from the hands of a French cook. And even when they have done their very best to master the ingredients, they are apt to spoil the result by a blunder of some kind. It is recorded of St. Louis, or Henry Quatre, or some other Gallican monarch, that, being anxious to pay a compliment to the English Ambassador on Christmas-day, he ordered a grand plum-pudding to be got ready for dinner. The utmost attention was bestowed upon its preparation, and nothing was omitted to render it complete—except the cloth in which it ought to have been boiled. The consequence was that, instead of presenting the compactness and solidity essential to its character, it was served up, like soup, in immense tureens, and bore a close resemblance to stewed peas. The ambassador could hardly repress his astonishment, but with the good breeding of a courtier declared that it was excellent!

The hearthstone of an English house offers the great point of contrast between the Christmas of this and other countries. In no other part of the world (except, perhaps, in certain districts of Germany) is the house festivity kept up with such heartiness and geniality: nowhere else are friends and relatives gathered round the fire with such affectionate feelings; nowhere else is it so earnestly recognized as the season of reconciliation and forgiveness of injuries, and the reunion of scattered families. The hearthstone is, as it ought to be, the altar on which this homage to a season of love and gratitude is offered up. An anonymous writer who flourished in London a quarter of a century ago, and who, we hope, flourishes here still, describes the function of the hearthstone in a passage the truth of which will amply justify its quotation. "I remember," he says, "we had a discussion that time, as to what was the great point and crowning glory of Christmas. Many were for mince pie; some for the beef and plum-pudding; more for the wassail-bowl; a maiden lady timidly said the mistletoe; but we agreed at last that,

although all these were prodigious, and some of them belonging exclusively to the season, the *fire* was the great indispensable. Upon which we all turned our faces towards it, and began warming our already scorched hands. A great blazing fire, too big, is the visible heart and soul of Christmas. You may do without beef and plum-pudding; even the absence of mince-pie may be tolerated; there must be a howl, poetically speaking, but it need not be absolutely wassail. The bowl may give place to the bottle. But a huge, heaped up, over-heaped up, all attracting fire, with a semicircle of faces about it, is not to be denied us. It is the *lar* and genius of the meeting; the proof positive of the season; the representative of all our warm emotions and bright thoughts; the glorious eye of the room; the inciter to mirth, yet the retainer of order; the amalgamation of the age and sex; the universal relish." No doubt the fire in England performs a rôle more important than is assigned to it in any other part of the globe. We are nothing without our sea-coal fire; and so essential is it to our sense of comfort, so much more essential than even beef or pudding, that it would be by no means a caricature upon our nationality to displace the lion and unicorn from our arms, and give us as supporters instead of them the poker, shovel and tongs.

In former days there was a geniality in the Christmas fire which the change in the seasons has to some extent diminished. The ground used to be then covered with snow, the trees were hung with icicles, the cutting wind was as sharp as a knife, and coming in out of the keen frosty air, the heaped-up fire had a magic influence upon the hilarity of the scene. How it has happened that the frost and snow no longer make their appearance at Christmas is a question we will not undertake to answer; but the softness of our December days and nights in these latter years is a fact which has much lowered the intensity of logs, and the corresponding delight that was wont to beam up so vigorously in the surrounding "semi-circle of faces." The month that has just closed upon us had a touch in it of the mildness and sweet breath of May. It was any part of the year rather than November; neither fogs nor frosts, sleet, hoar nor mist. A May without flowers; a June, not leafy, but as still as if the woods were sleeping in their foliage, under the influence of a breathless sky, do not offer the most seasonable temperatures for the enjoyment of a great Christmas fire. In short it is difficult to get up the proper Christmas ardour without hard weather and a desperate fall of snow; and in the absence of these out-of-door conditions, we must contrive to be as merry and jovial round our fires within doors as we can. We must fancy the rhyme on the panes, and the driving hail in the storm, if we have not got them in earnest; and so, by the help of a little fiction of the imagination, restore to the hearthstone something of that zest it formerly diffused over the room from a consciousness of the wintry horrors it shut out.

In Sweden, where there are frost and snow to the full heart's content of the most jovial merry-makers, they have a superstition concerning the season which can only take effect in the coldest latitudes, and which, on account of its accompanying terrors, may serve to mitigate our regrets for not being more frozen up than we are. Olaus Magnus tells us all about it in his history of the Goths. It seems that in the most northerly parts of that country men have a

mysterious power of changing themselves into wolves at Christmas, by mumbling particular words, and drinking a cup of ale to the health of that complex beast—a man-wolf, and then retiring into a cave or secret place, from whence they issue in the form of the ravenous animal whose habit they desire to assume. These men-wolves collect together at a certain place on Christmas night, for the purpose of committing the most appalling outrages and excesses, in which they exhibit a remarkable combination of the worst vices of the compound species whose double natures they combine. These human wolves, as might be expected, are more ferocious, cunning and dexterous than the natural wolves; and not satisfied with assailing crops, granaries, and such small deer as the minor animals, they attack houses, break open doors, kill the inmates, and remembering the propensities of their former lives, rush into the cellars, where they drink whole tuns of mead, beer, and whatever they can get, leaving nothing behind them but the empty barrels. The stories related by Olaus Magnus in illustration of these Christmas terrors have a smack of the true hobgoblin spirit in them. A nobleman once journeying with a large retinue was benighted in the woods, and, not having any provision in his train, became very hungry. It so happened that one of his servants was gifted with this faculty of transformation, and, accordingly, desiring the company not to be alarmed at anything they should witness, he went into a thick part of the forest, turned himself privately into a wolf, and falling upon a flock of sheep, seized one and brought it back with him for his master's supper. The only objection to this capital story is that the machinery is a little too elaborate and costly for the result produced, since the man could have caught the sheep in his own proper person without taking the trouble to convert himself into a beast of prey for the purpose. But the best of these stories relates to a Duke of Prussia, who, disbelieving in the possibility of such a transformation, challenged a servant of his to give him a proof of it; whereupon the man immediately changed himself into a wolf, for which ready compliance with his request, the duke, rather ungratefully, ordered him to be burnt for sorcery on the spot.

Horses and cocks were much thought of in the old Christmas times. It was formerly the custom (still prevailing in many country districts) to bleed horses at Christmas, the season being considered favourable on account of the approach of spring, and the return of the sun from the winter solstice, and because the holidays afforded three or four days of rest to the cattle. Mr. Douce thinks it was a very ancient practice and that it was brought into this country by the Danes. It is specially alluded to by Tusser in his "Five Hundred Points of Husbandry."

"Yer Christmas be passed, let horse be lett blood,
For many a purpose it doth him much good."

For a history of cocks and cock-crowing, there is no end to the materials furnished by poets, scrap-collectors, archaeologists and observers of natural phenomena. Amongst the ancients the cock found his way into the gallery of the Penates, and was associated with Mercury on account of his vigilance, and with Mars in recognition of his valour; and a curious old book of the seventeenth century informs us that the lion hath an especial antipathy to the

cock for three reasons—first, because he wears his crown on his head, a thing of which princes are commonly jealous; second, because he dares to come into his presence booted and spurred, contrary to the usage of courts; and third, because he carries a lion's heart in a weak body.

The time of cock-crowing is the dawn of morning, notwithstanding some testimonies to the contrary, especially old Tusser, who asserts that the cock begins at midnight and goes on to day-break:

"Cocks croweth at midnight, five times above six,
With pause to his neighbour to answer betwix;
At three o'clocke thicker, and then as ye knowe,
Take all in to mornen neere day they doe crowe."

Dr. Brookes says that the cock begins to crow after midnight; upon which Mr. Pegge remarks, with the most charming simplicity, that he has known them to crow as early as nine or ten o'clock at night. Day-break, for all that, is their legitimate hour, and that is the reason why the "perturbed spirits" that roam the earth at night vanish upon hearing the shrill clarion of the farm-yard. Thus saith the old Christian poet Prudentius, of whose lines Bourne furnishes us with a translation:

"They say the wandering powers that love
The silent darkness of the night,
At Cock-crowing give o'er to rove,
And all in fear do take their flight."

Bourne gravely tells us that he never met with any reason why wandering spirits should take their departure at cock-crowing; but surely it is reason enough that the crowing of the cock heralds the light which they are not permitted to enjoy. In the face of his credulity on this matter, he supplies us with some ingenious speculations which sufficiently justify the discretion of ghosts and apparitions, and which contribute also to show the mysterious connection that exists between Christmas-day and vigilant Chanticleer. "It was about the time of cock-crowing," he says, "when our Saviour was born, and the angels sang the first Christmas carol to the poor shepherds in the fields of Bethlehem. Now it may be presumed, as the Saviour of the world was then born, and the heavenly host had then descended to proclaim the news, that the angels of darkness would be terrified and confounded, and immediately fly away; and perhaps this consideration has partly been the foundation of this opinion." It is possibly for some such pious reason that the vanes on the tops of steeples were originally made in the form of cocks (hence called *weather-cocks* in reference to their double functions); and that we so frequently see the cross surmounted by the cock on the steeples of Romish chapels, where it has a peculiar significance in reference to St. Peter. "I find," says the last editor of Brand's *Antiquities*, "the following in 'A Helpe to Discourse.' London 1633:"

"Q. Wherefore on the top of church steeples is the cocke set upon the crouse, of a long continuance?

"A. The flockes of Jesuits will answer you.—For instruction: that whilst afoft we behold the crouse, and the cocke standing thereon, we may remember our sinnes, and with Peter seeke and obtaine mercy—as though, without this dumbe cocke, which many will not hearken to, untill he crow, the Scriptures were not a sufficient lumen."

The cock, however, has a still nearer relation to Christmas, and heavier duties to perform on that occasion than on any other, if we may credit the evidence of Shakspeare, who, in common with most of the poets of his age, makes frequent allusion to the "trumpeter" of the morning. In the opening scene of *Hamlet*, the ghost vanishes, in obedience to the conditions of his spiritual nature, the moment the cock crows:

"Bernardo. It was about to speak when the cock crew.

*Horatio. And then it started, like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard
The cock, that is the trumpet of the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day, and at this warning," &c.*

It is not the vanishing of the ghost, however, that we are now interested in, but the remarkable reply of Marcellus, who enunciates, in the following beautiful lines, an article of belief not to be found, as far as we know, elsewhere—that the cocks crow all night long through the Christmas-tide, during which hallowed period no evil spirits are permitted to exercise their spells:

*"Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit stirs abroad;
The nights are wholesome, then no planet strikes;
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time."*

From the spirits of another world who visit us in the long winter nights, it is a natural transition to the waits who, about this time, are beginning to patrol the streets with squeaking fiddles and melancholy horns. It is supposed by some eminent authorities in these matters that the waits were originally a kind of musical watchmen attached to the king's court, and that it was their duty to sound the watch every night, and to parade the streets to prevent depredations. In the *Household Book of Edward IV.*, anno 1478, the functions of the wait are expressly detailed, from which it appears that the business of this yeoman (for such was his rank) consisted in piping the watch within the court four times in the winter, and three times in the summer nights, that he was to see to the chamber-doors and offices, to eat in the hall with the minstrels, and to attend the making of Knights of the Bath, watching by night time upon them in the chapel, for which special service he was to receive by way of fee the watching clothing worn by the knights on those occasions. The itinerant singers and scrapers who now perambulate our streets, are merely the remains of the waits that were formerly attached to the Corporation of London, and that wore a cognizance, or badge, on their arms to denote that they were "the Lord Mayor's music." But badge, music, and all are gone, together with the city poet, the last worthy who held that office being Elkanah Settle, transmitted to posterity in the *Dunciad*. There is no longer any feeding of poets and musicians in the Wardmotes or the Mayoralty House; a rigid economy has set in in the articles of odes and trombones; but, if we may judge by the ballustrade calves and portly abdomens that figure so substantially at the city banquets, no diminution of expenditure has taken place in the direction of turtle and venison. If eating be one of the Fine Arts, the Common Council

must be admitted to be the most constant and munificent of patrons in that particular branch, although they have dismissed from the civic service the attendant arts that used to sing the beauty and advantages of dining luxuriously. The lord mayor and aldermen are now-a-days content to dine greatly, without caring to live one day more in "Settle's numbers." They dine over again in their dreams, and leave the poor poet to starve.

"Now mayors and shrieves all hush'd and satiate lay,
Yet eat, in dreams, the custard of the day
While pensive poets painful vigils keep,
Sleep less themselves to give their readers sleep."

The consequence is that nothing is left to us but the erratic cobblers (for such we presume them to be) who, since the regular profession has been abolished, have taken it up as a private speculation of their own, and, prowling with clarionet and bugle through the streets at night, are determined, being sleepless themselves, that nobody else shall get any sleep. Who has not stuffed the bed-clothes into his ears to shut out their discordant serenades? Who has not muttered anathemas between sleeping and waking against the cruel shrieks of instruments that seem to express the agony they suffer from the hands and lips of incompetent performers? If the waits be musicians, then must they have imbibed antidotes against the damp midnight air which render them incapable of knowing what they are doing; and if they be not musicians, what business have they to come caterwauling in that dreadful manner under our windows at those hours when every respectable man who has a bed ought to be in it?

There is but one quarter to which we look with confidence for the proper traditional celebration of Christmas—and that quarter, need we say? is to be found in the enchanted cheesemongers' shops and Bowers of Bliss of imperishable Pantomime. This is the true legitimate drama of Christmas; and we shall be seriously disappointed if the Industrial Exhibition of 1851 do not supply materials for clown and pantaloon, that will split the sides of pit and gallery, and make even the boxes forget their habitual repose in roars of laughter.

It is not to be denied that within the last twenty years Pantomime has somewhat changed its character. The insatiable pockets of Joe Grimaldi, the ominous decrepitude of Mother Goose, and the cunning senility of Pantaloon have slightly faded before Patagonian wardrobes and a gorgeous display of scenic processions. Formerly Harlequin, to the infinite delight of men, gods, and columns, used to leap through a pasteboard moon; now the moon sails serenely through the skies, looking down in queen-like state, amidst her starry maids of honour, upon silver lakes and trelliced terraces, as far above the reach of Mr. Flexmore's agility as the silent poetry of art is removed from the physical uproar of burglary, petty larceny, and street rows which constituted the staple of the elder Pantomime. The transition is broad and palpable; but if we have lost much in the way of tricks and transformations, we have gained more in the way of show and scenery.

We have some pleasant recollections of the Pantomimes of old which we should be glad to see revived again, for the sake of testing their quality by the experiences of the interval. Without going very far back, we remember a pantomime once produced at Drury Lane.

in which there were two Harlequins, father and son. Harlequin senior, grown old and gouty, had retired from public life, and the scene in which we were introduced to his family circle was quite a bit of comedy, enabling us for the first time, to meet that celebrated character in his quiet domestic moments. There was the old gentleman, very fat and unwieldy, with his once swift legs swathed in flannel, and rolled up and down the stage in an arm-chair, exhibiting a sensitive horror of all the racketting noises and perilous motions in which he used to take such delight in his younger days. His wife, who had, no doubt, been the airiest of Columbines in her youth, was now a care-worn old woman, bent in the back with a hacking cough, and hobbling about by the help of a stick, surrounded by a brood of the most mischievous incipient harlequins, clowns and columbines that the imagination could conjure up. This scene, which did not last half long enough for the pleasure (or rather a sad cast) which it gave us, was an absolute touch of genius. The ambition of the eldest son and heir was, of course, to rival the early glories of his sire, who, with the obstructive gravity of most people that have outlived their first gay impulses, was anxious to bring up his son to a more respectable profession than his own; but the son was bent upon being a harlequin in spite of him, and the felonious ingenuity he displayed in stealing the magic bath, by which he was to acquire the power of working the subsequent wonders of the pantomime, bore a strangely comical resemblance to Prince Hal's theft of his father's crown. The grotesque trickery by which he accomplished his design upon abdicated majesty, acquired something of an actually serious interest from the parallel it suggested.

Then we recollect another pantomime at Covent Garden, with a grand classical prelude, which had stuff enough in it to furnish some capital jokes for poor Power. One passage in it is now as vividly before us as if we saw it only last night, although some twenty years, or thereabouts, have elapsed since it gave us a memorable pain in our critical sides. Polyphemus was turned into an Irish giant, who had an ugly appetite for eating children, and we shall never forget with what inimitable courage and high-mettled vivacity Power knocked his eye out with a shillelah, and fished down his throat for an infant he had just swallowed, which he drew up as if it were a trout. Intermixed with the story of Polyphemus, in an admirable chaos of a plot, was the holy legend of St. Patrick, which we throw out as a valuable hint at the present moment, for we anticipate that the pope and the saints will divide the satirical fun of the forthcoming pantomimes with the Glass Palace; and there was such driving out of snakes and noxious reptiles as made the huge roar with delight, although we are not quite sure that the other items of the ballad—such as the charming of "three hundred thousand vipers blue," and serving them up in Kilpaloo Castle "in soup and second courses"—were included in the poet's design.

But we must here bring our gossip to an end, or we should run on out of all reasonable bounds—and so commending everybody to the Pantomimes, as the genuine surviving masks of the season, and hoping that they will realize all the humour and gaiety, and pointed sarcasm we have a right to expect from them, we cannot conclude better than by wishing to everybody

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

THE OATH.

"There is some soul of goodness in things evil
Would men observingly distil it out ;

Thus we may gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself."

King Henry V.

FLORENCE AND GERALDINE STANMER were the only daughters of an Irish gentleman, of ancient family and extensive property, in one of the most picturesque parts of the "sacred isle." Having experienced the misfortune to lose their mother at an early age, they were by their father gladly entrusted to the care of a distant relation, well-known in what were then the best circles of London society ; and who, having married her own daughters advantageously, and requiring, as she expressed it, some stimulus to induce her to go out, readily undertook the charge of girls so eminently attractive as were the Miss Stanmers. She prognosticated that they *must* indubitably make great matches ; and, so far as the eldest was concerned, her prophecy proved singularly felicitous ; for Florence, at the expiration of her first London season, became the wife of the Duke of —. But Geraldine, after refusing several most eligible offers, and remaining single three years subsequent to her sister's brilliant alliance, eventually married Henry Buchan, a young clergyman, who, when she first became acquainted with him, filled the post of domestic chaplain to the duke her brother-in-law. For more than two years these young people had vainly striven, each for the other's sake, to overcome their mutual attachment ; and when at length they resolved to marry, it was with the certain conviction that, on their wedding-day, all Henry Buchan's hopes of worldly advancement would be finally crushed. The most pre-eminently virulent among Geraldine's family, at what they were pleased undeservedly to term her *mesalliance*, was the Duchess her sister ; who having by this time expended her originally somewhat limited stock of youthful ingenuousness, had become a very decided specimen of the ambitious woman of her class. From the morning of Geraldine's marriage the sisters never met again ; and, as resentments augment by being cherished, to such a pitch did the Duchess's wrath against her eventually amount, that she seemed to take a malignant satisfaction in circumventing every endeavour on the part of Henry Buchan to obtain the smallest preferment. Few could have been found more worthy than he to possess both rank and wealth in the Church ; nevertheless, he continued, until the day of his death, a poor curate, — a patient, conscientious, overworked, and underpaid country curate.

But Geraldine had loved wisely no less than well ; so that, despite the estrangement from her family, which she never ceased secretly to deplore, and despite, likewise, many privations, and a few real trials, she, whom one of the poets of her day had declared "seemed born to tread only on flowers," might with truth be pronounced as

happy in her lowly and indigent home, as it is good for the immortal to feel amidst the fleeting shadows of Mortality.

After a union of twenty years, the Buchans died within a very short period of each other, having fallen victims to a malignant fever then raging among the cottagers in their neighbourhood. They left an only child, Florence (for thus was she named in memory of her mother's estranged but still beloved sister), who, at the age of eighteen, found herself an isolated orphan, with a fortune of five hundred pounds. The lord of the manor, in whose village Mr. Buchan had officiated as curate, having accidentally, and to his great surprise, ascertained Florence's relationship to the Duchess —, with whom he was slightly acquainted, wrote to her in such glowing terms of Miss Buchan's beauty and amiable qualities, touching, at the same time, so pathetically on the misery and probable peril that awaited her in her present forlorn position, that the Duchess, who had no daughters, and whose conscience began to smite her for her harsh conduct to her sister, now that the latter was irretrievably lost, thought it just possible that she might like the reported paragon of a niece to live with her. She likewise soothed herself with the idea that her adoption of Florence would be an ample atonement for the past. Accordingly, a carriage, money, and attendants were dispatched from Sandford Castle for Miss Buchan, to enable her to arrive at that princely residence in a manner befitting her close connexion with its owner. It is more than probable that, had Florence Buchan known the real cause of the Duchess's estrangement from her beloved mother, she would not so willingly have accepted her proffered protection; but as it was, overwhelmed with grief, poverty, and solitude, the bereaved girl eagerly and gratefully obeyed her aunt's summons.

The Duke and Duchess were not disappointed in the expectations they had been induced to form of Florence's appearance and manners: indeed, it would have been quite impossible for the most grossly prejudiced person not to have admired this beautiful and elegant girl at first sight. With respect to her disposition it must be admitted that Nature had endowed her with something more of her aunt's than her mother's character. But her too plentiful share of pride and ambition had been checked and subdued by her father, in the course of a most judiciously careful education. Together with one of the most distinguished men this age has beheld, Mr. Buchan conceived it to be an indisputable maxim, "that the character of a whole race may be formed in the mould cast by the superior education of an individual;" and, under his wise control, Florence gradually obtained a quiet and contented tone of mind, founded upon that only true independence, unswerving principle. Her father's well-remembered lessons stood her in good stead in her new position, preventing her from being dazzled by the delusive glare into which she was so suddenly precipitated.

Florence's eldest cousin, the Marquis of Mount Sandford, had married on attaining his majority the daughter of the then Premier, and resided with his wife at one of the family seats in Scotland. His brother, Lord Edwin, was destined by their mother, at the close of the Peninsular war, in which his regiment was engaged, to become the husband of a Miss Elliotson, the heiress to vast possessions both in money and lands. The young soldier, when little more

than a boy, had made, with equal rapidity and absence of design, a most tender impression upon Miss Elliotson's facile feelings, which the Duchess, keenly practised in observation, was not slow in discovering and striving to turn to account. When Lord Edwin perceived that his mother was playing the agreeable for him, he merely laughed, and loungingly observed, that "it would never do, for the young lady's ankles were too thick."

It must be confessed that he had not a very exalted opinion of woman. How should he? Men are first taught by their mothers; and the Duchess's "canker-worms of boasted reason" were already preying upon her son's heart and understanding. He was beginning to regard the sex as divided into two classes—playthings and schemers—*fools* or *devils*, as he himself would have described them.

While Florence was still in deep mourning for her parents, and endeavouring strenuously to obtain that most difficult of all virtues, resignation, Lord Edwin, who had been severely wounded during the last campaign, returned to England, and to Sandford Castle, for the recovery of his health. Nor was it long before Miss Elliotson arrived there also, specially invited by the Duchess, who had a real liking for the girl, independently of her interested projects. Not that Lucy Elliotson possessed any striking qualities; she was simply good-humoured, and disposed to be goodnatured, provided that the being so did not entail upon her much trouble. But then she acquiesced in everything the Duchess said or did, which gratified the latter, who loved power for its own sake, and who had been hitherto accustomed to sway every one around her, from the Duke downwards. Although too proud to admit it even to herself, she, nevertheless, not unfrequently felt frustrated, when promulgating her intensely worldly maxims, by the independent yet perfectly respectful tone of her niece's "I cannot agree with you." Lord Edwin, on his arrival, at once assumed towards his cousin the easy familiarity of a relation. "We must consider the first part played, as my old dancing-master used to enjoin upon us at school, when in a hurry, and begin to be great friends immediately, without losing any more precious time in preliminaries." The unconstrained freedom of such intercourse was that best calculated to display Florence to the utmost advantage; who, conversing naturally and unsuspectingly, revealed by degrees the rich stores of a generous and cultivated nature to a man who now began, for the first time, to think reverently of woman. In Lord Edwin's society Florence felt happier than she had previously done for months; but it was not until she heard the Duchess one day pointedly allude to Miss Elliotson as her future daughter-in-law, that she awoke to the conviction how absolutely necessary to her felicity, her gay, gallant, and versatile cousin had become. Bewildered with shame and fear, she longed to escape somewhere, she knew not where, for safety and freedom. She fancied that every one was in possession of her secret, and she grew, notwithstanding her utmost endeavours to the contrary, painfully abashed and constrained in her demeanour. Perhaps it was the alteration in her manner towards him that first taught Lord Edwin how deeply he loved Florence; or it might have been the attentions that other men were eagerly bestowing on her, that roused his jealous feelings, and determined him to appropriate her imme-

diately to himself. He had been from his birth a very child of impulse.

"But I thought that you liked Miss Elliotson." This remark was very timidly hazarded by Florence, in reply to a passionate declaration of attachment which had just been poured into her ear by Lord Edwin. She did not quite approve of the manly expression "liked," and yet, somehow or another, her tongue refused to give utterance to a stronger word.

"And so I do like her very well, and, of course, as my mother's visitor, pay her certain attentions; but I love you, dearest—ay, better than words can express. I never loved before. Look at me, my own Florence; and let me read my fate written in those beautiful eyes."

And Florence vouchsafed him one furtive glance; then steadfastly lifting her gaze to the clear bright sky above them, she murmured an emphatic "Thank God!" seemingly unconscious that she did so audibly. So lovely was she at that moment in her fervent purity, that Lord Edwin felt life passed without her would be valueless to him.

"Swear to me, Florence," he impetuously exclaimed, "that you will never marry another!" and, as she hesitated to obey him, shrinking in some alarm at his excited manner, he renewed his demand more peremptorily than before.

"There is no need, Edwin, for it is not in my nature to waver or change; yet, if it makes you happy, I swear to be yours, and yours alone!"

"I swear likewise an eternal fidelity to you, Florence Buchan, and may Heaven deprive of reason the one who first violates this oath!"

Florence involuntarily cowered as she heard these dreadful words, hiding her face in her hands; but the rash utterer of them stood erect and daring in his impiety.

"Now I feel secure of my prize," he muttered, after a minute's pause; but he was startled from his triumphant reflections by seeing his companion sink in a swoon at his feet.

"'Gad, Lady Edwin is going it in that box up there with Trevanian!"

"Yes! indeed," lisped a female voice, "every one is talking about it. I expect to hear of an *explosion* in that quarter shortly!" and the lady lowered her glass with a slight titter.

— "Ah!"

How should woman tell
Of woman's shame, and not with tears?"

"For my part," resumed the first speaker, "I think her husband would be deuced glad to get rid of her."

At this moment the curtain of the stage drew up, and every voice was hushed, and every head stretched forward, as the great singer whose *début* in London that night had made so extraordinary a sensation, advanced towards the footlights to resume her rôle. Despite her Italian name, it was whispered that she was of English origin, but this notion her most vehement admirers repudiated with scorn.

as ridiculous. Nevertheless, her complexion and general appearance somewhat favoured the idea. Moreover, there was about her such an air of ineffable goodness as insensibly commanded the respect of the audience, many of whom remarked that the tenor singing with her treated this new Prima Donna with unusual and extraordinary deference.

At the conclusion of the opera, the men rushed pell-mell from the house. But if their object was to obtain another view that night of the Signora Garzoni, they were bitterly disappointed: for she was nowhere to be seen, although some averred they had beheld her step into her carriage closely muffled up, and escorted by a little withered old man. Foremost among the baffled seekers was Lord Edwin Sandford.

"How devilish odd and captious Sandford is becoming," whispered some one to his neighbour in the crowd. "I really think he seems touched in the head."

"No wonder that a man with such a wife should go mad!" responded the other.

Lord Edwin, meanwhile, was prosecuting anxious inquiries as to the new Prima Donna's abode, and at last, after some difficulty, obtained the desired information.

The following morning, as the Signora Garzoni was seated at breakfast, a servant entered to announce that a person requested an interview with her on particular business. "I cannot see any nameless person," was her reply, in very pure English. But the words had scarcely been uttered, before Lord Edwin Sandford, who, fearful of a denial, had unperceived followed the servant, stood before the signora.

"Sir!" she exclaimed rising, while a slight colour overspread her usually marble complexion; "Sir! this unauthorized intrusion."

"Florence! I cannot be mistaken! Do you not recognize me? Will you not pity and forgive me?"

An expression of compassion passed over her countenance as she listened, but it was so nearly allied to contempt, that he who was watching her closely, seemed in a moment roused to frenzy by it, for seizing a knife from the table, he suddenly sprang towards her. Fortunately the servant, who, fancying he observed something extraordinary in the visitor's manner, had remained on the landing-place, no sooner heard his mistress's agonized shriek, than he rushed to her assistance in time to save her life, probably, but not before she had received a slight wound in one arm.

The maniac was with some difficulty overpowered and conveyed to his residence. After minute examinations, the physicians summoned to attend him pronounced his lunacy to have originated from the circumstance of a bullet, which had lodged within his body in such a manner as rendered its extraction without peril impossible, having recently changed its original position for one which pressed upon a nerve in immediate connexion with the brain. But Lord Edwin, in his lucid intervals, which are not infrequent, insists upon considering his misfortune as a direct judgment from Heaven upon him for his violated oath to Florence Buchan. And the Duchess, who, actuated by her false and ignoble estimate of *money's worth*, had thus succeeded, after a course of pertinacious intrigue and mis-

representation in making Miss Elliotson her son's wife, was punished by being permitted to live long enough to witness the termination of their respective social careers.

"The one in madness - both in misery."

For, although Lady Edwin entertained at the period of her marriage a very decided preference towards her husband, she became shortly afterwards alienated and offended by his uniform indifference. The hitherto flattered heiress's vanity was piqued to the full as much as her affections were hurt through this neglect, and she strove, by engaging in a succession of vigorous flirtations, to extort some manifestations of anger, if not expressions of injured love, from Lord Edwin. Displeasure and reproaches would have been far more acceptable to her than such undeviating sullen apathy. But her utmost efforts proved abortive; since, if he saw, he made no sign of seeing her proceedings; and the behaviour Lady Edwin originally adopted in a fit of angry disappointment, she subsequently continued as an absolutely necessary excitement.

It now only remains to mention, that the Signora Garzoni, after an honourable career of several years' duration, which was distinguished, not less by its respectability and unobtrusive beneficence than by its brilliant success, abandoned the stage, whilst yet in the zenith of her fame, and was soon forgotten by the fickle public, whose darling she had nevertheless been for a considerable period.

About the same time the Stanmer estate in the west of Ireland being offered for sale, it was purchased by Miss Buchan, the niece of the last proprietor, who, to the great joy of the tenantry, announced her intention of making it her permanent residence. Not was it long after her arrival before they discovered most satisfactory and indubitable proofs that "the real blood of the Stanmers" flowed in her veins! There she still lives, engaged in an untiring course of well-imagined charity, and in the contemplation of the beautiful scenery surrounding her beloved mother's birth-place, together with the knowledge that it is in her power to diffuse many blessings on her humble but honest and affectionate friends, Florence often forgets the bitter trials of her youth, and may be pronounced almost happy. She is not the less so from having learned that

"Life may have holier ends than Happiness."

A VISIT TO STERBURGH CASTLE.*

IN the ninth year of Edward I., A.D. 1281, William de Hevre, of Hevre Castle, in the parish of that name, and sheriff of the county of Kent, obtained a grant of free warren for his demesne lands generally, those of Lingfield among others.

The Hevre family were originally seated at Hevre Court in Istedl, near Gravesend, and were of some note in their day. William de Hevre was at the siege of Acon, in Palestine, with Richard I., and Walter de Hevre was one of the Justices of the Great Assize, in the seventh year of King John. Richard de Hevre accompanied Edward I., in the nineteenth year of his reign, to Newcastle, when he summoned the claimants of the Scottish crown to appear before him, and to give an account of their pretensions; the last of the name, William de Hevre, having built a mansion at Hever, died there, leaving two daughters, his co-heirs, Joan, who married Reginald Cobham, and Margaret, who married Sir Oliver Brocas.

Reginald Cobham was a grandson of Henry de Cobham, of Cobham in Kent, one of the Justices of the Great Assize, in the first year of King John; and a son of John de Cobham, by his second wife Joane, daughter of Hugh de Neville.

This Reginald had a son, and also a grandson, of the same name; the son had a grant of free warren in the seventh year of Edward II.; and Reginald, the grandson, born about the year 1300, married Margaret, whose mother was co-heiress with his grandmother Joane; and, by this marriage, the large possessions of the Cobham and Hever families became united—these comprised manors and lordships in numerous places in Kent. This Reginald was high in the confidence of Edward III., who employed him as a special ambassador to foreign states, made him admiral of his fleets, gave him high command at the battle of Poitiers, created him a knight banneret, gave him a grant of free warren over all his estates in Kent, and his lands in Grinstead and Hartfield in Sussex, and, in the fifteenth year of his reign, granted him a licence to embattle and fortify his house at Prinkham, which from that time was call Sterburgh Castle. In the same year the King summoned him to Parliament, by the style and title of Reginald Lord Cobham de Sterburgh, and he was with the King at the battle of Cressy, and had entrusted to him the treaty of Bretigny.

He married Joan, daughter of Thomas Lord Berkeley, who brought to him two thousand pounds, and the lordship of Langley.

In 1343 he obtained the Bishop's licence for a chapel in his house, and on the 13th of April, 1353, he had a marriage solemnized between Joan, his daughter, and Henry de Gray, in the said chapel, in Sterburgh Castle—dying of the plague in the year 1362, he was buried at Lingfield.

Joan, his widow, held these manors for her life, and died seized thereof 43rd Edward III., when it was found that she held, jointly with her husband, the manor of Prynkebaum, in Lyngesfield, and that there was in the capital messuage of the said manor "*quoddam forecollet, ad modum castri firmis. muro confirmat.*" with a hall, chambers, a new garden, four hundred and fifty acres of arable land, thirty

* In the parish of Lingfield, county Surrey, about two miles above Eden Bridge.

acres of meadow, thirty acres of wood, a park one leuca in circumference, rents of assize of free tenants eight pounds eleven shillings and ninepence per annum.

His son Reginald, who was also Lord of Sterburgh Castle, had a summons to Parliament; he was twice married, first to Elizabeth, widow of Fulk le Strange, and secondly to Alianore, widow of Sir John Fitzalan; he died in the fourth year of Henry IV., A.D. 1403, and was buried at Lingfield, at the head of his father's tomb: his brass, a very fine one, and nearly perfect, may still be seen on a large table monument in that church, and a view of it in the Rev. C. Boutell's beautiful volume of monumental brasses.

Hitherto this branch of the Cobhams had borne the usual arms of the family, gules on a chevron or, three stars azure, which this Reginald, for a difference for the Sterburgh Cobhams, changed to gules, on a chevron or, three stars of six points sable; and this difference is seen in the various shields on the splendid altar-tombs of this family, which remain in front of the high altar at Lingfield, and in the chantry adjoining.

Another Reginald succeeded to the noble possessions of his father; he was twice married, first to Eleanor Colepeper, who died in 1400; and secondly to Anne Clifford; and it was his daughter Eleanor who figures in history as the wife of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, after his divorce from Jacqueline of Hainault. Not daring directly to attack the Duke, his enemies accused the Duchess of witchcraft and malpractices against the life of the King, that her own husband might reign, and tradition still points to the site of a cottage about a mile from the castle, where Eleanor was accustomed, so it was said, to meet the witch of Eye, and the priest Bolingbroke, to practise therein, and to perfect her incantations.

Her father meanwhile, had, in the ninth year of Henry VI., A.D. 1431, obtained licence from the King to found a college, and to change the parish church of Lingfield into a collegiate church, and to purchase lands to the value of forty pound per annum; and a licence was also granted to the Abbot of Hyde to appropriate the advowson to that purpose; and the college was in consequence founded, endowed and built by him, at the west end of the church-yard, for a master, six chaplains, and an indefinite number of clerks of the Carthusian order, and Reginald, Lord Cobham of Sterburgh, dying 24th Henry VI., was buried in the collegiate church.

Three years subsequently, licence was granted to Anne Cobham, Lady of Sterburgh, John Fortescue, Chief-Justice of the Bench, Edward Sackville, John Gainsford, and others, to convey to the college the manors of Hexted and Bally-hershe, with certain rents and tithes in Lingfield, and that Thomas Cobham might convey to the same three messuages, and thirty-eight acres of land in Lingfield.

The seal of the college had, on the one side St. Peter with the crosier and the keys, and on the other the Virgin Mary.

The first-master or provost was John Acton, the last Edward Colepeper, LL.D., who was admitted 20th of July, 1523, on presentation of Sir Edward Burgh, in right of his wife; but on the 26th of April, 1544, 36th Henry VIII., Dr. Colepeper, together with Anthony Shaw, priest, Richard Augur, clerk, Maurice Well, Richard Rowell, and Thomas Woody, surrendered this house per force to the King's Commissioners.

It was very quickly granted away to Thomas Cawarden, an agent of the Privy Chamber, and his son sold it to William Lord Howard, Baron of Effingham. Its total net income at the dissolution was seventy-five pounds.

Until the reign of George I. the college buildings remained entire, the greater part were then pulled down, when a farm-house was built upon the site. Aubrey, who saw the college buildings, says, "the first story was of free-stone, above that brick and timber; within was a square court with a cloister round it."

Of the masters of the college there are several brasses still remaining in the church, with other brasses of knights and ladies, and there are four table monuments highly sculptured, having brasses or stone effigies of the Sterburgh lords and their wives. One of these, a beautiful and nearly perfect brass, seven feet in length, represents a knight in full plate-armour with chain cerviliere, with this inscription—

"De Steresburgh domin de Cobham sir Regindus hic jacet . vir validus miles fuit ut leopardus . . . horis. In cunctis terris famam preclavit honoris dapilis in mensis formosus morecerosus largus in expensis impertertus generosus. Et quando placuit Messie qd moreretur expirans obit in celis gloriificetur mille quadringen . . . migravit celo sit ubi vera quies. Amen. Pater noster."

Another of the brasses had an effigy, three and a half feet long, but the effigy is gone, leaving the inscription.

"Hic jacet Isabella Cobham, nup uxor Reginaldi Cobham de Gatewayk, Armig. que obit ii die Aprilis, A Dni M.CCCC.LX. cui aie ppiciet Deus."

A third brass, seven feet in length, is of Eleanor Cobham—the effigy, which has lost the head, is placed within a highly ornamented architectural niche, and the five armorial shields are lost also; the inscription is,

"Hic jacet quondam uxor Reginaldi Cobham militis, filie Thome Colepeper militis, que obit quinto die mense Novembris, Anno Dni millmo cccc.xx. cuius anime ppicietur Deus. Amen."

There is also a six feet brass of a female, but the inscription is lost, and several of the table monuments have also lost their inscriptions; but some of these are ornamented with shields, which are covered with armorial bearings and quarterings, and the armour of the knights is besides so well preserved as clearly to mark the dates.

Among the other brasses with inscriptions are the following: a knight in plate-mail with his armorial bearings on brass shields.

"Hic jacet Johes Hadreshm, que obit in festo Aplo Simonis et Jude, Anno Dni millo cccc.xvii. cui aie ppicietur De. Amen."

"Hic jacet Dns Johes Wycho qndm Magist isti collegii sci Petri de Lynfeld, qui obit xii die mense Maiis, A Dni M.CCCC.XLV. cuius aie ppicietur Deus. Amen."

"Orate p aia Johis Swetecor, nup mri istius collegii que obit xix die Maii, A Dni milmo cccc.LXIX. cui aie ppicietur Deus. Amen."

"Here lyth Master John Knoyll, sumtyme Master of this Coleg, which Master John decessed the iiii day of July, the yere of our Lord thousand ccccc.iii. on whose soul Jhu have mercy. Amen."

"Hic jacet Dns Jacobus Veldon qnda presbit isti Collegii q obit xxix die Maii, A Dni M.CCCC.LVIII. cui aie ppiciet De. Amen."

The effigies of these masters are adorned with their appropriate canonical robes.

A small brass says,

"*Quiescit hic in pace Thomas Cobham.*"

The monument between the middle and north channel is of Lord Burgh, who died in 1524.

The sword belts of warriors of high degree, were, in the olden time, frequently enriched with studs and gems of great value, and the sword belt of the knight on the free stone monument in the north chancel, was until very lately to be seen inlaid with squares of lapis lazuli, and of other precious marbles; but they have all been picked out and carried off by the visitors to the church during the present summer of 1850.

(On the whole, however, the monuments are in wonderful preservation, considering especially the miserably destitute and desolate condition of the church throughout so many generations. Since the suppression of the college, no tithes, great or small, have ever belonged to it, and these, with all the lands with which it was originally endowed, are and have been the property of laymen. No provision has been made for a clergyman, there is no parsonage, nor a fragment of glebe on which to build one; consequently, for several centuries there has been no resident minister within the parish.

Little could Reginald Lord Cobham have surmised when he founded the college at Lingfield, to what dire straits he was reducing the church in his district; or that what he gave with so liberal a hand, and from the piety and simplicity of his heart, for the benefit of his tenants and neighbours, and the poor generally, should injure the poor for centuries to come, beyond anything else he could devise, and, in fact, serve no other end than to leave his neighbourhood during hundreds of years destitute altogether of a resident priesthood, and with the least possible measure of religious instruction and spiritual consolation.

The stalls for the master, chaplain, and clerks, remain entire, and in their original position; they are carved in good style, with heads and armorial bearings, and are in their way highly curious.

Sir Thomas Cobham, who next inherited Sterburgh Castle, married Ann, daughter of the renowned Humphrey Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, Lord of the Castles of Penshurst and Tonbridge.

Sir Thomas died in the second year of Edward IV., leaving an only daughter and heir, Anne, who carried all the property of the Cobhams, in marriage, to Sir Edward Borough, of Gainsborough in Lincolnshire.

Sir Edward was descended from Hubert de Burgh, a younger son of the famous Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent, and sometime Chief Justice of England, and bore for his arms, azure, three fleur-de-lys, counter.

One of his ancestors was Sir Thomas Borough, an attached friend to Edward IV., for unsuccessfully aiding whom, on one occasion, he was obliged to fly the kingdom; but he returned to assist that King at a field. He married Elizabeth, one of the co-heirs of Sir Henry

of whom he left a son and heir, Thomas, made Knight of the

Richard III., and a Baron of the Realm by Henry VII.

Margaret, daughter of Thomas Lord Roos, and by her left

ward and Thomas.

ward was the husband of Anne Cobham, and by her he

left a son and heir, Thomas, who, in the twenty-first year of Henry VIII., was summoned to Parliament by the title of Lord Burgh. His wife was Anne, daughter of Sir William Tirwhit of Ketilby, county Lincoln, and his son and heir was Thomas, who procured by an act of 31st Henry VIII., his lands to be disgavelled.

Thomas married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Edward Owen, from whom he was divorced for her incontinency, and by his second wife, Alice, he had Henry, William, and other children, and died 4th Edward VI.

Henry must early have died, since, in the 15th of Elizabeth, his brother William was Lord Burgh, and was one of the peers who sat in judgment on the Duke of Norfolk. He married Katharine, daughter of Edward, Earl of Lincoln, and dying 27th of Elizabeth, left a son, Thomas, and three daughters. He bore for his arms four coats quarterly, first and fourth Borough; second Cobham of Sterborough, third quarterly, first and fourth Percy, and third Athell.

Thomas Lord Burgh, resided, as his ancestors had done, at Sterburgh Castle, whenever he was able; but being in high favour with Elizabeth was at one time appointed Governor of the Brill, at another sent as Ambassador into Scotland, and then as Lord Deputy to Ireland. All his services, however, were at his own cost; the Queen paying him nothing, and neither reimbursing him, nor any one else, their expences whenever she could avoid it. In consequence of this most unfortunate habit for the great men who served her, she subjected to very great and serious difficulties, when not to absolute poverty, most of those whom she employed in offices of great trust and display, and Lord Burgh having added to his other great and unrequited sacrifices, the fitting out of a portion of the fleet to repel the Spanish Armada, was at length compelled, about 38th of Elizabeth, to sell various of his manors and estates in this neighbourhood. He died two years subsequently, leaving surviving him four daughters and co-heirs, and they, with their husbands, in the reign of James I., joined in the conveyance of various manors and lands to defray debts and to other uses.

But Sterburgh Castle remained in all its completeness, and was considered a place of so much importance, during the civil wars, as early to receive within it, a garrison of the Roundheads, and they never left it during the contest. Even after the King's death, the Parliament had great misgivings about it; for they ordered the Derby House Committee to have an eye especially to this Castle, and to give that peculiar care to it, and so to treat it, that no use might be made of it to the endangering the peace of the kingdom. What their care of it was we are not directly informed, but its condition, when they had done with it, was, that scarcely was one stone left upon another; for, when Sir James Burrow, who claimed descent from Lord Burgh, obtained possession of the estate, he found the castle overthrown, and the whole place devastated. With the few stones left, he, in 1754, built the room which yet stands at one angle of the castle's site, and, from a drawing once in his possession, the castle would appear to have been a square building, with a round tower at each corner, crowned with a dome, and a court in the centre; the court entered by a drawbridge. The castle occupied rather more than half an acre, but with the moat more than an acre and a half.

The nephew of Sir James Burrow, in 1794, sold the property to Sir Thomas Turton, who carefully cleaned out the moat, preserving its

original form, and, in 1812, Sir Thomas sold the estate to Brien Smith, and he to Christopher Smith; and in 1838 it was purchased by its present possessor, Mr. Tonge.

The moat is of unusual width and depth, and has a constant current through it, being supplied by an abundance of clear pure water from a spring two miles distant; the surplus water flowing off through a meadow or two into the River Eden.

On the transparent water of this wide and full moat, swans may be seen floating; while the lofty forest-trees, which now tower above the site, and the ruins of the castle, and especially the noble and ancient oak which stands on the centre of what was the court, throw their dark shadows around, and some their broad branches to the water's edge. Here and there, among the trees, appear fragments of walls, and the original plan of the castle is clearly distinguishable from the well-defined line of foundations. On a bright summer's day, a brilliant light plays upon the varied foliage of the trees that soar so high above the mount of ruins, and present the strongest contrast to the deep shade, under their lower branches; and the quiet and calm grandeur of the scene, the repose and clearness of the water, reflecting on its unruffled surface the grey lichened stones of the fragments of ruined walls, is again relieved by the gorgeous colouring of the flower garden, which, on one side, extends to the moat.

Altogether Sterburgh Castle, when once seen, will never be forgotten, and as the modern mansion close by, which was begun by Sir James Burrow, and added to by Sir Thomas Turton, most judiciously and happily makes no castellated pretensions whatever, assumes no old looks, and displays no desire to be considered one day older than it is, we have in strong contrast, the elegance, and openness, and comfort, and luxury, of a residence of an English gentleman in the nineteenth century, with the moated, and confined, and gloomy, and guarded, dwelling of a powerful baron in the fourteenth.

In Pluistow-street, in this parish, is an ancient obelisk of stone, of two stories with niches in its sides; it had formerly a cross on the top which was broken by the puritans. It is called St. Peter's Cross, and is now used as a cage, but is sufficiently old and curious to be enclosed with the very ancient oak that stands close to it by a railing, as it is from neglect fast decaying.

Sterburgh Castle, however, is but as a thing of yesterday in comparison with the

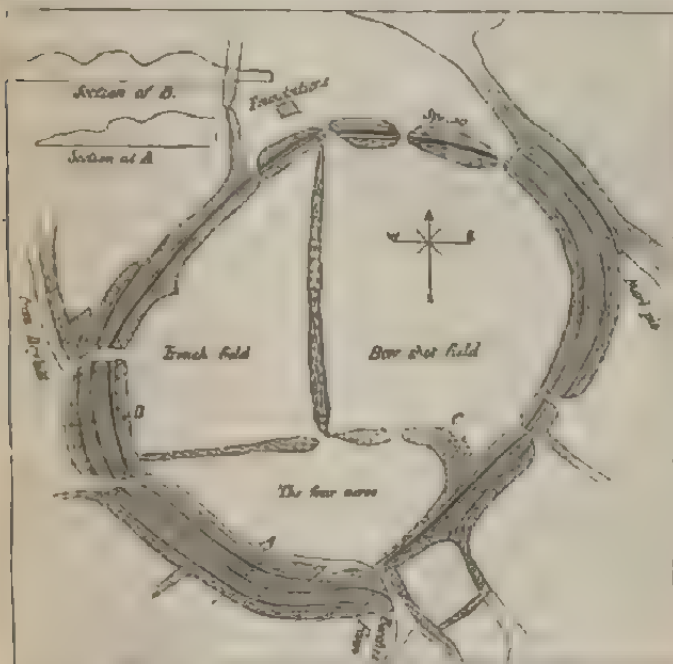
ROMAN ENCAMPMENT

which still exists in its immediate neighbourhood, on a hill called Lingfield Mark, or the Beeches. Never, perhaps, did the Romans choose a finer, healthier, more secure and commanding station for their legions than this. It overlooks the country from Regate to Rochester, and from it is one of the loveliest and most extensive panoramic views in the kingdom. The very existence of this camp was unknown to any one until very lately; but the Rev. Beule Pate of Maidstone, who is about to publish a work on the military remains in Kent, hearing of this, and supposing it to be in Kent, surveyed, mapped, and measured, with the greatest accuracy, this fine and almost perfect specimen of Roman fortification.

The camp contains, within the innermost bank, twenty-six acres, while the banks and trenches occupy eight acres more: the circuit of the inner bank measuring thirteen hundred and fifty yards. It is in

part triply entrenched, in others doubly, and at places has only a single rampart, but it would appear that originally it was triply entrenched throughout.

The innermost bank or circumvallation is perfect. The agger is in some places twelve feet deep; and the innermost bank is in various parts of it, from sixteen to eighteen feet high from the bottom of the fossa. In one part, the three embankments stand one above the other, like terraces, a well-known feature in Roman earth-works. There are nine openings, some of which are the ancient portæ. The form is a parallelogram with corners rounded off; on the north side is a fine spring of water, and a little westward of this are signs of some brick foundations.



ROMAN CAMP AT LINCOLFIELD MARSH, SURREY.

Near to this hill are found several places, of which the names plainly indicate a Roman station; Gilridge-farm lies just where we should look for it; Plaistow, or Plaisted-street, is some three miles off; Col Arbor opposite some distance on a ridge; then there is a farm just below called Crittenden, or Christian's Dean, and another still called Heathen-street. Crittenden was, two hundred and fifty years since, the property of the still flourishing family of the Titchbournes, and the present house was built by Richard and Dorote Titchbourne, in 1607, who have left this memento of their existence, and of their ownership of this property, carved in oak in a beautifully panelled and wainscoted, room, which remains nearly entire. "This be the names of the children of Richard Titchbourne and Dorote, before the buildinge house, 1607."

" When we are dead and layde in grave
and that our bonnes are rottenn,
by this shall we remembered be
where els we wher forgotten.
Anno Dom. 1607.

The Rev. Beale Poste is of opinion that this encampment was an important reserve station, which communicated directly with the great camp of Noviomagus, near London, and was equally convenient to reinforce Regnum (Chichester), and the important Anderida, which held the Sussex coast in subjection. The road from Regnum is perfectly distinct to Selsfield-common, near East Grimstead, and a straight line thence through the Beeches encampment would go direct to Noviomagus; while below the hill is a remarkably straight lane, called Spode-lane, a portion of the road which led from Anderida through Holtye-common to Gilridge, and onward to Chiddingstone-causeway, and by which this camp was enabled to communicate directly with the camps at Tonbridge and Ightham, and with those in Kent generally equally with those dispersed throughout Sussex.

It is well known that the camp at Noviomagus, or Kestin, or Holwood-hill, was a very large and highly important station to the Romans; that also was entrenched with the triple vallum, like this of Beeches exactly, and contained within its circuit one hundred acres, which took also the oblong form. Nothing, however, is as yet known as to which of the legions the care of the Lingfield Mark encampment was confided. No researches whatever have been made, and no coins nor inscriptions have yet been discovered; some squared and rough stones are lying scattered about, and the untouched vallums and aggers are covered with brush-wood. Were these grubbed, and the ground carefully examined, numerous might be the treasures discovered, especially in the neighbourhood of the great beech-tree, marked A in the plan.

A flint-headed axe has been turned up by the plough, and also an iron-headed spear, and a few years since there was found, while grubbing a hedge-row near, a massive gold ring, with an onyx bacchanalian intaglio, the gold of which was valued at seven pounds ten shillings, the ring is preserved, and is in possession of the owner of the estate.

There is little doubt that with judicious digging, many hidden treasures of art would be brought to light, and a clear knowledge be gained of the particular legion that occupied the station; we know that *Cæsar* brought with him into Britain the seventh and the tenth legions, and which both probably returned with him, at any rate the tenth followed him in his war with Pompey. *Claudius* brought with him the second, ninth, fourteenth, and twentieth. The ninth was utterly destroyed by *Boadicea*, the fourteenth was recalled soon after *Claudius* left Britain; the second was called *Augusta, ob virtutem*, says an inscription, and *Hadrian's Vallum* was of its building; the twentieth was called *Valens, Victrix*, and these two legions, with their vexillations, built the great Roman wall. They remained in Britain so long as the Romans held it, intermarrying with the natives, building villas, and possessing estates; and there is an instance in point which the newly made Cardinal Wiseman has brought under our notice; he derives his title, he says, from the church of St. Pudens, in Rome, which church, it is said, was built by Pope Pius I., on the site of a house which had belonged to the Roman senator. *Pudens*, afterwards

St. Pudens, who, it is also said, was converted to the Christian faith by St. Peter, and who for a long time entertained St. Peter with his house. This is the Roman legend. St. Paul, however, says, in 2 Tim. iv. 21, "Pudens greeteth thee and Claudia," and who this Pudens was, and who Claudia, we may learn something from Martial, who says in his iv. book, ep. 13.

"Claudia, Rufe, meo nubit peregrina Pudenti."

and also in lib. ix. ep. 53.

"Claudia coruleis cum sit Rufina Britannis
Edita, quam Latius pectora plebis habet."

Hence it seems that Claudia, a British lady, not only had wedded a Roman officer, but that they were both Christians; and that her beauty and her acquirements had captivated the refined society of Rome.

The twentieth legion is traced by an inscription at Carlisle to the reign of Diocletian; but that curious book the "Notitia Imperii," makes no mention of the twentieth as in Britain at that time, while it places the second at Rhutupie, Richborough, opposite Gaul, that probably being the last station that was held in Britain by the last legion. It would appear, moreover, from what Bede, and the Saxon historians in general, say, that these legions were formed chiefly of British recruits; for when Constantine was saluted Emperor, at York, he took away with him, it is said, the flower of the British youth.

Those who have the good fortune to possess Roy's book upon Roman Castrametation, would do well to consult it with this plan of the Lingfield Mark encampment before them; but Somner's "Treatise of Roman Forts and Posts in Kent," or Warburton and Hutton on "The Roman Wall" in particular, and on Castrametation in general, might profitably be referred to.

The encampment, however, and the neighbourhood for miles around, should be visited and revisited, and most carefully examined by our most diligent and able antiquaries. Charles Roach Smith is there wanted, and his strong staff of learned and zealous fellow-labourers. It is entirely new ground for their researches, and would amply repay any explorers for all the time and thought they bestowed upon it. But the camp alone is worthy of a visit, from the extraordinary view there is from it—a view that, from its singular beauty and extent, will rarely be paralleled, and nothing comparable to it is probably ever seen by any one man out of five hundred thousand.

FAREWELL, OLD YEAR'

BY G. LINNEUS BANKS.

FAREWELL, farewell, Old Year,
Thy laughter, and thy sighs,
And what else may appear
In thy brief memories!
May Eighteen-fifty-one,
Be good and great as thou,
And shed as strong a light
Upon Time's lofty brow.

Farewell, farewell, Old Year!
May all injustice be—
Each unkind word and thought—
Buried in death with thee;
And thy successor stand
Out in the line of years,
Like the up-risen sun
Seen thro' Morn's melting tears.

ROCK CREEK.

THE TOURIST IN THE UNITED STATES

BY CHARLES LANMAN.

AUTHOR OF "THE ANGLER IN CANADA."

It was a delightful autumnal morning, and we had called upon a friend (who, like ourself, is a lover of nature), and proposed that we should spend a day in the woods; whereupon he whistled for his handsome greyhound, and with our sketch-books in hand, we departed. We turned our faces towards Rock Creek, which rises in the central portion of Montgomery county, Maryland, and after running a distance of some fifteen miles, finally empties into the Potomac, between Washington and Georgetown. And now, before going one step further, we wish to inform the reader that it is not our intention to give a complete description of this charming stream: to accomplish that task faithfully it would be necessary for us to write a thousand poems and paint at least a thousand pictures, every one of which should be a gem. We purpose only to record the more prominent impressions which have been left upon our mind by the excursions to which we allude.

We struck the creek just without the limits of the city, and the first object that attracted our attention was "Decatur's tomb." This memorial of a departed naval hero occupies the summit of a picturesque hill, and is shaded from the sun by a brotherhood of handsome oak trees. It is built of bricks (which are painted white), and resembles in shape a small Grecian temple without its columns, and is without any inscription. The remains of the commodore were originally deposited here, but his ashes have subsequently been removed to Philadelphia and deposited in his family vault. The land upon which this tomb is located is called Kalorama, and belongs to an estate originally owned by Joel Barlow, which fact is alone sufficient to give it a reputation; but it is somewhat more interesting to know that it was upon this spot of earth that Robert Fulton first tried his experiments while studying out the science of steam navigation. This was at the time when Barlow and Fulton were on the most intimate terms of friendship, and Kalorama was Fulton's principal home. A gentleman residing in Georgetown informs us that he can remember the time when an old wooden shed was standing in the vicinity of Rock Creek, where Fulton tried many of his experiments; and we are also informed that the parlour walls of Kalorama were once ornamented with fresco paintings executed by Fulton at the request of his friend Barlow. Subsequently to that period, and while yet a member of Barlow's family, Fulton kept an account-book, in which he recorded all his business transactions, and that curious and valuable relic of the departed engineer is now in the possession of a citizen of Washington, by whose politeness we are privileged to gratify our antiquarian readers with a brief description of the account-book in question. It is of the size of an ordinary mercantile cash-book, and, although only half filled with writing, it contains a record of business transactions occurring during the years 1809, -10, -11, -12, -13, and -14. It seems to have been kept with little regard to method, but nevertheless contains a great

variety of items which are quite valuable in an historical point of view. On a fly-leaf, for example, we have the following record :

"1813. The dry-dock finished at the steamboat works in Jersey city, on the 14th October. On that day, at one o'clock, the original North River steamboat entered for the first time, and I believe is the first vessel that has been in a dry-dock in the United States."

Though Rock Creek may have been the birthplace of Fulton's steamboat idea, yet it is certain that, with all his fiery monsters at our command, we could never ascend this beautiful stream without the use of our legs, and we will therefore rejoin our companion and continue our pedestrian pilgrimage.

Our next halting-place, after we left Kalorama, was at an old mill, located in the centre of a secluded glen. With the humming music of its wheels, with the polite attentions of the *floury* miller, and the rustic beauty of his cottage and children, we were well pleased, but with the natural loveliness of the place we were delighted. A greater variety of luxuriant foliage I never before witnessed in so limited a nook of the country. From one point of view a scene presented itself which was indeed exquisite. We were completely hemmed in from the great world, and, in addition to the mill and the cottage, we had a full view of the stream, which was spanned by a rustic foot bridge, upon which a couple of children were standing and throwing pebbles in the water, while a few paces beyond a man was pulling to the shore a small boat laden with wood. On either hand, a number of proud-looking oaks towered against the sky, and by the water's edge in the distance stood a stupendous silver willow, literally white with age ; and, to complete the picture, we had in one place a mysterious brick ruin, and in the foreground a variety of mossy rocks, upon which, in a superb attitude, stood our beautiful greyhound, watching a little army of minnows sporting in a neighbouring pool. And with what great name does our reader imagine this beautiful place is associated ? None other than that of the late John Quincy Adams, who became its purchaser many years ago, and to whose estate (as I believe) it now belongs. And many a time, in other days, has that distinguished statesman spent his morning under the dome of the Capitol in political debate, and the afternoon of the same day in this romantic glen, listening to the singing of a thousand birds, which had built their nests in the branches of his own trees.

The roads which cross the channel of Rock Creek, and frequently run for a long distance along its winding vale, are distinguished for their loneliness, and of course well adapted to please the poetic mind. Along many of them you might walk for miles without meeting a human being, but then you would be sure to frighten many a rabbit, and destroy the gossamery hammocks of unnumbered spiders. While passing along the road which took us from Adams' Mill further up the stream, we chanced to overtake a small negro boy (who was almost without any rags on his back, and whose straw hat looked as if the cows had feasted upon its brim), with whom our companion held the following dialogue :

" Boy, where are you going ? "

" I 'm gwine down to Mr. Pierce's. "

And here—taking out his pencil, holding up his sketch-book, and looking very fiercely at the darkie—our friend exclaimed, " I 'll sketch you, you rascal. "

Whereupon the poor boy uttered a most frightful yell, and ran away in the greatest consternation, as if we had been a pair of murderers.

Our next stopping-place was at a cider-mill, where an old negro with the assistance of a mule, was grinding apples, and another man was pressing the sweet juice into a mammoth tub. A lot of boys, who were out on a chestnut-gathering excursion, and discovered the mill, and having initiated themselves into the good graces of the darkness, were evidently enjoying a portion of Mr. Horace Greeley's celebrated "good time."

But it is now about noon, and we have reached that spot upon Rock Creek known as Pierce's Plantation. Here we found the ruins of an old saw-mill, and while transferring a portrait of it to our sketch-book with its half decayed dam, and two or three hoary sycamores and elms, we discovered a boy in the act of fishing. We bowed to him as to a brother angler, and looking into his basket, we found snugly lying there no less than half-a-dozen handsome fall* fish, weighing from six ounces to a pound each. These we of course purchased, and then inquired of the boy if he knew of a house in that vicinity where we could likely have the fish cooked. He replied in the affirmative, whereupon we sent him to the dwelling he mentioned for the purpose of warning the inmates of our approach. On our arrival there we were warmly welcomed, and in due time we had the satisfaction of enjoying as finely cooked fish as ever tickled the palate of Izaak Walton or Sir Humphrey Davy. Not only were we waited upon with marked politeness, but were treated with an abundance of delicious currant wine and new cider, and for all this truly southern hospitality we could make no return, excepting in the way of gratitude.

But, pleasant as was our reception and repast at this Rock Creek cottage, our own mind was more deeply impressed with the exquisitely charming appearance of the cottage itself and surrounding buildings. It struck us as one of the most comfortable and poetical nooks that we ever beheld. - It seemed to have everything about it calculated to win the heart of a lover of nature and rural life. Though situated on the side of a hill and embowered in trees, it commands a pleasing landscape; and, as it was built upwards of one hundred years ago, it is interesting for its antiquity. Surmounted as it is with a pointed roof green with the moss of years, and flanked by a vine-covered porch, the vegetation which clusters around it is so abundant that you can hardly discover its real proportions. And all the out-buildings are in strict keeping with the cottage itself. It is, upon the whole, one of the most interesting nooks to be found anywhere within an hour's ride of the Capitol; and we can fully understand what a certain wealthy gentleman felt when he made the remark, that this Rock Creek cottage was the only place he had ever seen which he would prefer to his own, albeit his own residence is one of the most costly and beautiful in the district of Columbia.

The scenery of Rock Creek for several miles above the Pierce Plantation is chiefly distinguished for its simple and quiet beauty. The whole vale, in fact, is remarkably luxuriant, and probably contains as great a variety of foliage as can be found in the same space in any section of the country. For miles and miles do the trees come together

* The fall fish of Rock Creek is evidently identical with the dace of Walton: it is really a beautiful and sweet fish, and well deserves its local reputation.

as if for the purpose of protecting the murmuring stream from the kisses of the sunlight; and even in September birds and flowers are quite abundant; for here it is, it would seem, that summer lingers longest in the lap of autumn. And such vines, too, as cluster along the margin of this stream! The graceful net-work which they have formed over the tiny waterfalls and the deep dark pools, with all their tendrils, are graceful beyond comparison; and while happy children go there at times to gather the luscious grapes, we are certain that the little people of fairyland are well content with their allotted privilege of using the swing of the vine, while in the enjoyment of their midnight revels.

Rock Creek church lies somewhere between one and two miles eastward of the stream from which it derives its name. The original Rock Creek chapel was founded in the year 1719, and the bricks employed in its construction were brought from England. It became a parish church in 1726, at which time the glebe land (as at the present time, I believe) amounted to one hundred acres. It was rebuilt in the year 1768, and many improvements added in the year 1808. The first rector of the church was the Rev. George Murdock, who officiated for thirty-four years; his successors were Rev. Alexander Williamson, Rev. Thomas Reed, Rev. Alfred Henry, Dashiields, Rev. Thomas G. Allen, Rev. Henry C. Knight, Rev. Levin I. Gills, Rev. Edward Waylen, and the present incumbent, Rev. William A. Harris. Of Mr. Reed it is recorded that he presided over the church for forty years, during the whole of which time he was absent only *thirty* months; and with regard to Mr. Waylen, it may be stated that he compiled an interesting history of the parish, which was published in 1845.

The appearance of Rock Creek church as it now stands is simply that of an old-fashioned but very comfortable brick church. It occupies the summit of a gentle hill, and is completely surrounded with a brotherhood of fine oak and chestnut-trees. On every side of it tombs and gravestones are quite abundant, and some of them are so very old as to be almost entirely hidden in the earth. Although we spent nearly an hour in this city of the dead deciphering the various epitaphs we only stumbled upon one which attracted our particular attention; it was a simple stone slab, covered with moss, upon which was this touching record:

"Grant, Lord, when I from death do wake,
I may of endless life partake.
J. R.
1802."

And now, by way of variety, suppose our readers tarry with us for a few moments at the residence of a certain retired banker, which lies only a short distance from the Rock Creek church. With the elegant mansion and highly cultivated grounds, everybody must of necessity be pleased, for we believe that a more tasteful and superb place is not to be found in the country. It caps the summit of the loftiest hill in the vicinity of Washington, and while in one direction it commands a view of the Alleghany mountains, in another lies spread out a complete panoramic view of the metropolis of the land, with a magnificent reach of the Potomac extending a distance of at least forty miles.

OLD CHRISTMAS.

Old Christmas is at hand—the festive time
 So loved and celebrated by each poet,
 So often lauded up in rhyme and rhyme,
 Where as a merry time, all strive to show it.
 Of Christmas joys you've all heard a good deal :
 Some of the *woes* of Christmas I'll reveal.

If (braving chilblains and the bitter cold)
 You venture out to walk, or rather skate,
 Red eyes, blue lips, you everywhere behold,
 Though many swear they like this *wretched state* :
 And cry, rubbing their frozen hands together,
 "This is what I call real Christmas weather."

Some happy ones like Christmas with good reason,
 Who can afford their share of life's good things :
 But there are some to whom this festive season,
 Loud single knocks, with awkward misses brings,
 The morning visit of some eager dun,
 Serves rather as a damper on their fun.

"Sir, as our small accounts we're now collecting,"
 First greets the eye in many a wafered note.
 Not a few on these fearful words reflecting,
 Would slightly alter Shakespeare's words, and quote,
 "Oh, Christmas! Christmas! word of fear,
 "Unpleasant to the debtor's ear!"

Look at this time of year the papers o'er,
 Christmas advertisements are all you see.
 "A Christmas Present"—"Rowland's Kalydor!"
 "Good Christmas Box"—"A Pound of Dakin's Tea!"
 Of Christmas carols, too, how the plot thickens,
 Striving to emulate the matchless Dickens!

If for some article you're in a hurry,
 In vain you enter now each well-known shop;
 Vainly you argue, vainly fret, and worry,
 Such waste of eloquence you'd better stop;
 For though until quite tired and hoarse you speak,
 You can get nothing done in Christmas week.

And then, the greatest bore, perhaps, of all
 The heavy tax that you're obliged to pay,
 To those who think they have a right to call
 And ask for half a crown on Christmas Day;
 Till willingly (half deafened by their knocks)
 You'd give them on their cars their Christmas box.

I should but tire you all were I to roam
 Through the long catalogue of Christmas ills—
 To those whose children pass this time at home
 I must, however, mention Doctors' bills.—
 Now having made my case, I think, quite clear,
 "A merry Christmas to you all this year."

KING LOUIS PHILIPPE AND HIS CIVIL LIST.

BY THE COUNT DE MONTALIVET.

FORMERLY INTENDANT-GENERAL OF THE CIVIL LIST TO KING
LOUIS PHILIPPE.

Historical Picture Gallery at Versailles.—Restoration and Decoration of Palaces.
—Chapel of St. Louis at Tunis.—Parks and Gardens.—Forests.—Augmentation
of the State Domains at the Expense of Louis Philippe.

To repair the ill effects of a situation doubly onerous, King Louis Philippe had to choose between two lines of conduct. He could enjoy the crown revenue, as a disposable one, such as it is defined by the civil code, without making more or less than was allowed by this charter of common right; in which case, the palaces belonging to the crown would have been kept in a state of preservation, but not embellished or enlarged; the forests would have been maintained in due order, but not provided with new plantations; the royal manufactures supported within the usual limits of their budgets; the arts sustained, but not encouraged by princely munificence; and charity confined to the restrained resources of private fortune. On the other hand, Louis Philippe could have availed himself of the dotation granted to him in his kingly capacity, conformably to exceptional and special rights, allowed by the law of March the 2nd, 1832, and in which case, the palaces of the crown, too long neglected, would recover their ancient splendour; the forests would be intersected with cultivated tracts or pleasure walks, and furnished with numerous constructions destined to their more efficient preservation, besides being augmented by extensive plantations; the royal manufactures would be placed on the most prosperous foundation; the national monuments improved and beautified, and charity invested with all the attributes of royal liberality.

By the first of the two systems (and he might have considered himself fully entitled to adopt it), the King could have effected important economies, and assured to himself considerable personal advantages.

By pursuing the second, he perpetuated a difficult and embarrassing position, but he remained faithful to the principles in which he had himself defined his mission from the first days of his accession to the throne. Louis Philippe did not hesitate to follow that plan, which militated against his own interests, but benefited the country at large; and he decided upon continuing to the end the work which he had already commenced.

The King's earliest attention was directed to the palaces belonging to the crown, all of which, more or less, required a restoration conducted with intelligence and liberality; but the enterprise was on too extensive a scale for the plan, in its fullest extent, to be effected at once. The reparations and completion of the Louvre and the Tuileries, comprised in themselves an immense undertaking. Considerable alterations were also without delay necessary in the other royal residences, more particularly those of Versailles, St. Cloud, and Fontain-

bleau, which had been for a long time suffered to remain neglected. These were imperative, and the King decided at once upon those works being undertaken, which he alone could plan, put in ready execution, and terminate.

The completion of the Louvre concerned not only the crown, but also the state, and Paris itself, the centre of all the great interests, particularly proud of this palace, more peculiarly identified with the city than all others. The Chamber of Deputies, by refusing to sanction, in 1831, the idea of M. Thiers, who proposed a vote of credit for the improvements at the Louvre, yielded only to considerations of detail, which did not at all affect the real state of the case. The King had, if I may so express myself, fulfilled his duty with regard to the Louvre, by requesting the state to co-operate with him in pursuing this national undertaking, too costly for the mere resources of his Civil List. Louis Philippe had besides, a strong presentiment that sooner or later the Louvre would be completed. This idea, if it could not be put in practice from motives of state interest, or from the pride of the Parisians, would at some future period be adopted by parties of the Opposition, jealous above all of executing what the King had desired, but had been unable to undertake.

Louis Philippe, therefore, directed his principal efforts to those palaces, which, situated at a certain distance from Paris, and surrounded by a poor population, had nothing to expect from the intervention of the State. He desired to effect and he did in fact perform, what no prince and no government would have done after him. The palace of Versailles more particularly occupied the King's attention. This magnificent monument of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, had been more than once assailed during the first republic, and the most glorious souvenirs of the French monarchy were destroyed. Despoiled in 1794, of its furniture and most precious ornaments, the palace of Versailles was successively threatened to be made a depository of the Invalides, or to be divided into lots and sold. Later in 1806, the Emperor Napoleon expressed a desire that it should be fitted up as an imperial residence during summer.

In 1814, one of the first thoughts of Louis the Eighteenth, on his accession to the throne, was to re-establish in all its ancient splendour, the court at Versailles; he was, however, for the same reason as the Emperor himself, soon compelled to abandon the idea, on account of the expenses which the interior decorations and furniture for the palace would have occasioned; and he confined himself to ordering a partial restoration of the paintings, and some of the principal apartments to be regilded and adorned.

At length, in the early part of 1831, the project of establishing military pensioners at Versailles was renewed, and very nearly on the point of being put in force. The energetic resistance of the King, aided by the endeavours of his ministers, happily threw this plan into the revolutionary chaos. Louis Philippe resolved, therefore, from this moment, to save for the future, the ancient dwelling of his great ancestors, so often menaced during the incessant changes of power and opinions. He wished to place it out of the reach of revolutions, by attaching to it a grand and national destination, and he attained this end by devoting the palace to illustrations of French glory. The revolution of 1848, destroyed the throne, and yet the mighty work of King Louis Philippe remains standing, destined to endure as long as civiliza-

tion itself, without having any other enemies except modern reformers, and the vandalism which attaches to them.

As soon as the magnificent plan of the King became known, the country felt that a great principle of national honour was concerned in the undertaking, and welcomed it with immense enthusiasm. Discord seemed for once to unite, and even party hatred was obliged to succumb to the expression of general satisfaction which prevailed. At this time the King had a presentiment of what history would award to his memory in its impartial justice.

The vast monumental collection at Versailles was, in effect, the personal work of King Louis Philippe. During several years he employed upon this palace all the leisure he enjoyed from affairs of state, and almost all the pecuniary resources of his Civil List. He himself arranged and prepared the plan of all the apartments and galleries, which contain together more than four thousand paintings and portraits, besides about a thousand pieces of sculpture. The King pointed out himself the place which should be devoted to each epoch, and to every personage. In this vast arrangement of all the glorious souvenirs of the country, Louis Philippe exercised the most scrupulous impartiality. With a mind devoid of passion or prejudice, the monarch decided at the commencement, that everything which was national should be equally brought forward, and all that was honourable should be duly distinguished without reference to opinions or circumstances. Many persons accompanied the King on these royal visits, and were astonished at his decisions, which were remarkably free from a vulgar or selfish policy.

Louis Philippe had the habit of expressing aloud the thoughts passing in his mind, and mingling with them the orders which he would give to the numerous workmen occupied about the palace, in presence of the functionaries of every rank who accompanied him on these visits of inspection. Many of these persons may still remember the 1st of January, 1833, when Louis Philippe, at the palace, pointed out the several apartments which were to contain, besides portraits of the distinguished personages in the reigns of Louis the Eighteenth, and Charles the Tenth, the glorious souvenirs of the Restoration. Some months had scarcely elapsed since the insurrection in La Vendée. Prudential reasons were urged upon him to abandon, or at least adjourn the arrangement, and he was reminded how popular fury had been always ready to vent itself upon these historic souvenirs, although they were identified with the glory of the country. "No," replied the King, "I will never recoil before the passions of the multitude, and I will brave them into silence!" The apartments, in which the paintings were placed, representing the principal events connected with the Restoration, were thrown open; and at this bold measure, the popular excitement, always subdued by courage, at length subsided.

The severe impartiality of King Louis Philippe was not merely confined to former or recent epochs in the annals of the country, but he exercised the same free and unbiassed judgment in all that concerned his own reign. With the idea of fostering and encouraging the works in the manufactories of the Gobelins and Beauvais, the King decided that several apartments in the royal palace should be entirely decorated with tapestry, displaying in the best manner the ingenious art of the workmen. To this effect, two painters, M. Couder, member of the Institute, and M. Alaux, director of the French Academy at Rome,

well known for the beauty of their designs, were commissioned, as were formerly Vander Meulen, and Lebrun, to prepare pasteboard models. One of the apartments of the palace had been reserved for representations of events connected with the reign of Louis Philippe. The two artists had chosen for their subject, the victories gained in Africa under the command, or in presence of, the King's sons. These military achievements were recorded upon medallions supported by two figures of Fame. The drawings were submitted to the King. "Thank you," said he, "for having chosen my reign as the theme of your labours, but I ought not to admit the manner in which you have treated the subject. The victories in Africa belong less to my glory than to that of my sons and the army. Besides, your figures of Fame are too large. What would be the size, then, of those you would make for Marengo, Austerlitz, or Wagram? Let us remain what we are; we shall not then become smaller. On the side of Napoleon, there be represented the splendour of victories, and the grandeur of conquests; for me, let there be shown, the delights of peace, and the blessings of liberty. Represent industry and agriculture protected, public monuments completed and restored, immense national work undertaken, science and art encouraged. Place in front, Peace reposing upon the sword of France; the Law overruling all stations, even my own; and I dare hope posterity will acknowledge the principal characteristics of my reign."

Obedient to the royal wish, the two painters executed other designs, and the idea of Louis Philippe has since been realized in the most splendid manner, by the industry of the Gobelins.

It is well known that some persons of a gloomy and disconsolate nature, have proclaimed the creation of the galleries at Versailles a rashness on the King's part, and replete with future dangers. The brilliant homage there rendered to the armies of the Republic and the genius of Napoleon, has appeared to them additional stimulants to the smouldering passions left by the Republic and the Empire. Since then they believe their fears to have been justified by the triumph of the Republican faction on the 24th of February, and later in the revival of Buonapartism, awaking at the clamour of our civil discord. There is in all this most assuredly a question of historical interest, and worthy of deep study; but it should not carry us out of our limits. We will confine ourselves at the present moment to mention, that the reception given by the public generally, and by hostile parties themselves, to the creation of the collections at Versailles, is a peremptory reply to the criticisms we have noticed. The unanimous expression of applause from all ranks and opinions, prove from the commencement that the appeal thus made by royalty for the appeasing of political dissensions had been heard. The Republic arose in one day without strength. Buonapartism, already produced by one Republic, displayed itself afterwards as the protest of order against anarchy; but the exhibition of the remarkable events of the Republic and the Empire has not in any way influenced the return of Republican miseries, or the apparition of the imperial shadow. If the collection at Versailles was an imprudent undertaking, it was at least a happy one, for it did not compromise the King's policy, and it saved for the future the most beautiful monuments of the age of Louis the Fourteenth.

All the details relative to the execution of this immense undertaking, and all the incidents which prove the incessant and active interference

the King, are inserted in a collection of three hundred and ninety-eight reports of royal visits to the palace; and which were addressed as regularly as they occurred, by Mr. Nepveu, the architect engaged upon the palace, to the director of the crown buildings. In the first months of 1833, the King paid three preliminary visits to Versailles, but the first really serious inspection had for its object to give the works a right direction; and this occurred on the 2nd of December, in the same year. The last took place on the 10th of December, 1847. It may then be said, that for the sole satisfaction of leaving to the benefit of the state this immense collection, King Louis Philippe had devoted nearly an entire year of his reign, to superintend and follow, inch by inch, all the works of restoration and enlargement at Versailles.

The state received this legacy in 1848, and having charged itself with the arrangements of the King's accounts, it knows at the present moment what Louis Philippe has expended upon the palace of Versailles, and its dependancies, among which may be included the two Triumons.

As the public cannot be too early informed upon these questions of contemporaneous history, we will mention at once, that the sum expended by the King from his own resources, upon this magnificent addition to the monuments of France, amounted on the whole to twenty-three millions four hundred and ninety-four thousand francs!*

The King, however, considered that he had not yet done sufficient. New plans had been prepared by his order to complete the work in a manner conformable to the peculiar characteristics of his reign. Military prowess, the victories of the French by land and sea, represented on canvases with remarkable vigour, occupied the whole of the apartments of the palace successively opened to the public. The King desired that new galleries should be devoted to illustrations of political glory, and the social virtues. Already the places destined to this object were selected in that part of the palace which extends in a direct line with the great southern wing, and upon one of the sides of Surintendance Street, when the revolution of February opposed itself to the realization of this patriotic project.

The King himself would not have considered his undertaking accomplished by the establishment of the galleries at Versailles, if it had not been completed by a great historical work of art. The genius of the engraver was put in requisition to render, by a faithful representation, the new collections accessible to those in France and elsewhere who were unable personally to inspect them. The greater part of this splendid publication had appeared before the 24th of February, 1848, under the title of "Historic Galleries of the Palace of Versailles."†

* The following table will explain this in detail:

		France,
For keeping the buildings in repair, and for the water-works and other extensive alterations	2,040,000	} 15,059,000
Fluvent works on a large scale	12,419,000	
Orders, purchases, restoration of paintings and sculpture		6,625,000
Purchases, and repairs of furniture		1,810,000
		—
Total number of francs		23,494,000

This table does not include the expense of keeping in order, and daily watching the collections, nor the cost of the kitchen gardens, orangeries, plantations, parks and grounds, the whole of which amounted during seventeen years and a half, to several millions of francs.

† Nine volumes, of which the sixth was in two volumes, included the greatest

The text had been confided by the King to the scholastic abilities of M. A. Trognon, formerly preceptor to the Prince de Joinville, and it was printed at the expense of the Civil List at the royal printing office. The King took the liveliest interest in this important production, and even contributed himself several pages to it. Nine hundred and sixty copies were distributed gratuitously, and each volume, as soon as it was published, was despatched specially and without exception to all the national libraries in France. With regard to the engravings, the Civil List did not altogether furnish the expense; but the King assisted a clever publisher, M. Gavard, by an advance of about a million of francs, granted not so much to him, but with the higher object of encouraging the art of engraving, the artists themselves, and the numerous workmen who were employed upon the engravings.* Thus the restoration of the palace of Versailles has been at once an addition to the property of the state, an encouragement to the arts, and a new source of prosperity to the national genius.

Whilst Versailles regained its ancient splendour, the other monuments belonging to the Crown received annually their share of improvement and progressive embellishment. The palace of Fontainebleau reappeared in all its historic magnificence, from the vestibule of St. Louis and the galleries of Francis the First, and Henry the Second, to that of Diana, and the Cabinet in which Napoleon signed the act of abdication. Every portion was restored throughout, and the remarkable peculiarities of different epochs which it presented, were retained with the most scrupulous care.

The palace of St. Cloud, formerly belonging to the House of Orleans, purchased by Louis the Sixteenth, and afterwards the favourite residence of Napoleon; St. Cloud, this dumb witness to the fall of a free republic and two monarchies, became, by the genius of art, more worthy still of the recollections which it awakens.†

Louis Philippe had never been able to visit the castle of Pau, but there was the cradle, and there were reflected all the glories of his ancestor, Henry the Fourth. This ancient building underwent a complete restoration to the great joy of the inhabitants of those parts.

portion of the collections at Versailles. The tenth volume, already mentioned, was to be devoted to portraits of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth. The eleventh, to portraits of the reigns of Louis the Fifteenth and Sixteenth, and the French Revolution. The twelfth, to portraits connected with the Consulate, the Empire, and the reigns of Louis the Eighteenth, Charles the Tenth, and Louis Philippe. The thirteenth to sculptures, and the fourteenth to royal residences and parks, and a fifteenth supplemental volume was intended to be reserved for the galleries and apartments which might afterwards be constructed.

* To give some idea of the liberal nature of these encouragements, it will suffice to mention that M. Gavard paid for the three editions, in folio, in quarto, and in octavo, of the "Historic Galleries" only, and without including the expense attending the detached portions published separately.—

	Francs.
For the paper	854,000
Printing	70,000
Copperplate Printing	292,000
Engravers and Draughtsmen, about	1,000,000
Total number of francs	1,816,000

† The works at Fontainebleau and St. Cloud were effected under the skilful management of M. Dubreuil, the King's architect.

The King, however, was not merely satisfied by ornamenting France with works of art executed in the country itself, he desired to perpetuate a cherished name and glorious souvenirs connected with French honour, upon a foreign soil, by the erection of a monument at his own expence to St. Louis. By a secret article in the Treaty of 1830, concluded at Tunis, soon after the taking of Algiers, Hussein Bey, uncle of the governing Bey, engaged to cede to France upon the ruins of Carthage a site for this purpose; but the holy war which the Arabs were carrying on against the French, the taking of Tripoli by the Turks, the accession of Achmet to the throne of Tunis, and certain alliances hostile to French interests in Africa, rendered this concession unavailing, and occasioned it for the moment to be forgotten. The national idea of the French government, under King Charles the Tenth, had not been passed over by Louis Philippe. He took advantage of a favourable opportunity which presented itself in 1840, and claimed the execution of the engagement entered into, ten years previously, with the government of Tunis. M. de Lagau, the King's agent at that place, received at once directions to commence a negotiation which induced the Bey to renew the promise made in 1830. However, to raise this monument in a manner worthy at once of the time-honoured monarch and his descendant, the Ministry had not, to use a financial term, an open credit: it was necessary, therefore, to make a special proposition to the two Chambers. The Ministry, as it often happens, hesitated, and urged that the moment was inopportune. The King at once decided the question, by declaring that he would himself furnish the amount required, and a few days afterwards confided to M. Jourdain, a young architect, the mission to proceed at once to the spot, and superintend the erection of the monument upon an eminence which overlooks the site of Carthage, and where tradition asserts St. Louis surrendered his last breath.

On the 29th of July, 1840, M. de Lagau took official possession of the hill, and on the 25th of August following, he laid the first stone of the pious monument. The inauguration of the chapel of St. Louis* took place the year following, in presence of a naval squadron. The sailors beheld with joy the cross of the Redeemer appear, after a lapse of six ages, upon the most prominent point of the Mussulman coast.

Some days before this solemnity, the transport of the statue of St. Louis, destined for the chapel, was marked by an incident of some interest. The car constructed for this purpose being too heavy for the twelve carriage-horses to move it, the Dey placed at the disposal of the French *chargé d'affaires*, three hundred *mizams*, and curious enough it was to behold the descendants of the infidels whom St. Louis encountered in battle, harness themselves to the car and conduct it to the sound of martial music to the top of the hill, named after Louis Philippe. This homage paid to one of the greatest kings France has produced, made such an impression upon the natives that they did not hesitate to consider the royal chapel as a *marabout*, or privileged place. And it has happened more than once, that Mussulman families, menaced by powerful enemies, have gone and pitched their tents near the dwelling of the French saint, and sought a refuge there, which was never denied to them. In fact these works commanded by the King,

* This chapel was constructed by M. Jourdain, from the designs of his venerable master, M. Fontaine, whose name is so honourably associated by his works with the reigns of Napoleon and Louis Philippe.

not only worthily honoured the memory of his illustrious ancestor, but strengthened considerably the French interest at Tunis; for the Bishopric of Carthage was established, the hospital and college of St. Louis were successively raised, and the first steps were made towards the abolition of slavery, which has since been proclaimed throughout the whole extent of the regency.

The whole of the public works ordered by the King during the eighteen years of his reign, and for the benefit of the crown, required an outlay of nearly fifty-three millions and a half of francs. It is necessary, however, to divide these expenses, and to distinguish those of common maintenance, which may be regarded as essential, from the expenditure altogether optional, which the King was not called upon to defray, and which he might adjourn, modify, or altogether suppress, according to his wishes. In fact, it is by this that we may at once ascertain the extent of his liberality to the state, and the falsehood of the calumnies of which he has been the object.

The total amount of expenditure in the palaces and buildings belonging to the crown may be thus estimated.

	Francs
Ordinary maintenance and reparations . . .	19,800,000
Works on an extensive scale and optional . . .	33,615,000
	53,415,000

This latter sum of 33,615,000 francs is one of those which the King gave to the state from his Civil List, and there is not one of the items included in these amounts, but had for object an improvement or addition to the national property, which has in consequence been materially benefited in value. This is not all. From the funds which the King allowed annually for the proper care of museums, &c., the collections in the various palaces were constantly enriched by a considerable addition of paintings, pieces of sculpture, and other works of art. All these became immediately, to employ a legal term, immovable, for the seventh article of the law of 1832, relating to the Civil List, stated in effect, "that all the monuments and objects of every kind which the King might place in the royal residences at his own expense, should remain from that moment the property of the crown."

* Table of Optional Expenses connected with the Improvement of Crown Properties, and defrayed by the King. From 1st January 1831 to the 26th February 1848 —

	Francs.	Cents.
Miscellaneous Expenses during the last five months of 1830 . . .	340,875	30
The Tuileries	5,201,410	33
The Louvre,	1,507,967	87
Palais Royal	1,408,167	14
Versailles, Trianon and dependencies, Water-works at Versailles	12,118,278	30
Palace of Compiègne	409,510	28
Palace of St. Cloud and dependencies	4,157,124	54
Palace of Meudon	557,374	11
Palace of Fontainebleau and dependencies	3,431,914	68
Castle of Pau	562,220	42
Chapel of St. Louis near Tunis	212,000	56
Palace of the Elysée Bourbon	30,640	81
Royal Manufactures	516,870	70
Divers Buildings	1,592,140	16
Forest Buildings	1,433,622	80
Total	336,15,005	16

This new increase of the national property entailed upon Louis Philippe an additional expense of more than ten millions and a half of francs.

The parks and gardens also had their share in the extensive and optional works ordered by the King. Independent of the advances required to keep them in order, he devoted more than one million five hundred and sixty thousand francs to improve and embellish them.

While alluding to the crown forests, we have to encounter again one of the most violent and intolerant calumnies that assailed the monarch during the last ten years of his reign. These accusations may be thus stated. The employments to which were devoted the two hundred and fifty-nine thousand two hundred acres, composing the crown forests, illegally enriched the Civil List with a revenue superior to that which they were stated to produce.

The Minister of Finance has been some time occupied in making a searching inquiry into this grave charge, and a committee composed of the most efficient members of the Legislative Assembly, the Privy Council, and the Administration of the Finances, is examining at the present time into this matter, under the presidency of an eminent magistrate. Let us wait the result with confidence, and the triumph of truth, and confusion of calumniators, will be the more brilliant and complete. For the information of those who allow themselves to be deceived by violent clamours, and who believe in their hearts that King Louis Philippe derived from the crown forests an illegal revenue, we may state here a simple fact. From 1831 to 1847 the revenue of the crown forests has been less by more than eight per cent. than that derived from the forests belonging to the state. In 1849, after the union of the two, the forests formerly appertaining to the crown, exceeded by a small sum the receipts derived from the ancient state forests.

The conclusion to be deduced from this double fact is most decisive. The crown forests have, besides, received from King Louis Philippe, considerable improvements; we will point out the most important, and afterwards state the total amount of expenditure connected with them. One of the first cares of the King, in 1832, was to interdict the annual cuttings, which periodically made such ravages in the woods of Boulogne and Vincennes. This prevention was made absolute in the case of the first of these two places of public resort, and partial only in the other. The monarch was accustomed to call these two forests, the parks of Paris, and he desired that they should be preserved with the greatest care, and considered as under the supervision of royalty. By his own personal efforts the wood of Boulogne was made to produce twelve thousand francs a year, against, however, an indispensable outlay of thirty one thousand francs.

In the whole of the forests, from 1831 to 1848, the King caused to be planted twenty-two thousand acres of land, besides nearly three thousand five hundred acres taken from the hunting grounds. It was, therefore, as if the King had caused to rise from the soil a new forest, of more than twenty-five thousand acres in extent, enriched at his own expense, for the future benefit of the nation. It was more than fourteen times as large as the wood of Boulogne, and twice that of the woods of Senart, Vincennes, and Boulogne united; more than equal to the forest of Coucy, and almost as extensive as the whole forest of Compiègne.

The roads of every description, made by the direction of Louis Philippe in the crown forests, were altogether admirably effected. The modes of piercing the forests, adopted by the King, equally assured the comfort of pedestrians, and facilitated cultivation. A considerable number of routes were paved or macadamised at great expense; at Compiègne, especially, the King caused paving to be laid to the distance of twenty-five miles.* Louis Philippe thus completed, by the aid only of the rural populations spread over the surface of six departments (Seine, Seine and Oise, Seine and Marne, Loiret, Oise and Aisne), great sources of industry, opened at once in every part of the crown lands, to the profit at the same time of the state, and laborious poverty. After having covered the forests with new plantations, and intersected them with roads, it remained still to ensure their preservation by a complete system of forest stations, admirably arranged throughout.†

All these works of amelioration ‡ cost four million one hundred and fifty thousand francs. The charge for superintending and keeping them in good order exceeded twenty-five millions of francs.§

Now that we can unite all the sums which compose the amount of the Civil List expenditure upon the national properties, it is easy to prove at once the obligations of the state to the King. Independent of an expense exceeding one hundred and five millions of francs, and by means of which Louis Philippe efficiently provided for the maintenance and prosperity of the crown domains, he devoted to them in works of embellishment and improvement, altogether optional, the sum of forty-eight millions seven hundred and seventy thousand francs, which may be thus apportioned:—

Crown buildings,	33,615,000 Francs
Domains,	1,560,000
Decorations of palaces and galleries of art,	10,500,000
Forests,	2,715,000
Purchases and gifts of lands	320,000
Total,	48,770,000

* It is interesting to read a general outline of the extent of this immense network of roads, effected at the King's charge, throughout all the crown forests.

1st Category. Total number of forest roads, of every nature, opened, enlarged, or improved, 701
Total length about 680 miles.

2nd Category. Number of branch roads, re-made or improved, 129
Total length about 117 miles.

In all 830 roads, restored and completed upon a total length of nearly 800 miles!

† From 1831 to 1848, the King ordered to be constructed seventeen guard houses, sixty-six forest stations, besides enlarging twenty one others. This was at an additional expense of 1,433,000 francs, of which the state will receive all the benefit.

‡ We have not thought it necessary to enlarge more fully upon the forest works ordered by the King, but we cannot abandon this subject without mentioning, at least for posterity, the admirable school of Arboriculture and Systemes which has been founded in the centre of the wood of Boulogne, by Baron de Schœne, for sixteen years the zealous ranger of the crown forests.

§ To the expenses voluntarily incurred by the King for the national interest, we may add the gift of nearly eight acres of land from the park of Neuilly, for the construction of fortifications, and which may be estimated at two hundred thousand francs value; besides the acquisition of various lands and servitudes by the

This, then, is the amount which the generosity of Louis Philippe gave to the people, when he had the choice and the power to appropriate it to his own use; and yet fifteen months after the Revolution of 1848, when popular excitement was subsiding, and when the state ought to have been fully aware of the legacy left to it by the King, it even caused a mortgage to be laid upon the private property of the monarch of twenty-five millions of francs, to guarantee the supposed injury which the King had inflicted upon the properties of the state! An obedience was thus yielded to the suggestions of parliamentary tactics, which assumed to themselves a cleverness they did not possess. Public opinion, unfortunately, does not always take into account the reasons for such subtleties, nor concern itself to discover their truth or falsehood; and when it sees the first functionaries of the state, proclaiming by a solemn decision, that the monarch so often accused of wasting the resources of France, has had it in his power to appropriate them to his own benefit, it commences by believing the fact. Later, those even who favoured this belief, without sharing in its propagation, will lose all power to destroy it, and they will find the punishment of a first weakness, in the want of influence to counteract what they will then know to be false.

Louis Philippe did not so much feel the evil as the injury which was done to him, and yet the generosity of his disposition removed the bitterness he might justly have indulged in. "They seem desirous of proving," he wrote to me upon this subject, "that I regret all the money I have expended in embellishing and augmenting the national properties; but they give themselves useless trouble, for they will never succeed in making me repent of the good I have done them!"

For us, who have duties to perform, not to ourselves, but to the memory of the departed Sovereign, we will face his calumniators, and tell them,—You have accused Louis Philippe of cunning and disloyalty. His correspondence of the most intimate character has been his reply.—You have styled him selfish and avaricious. His solicitude to relieve distress, and his prodigal munificence to several of your own friends, have answered you.—You have accused King Louis Philippe of covetousness on the dotation questions. He has vindicated himself in the Councils of his Government, and proved himself a constitutional Sovereign, by not permitting his interests as the father of a family, to interfere with its public duties.—You have stated that the King wasted the resources of the country, and he has replied by gratuitously giving to the State forty-eight millions and a half of francs, which your friends seized in 1848, on behalf of the Republic!

The King observed to me in 1847, "It is nothing to be attacked; the evil is to remain undefended!" These words contain the fatal principle which influenced and agitated all his reign, and resume the history of his difficulties, and the prediction of his last day. The party which favoured the royalty of July, had arisen from an opposition of fifteen years. Notwithstanding his remarkable abilities, Louis Philippe could never succeed in attaching it to his Government. Exposed to the incessant attacks of calumny, he had also to undergo the habitual and caustic criticisms of those even who professed to him

state from the personal property of Louis Philippe of the value at least of one hundred and eighty thousand francs.

personally the most favourable and devoted sentiments. The Parisians cried, "Reform for ever!" without being hostile to him; and the day following that on which their indifference and undutiful conduct had rendered the revolution inevitable, they might have been heard complaining of having been abandoned by the Monarch whom they pretended to have loved! Thus fortified in its most secret lurking places, by auxiliaries upon whom it ought not to have relied, calumny spread its poison far and wide, and success could not fail to ensue. The first sentiment felt by the intelligent friends of their country and their King, was grief more than surprise.

King Louis Philippe at the Louvre.—Encouragement to royal Manufactures, to Industry in general, and to Literature.

As we have before stated, it was chiefly with regard to his private affairs, that the King found himself exposed, almost without defence, to every kind of hostility. In this attack, more immediately direct and violent, he was only sustained by a small number of his political partizans. The most part of them, on the contrary, seemed to seek in the liberty of language against himself, a kind of popular compensation for the support they were often obliged to give to the Government. Involuntarily allied to calumny, this evil genius of criticism penetrated even into the palace of the Tuileries. Whilst without, the King's enemies accused him of hoarding and incessantly amassing money,—within, friends blamed him for expending without prudence, and for the simple satisfaction of gratifying particular tastes. We have no need of adding, that the extensive additions and improvements ordered by the Monarch in the royal residences, were especially condemned. "The King," it was said, "sacrificed everything to the passion of building. Fontaine (the King's architect) ruins Louis Philippe; and all his debts and difficulties are occasioned by this." These various expressions of the same idea, were resumed in other terms, vulgar but energetic,—"The King is too fond of the trowel." I have often heard Louis Philippe discuss this epigram; but he bore the accusation with more resignation than all the others.

"I am in too good company not to take my share," he said to me one day; "St. Louis, Francis the First, Henry the Fourth, Louis the Fourteenth, and Napoleon, all liked the trowel too much. And who is better acquainted with it than myself? My trowel, which they consider so indefatigable and prodigal, is not capable of restoring all the monuments erected by them. Besides, this passion is a good fault in a Prince, and if he is condemned in consequence to the ridicule of idle persons, he is well consoled by the benedictions of all those who are maintained by these works!"

The King, always so ready to reply, and so sensitive to contradiction, seemed almost to take a pleasure in this reproach of some of his friends. He did not even take the trouble to avail himself of a fact, simple and well authenticated, that during his reign he had bestowed in encouragements to art, the cultivation of letters, and in charity, more than three times the sum he had expended at the same time, upon the restorations of the palaces and national monuments. To love the arts, Louis Philippe had only to have recourse to the souvenirs and the tastes of all his life. When a child he had received lessons from

David.* While under proscription, he had taught drawing at Riche-neau. As the father of a family, he had nurtured and encouraged by study, that love for the arts which has distinguished all his children, and especially one of his daughters, whose genius was remarkable. When Duke of Orleans, he had received in his galleries, the works of all the great masters of the time, and he had supported by an efficacious patronage the painter of the tri-coloured flag. He was then naturally induced to seek in these pursuits a delightful relief from the cares and labours of a perilous royalty.

During the five months' residence which the King made every winter at the Tuileries, a portion of every day seemed to belong by right of custom to an inspection of the picture galleries at the Louvre.

It is not, however, the case, that Louis Philippe had regulated hours for all his various occupations. His character, a singular mixture of ardour and perseverance, would ill have bent itself to the absolute discipline of a rigid exactitude. If he commenced anything, he liked to pursue it to the end, without measuring the time it might occupy. However, there were certain general habits which distinguished his life. Thus, his mornings were devoted to family matters and private interests; these were the hours when he received the Intendant General of the Civil List, the Administrators of the Crown Domains, and the Crown Architect, M. Fontaine. In these morning conferences the King did not so much discuss the works then in progress, as those which were contemplated for the future. Sometimes these projects led to warm arguments, which often commenced with these words, "I will have it done;" but which terminated in most cases by the Monarch exclaiming, "I see you cannot well do it!" The splendid ideas of the King most frequently met an obstacle in the straightened and invincible limits of his budget.

At noon, politics took their place, and Louis Philippe presided at the Council board, or transacted business with his Ministers. Towards two o'clock, when the orders of the day of the Legislative Chambers called the members of the Cabinet to the Luxembourg or Bourbon palace, the King, seated at his desk, signed warrants, examined into various papers, or occupied himself in that intimate correspondence, the publication of which by the Revolution of 1848, has so deservedly increased his renown. Then at the hour of four, when the Louvre was left to solitude and silence, Louis Philippe, who had waited the signal with impatience, would hasten there, and seek in its galleries, a distraction from the cares of state. This employment of the afternoon was varied from time to time by journeys to Versailles, St. Cloud, or Neuilly, and more rarely by audiences. To complete this account of the social habits of the King, we may add, that every evening, except Tuesday and Friday (which for the two last years had been devoted to family *réunions* alone), the apartments of the Tuileries were thrown open to ambassadors, members of the two chambers, and public functionaries. From eight o'clock to half past ten in the evening, the King would engage in conversation with visitors, always upon serious and useful subjects.

At half past ten Louis Philippe retired to his study, and there, amidst the silence and isolation of the first hours of the night, he

* When Duke de Chartres, the King had received lessons in drawing from Car-montelle and Bardin, who instructed him under the superintendence of David, who was always present.

profited by the only moments he could call his own; and it was then he reflected upon the important matters submitted to his examination during the day, and upon the grave affairs of the moment. This work, always prolonged and quitted with regret, was often interrupted by the entrance of the Queen or Madame Adelaide, who would urge him to suspend such severe mental labour, and retire to rest. Generally, at one or two o'clock in the morning the King would take some repose, but only to recommence the next day the same toilsome course of life.

As we have stated, at four o'clock in the afternoon, the door which separates the Louvre from the Tuileries would open to the almost daily visit of the King. It might be called the barrier placed between the political domain and the kingdom of the arts.

As soon as Louis Philippe entered the galleries, he seemed to breathe more freely, and he delivered himself to the full enjoyment of his feelings. Each of these visits occasioned, or resolved, a question of art, and his presence always assured to a painter or sculptor a command for works, which gave encouragement, and was a source of hope to many. At this hour of serious leisure, the royal visitor, after a personal examination of the productions around him, would give his opinions and advice to the artists, and thus associate himself with works which, sooner or later, would be purchased for the palaces.

THE BAGS OF DESTINY.—A FABLE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

*They ne'er are well who'd better be,—
Dissatisfied with destiny,
Timon beheld with envious eye
Each favoured bliss beneath the sky.
Whate'er on others was bestowed
Lay on his jealous heart, a load;
And oft with murmur and with sigh
He plagued the ruler of the sky.
Jove, tired at length of his complaints,
To prove how falsely Fancy paints,
Sent Maia's son to hear his prayer
And show the lots he deemed so fair.
Millions of sacks were there revealed,
Which Time had piled, and Fate had
sealed,
And each was of a different weight,
And each contained a different freight.*

"There! choose yourself—*or great or small,
But care," said Jove* "attend on all;
Yet in the least are fewest found;
The heavier in the large abound."

"I thank thee, Jove! and soon shall see,
Which burden will the lightest be,
And first here's *number one—a king!*
Why, that must be a glorious thing!"
He lifts—"Too heavy far for me—
O Hercules! 'twas meant for thee!"

"What's here?—a favourite at court.
Why, that must be 'right royal sport.'"
He tries to lift—down sinks the sack—
"Why, 'tis enough to break our
back!"

Nor lighter seemed the lower, yet,
Renown with envy was beset.
Here stood a bag with learning's store,
Another, there, of golden ore,
Distrust and avarice wring down this;
There, jealous spleen engenders blue.

Next came the common crowd whose fate
Their numbers only designate,
Unlabelled these—unknown to fame;
Of humbler hopes, and lower aim.

"With these, one sure may faster run,
And here may happiness be won."

Awhile he weighed them and compared—
Then his decided choice declared,
"This I can bear—almost content."
"Its only weight is discontent."

"That be a folly far from me!
Ah! 'twill precisely suit, I see
Let me, great Jove, the bargain close."

"Take it!—'twas yours before you
chose!"

KYA

AN ADVENTURE IN LEBANON.

BY LIEUT. THE HON. FREDERICK WALPOLE,
AUTHOR OF "FOUR YEARS IN THE PACIFIC."

"We were a gallant company :
Riding o'er land or sailing o'er sea,
Oh ! but we went merrily !
We forded the river and clomb the high hill—
Never our steeds for a day stand still,
Whether we lay in the cave or the shed,
Our sleep fell soft on the hardest bed.
Fresh we wake upon the morrow :
All our thoughts and words had scope,
We had health and we had hope."

BYRON'S Siege of Corinth.

Our party had been variously recruited, and a more curious set could hardly have been found. Spite, however, of variety of races, tongues and tastes, the mixture was good, and we jogged merrily along. On the previous evening, after a somewhat long march, even for us who were accustomed to the road, we had slept at a lone hut on the very crest of the mountains, out of the regular beat of tourists, and so far in the heart of the mountains, that bullying would have been out of the question. The Maronite family who inhabited it had readily received us, bid us cheerfully welcome, and hastened to spread before us all their store—a fowl or more, fresh killed, was dipped into a pot of hot water and relieved of its feathers ; again in the pot, it reappeared hard, but good and wholesome. A few brambles were thrust into the oven, barley meal mixed up, and large damp cakes shared plentifully around. Our horses shook each a nose-bag full of good fresh-threshed barley. Salt, radishes, sour milk, and mountain cheese—the fine old goat-skin was carefully handed from behind the saddle of the most worthy, and the red wine flowed. We sat on the floor round the fire ; the song trolled merrily out—the jest and retort flew round—the maidens of the house crept fearfully from afar, but becoming gradually reassured, seated themselves behind their aged father, who, with a heart warmed with wine, looked laughingly at the crackling embers. The past day's work, however, shortened the fun, and each was soon asleep where he lay.

The dawn had not touched the mountains' tops before we were awake ; each saddled his horse, a rough shake completed the toilet, till a stream could be found to bathe in, and a handful of coin being given, the heartfelt blessing received, the whole party, with various baggage-mules, wound its way down the difficult and dangerous path. At this time the whole of the mountains were disturbed, the tocsin had sounded, and war, war, made every glen yield up its quota, as Druses and Maronites for once joined against the Porte. Generally at enmity, these two parties had made a solemn league of resistance, and, as yet, each had remained true to the other. The Porte held the towns along the coast, and some posts between the two ranges of Lebanon and Ante-Lebanon. Osman Pasha, the German, had thrown himself with twelve hundred men into Bacta-

deen (the house of religion), formerly the palace of the Emir Bechir of the Druses, in fact of the whole mountains, who was now a prisoner at Stamboul, just previous to the period at which our adventure happened; he had sent to the Pasha of Beyrout for assistance, urging strongly his necessities, being actually blockaded by the gallant mountaineers. The Pasha hardly knew how to act: at Beyrout there were some one thousand regulars, and six or eight hundred Arnoot irregulars; but he could not withdraw these and leave his capital unprotected. At last his determination was hastened by information that the Druses had actually cut the aqueduct which supplies Sidon, and threatened the town itself. Its garrison was feeble, and the hybrid race, its inhabitants, could little cope with the hardy sons of the rock and the glen. In this dilemma he ordered the Arnoots to march: their chief returned for answer that, unless the troops were paid, they would not. After another sad delay, almost ruinous to Osman Pasha, cooped up in his lovely though sore-straitened palace, the money was collected and sent to the Hyta Bashi. He put it into his own particular chest, and ordered the men to march. By this time messenger after messenger had arrived from both Bactadeen and Sidon, the one hinting at a surrender—a dishonour to regulars unbearable—the other describing the more daring attacks, the nearer approach of the mountaineer force, and finally the pillage and destruction of the houses and gardens up to the very walls. The Arnoots were encamped on a graveyard to the north-east of the town of Beyrout; the large and magnificent tent of the Hyta Bashi, their chief, stood nearer the town, its front thrown wide open, displayed magnificent divans, and other articles of oriental luxury. I am thus minute in my description that the reader may the better understand the scene that followed. Refusing still to march, the Arnoots went tumultuously and filled the open ground before his tent; he sat within surrounded by his attendants. The news had transpired among them that he had received the money, and they firmly but noiselessly refused to march unless paid. There was no poetry, no implicit obedience, no, as Byron says,

"Unshaken, rushing on where'er their chief may lead."

The clamour increasing, the chief roared out that he would not listen to a mob, but to any grievance properly represented, he would pay all respect. A man bolder than the rest stood out, and stated their resolution. Quick as the curse he muttered, the chief's pistol laid him low, and his attendants poured a volley into the disorderly mass. This produced nothing but a return, which, save to the tent and its ropes, did little harm, as those within it had sought security among the thick solid furniture. Their arms being discharged, a parley was called, seven men were carried off to the hospital, a liberal *bucksesh* was distributed, and the whole party were in the saddle for Sidon four hours afterwards. The Druses keeping to the hill tops, and making close observation on them, retired as they advanced. Resting one eve at the Nar el Damour, where they pillaged the people for food, they entered Sidon unmolested on the following day. After a few days of rest, they again sallied forth to meet the dreaded mountaineers, who were said to be in strength on the right bank of the Sidon river. Advancing in light skirmishing order, amidst the mulberry trees, they threw

themselves on the bridge, performing the antics usual on such occasions. The Druses, however, had retired, and they advanced unopposed. Leaving Dpounne on their right, they pursued the course of the valley up to Deir El Kamee (Bact a Deen). No sooner were they well into the mountains than the mountaineers fell on them; but as they were fearful of losing their own people, their firing was distant, and not very destructive. The Arnoots were sulky, and though they held their ground, would make no vigorous movements to dislodge the enemy. For three days this desultory fighting continued, with some loss to the Arnoots, little or none to the mountaineers. On the third, the Arnoots still pushing slowly forward, the other party attacked them with vigour, meeting them hand to hand, harassing their march, and cutting off their provisions. This aroused the Albanian blood, and at noon, when the others rather relaxed their efforts, they let down their *kiskawars*, or belts, full of weapons, and rushing on them with *gandjars*, inflicted a more than retributive loss. After this they were permitted to reach Bact a Deen unmolested, where they considerably relieved the anxiety of the much straitened Turkish force. The mountain confederation was now vigorously attacked by Osman Pasha, who soon after received more extended assistance. He forced passes, seized cattle, burnt villages, and on both sides the loss of property, though not perhaps of life, was considerable. It was at this juncture we were on our march across the mountains. Not over fearful, we trusted to the known attachment of the Druses to Franks, especially English, and to their often-expressed wish to show their respect for people of that nation. The attempt was not without hazard however; for small marauding parties were numerous, and the men on either side, when not under the immediate eye of officer or chief, were apt to act freely on their own account. Descending the mountain pass, we continued our rout, a mere goat-track, we having avoided the higher and better road as more likely to be infested with the stray parties we dreaded. Our road grew wilder and wilder, now threading among boulders of huge rocks, now running narrow as a thread along the solid rock-face of a precipice. About noon we came upon a party of Druses: after a halt to survey our party, they came on; far outnumbering us, they made no demonstration of attack, nor we, as, being few, any of defence. A fine stout fellow rode at their head; several hot-headed youths, scarce caring, even in that dangerous road, to restrain their horses, followed; and as we neared, more than one formidable gun came thrown muzzle to the front, our native servants were sadly nervous; our Arabic interpreters showed sad signs of defalcation, but backed up by a sturdy Englishman, troubled with the bad road on either side, ourselves in front, and others behind, they remained pretty steady. The opposite party halted within about twenty yards—footmen armed with muskets, sprang among the rocks on either side, and all was bustle in their party. One of our party now rode forward alone, and arriving near the other was courteously saluted as he handed a paper from our consul, signifying what we were, why journeying, and that we had no connection with the Turkish government whatever. Touching his forehead with all reverence as he opened the paper, he read, or pretended to do so; after a few moments, apparently satisfied, he bid us depart in peace,

offering us guides who would ensure safe conduct to the plains of the sea-board. This we foolishly refused; both parties, however, mingled together in a friendly manner; a carpet or two were spread upon the ground, the two or three sticks sufficient for coffee making, blazed, and that delicious draught soon passed round. We gave our pipes to the mountaineers, who inhaled the delight with no small pleasure. They were Druses, and were on their way to attend a meeting at the very *châlet* we had slept at the night before. The cut-throats had not breathed a word of it. One of the party, a very noble looking young fellow, splendidly dressed, son of one of the principal Amceers, had shared in the late attack on the Arnoots, and as to a first affair, for in wars before he had always been compelled to retire to the fastnesses with the women, he was proud of it in no small degree. I noticed a silk handkerchief wound round the ivory hilt of his sabre. On asking the cause, he threw into his handsome features an savage expression as they could bear, and gasping with difficulty his downy moustache, said: "The Osmallee is a dog! I do it to kill well. He loves life—I do it to kill. *Inshallah!* they shall feel it." I was glad to find, from his subsequent conduct, that he was but boasting; for the savage natured, fierce look was only assumed. After perhaps an hour's *fiat*, with many salams, we parted, again foolishly refusing the guide they offered us. It was a pretty sight to watch their party as they moved off. We knew the road they were on, having ourselves traversed it with difficulty. They moved over it at a lively walk: the footmen skipped from rock to rock on either side, their long on-wieldly muskets* slung behind their backs, one hand bearing on the sling and steadying it as they walked. Our road became wilder and wilder; we had got into the deepest recesses of the mountains, and the path had almost ceased. It was better to proceed than to retrace our foot-steps, for we knew that there was no hut or house for eight hours, while before us all was unknown, and any adventure might yet spring up. A short turn, however, brought us to a more trodden road, and hoping our difficulties were over, we proceeded at a quicker pace. Another half hour, and away beneath our feet lay a small village, the hill cultivated in terraces up to the road we were upon. Before us, at a hundred yards' distance, two huge rocks formed a narrow gate, between which the road wound on; one of these sat an old man, on our other hand rose an abrupt and lofty precipice. Scarcely had I time to make these observations, than as if from every stone around us there sprang up armed men, our foremost horses were seized. We turned and sought our leader's leave to resist, but it was firmly denied, and soon broke every man of us stood armed captives. For myself, three men took me, one on either side, one just at my croup, while a one-eyed sadly disfigured boy strove vainly to cock a huge horse-pistol, keeping it bearing on my face. Our native servants were thrown off their horses, and personally seized. One, an Egyptian, remem-

* These guns, the barrels of which are excellent, are made at most of the large towns. The stock is too short for our notions of balance, but makes the gun so light. The ball, or flat, is clumsy, and is fitted with a small piece of lead that fits the rest of the weapon. The sight is a broad plate, with a small piece of lead, a point for the muzzle. They fire from a rest of stones, plucking, or crouching, with this they are capital shots, and the weight of the weapon gives it a great range. Their powder they can make themselves.

strated against such an aggression ; he was just before me, and appealed to me, on which one of my captors coolly cocked his gun, and brought it to the present. My pistol was at his ear ere he could complete his purpose. He grounded his arms, and turning on me his face adorned with a beard like driven snow, complimented me grimly on my defence of an Osmanlee. Matters now became serious, for they were proceeding to lead us off. Our Dragoman, who alone spoke Arabic, was in deadly fear, lying on the ground as they had pulled him off his horse ; so we vainly shouted we were English ; a passport from the consul produced some result, but as nobody could read, it was ultimately pronounced condemnatory, and already a few of the more active began to feel the baggage, and sound with their arms, to judge the value of the booty. We were in a fix, and at last, well guarded, were led off to the Emeer's house, or *serai* (palace—they are such wretched affairs I blush to translate the name). As we neared the village, boys, women, and idlers rushed out to execrate us as Osmanlees. The crowd, armed with stones, came solidly forward, but, welcome sounds ! one thousand thanks, brave missionaries. A youth in the foremost rank, a huge stone upraised in his hand, shouted, "Are you English?" Great was our loyalty. All cried "Yes." Germans, Frenchmen, all. We now explained, the youth acted as interpreter, and in lieu of prison, stones, and execution—hospitality, food and kindness were offered. We dispatched a hasty meal, and anxious to reach the plain, begged for a guide. The force, once our captors, led us forth in triumph. The old man who had kept so good a watch on our approach, still sat on his rock, from whence he commanded all the passes, far and near. Our friends spoke hopefully of the war, and expressed their resolution never to submit (the conscription was what they most dreaded) ; salt and pipe-bowls were their great want. These they would hardly allow us to supply, so honest and good were their feelings towards our nation. At last we reached a small pass that led to the plain ; here, refusing all remuneration, they bade us farewell, the leader begging we would tell the Osmanlee they were not ungrateful dogs, and asking if anybody had taken anything from us. With many regrets we parted, they for their fastnesses, where they yet brave the despot's unnatural decrees—we for our several destinations ; nor could I regret my near view of these free sons of the mountain, though obtained under circumstances so full of excitement and danger.

INEDITED LETTERS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS.

MRS. PIOZZI.

THE lively and gossiping qualities of Mrs. Piozzi come out more characteristically in the following letters than in any of those which preceded them. She is now returned to English ground, is touring about in the west and north, and appears to have lived down all the angry feelings about her husband, whom she still continues to love and admire as heartily as ever. We here find her in the midst of the pleasantest society, the chief stars being theatrical people. She evidently had a strong *penchant* for the stage. Even the slight pretensions of Mr. Greathed, set off very attractively, no doubt, by the romantic seclusion of Guy's Cliff, give him a special charm in her eyes. The feeblest dramatic merits were sufficient, in common with the highest, to challenge her attention. Amongst the *élite* of her circle, are the Siddons and the Kembles, with passing admiration of the Burgoynes and Inchbalds. The General Burgoyne alluded to, was an author of comedies that have long since dropped into oblivion, and that were celebrated in their day for the level uniformity of their dialogue and the *gentility* of their tone. They resembled the conversation comedies of the *Etherege* school, denuded of their wit and gallantry. The subjects were generally such as are found in the novels of that age, and were treated in a spirit of dreary sentimentality that must have severely taxed the tempers of the actors, who are fond of parts out of which they can elicit effects for themselves, instead of being compelled to deliver good-natured moralities which reflect no advantage upon anybody except the author. If the "*Heiress*" of Burgoyne, which is considered the best of his comedies, were revived in the present day it would empty the theatre in a week.

The letters, however, in which these fugitive amenities are recorded contain enough of character and pleasantry to justify their preservation, and are so coquettish and womanly as to be read with interest, at least by ladies. There is very little literary go-up in them. Mrs. Piozzi had got into the country, far away from the cliques, and had other amusements to occupy her. If her sallies are more sprightly than brilliant, they reveal, perhaps, all the more clearly the defects and merits of her real nature. She was evidently a very amiable person, always willing to be pleased with people who were desirous of pleasing, fond of variety, as most women are, yet steadfast enough in her attachments to command the fidelity of friends, sufficiently acquainted with books and their authors to give her a right to gossip about them, and of so indifferent a critical capacity as to find pleasure in things in which severer judges would be more disposed to find fault. She appears to have possessed a perfection that impressionable quality which enables a vivacious woman to receive and throw off with rapidity surrounding colours and forms; but her opinions upon them are not always to be trusted. In society she must have been quite charming; for there nobody

looks for an exact judgment, and everybody is delighted by the sportive raillery of a piquant talker, without caring much whether it is to the purpose or not. On paper it is another affair. Her hilarity floats in these letters so lightly that the reader must be very hard-hearted who is not satisfied to accept it as a compensation in full for any incidental differences on graver points that may start up between him and the writer.

Touching all matters of poetry, Mrs. Piozzi was mixed up with too tainted a school to be able to judge rightly. What could be hoped, under any circumstances, from a Della Cruscan? How could a lady who greatly admired Mr. Greatheed be reasonably expected to comprehend and appreciate the better class of dramatists? Why should we be surprised to find her dropping down from Milton and Thomson to Waller, in a figurative apostrophe to mountain scenery? It is when she ventures upon such subjects that we detect the flaws in her understanding; but all the rest—the drawing-room *causerie*, the surface wit, the dashes at character-painting—are infinitely amusing and loaded with the sunshine of the briskest animal spirits.

DEAR MR. LYSONS,

15th Nov. 1787, Alfred Street, Bath.

I was glad to see your letter, and am much pleased with the contents; but do not let your health suffer by your diligence; he who would gain too much, is apt to lose some other way: I am happy that business flows in so fast, however.

Mr. Coxe is kind in remembering us; his brother looks very well this year. The Bishop of Peterborough will surely have some great compensation.

The authors of the *World* are vastly civil, but I have not yet been able to get a sight of the paragraph. Miss Lees are charming women, and appear to deserve their very uncommon success.

With regard to my own book, if no one thinks more about it than I have done since I saw you, woe betide Cadell! If anybody has stolen a letter of mine, they will add little to their guilt, though much to their shame by publishing it. Bath is a beautiful town, but I cannot quite agree with those who would make me believe it a great city neither, while I can readily walk from one end to the other, and back again.

The Jameses are well, and kind, and handsome, and send their love to you, with Mr. Piozzi's compliments, and those of, dear Sir,

Your faithful servant,

H. L. Piozzi.

Samuel Lysons, Esq., Clifford's Inn, London.

DEAR MR. LYSONS,

Bath, Thursday, 6th Dec., 1787.

I received your letter at the same moment one came from Mrs. Greatheed; pray do me the favour to wait on those amiable and worthy friends, and carry them my best compliments; they live in Holles Street, Cavendish Square, No. 4.

If Dr. Lort does not make haste to mend in London, it would be wise to come hither, where there is comfortable society and good accommodation, and assistance for ill health—no place like pretty Bath, and you know I always said so. Mrs. James says she must

have more particulars from you before she can execute your commission: her good husband and mine are both a little gouty just now, but they hop after charming Miss Lee, and court her very prettily, not with dance, indeed, but with song. I will write to Dr. Farmer with all my heart, if it will do the book any good; as to Mr. Cator's name I am perfectly indifferent about it, to be sure, but it may as well stand.

I will try to get the letter you speak of, but it was from you that I heard of it for the first time. Accept our best compliments, dear Sir, and present them to Dr. Lort. Mr. Murphy's inaccessibility will save us a copy, for I trust all the contributors and sub-contributors will have somewhat like a natural right to be presented with the book, of which doubtless Mr. Cadell is well aware.

Adieu! and believe me

Your sincere humble servant,

H. L. PIERCE.

Samuel Lysons, Esq., No. 17, Clifford's Inn, London.

DEAR MR. LYSONS,

31st January.

I RECOLLECT a gross mistake in the printed sheet you showed me this morning,—it was in a letter of my own from Bath, in which Torquato Tasso is mentioned, and the reply he made to one who asked him what use he made of his philosophy.

Do me the favour to let me have that sheet again, and believe me much

Your obliged servant,

Mrs. Siddons is charming.

H. L. P.

Samuel Lysons, Esq., 17, Clifford's Inn.

DEAR MR. LYSONS,

Exmouth, 9th July, 1788

THIS is a very quiet place, and from it I write to you for news, as we see little, except the tide coming in and going out; and hear little, except that there will be an assize ball such a day at Exeter, and all the pretty lasses will be there. Sir John Dantze and his family are our best country neighbours, but twelve miles is a long way to drive. Mr. and Mrs. Stafford, of New Norfolk Street, live here in the town, and, of course, are our kindest and most conversible companions, as here is nobody else but them, and we are all very idle; that idleness will be without excuse, for something must be done even in one's own defence. Do not let me lose your correspondence, but tell me something, anything you find interesting, and give my loving compliments, as the ordinary here say, to your good brother. Tell me, above all, what the truly wise, and learned, and rational people (Dr. Lort, for example) think of the pamphlet giving an account of the Devil's exploits at Bristol.

Direct to Mr. Cumming's house, Exmouth. Accept Mr. Pierce's compliments and Cecilia's, and believe me,

Dear sir, your faithful friend, and obedient servant,

H. L. PIERCE.

To Samuel Lysons, Esq., No. 17, Clifford's Inn, London.

Exmouth, 18th July, '88

I THANK you very kindly, dear Mr. Lysons, for the friendly letters I received from you to-day: the writer of the enclosed was very judicious, as well as very goodnatured, about the newspaper

letter. He did just as I could have wished him to do. Who in the world is he? You will have fine diversion in your country this year; find some way to get your Gloucestershire drawings seen by the King when he is upon the spot; he knows what good drawings are fast enough. I hope he will not lose the sight of Bath and Bristol; nor Hagley Park, nor Warwick Castle. What a holyday summer he has got this year! I wish that nasty impostor may get the punishment he deserves—but what is bad enough for him? Dr. and Mrs. Lort are going abroad it seems, and everybody is taking their flight to some place. London will be a desert, yet I think Mr. Piozzi has a mind to try whether it will not afford something better than Exmouth at worst: he has a fortnight's furlough out and home, and will bring me some news back I hope, and I shall show him if I have been diligent the while.

Adieu! and pray write to me; you see the world considers us as friends, do not let it be mistaken. The assize hall at Exeter showed us an acquaintance of yours, a Mr. Hollwell—we like him much.

Farewell, my good sir, and love the Jameses: they never forget you; and Mr. James has made a very fine portrait indeed of

Your faithful friend and obedient servant,

Samuel Lysons, Esq., No. 17, Clifford's Inn, London.

H. L. P.

DEAR MR. LYSONS,

Exmouth, 23rd August, '88.

You are very friendly and goodnatured, and I thank you for your agreeable letter. This will find you in a most interesting spot, among the people one loves best in the world—but I told a man to-day that I would have no more to do with you now, because you were so loved by everybody else. See what a fine thing it is at last to be an honest man, with a good sharp wit; such a person may really do just what he pleases with mankind, they esteem him so.

Mr. Hutton introduced himself to me as a friend of Mr. Lysons; I will carry his trumpet for him, and sound his praises willingly; for he has admirable society talents—good talk, good taste, and good breeding.

The Hamiltons are enchanters, and as such just now, I trust, are properly placed in a castle. I hear Lord Warwick is improving his park, and if so, that place will have no equal, in my mind: the entrance, and court where the antique stands, has a natural superiority to all I have seen yet.

Poets "do oft prove prophets." Mr. Pope has been such in two instances very strikingly,—that you mention, which I am right glad of, and that in "Windзор Forest," where he says,

"The time shall come, when free as seas or wind,
Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind,
When the freed Indians in their native groves," &c.

All the succeeding verses are prophetic—the time is come, thank God! Prior was a seer too, I think. He says the women shall turn writers for the stage, if you remember; and adds

"Your time, poor souls! they 'd take your fame, your money,
Female third nights shall come so thick upon ye," &c.

Mrs. Inchbald and the Lees say he was a very true prophet.

answer better? I question it. Truth is, my knowledge of their government and grounds of their revolt is so small, that I cannot think to any purpose on the subject; but my heart tells me all will end in air; because anarchy naturally finishes in despotism, and despotism, in a country long accustomed to monarchical government, naturally drops into the hands of a king.

We arrived here only last night, having loitered at Durham to admire its beautiful environs too long, perhaps, but I know not who could have left them sooner.

The approach to this capital did not much please me; but its magnificence when arrived at makes ample compensation; and I see that my intention will be answered; for all has an appearance totally new to me; 'tis no more like London than Naples is. Here is description enough for the first letter, I think. We shall not present our recommendations till to-morrow, for I am as tired as a dog, and the comparison runs most happily; even *Fo.* is much fatigued, and rejoices in the elegant accommodations of "Walker's Hotel," where you must be so kind to direct again very soon, and tell me something good of dear Dr. Lort, in whose happiness I am much interested. Cecilia bears her journey like a stout girl, but her heart sighs after *Phyllis*. Do ask at Hanover Square if the poor little creature is alive and well, and her puppies safe in the straw. The servants at home have been very negligent in not writing, or I would not give you the trouble; but 'tis so near Clifford Street and Saville-row, where I am sure you go very often.

I am glad the book swims, poor thing!—what does Dr. Lort say of it? Yet he would have written himself, I fear, had it much pleased him.

The Opera House will never be rebuilt on the old spot sure? we must have a fine theatre now for shame; and if they once erect a large one for the exhibiting Italian dramas, John Bull will begin talking about Shakspeare and Siddons, and so we shall get an tier good playhouse by the bargain. Adieu! dear sir, and send another kind and long letter full of news very soon to

Your faithful and obedient servant,

H. L. PIERZI.

Remember, we are three hundred and eighty miles off!

Samuel Lysons, Esq., No. 17, Clifford's Inn, London

DEAR MR. LYSONS,

Edinburgh, 21st July, Tuesday

I wish Cadell had sent my money to Drummond's before he left London; but I warrant he forbore only before he left that it was too little for such a book; so means to do something handsome just at harvest season;—"and the genteel thing is the genteel thing at any time," as Goldsmith's Bear-leader says in the play.

Dear *Phyllis*'s happy delivery has been most kindly announced by all our friends; you have, however, been most obligingly attentive to describe her progeny—they cannot choose but be branties. Meantime everybody is talking of famine and bloodshed, and tilting each other's heads and their own mouths with most tremendous uproar. But mind what I say, and remember I was right about the King's illness, and told you all along how it would end.

My notion, then, is strictly this: I do believe that less than ten

DEAR MR. LYSONS,

Saturday, 15th Nov.

You are very right at last, and have written, it seems, like a good young man; but I never had the letter. Miss Lee will tell me how poor dear Mr. Greatheed does now; for she was called into Warwickshire three days ago, and loves the very idea of Guy's Cliffe. We have places for Diamond's "Regent" on Tuesday next—our party, Major Ross's amiable lady and daughter, and Miss Harrington. To-night, supper at charming Mrs. Hartley's; Wednesday, the concert; Thursday, a musical party at Dr. Harrington's; Friday, Miss Lees'; Saturday, we have an engagement of long standing with the Lights and Luters, where cards and supper, and everything agreeable, may be expected. Could Miss Jenny, in the "Journey to London," give in a better filled up account. I have made Cadell an offer of my book. The kind Kembles, Siddonses, &c., are among those we are really panting to see. I admire them in their profession, and I love them out of their profession; and with regard to their partiality for us, I reply with *Benedick*, "That if 'tis no addition to their wit, 'tis surely no argument of their want on't; for we have a true regard for them."

If this delightful weather continues, Mr. Augerstein's obliging invitation will surely be thankfully accepted.

"How sweet in the woodlands,"

comes naturally to people who have been at Bath, you know. That song, nor its writer and composer, Dr. Harrington, will ever grow old or unfashionable.

The gentleman, whose name you can't remember, that liked our company at Exmouth, is Mr. Noguier, I hope; for we liked him exceedingly.

You say nothing of your brother, who, if he has forgot our name, is a false prophet Daniel.

The King will get well again, I'll warrant him; why should he not? He has everybody's prayers; and the disorder you mention is curable enough: twenty people get well of it. How does your friend Seward? he was very bad here at Bath. We go to Mrs. Lewis, at Reading, in our way home next Monday se'nnight. Till then you may perceive, there is enough for us to do.

Ever yours sincerely,

H. L. Piozzi.

My husband sends best compliments.

Samuel Lysons, Esq., No. 17, Clifford's Inn, London.

DEAR MR. LYSONS,

Edinburgh, 8th July, 1789.

I FEEL much pleasure from your letter, and thought it so long since I had seen your handwriting, that I read it with great avidity. You do me sad wrong, however, about poor Omai; he was no small favourite of mine, and I feel more interested concerning the war with Bolabola than you think for. Two islands quarrelling for the possession of a German organ and puppet-show—Omai's best and most valuable effects, as I remember—would make an excellent subject for a mock heroic poem, and beat "*La Secchia rapita*" out of doors.

Are the French fighting and squabbling for anything that will

answer better? I question it. Truth is, my knowledge of their government and grounds of their revolt is so small, that I cannot think to any purpose on the subject; but my heart tells me all will end in air; because anarchy naturally finishes in despotism, and despotism, in a country long accustomed to monarchical government, naturally drops into the hands of a king.

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My notion, then, is strictly this: I do believe that less than ten

years will scarcely suffice to quiet the storm which these commotions have excited in France; that the present sovereign will have much to suffer; but that, if the little Dauphin turns out a youth of good parts and personal accomplishments, the French will have fatigued themselves with their own violent exertions, just by the time that his merit or figure will strike them; and, by the year 1800, Louis Charles shall receive the voluntary homage of his adoring subjects, and, restored to even more than hereditary influence and power, shall lead them where he pleases—*mais toujours à la victoire, monsieur.*

Meantime, let our dear Mr. Pitt recover from his gout, extend our commerce, establish our credit, discharge our debts, and we will envy no nation's glory, nor desire a continuance of its distress.

How like you my prophecy? Mrs. Siddons always says what a good hopper I am. Dear Dr. Lort is very kind; his friendly letter came safe a week ago. Will you not show your mother a little of the town now she is so near?

This place would be too delightful was it clean, 'tis exceedingly seducing to me in its present state, and the people so very agreeable! But we set out westward on Thursday next, make Glasgow our head-quarters, and leaving our coach there, scramble about in the carriages of the country, to see sights—Loch Lomond, Glencoe, and Inverary. Lord Fife has sent his nephew, *Macduff's* representative, to court us northward, but one hundred and seventy miles rough road is no joke; and though I do suppose their plantations are the finest, here are so many, and so fine plantations, nearer, that one cannot resolve to go so far. Besides, I long to be in Wales, and have a little chat with the dear Greatheeds; so, adieu! and write to Glasgow, and let us not "burst in ignorance." Accept our compliments, and believe me ever, dear sir,

Your obliged and faithful servant,

H. L. Piozzi.

To Samuel Lysons, Esq. No. 17, Chifford's Inn, London.

DEAR MR. LYSONS.

Kewick, Thursday, 13th Aug.

I RECEIVED your agreeable letter at Glasgow, but am glad I did not answer it from there, because my writing would, perhaps, have resembled the place, not in loftiness, but in dulness of irregularity, and gloomy seriousness of style. I was glad to leave Glasgow, where I found much merit but no attraction: some gentlemen's seats in the neighbourhood however, were charming, and the inhabitants so amiable, they would have made any place delightful.

Of Scotland and its various excellencies we took leave a week ago, and saw the Cathedral at Carlisle with double pleasure; but so sweetly do the beauties of this lovely country increase upon one at every step, that we shall find it difficult to get out of Cumberland, I am sure.

As a proof, we stopped two days at Penrith, for the sake of seeing Ullswater, the English Lake of Lugano; and last night was spent upon Derwentwater, the miniature of Lago Maggiore, with its pretty little islands, one covered with wood, and one adorned with a summer-house, so neat and so delicate.

This is the place where if a poet
Shined in description, he might show it.

I have read none of their descriptions, but have a notion from our teachers that the word *serpentine* is oftener than I should use it. Mr. P. seems nothing but extremely contrasted, or rather contracted, and bent together by the stimulus of peculiar beauty, thrown about as if on purpose to fascinate the sight, while it follows their flying shadows.

Pray who is my enemy that writes in the "British Review?" You told me one enemy's name, and I forgot it again; which Review does he write for? or are they both the same man?

Adieu! and direct to Liverpool. Accept Mr. Piozzi's compliments, with those of

Your truly faithful servant, &c.

H. L. Piozzi.

I have written to scold Mr. Eate; the truth is I felt very angry.

To Samuel Lysons, Esq., Beaumont, near Gloucester

DEAR MR. LYONS,

28th Nov. 1740

Your inquiry whether I had or had not received your letter, was a fair reproach: it would not be much amiss to copy it, and send to our friend Mr. Cadell.

Anoprus, which month's Review contains the criticism on my book? for I cannot find it, and Mrs. Lewis protests it has been wholly forgotten only by the aforesaid Mr. Cadell.

Mrs. Lewis is here, you will perceive, and so much improved in her health that she walks out for her own amusement; Mrs. Hyam, too, who came hither supported on pillows, looks amazingly well again, even better than usual; General Burgoyne is quite alive, and Mrs. Siddons has lost all complaint by the use of these charming waters. Who would not love pretty Bath! I am sure we prove our affection for it, by coming every autumn so. But 'tis time to get home after so long a ramble, and, on Tuesday, the 15th of Dec., we set out.

You are kind in remembering *Flo's* wife and son; he could live no longer without his family; so we sent for them to give him the meeting here, that the natural sweetness of his temper needed not be ruffled by disappointment. Yet see how falsely we accuse the newspapers of mentioning every domestic occurrence, when an anecdote of this importance has never been notified to the public even in the most fashionable gazettes.

But I will try to be serious. If you favour me with another letter, do pray tell how poor dear Dr. Lort goes on, for my heart is not happy about him: and let the kind, charming Kembles hear of our welfare and continued regard for them. Mr. Piozzi has had no gout this year; he never looked so well since I knew him. People in this town tell me much of Miss Thrale's intended marriage. You are likely enough to know the particulars. Sir George and Lady Colebrooke are often of our coterie here, and some agreeable Nesbitts—are they of your acquaintance? I forget our friends in Brunswick Place are well, and happy in their growing family. Everybody sends you a portion of compliments and good words; how much more

Your faithful and obliged servant,

H. L. Piozzi.

To Samuel Lysons, Esq., No. 17, Clifford's Inn, London.

THE LADDER OF GOLD.

An English Story.

BY ROBERT BELL,

AUTHOR OF "WAYSIDE PICTURES THROUGH FRANCE, BELGIUM,
AND HOLLAND."

BOOK THE SIXTH.

CHAPTER IX.

The Duello seen from different points of sight.

WHEN Henry Winston went out to fight a duel with Lord Charles Eton, it never entered into his calculations to make any provision against such a contingency as that of shooting his antagonist. Few men ever do in these cases. The quarrel is the thing—the consequences are left to take care of themselves. Fortunately he was in the hands of an adviser who was prepared for all emergencies.

They had no sooner got clear of the field, than Costigan ordered the coachman to "drive as if the devil was after him," and to make a *détour* from the high road for the purpose, as he informed his friend, of baffling the beaks, should they have got wind of what had happened.

"I fear, from the precautions you are taking," said Winston, "the wound is dangerous."

"Well—it's in an ugly place," returned Costigan; "and the bullet is lodged. That's the worst of it. There's no harm, at all events, in being on the safe side; and, until we know how he's going on, you must keep out of the way. The British public have an ignorant prejudice against duelling, which might make it inconvenient for you to be showing yourself about town."

"I shall never forgive myself, Costigan, if this business should end fatally."

"Forgive yourself? What would you be forgiving yourself for? Wasn't it equal main and chance? If it's any ease to your mind, let me tell you it wasn't for want of inclination he didn't whip you through the lungs. He was within a nick of you; his ball ripped up the grass at your feet—there's the spatter of it on your boots. Quarter of an inch higher, and it would have been all up with you. Why, then," he exclaimed, thrusting his head out of the window, and shouting to the coachman, "it's a fortune you're losing by not entering them horses for the Derby. I suppose they think we're running a race, they're in such a murderin' hurry."

All this time the horses, notwithstanding, were going at the top of their speed, but Costigan's impatience outstripped them. Arrived in Portland Street, he dismissed the carriage, and

waiting cautiously till it was out of sight, he hurried Winston into a cab, and drove off to a retired hotel with which he was acquainted in the neighbourhood of Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

"It will never do," he said, when they arrived to the door, "for you to return to your lodgings. I'll be off at once and get the traps away before Mother Stubbs begins to suspect anything. Stay here quietly, and keep yourself to yourself—but we must send up your compliments to inquire how he's going on—that's the least you can do after shooting him under the wing like a garden thrush. Stop a minute," he added, peering into the dark hall of the hotel at a figure that was crossing at the back—"don't I know that figure? No matter—in with you, and up stairs, and amuse yourself by repeating the Seven Penitential Psalms till I come back." Jumping into the cab, without waiting for a reply, he left Winston alone to indulge in his reflections on the rapid events of the morning.

Discouraging and gloomy enough they were. Whether Lord Charles lived or died, Margaret would never pardon him for that act of violence. He thought only of her, and of the agony of mind—the terror and remorse—she must have experienced at the sight of the spectacle of blood he had sent home to her. That horrible image, so revolting to the tenderness of a woman under any circumstances, but so cruel and harrowing to a wife, presented itself to him in the most appalling shapes, and filled him with self-reproaches. How could she make allowances for the madness that had instigated him to such an extremity? How could she comprehend the strife and torture of brain and heart he had gone through before he was worked up to a point of despair beyond human endurance, when even all consideration for her gave way before the demoniacal suggestions of revenge? She, whose life was so calm and gentle, who was so disciplined in patience and resignation, how could she understand the tempest that had shaken his reason? Whatever hope he had previously nurtured of being remembered by her with pity, was gone for ever. Her pity was now concentrated on her husband, whom, by that fatal act, he had invested with claims upon her interest which he never possessed before.

He was strongly tempted to write to her—to explain how it had happened—to deprecate her wrath—to sue for forgiveness. But how could he approach the subject? What arguments could he use? What balm could he offer to her? His very name and hand-writing, while she was yet writhing under the shock, would only aggravate her sufferings, and make her hate him the more. He would wait, and watch his opportunity to plead to her for pardon when time should have softened the misery he had so ruthlessly inflicted upon her.

But in any case what had he to hope from her? She could never regard without abhorrence the man who had brought a violent death into her house. A woman's instincts—at least the instincts of such a woman as Margaret—always fly to the side

of the injured. There are women whose unscrupulous self-will is capable of trampling down all obstructions, and of purchasing the gratification of their own desires at any cost of suffering and injustice to the feelings and rights of others. But these are not the women whom men love with a serene and abiding faith; these are the women who inspire maddening passions that burn fiercely while they last, and then suddenly go out into darkness and ashes;—idols whom men worship in frenzy for a time, and then turn from with loathing and aversion. Henry Winston could frame a thousand excuses to himself, but could not find one to reconcile what he had done to the pure spirit of Margaret Eton.

The speedy return of Costigan, laden with luggage from Duke Street, interrupted this harassing reverie. It had become necessary to look after Winston's safety, which Costigan held to be paramount to all other considerations. The ambiguous answer from Park Lane did not satisfy him. He secretly believed that Lord Charles was worse than Lord William had represented him to be, and he promised Winston to set out himself in the course of the evening, and ascertain the fact.

Dinner was ordered at five, and the interval passed in laying plans for the future, in case the wound should prove fatal. Costigan urged upon his friend the prudential course of getting out of the way, and for better security running over to the Continent—strengthening his argument by reference to the famous text—

“He who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day.”

But, unfortunately, of all the reasons he could have selected at that moment for running away, the prospect of fighting another day was about the least persuasive. Winston declared he would stand his ground, and that no entreaties, arguments, or remonstrances could induce him to alter his determination.

Costigan saw it was useless to persevere, and took advantage of the dinner to change the subject.

“There's somebody in the hotel that knows us,” he said; “I caught him looking out for me as I came in, but I gave him the slip.”

“Who can it be?” inquired Winston.

“Whoever it is, I have a shrewd suspicion it isn't Lord Charles; so we needn't make ourselves uneasy on that score. A glass of wine with you, just to give a flavour to the veal. By my honour, Henry Winston, I'm proud of you. Your conduct this morning reflects immortal credit on you.”

“Credit? Let us talk of something else.”

Every now and then in his intercourse with Costigan there jarred a chord between them which made Winston secretly recoil from the companionship circumstances had so strangely cast him upon. No two men could be more dissimilar; the coarseness of the one constantly revolted the sensitive nature and fastidious tastes of the other; and there was something so haggard in the

experiences of life which Costigan mapped out in his conversation, that Winston was sometimes conscious of a passing sense of degradation in the intimacy to which he had admitted him. On these occasions he felt lowered and debased; but still he thought himself proof against the taint of manners and opinions he held in such aversion. The real cordiality of Costigan, his untiring goodnature, and a certain touch of softness or tenderness, which, obscure as it was, sometimes showed itself in a most strange and unexpected way, constituted the fascination that bound Winston to him. Besides, he was the only confidant he had, and men are slaves to their confidants in love affairs.

The allusion to his conduct in the morning, awoke one of the discords that vibrated most painfully in Winston's heart. Costigan evidently gloried in what had occurred, and like a professed duellist, regarded it only in its triumphal aspect, which to Winston was a source of the bitterest regret. If he could have had his choice, he would gladly have exchanged situations with Lord Charles — not that he repented the issue on his Lordship's account, but for the sake of Margaret. This was a reach of sensibility beyond the compass of Costigan's sympathies: he could see nothing except the vindicated honour of his friend — for it was all honour and fighting with him, and nothing else, when it once came to that.

His reluctance to speak about the duel, threw Costigan into a mood of bantering that made the matter rather worse; and when he began to boast of his pistols, and the execution they had done on former occasions, the thought flashed across Winston's mind for the first time, that it was the possession of these very pistols, and the brooding over them in the country, which suggested to him, and kept perpetually before him, the design of fixing a quarrel on Lord Charles.

"Aye — those pistols. They were always in my room. I looked at them every day. You remember what I said to you in my letter about them—I wondered should I ever have any use for them. I was like a man in a frightful dream; the dream is out. I have used them, and they served me well!"

He looked across the table as he spoke, and the broad, wild face of Costigan, overspread with a lambent glow of satisfaction, seemed like the face of the Tempter, who had led him into the snares, and now exulted over his work. The feeling it inspired was dangerous, but he gulped it down in a glass of wine. He remembered the kindness he had so often tested in that rough, ill-regulated nature, and he felt that if Costigan had counselled him unwisely, and tempted him to an act which would cast its shadow over his whole life, it was the error of his judgment, his habits and associations, and not of his heart. The fault was in his own impetuous temperament; and, with a generosity as impulsive as the rising reproaches it suppressed, he took the entire blame upon himself.

They had scarcely finished dinner, when they were startled by a sharp knock at the door. Costigan, who was one of those men that declare they will never be taken alive, immediately started to his feet; but, before he could secure the door, it was somewhat uncereemoniously opened, and Mr. Trumbull, to their mutual surprise, made his appearance in the room.

"I expect," said he, "that you are rather astonished at seeing me; but the fact is, I have picked up at this hotel, and I thought I would just look in to see how you were getting on, as you are likely to be a little out of sorts by yourselves this evening. I'm a pretty good judge of human nature, and it strikes me that when a man's in trouble, a friendly visit is a sort of social duty. That's the way I look at it, Mr. Winston."

Henry Winston was the more surprised at this friendly visit, as his acquaintance with Mr. Trumbull was very slight, but his surprise was considerably increased by the knowledge that gentleman seemed to possess of the circumstances in which he was placed. Mr. Trumbull soon left him in no doubt on the subject.

"It's pretty well known, I calculate, by this time at the West-end," he observed; "I was calling this afternoon at Park Lane, and Mrs. Rawlings told me all the particulars."

"I hope," said Costigan, "you didn't say you had seen us here?"

"I haven't studied the customs of this remarkable nation for nothing, Mr. Costigan. Secrecy is an element in your institutions, which, as a free-born republican, I abjure; but, as a stranger, I am bound to respect your usages, while I am enjoying your hospitality. It will be time enough when I get back to my own everlasting state of Massachusetts to enlighten the world as to my real opinion of England."

"You intend to write a book upon us then?" said Winston, glad of any pretext for changing the subject.

"Most assuredly. I have a sample or two of it in my pocket, if you'd like to hear how I walk into you. But I calculate you're hardly up to the mark for that, Mr. Winston. Your mind must be in a pretty considerable fix, and not exactly in a condition to enter upon philosophical inquiries. There again your institutions come in, extinguishing freedom of thought, and riling up your twenty-five millions of human beings, just as if they were so many niggers. It's my clear conviction that it's only under a democratic form of government the rights of man are eternally vindicated—that's a fact. If one gentleman has a wrong to settle with another, in my country, he may go slick at him, and shoot him in the streets. Now, if that ain't practical liberty, I should like to know under what part of the almighty canopy you're to find it?"

"Indeed, we should be at a loss to find it in such perfection anywhere else," observed Costigan, with a humorous twinkle in his eyes; "you're entirely right, Mr. Trumbull. That's the

"It's a free and easy, it is, but I'm sure to say that in that particular, we're in a very singular condition."

"There's a right behind us in the grand features of social organization. And you'll never rise to a dignified position in society till you get rid of your aristocracy, and establish equality over the length and breadth of the land. Your aristocracy, Mr. Costigan, is a regular system of slavery, and has to stand upon you, just as the farmers stand upon the soil. The wage have no more moral elevation than there is in the soil. I presume you won't deny that. Look at your dukes and peeresses: it seems to me as if the eternal law of degradation, for everywhere you go you see them sticking up in conspicuous signs, 'The Marquis of Granby' and 'The Duke of Wellington,' and this lord's arms and that lord's arms. All England is branded over with the family marks of the proprietary class. That's one of the observations in my book."

"But, in the matter of duels now," inquired Costigan, "how do you manage that in America?"

"There again," returned Trumbull, "we're a-head of you in a remarkable manner. All our institutions acknowledge the original law of individual freedom. Every man in the Union possesses the inalienable right of fighting a duel in his own way. That's a fundamental principle. Our free citizens meet on a perfect equality; each man chooses his own weapon, and uses it at his discretion. They walk up to each other, and fire when they please; a privilege, I reckon, you're not likely to enjoy in this country till you make a clearance of your hereditary classes."

"I'm afraid not," returned Costigan.

"Now, just look at what you call public opinion, what a total crusher it is of personal independence. No man can do as he likes here; he must do what other people like—that's a humiliating truth. If one man shoots another in the Union, it's his own business, and nobody meddles with him; but, if you take the law into your own hands here, which you'd have a clear right to do, if you were a freeborn citizen, you've no more chance of your life than if you were pitched into a biler, and stewed down into soup. Now, Mr. Winston, that's the precise thing I came to talk to you about. From what I heard this evening, Lord Charles is in rather a dubious state, and, if he should sink under it, this is no place for you. I don't want to make any professions; but I esteem it a great privilege to do homage to a man of your stamp. I was born in Massachusetts, and true whalebone, stub-twisted back and front, and no man in my country stands up against me without losing wind. Now, I'm going back by the States packet-ship *Old Virginny*, Captain Maddison Sandys, and if you'll put yourself under the shadow of Washington Trumbull, with the eternal banner of stripes and stars floating over you, I'll land you at New York, to the

national anthem of 'Hail Colombia !' and guarantee you liberty and security for the rest of your life."

This proposal was made with so much sincerity that Henry Winston, although a little inclined to be annoyed at the intrusion of a comparative stranger at such a moment, thanked Trumbull for the interest he took in his affairs, assuring him, at the same, that he had no intention whatever of leaving England. In vain Trumbull described the enthusiasm with which he would be received in America, when it came to be known that he had been engaged in mortal combat with a lord, pledging himself that, if money was any consideration, he might make a fortune by lecturing through the States on the custom of duelling, as it is practised under slavish restrictions in the old class-ridden feudal communities. These alluring representations failed to convince the obstinate young gentleman to whom they were addressed. He still held to his resolution. Let the consequences be what they might, he had secretly set his heart upon seeing Margaret once more, and, when that was over, the rest of his life was a matter of perfect indifference to him.

Trumbull, compelled to relinquish a project, by which he had hoped to secure a new lion for the gaze of his admiring countrymen, with a slight view to the popularity of his contemplated book, in which he intended to give a circumstantial narrative of the duel, turned the conversation to other topics. He was a speculator on a large scale. He never missed a chance of picking up a trifle of information; and, if he could not procure extensive data, which, indeed, he seldom took the trouble to go in quest of, he made no scruple in drawing general inferences from particular facts, without being very scrupulous in testing their correctness. Whatever he happened to see or hear, he took for granted as an illustration of universal modes and customs; so that his book, from which he read a variety of singular specimens, might have been appropriately designated "*Curiosities from the Social Experiences of a Gobe-mouche*."

Winston's anxiety to obtain intelligence about Lord Charles, made him rather impatient of Mr. Trumbull's criticisms on England and the English; and, after an hour or two wasted upon subjects which never interested him, were especially distasteful to him under existing circumstances, he reminded Costigan of his promise to ascertain how Lord Charles was going on. A difficulty presented itself which, in the eagerness of his feelings, Costigan had not thought of before. The second was as much compromised as the principal, and it would have been hazardous in Costigan to present himself in person to make such inquiries. The difficulty, however, was removed by Trumbull, who, volunteering his services, started at once with Costigan for Portman Square.

Henry Winston was again left alone. An hour passed away, which he contrived to fill up with a multitude of ingenious self-tortures. The future shaped itself before him in a wild phan-

tasmagoria of gloomy pictures, brightened here and there by rays of hope, that vanished as quickly as they came; and long before his reveries were interrupted by the return of his friends, he had succeeded in working himself into a most dreary and uncomfortable mood. The news he received operated beneficially on these morbid feelings, by at least resolving all doubt into certainty, and awakening him, with electric force, to the necessity of action.

It had been arranged between Trumbull and Costigan that the latter should announce the intelligence they had obtained; and he began with an exordium which so painfully delayed, while it betrayed the truth, that Winston, unable to endure the suspense, sprang from his chair, and appealed to Trumbull to relieve him, by telling him the worst at once.

It was told in one word. Lord Charles Eton was dead.

FREDERIC THE GREAT AND THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR.*

It is not our intention to investigate the causes of the Seven Years' War, but to give a rapid sketch of that sanguinary series of campaigns. It will be sufficient to state that from the information of spies which he had planted in almost every state in Europe, Frederic learnt that he was to be simultaneously assailed by France, Austria, Russia, Saxony, Sweden, and the Germanic body, and that the major part of his comparatively small dominions was to be parcelled out among his enemies.

The Seven Years' War began in August, 1756. The King of Prussia, unable to obtain satisfaction from the Empress Queen of Germany, Maria Theresa, relative to her military preparations, resolved to strike the first blow. He has been blamed for this as precipitate; but it was the nature of Frederic to anticipate, rather than to seem to fear dangers. Purposing the invasion of Bohemia, he required a passage for his army through Saxony, and did not wait for permission to enter that country. The King of Poland, the Elector, assembled his troops at the strong camp of Pirna, and repaired thither in person, leaving his Queen at Dresden. In a few days that city was taken, and Frederic seized all the public revenues of Saxony, and broke open the secret cabinet in the royal apartments, notwithstanding the personal opposition of the Queen. He then assumed the entire government of the electoral dominions, and dismissed the Saxon council and ministers of state. The next great object was to gain possession of the camp at Pirna. Frederic closely invested it; and, repulsing at the battle of Lowositz the Austrians who came to its relief, he constrained it to surrender. He immediately compelled it

* *Memoirs and Papers of Sir Andrew Mitchell, K.B.* By Andrew Buerst. London: Chapman and Hall, 1850.

the common men of the Saxon army to enter among his own troops, a flagrant but invariable exercise of tyrannic power by this monarch towards a vanquished enemy.

At the beginning of 1757 the enemies of the King of Prussia were collecting forces against him on all sides, and he was put under the ban of the Empire with all the accustomed formalities. Undaunted, and resolved to recommence hostilities by carrying the war into the enemy's country, he marched into Bohemia with four separate bodies of men, which he united under his own command. On May 6, he gave battle at Prague to the Austrians under Prince Charles of Lorraine and Marshal Brown. The combat was obstinately contested, with a frightful loss on both sides; but at length terminated decisively in favour of the Prussians. The Austrians, compelled to take refuge in Prague, were immediately invested by Frederic, who terribly bombarded that city, and reduced the besieged to great straits for want of provisions. The approach of the great Imperial General, Marshal Daun, at length changed the fortune of the campaign. His intrenched camp at Kolin so impeded the operations of the King of Prussia, that he resolved upon attacking it. With an inferior force he long persisted in a most desperate action, and was finally obliged to retreat with great loss. "Nothing remained for him but to retreat in good order, to raise the siege of Prague, and to hurry his army by different routes out of Bohemia." Meantime, an army of French had taken possession of Hanover, after driving out the Duke of Cumberland; and about the same time the Russians and Swedes invaded the Prussian territories from the north. In this critical position of affairs, the activity and resolution of Frederic did not desert him. He first assailed the combined army of French and Imperialists, of double his own number, at Roshach, and entirely and disgracefully defeated them. Then marching into Silesia, where the Austrians had taken Breslau, he obtained a signal victory over them at Lissa, and recovered the capital. "That battle," said Napoleon, "was a masterpiece. Of itself it is sufficient to entitle Frederic to a place in the first rank of generals." The close of 1757 saw Frederic victorious, and freed in every quarter from the enemies who had so closely pressed upon him.

The splendour of the King of Prussia's achievements had by this time rendered him the object of general admiration, and in England he was regarded as the Protestant hero, fighting for religion and liberty. Some English noblemen and gentlemen offered to serve in his army as volunteers, an offer which he politely but firmly declined, alleging, as it is said, but at least suspecting that the example of their luxury and profusion might prove contagious. The British government tendered their assistance in a far more acceptable manner. England agreed to pay a sum of nearly seven hundred thousand pounds to the King of Prussia by way of subsidy. Pitt the elder undertook the task of defending Western Germany against France, and asked Frederic only for the loan of a general. Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick was selected, and was put at the head of an army, partly English, partly Hanoverian, and partly composed of mercenaries. "He soon," remarks Macaulay, "vindicated the choice of the two allied courts, and proved himself the second general of the age."

In the campaign of 1758, the King penetrated to Moravia, and laid siege to Olmutz, which was saved by the conduct of Marshal Daun, who intercepted the Prussian convoys, and obliged Frederic to retire

into Bohemia. Thence he was called to oppose the Russians, who were besieging Custrin in Brandenburg. The King fought them at Zorndorf, and after a battle most obstinately contested, the Russians were overthrown with great slaughter. Marching thence into Lusatia, he underwent a surprise and a defeat from his vigilant antagonist Daun, at Hochkirch, who at once invested Dresden. The Prussian commander set fire to its magnificent suburbs, and the approach of the King, soon after, caused the siege to be raised. The unhappy country of Saxony was the greatest sufferer during the whole war, and the King of Prussia, in particular, exacted immoderate contributions from it with extreme rigour.

The campaign of 1759 began with the King's attempts to free himself from the renewed attacks of the Russians, who, under General Soltikow, having defeated a body of Prussians at Zuhchau, had taken possession of Frankfort on the Oder. The King in person now opposed their progress, and on August the 12th, was fought the battle of Kunersdorf, one of the most murderous of all during this destructive war. At first, the success of the Prussians was so great that the King despatched a billet to the Queen at Berlin, preparing her to expect a glorious victory. "But, in the meantime, the stubborn Russians, defeated but unbroken, had taken up their stand in an almost impregnable position. Here the battle recommenced. The Prussian infantry were brought up repeatedly to the attack, but in vain. The King led three charges in person. Two horses were killed under him. The officers of his staff fell all around him. His coat was pierced by several bullets. All was in vain. Then followed an universal rout. Shattered in body, shattered in mind, the King reached that night a village which the Cossacks had plundered; and there in a ruined and deserted farm-house, flung himself on a heap of straw. He had sent to Berlin a second despatch very different from his first. "Let the royal family leave Berlin. Send the archives to Potsdam. The town may make terms with the enemy." Berlin, however, did not fall. Such were the skill and presence of mind of the King in repairing a disaster, that soon after his defeat he so awed the Russian general that he compelled him to march into Lusatia and join Marshal Daun, instead of entering Brandenburg. Still misfortunes crowded upon the King. One of his generals, with 15,000 men, was obliged to surrender at Maxen, and another was beaten at Meissen. At the close of the campaign of 1759 the situation of Prussia would have appeared desperate indeed, but that Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, by a series of exploits in the west, of which the battle of Minden was the most glorious, had obviated all chance of danger from France.

The commencement of the campaign of 1760 was adverse to Frederic. The Prussians met with a disaster at Landshut, when a considerable body was defeated and made prisoners by Laudohn. The King, by a masterly manœuvre, deceived Daun, and suddenly appeared before Dresden. The Austrian commander refusing to surrender, Frederic once more ruined some of the finest parts of that unfortunate city by a furious cannonade. He then marched into Silesia, where he gained the great battle of Leignitz over Laudohn. Meanwhile, his inveterate enemies the Russians, with an army of Austrians and Imperialists, had made themselves masters of Berlin, which, however, was soon evacuated by the enemy; and the King, who was hastening to its relief, turned off to Saxony. There, in a

desperate condition of his affairs, he was induced to attack Daun, who was strongly posted at Torgau. After an obstinate and most bloody action, in which Daun was wounded, the Austrians were compelled to retreat. The Russians and Swedes also quitted his dominions, and thus he gained fresh breathing time in Saxon winter quarters.

In 1761, it became apparent that the losses of the King of Prussia in so many bloody campaigns had greatly reduced him. He occupied a strong position in Silesia, in which he remained immovable, while he kept a watchful eye upon his enemies. He could not, however, prevent Laudohn from taking Schweidnitz, and the Russians, Colberg. From the latter formidable foe, however, he was unexpectedly freed early in 1762, by the death of the empress Elizabeth and the accession of Peter III. The new sovereign was so great an admirer of Frederic that he not only immediately concluded a peace with him, but formed a treaty of alliance, and this sudden change was the favourable crisis of the King's affairs. A peace with Sweden soon followed, and though the speedy dethronement and death of Peter deprived the King of the aid of Russia, yet Catherine II. observed a neutrality in the remaining contest. The King then retook Schweidnitz; his brother Prince Henry defeated the Austrians and Imperialists at Friebourg in Saxony, and in 1763 a Prussian army made an irruption into Franconia, where it raised contributions and recruits. Peace had by this time been signed between Great Britain and France, and Austria was left alone in the war. The Empress Queen was obliged to conclude the peace of Hubertsburg in February 1763. This treaty was formed upon the basis of those of Breslau and Berlin, and confirmed to the King of Prussia all his former Silesian acquisitions, the two powers mutually guaranteeing the whole of each other's German possessions. The King of Poland (Electors of Saxony) was at the same time restored to his wasted dominions without any compensation. Thus, after this immense loss of human lives, and accumulation of human misery, the political balance was left precisely in its former state!^{*}

The chief value of the Mitchell papers arises from the circumstance that Sir Andrew Mitchell, a very sensible, straightforward and sagacious man, was our ambassador to Prussia during the momentous events of which we have given an outline, and that he was permitted the dangerous distinction of accompanying Frederic in every campaign of the Seven Years' War. Sir Andrew, abstaining from military criticism, relates all the operations of the direful struggle in simple and perspicuous language. Highly esteemed by Frederic for qualities which he knew how to value, and in his own practice to discard, the great captain admitted the ambassador into his confidence, and freely criticized his own operations and those of his enemies, confessing faults of his own as well as of others. This gives a real worth and stability to these volumes; for, although the performances of the King of Prussia in the theatre of war may be studied with advantage by military men, yet the sagacity which conceived and the vigour which accomplished them, furnish an example which bears its lesson for all mankind. Untiring energy and exhaustless fertility of resources under the most trying, adverse and critical circumstances, were the grand characteristics of the Prussian monarch, and the possession of these qualities justly entitles Frederic to the surname of "The Great."

^{*} It is far from improbable that a timely recollection of this result contributed to the accommodation which has been just come to between Austria and Prussia.

A TRIP FROM BAYONNE ACROSS THE FRENCH FRONTIER TO FUENTERRABIA.

BY LIEUT. G. H. MARCH.

A FEW days since, I met in Bayonne an old friend, a worthy priest, who had taken advantage of the amnesty granted by the Queen of Spain to return home, after having, like many of his countrymen, suffered a long martyrdom for principle's sake; sacrificing comforts, and undergoing privations, during an exile of eight years, in the hope of witnessing the restoration of the legitimate branch of the House of Bourbon. But certain political arrangements, and the sudden conclusion of the war in Catalonia, broke the courage of the Carlists. Their long enduring faith, which had resisted the rude assaults of misfortune, and the insidious approaches of despondency and bribery, at last succumbed before despair.

The good ecclesiastic was on his way to visit an old college chum at Fuenterrabia, and I agreed to accompany him into Spain for the double purpose of talking over old times, and witnessing the *feles* there in celebration of the meeting of the Junta General of Guipuzcoa, which, according to an immemorial custom, assembles every year in one of the eighteen towns of that province to elect four Deputies, charged with the direction of the public affairs of that aristocratic little republic. These individuals form what is termed the *Deputacion*. They are quite independent of the Madrid government, except in matters relating to the Customs and War department. This fortunate escape from the rapacious tyranny of the central power is due to the protection of the ancient *fueros* of the Basque provinces, which exempt them from the payment of all taxes, including those on salt, tobacco, and stamps. This makes living cheap in Biscay and Guipuzcoa; and as their inhabitants are thrifty and laborious, their social condition presents a striking contrast to the squalid misery pervading so many parts of the Castiles, Moreia, La Mancha, Leon, and Galicia, which, notwithstanding their fertility, are kept down by heavy ill-distributed land taxes, official immorality and despotism, and the want of roads to give egress to their abundant agricultural production. After breakfasting together, we walked to the Peninsula diligence office, and took our places a day in advance for Behobia, a small town on the extreme frontier, through which passes the high road from Bayonne to Madrid.

A *bellum internecinum* was raging between this Spanish company and the French one on the opposite side of the street. So hot had the competition become, that travellers were taken to Madrid for twenty-five francs (a sovereign). If this continues we may expect to see prices go down to zero, and as a *ne plus ultra*, dinner and supper given into the bargain.

During my sojourn in Bayonne, I observed that its inhabitants were not very republican, and that they esteemed themselves fortunate in having hitherto escaped the cholera, and the scarcely less terrible visitations of that democratic scarlet fever, which required such copious bleedings in various parts of Europe, ere it was assuaged. The Tree of Liberty in the Place of Bayonne is a very stunted affair—a withered

melancholy thing, typical of the condition to which the system it represents has reduced "*la belle France*." I am told that when it was stuck up in the hole prepared for it—the grave of the Orleans dynasty—the Bishop of Bayonne evaded complying with the popular custom of blessing the mystic tree. Doubtless the worthy prelate was too good a conservative to desire the preservation of this upright emblem of the levelling frenzy of the day, and considered it had been sufficiently irrigated by the rain, without his throwing away Holy Water in trying to make it take root, and bear any other fruit than the prickly bitter apple of discord.

Although Bayonne has a garrison of two thousand men, and is placed under the watchful solicitude of the guns of an impregnable citadel, which literally point with open countenances to the necessity of keeping the peace, the temptation of playing at soldiers and sporting a uniform, so irresistible to Frenchmen, has called into existence a motley National Guard, a score of whom daily mount guard with all the pomp and circumstance of war at the *Mairie* or Town-hall, heaven knows why, for the dozen sergeants de Ville attached to the municipality are quite sufficient to keep in order the few drunkards, tavern bullies, and mischievous urchins that compose the *mauvais sujets* of Bayonne, unless it be for the pleasure of strutting about, musket on shoulder, and escaping from the counter to the *café*, which, although it may make a man a hero in his own conceit, is not exactly the way to make money. Counter-marching and charging in the shop are, generally speaking, a more profitable employment than going through the same evolutions in the field: fixed prices are more productive than fixed bayonets, and any tradesman of common sense prefers drawing up a bill to drawing up a battalion.

The National Guard of Bayonne was reviewed the day after my arrival—but, alas, not in honour of it—by that gallant veteran General Excelmans,* who, albeit an octogenarian, loves to rein in a spirited charger, and make his voice heard in the field.

The weather, which had been beautiful, changed during the night preceding the review, and ushered in the morning with a murky sky and fast succeeding squalls. It seemed as if the man in the moon had set his face against the whole affair. In the house where I lodged there were three young Nationals, and as the barometer descended their countenances fell at the dismal prospect before them, of having the shine taken out of their new accoutrements by a good drenching, for old Excelmans, like Radetzky, had faced too often the iron hail-storms of war to flinch from the angry elements. In effect, despite the windy pothor overhead, the drums of the urban warriors, rendered relaxed and lugubrious by the damp atmosphere, made their monotonous row-de-dow heard through the muddy streets, calling the citizens to arms, and by ten o'clock they were assembled in the Place de Liberté. A gleam of sunshine, brilliant and illusive, sparkled for an instant upon a thousand

* The climate of the neighbourhood of Bayonne is said to be salubrious, in proof of which the number of aged people is often referred to. Amongst these are Generals Excelmans and Harispe, the only surviving lieutenant-generals of Napoleon, with the exception of Jerome Bonaparte. They have both considerable landed estates in the vicinity of Bayonne. The former lately commanded the National Guard of that place, until he resigned that post on being appointed Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honor. General Harispe has long commanded the military division whose head-quarters are at Bayonne. He was left wounded and a prisoner in the hands of the Duke of Wellington, after the battle of Toulouse, and the retreat of Marshal Soult from that town.

well-burnished muskets, but anon a close column of heavy clouds, propelled by a gale from that classic sea of storms, the "Bay of Biscay O!" as Braham says, obscured the king of day, and all again was dark and gloomy. At last down came the rain in torrents upon the devoted array. Some stood this terrible attack with heroic fortitude; but others, overcome by the fear of catarrhs, lumbagoes, doctors' bills, and spoilt clothes, gave way and fled dismayed to the shelter of the arcade surrounding the theatre. At this awful crisis, when the entire column was wavering, the colonel, with great presence of mind, gave the word 'march' and encouraged by their officers and followed by a rear guard of dutiful wives, daughters, and servant-maids, bearing cloaks and umbrellas, the little army gallantly advanced against the tempest, which blew great guns in their faces, like one of Ney's columns going to take a Russian redoubt by assault. Fortunately the weather cleared up a little, but how the inspection terminated I cannot say, having retreated into the Cafe de Madrid, the moment I could do so without getting wet through.

The master of the Cafe de Madrid is rather an interesting personage. He is a native of Lithuania, and volunteered into the Polish insurrectionary army, which made such a gallant struggle for national independence in 1831. At the taking of Warsaw he fell into the power of General Prince Paskewich, and was sent with numbers of his unfortunate countrymen to work in the lead mines of Siberia, near Tobolsk. Here he remained seven years, and rose to the rank of sergeant amongst his brother exiles. At length he contrived to communicate with his family from whom he received a sum of about twenty pounds sterling. The possession of this little treasure inspired our poor hero with the determination to desert, or rather, escape from his hard captivity. He procured a disguise, a pair of pocket-pistols, and a loaf of bread, and left his barracks one winter's night at eleven o'clock. The ground was deeply covered with snow, but the trace of the high-road was marked by lines of lofty trees. Along this road he proceeded for three days, carefully avoiding the few houses he encountered, reposing occasionally under the shelter of a pine, and slaking his thirst by eating snow. His stock of bread exhausted as well as his strength, on the fourth day he came in sight of a handsome country house, and venturing to inquire the name of its owner was informed that it was——, a Polish count. The desperate situation he was in induced him to throw himself on the hospitality and compassion of his noble countryman, who supplied the wanderer with food, and procured him a horse and small carriage, with a letter of recommendation to a person at a convenient distance. The from post to post was he forwarded across the breadth of the Russian Empire, safely reached the Austrian frontier, and was smuggled across by one of those convenient personages who are generally to be found in the limits of countries, and who are always ready for a certain fee to do a bit of contraband either in goods or individuals. Once in the dominions of Austria his task was comparatively easy. After remaining some time at the baths near Pesth to recruit his health shattered by hard and unwholesome labour in the Siberian mines, he proceeded to Paris, where he again received generous assistance from his noble countryman Count Casar Plater, who recommended him to the French government. From the latter he obtained the emigrant's pension of twenty-two francs per month. Unwilling to eat the bread

of dependence, he resigned his pension at Bayonne, receiving instead two hundred francs, and with this small capital he set forth in the humble tread of a pedlar, traversing on foot the greater part of France, Spain, and Portugal, and visited England; and, having amassed a small sum of money, he has settled in Bayonne as a brewer, with the prospect of which calling and his *casé* he hopes to maintain himself and young family. I hear he is much respected, and I venture to recommend his humble establishment to the sympathetic of my countrymen, who will have no reason to regret their patronage of this honest fellow, especially if they like a glass of good sound malt liquor.

Before leaving Bayonne, my friend the priest, whom I shall call Don Pablo, and myself took a stroll along the embankments of the Adour, as far as the Lazaretto, intending from thence to cross the river and visit the cemetery where repose the remains of those British officers who fell in the sortie of the 14th of April, 1814. *En route* we overtook an old acquaintance of mine in the person of a *Vieux moudaché*, who had served under Soult and other French generals throughout the Peninsular War, and now enjoys the *olm cum dignitate* of a pension.

"We are going," said I, after exchanging salutations, "to see *le Cimetière Anglais*."

"*Après* to the *Cimetière*," replied he, "do you remember the curious story I told you the last time you were here about the Duc de Wellington?"

I replied that my memory was not very good, and requested him to oblige us by repeating it.

This was enough for the garrulous and polite Frenchman. Stopping short, he pointed with his cane to a pine-covered sandhill, about a mile distant right a-head, and asked, with a smile, if the Duc de Wellington was aware that thirty-five years ago he narrowly escaped death or capture close to the spot we saw. Then, without waiting for a reply, he commenced the narrative, of which the following is the substance. I suspect the story, like his snuff-box, was always offered to his friends during a walk along the Adour.

"In January, 1814, the allied army, commanded by Lord Wellington, occupied, amongst other places, the villages of Bidart, Biaritz and Anglet, and a part of the left bank of the Adour, a little below the citadel of Bayonne. The British commander-in-chief established his head-quarters at Satha, as its proximity to the river enabled him to observe the enemy's works on the opposite shore from the pine grove upon yonder hillock. His lordship's movements were, it appears, watched from the French man-of-war brig *Mauche*, for her commander, Lieutenant Bourgeois wrote to the chief commissary of Marine at Bayonne, on the 22nd January, proposing to lie in ambush near the pine grove, with some of his crew, and surprise Lord Wellington the next time he visited Blancpignon, as the hillock was called. Lieutenant Bourgeois particularly requested the *commissaire* to gain the consent of the French general Thouvenot to a *coup de main*, which, if successful, would deprive the allied army of its right hand, as the writer expressed it. The 22nd and 23rd passed without an answer being returned, and during this interval Lord Wellington and four general officers and aides-de-camp repaired as usual to the hillock, without any escort, and returned unmolested to head-quarters. There is little doubt," added the speaker in an emphatic tone of disappointment, "that if Lieutenant Bourgeois had

carried his plans into execution upon the 22nd staff would have been captured. At last the commander of the *Mouche*, informing him that he saw no occasion for undertaking an expedition up the Adour, but that if the enemy came within

"At an early hour on the morning of the 23rd Lieutenant Bourgeois was told by a spy that the English had made another *reconnaissance* from the pine grove. The purport of the *commissaire's* note, caused him to pause, but after some cogitation he determined to go. Selecting twelve men from his crew, wrote a note to the *commissaire*, saying he intended taking soundings. His sailors would go armed, as the enemy was not. The adventurous little band shoved off from the bank of the river, towards the river's mouth, at the same time the boat was hidden in the pine grove, until the boat was suddenly discovered and left under the care of a seaman, while the chief went on his way to the hillock. After starting and leaving a footpath through which Lieutenant Bourgeois passed on his way to the hillock, Lieutenant Bourgeois anxiously watched the British camp through the trees. At the same time he observed on looking towards Bayonne and some other officers were apparently following him. This circumstance, together with the fact that Thouvernot nor the *commissaire* of marine had seen him, made Lieutenant Bourgeois his reasons for deciding to go. The fact that he was on the left bank of the Adour, makes many people understand the understanding between these parties, the fact that he was to commit himself by publicly countenancing a man who was liable to be minute in the death or captivity of Lord Wellington. It was little calculated to increase the reputation of the man that at that moment the destined destroyer of the French fleet was finishing reviewing the brigade of Guards. The camp was with three officers and an ordnance officer. Lieutenant Bourgeois immediately started on the advancing and apparently doomed party. He passed the paces of the osier path, when a French dragoon was seen near the base of the hillock; perhaps a French vidette. Be it as it may, this is the fact. He had just passed through the osier path, when he was preparing to ascend the hillock, but he paused, considered a moment, and then turned right, slowly returned to Anglet. Thus a man who was apparently on the eve of fruition, was rendered abortive by strange chances that evidently have their decrees of Providence. What events, what circumstances, what events, which resulted from Wellington's capture of Bayonne, back appalled from the vast and gloomy expanse of such a calamity discloses."

By the time the Frenchman had finished his journey to the Lazaretto. It is built on the confines of the bay, close to the river-side, and its appearance is more gloomy, hypochondriacal-looking place

Not having any desire to inspect this palace of the king of terrors we bade adieu to our companion, and entering a fisherman's boat, crossed over to Boucau, a village inhabited by an amphibious race of pilots, fishermen, and mariners, and after losing our way in a labyrinth of woody hills and dells, arrived at the cemetery. It stood in a sequestered little valley, within musket-shot of the citadel, cooped up by a series of undulating eminences bristling with furze bushes, brambles, and dwarfish trees.

A melancholy, but soothing, silence brooded over the spot, only disturbed at intervals by the bleating of a few sheep grazing on a neighbouring patch of grass, and the monotonous rac-rac of a distant vessel hoisting in her anchor. To the north-east the valley opened upon a fine panorama, made up of the white houses of Boucau, peeping through trees and coppices—the rapid Adour rolling towards the ocean, which encircled the coast like a broad silver scarf—the pignadas, or fir woods, speckling the sandy downs of the left bank—the red roofs of the Lazarotto, the further off the better, thought I—and the lighthouse of Biearitz appearing in the irregularities of the sea-shore, as if in the midst of the *commune* of Auglet. The opening through which this charming landscape appears, is so narrow, and so advantageously placed, that the river, Boucau, the pine woods, and the ocean, form a harmonious picture when the weather is fine, framed as it were in the gorge through which the spectator looks.

This valley, now so tranquil and deserted, which in its narrow sphere seemed to speak of peace, health, and rustic life, was filled in the month of April, 1813, with soldiers and the din of war. Those declivities now clad in green and russet, were occupied by an English brigade, consisting of the 2nd Grenadier Guards, detachments of the 1st and 3rd regiments of the same corps, and the 60th Rifles. Advanced posts were established on all the surrounding heights and in the defiles, and amid the transparent liquid atmosphere of a southern night, there might be seen from the ramparts of the citadel, by means of a good glass, the bayonets of our sentries sparkling amongst the trees. From the estuary of the Adour to the Upper Nive was one vast camp, in the midst of which, Bayonne and the citadel surrounded by their dark walls bristling with cannon, seemed alike to defy the gradual combinations and the sudden attacks of the allied forces.

Bayonne and the citadel were garrisoned by fifteen thousand picked men, and whilst Lord Wellington pursued Marshal Soult with the main body of his army, he left Sir John Hope with fourteen thousand British, German and Portuguese troops to blockade the former place, supported by twenty-five thousand Spaniards, who were kept in the rear and did not take an active share in the siege operations. They were a fine body of men, but wretchedly officered. Every day the guns of the citadel destroyed portions of the British works, and occasionally picked off from behind their entrenchments those thoughtless soldiers who exposed themselves to the aim of the French artillerymen. Night alone interrupted the cannonade, and then the scene was still more remarkable. Nothing is more imposing than the stillness of a summer night on the field of battle, where thousands of armed men repose beneath the clear serene of a star-spangled sky, and Nature seems dead. Hour after hour passes, and the thrilling hush continues, only broken at intervals by the distant "watch-dog's honest bark," and the sentry's cry of "All's well!" which at first rises sonorously through the welkin, and then an

it is caught up at intervals from post to post, and the watch-fires burn in cadences. Gradually the watch-fires burn, and cease to flicker upon the tents; the sentries beat whistling for want of thought, unconscious of the *genius loci* of the moment, and pensively think of home and friends, or sigh for—

The silent hours steal on; star after star glimmers on the horizon, and

"The cock, that is the trumpet of the day,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day."

It was at this hour on the 14th April, 1814, that a French deserter stealthily crept over the parapets of the city walls, which were lowest. With his sword between both of hands and feet, he reached the sentry-box, and the necessary precautions escaped the vigilance of the British picket. Rapidly descending the southern slope of the city, he reached the British picket on the road, and after being disarmed, was conducted before the French chief, whose head-quarters were at Baucou. The French deserter was hastily led through the waggons, and booths, to a house of habit where the British soldiers kept watch. In a room on the first floor, out on a dining-table, plans of Bayonne, and the French trenches, and pins, headed with bayonets, were stuck into the maps, indicated the position of the French. Two wax candles, half burnt out, made a corner of the apartment an aide-de-camp's room. A French soldier was sleeping on a sofa. It was there that General Hope the projected rally from the British, who were to form the columns of attack, and the French to take place. It should be mentioned here that General Hope received official accounts from Paris that had been sent him, of the entry of the French into the city, and the abdication, which he immediately communicated to Thouvernot, the governor of Bayonne, who, on receiving the news, and replied that, "we should hear of it before long." The fact was, he intended at that time, whom he calculated, not without reason, as they considered the war virtually at an end. The Bourbons, and like honourable men, incapable of self-deception themselves, did not suspect others of deception. He returned to head-quarters at Baucou. Not until the deserter's revelations showed a catastrophe. General Hope expressed his regret to the man that he had taken the pickets on the road, and in the village of St. Jean, the brunt of the onslaught, instead of losing it, was coming to him first. The first thing that he did was to advance posts, and to apprise General Hope of the approaching danger. But it was too late. The orderlies taken their departure, when a heavy cannonade, the unceasing rattle of musketry announced the place.

It seems that the disappearance of the runaway from the citadel had been instantly remarked there, and the sortie fixed for half-past four o'clock was in consequence ordered to take place at once. The outposts of the unsuspecting English were driven in or annihilated before the columns of Boucau and Hayet had even fallen in to march to their succour. The guard in charge of a 12-pounder at the extremity of the street, was destroyed in a moment by overwhelming forces, and a company of the 38th regiment stationed in the fortified church of St. Etienne only escaped a similar fate through the watchfulness of its commander, Captain Forster. This detachment made a brave defence, and the French, to their infinite chagrin, found themselves unexpectedly repulsed at a very important point. They, however, invested the place in force, whilst other columns rapidly pushed on in different directions, led by guides who knew the ground well. One, consisting of three battalions, carried by assault several entrenched houses where a bad look-out had been kept, and made a vigorous attempt upon the British camp, but were beaten back with loss, and compelled to retire behind the Jews' burial-place. Another column turned the heights of Montargut, and several smaller ones roamed about trying to cut off detached parties and stragglers.

General Hope, as soon as he had given the orders mentioned above, mounted on horseback, and accompanied by an aide-de-camp and the deserter, rode up the acclivities leading from Baucan to St. Etienne as fast as the obscurity and the ruggedness of the country would permit. But just as he was leaving a lane flanked by high banks, a section of about twenty French light infantry belonging to the 82nd regiment, who were in ambush behind a copse, fired, and brought him and his companions to the ground. The Frenchman was killed on the spot, and the others were carried, severely wounded, into the citadel. The serjeant commanding the party was made a second lieutenant on the field of battle for this exploit.

Such is the French account of this mishap. The English one says, that Sir John Hope was hurrying to the front in a hollow way when he met a British picket retiring before a large body of French. "Why do you retreat?" cried he. "The enemy are yonder," was the answer. "Well, then, we must drive them back," he replied, and spurring his charger, himself led them again to the attack. The French immediately gave a point blank discharge, the general fell, wounded, and the British seeing a dense mass of French soldiers before them broke and fled, leaving him and an aide-de-camp in the hands of the foe.

Meanwhile a series of desperate hand-to-hand conflicts were waging on all sides. The troops broken into small bodies by the enclosures and glens, and unable to recover their companies or even their regiments during the darkness, fought bayonet to bayonet, sword to sword, man to man, with the most determined resolution.

General Hay met his death in the church in which he had thrown himself with a few stragglers he had collected on his way, and it was there and in the street of St. Etienne, in which the holy edifice stands, that a horrible carnage took place. Some idea of the furious character of the strife may be formed by the fact, that the gun at the head of the street was taken and retaken nine times, until General Humber, with some of the German Legion and a battalion of Portuguese, finally drove out the enemy after a tremendous struggle.

On the table-land of the heights of Montagut another terrible combat took place. The entrenchments were alternately in the hands of the British and the French according as the fortune of war alternately favoured them. Finally they remained in the hands of three battalions of the latter until the small force that had made such a gallant defence, received aid, and at last forced the assailants to retreat.

Meanwhile the French gun-boats dropped down the river and opened upon the flanks of the fighting columns while the guns of the citadel guided by the flashes of musketry, maintained a destructive fire upon friend and foe. The discordant shouts of the combatants, the incessant rattle of small arms, the deafening roar of a hundred cannon, the lurid glare of the blue lights thrown up from the citadel to guide the aim of the artillerymen, made it seem as if the powers of darkness rather than human beings were striving against each other in that awful nocturnal combat.

But the moment day began to dawn fair play had it all its own way, and the already half-discomfited enemy were driven pell-mell into the citadel with retributive slaughter by the brigade of Guards.

This bootless but bloody action fought after the conclusion of peace, cost the Allies eight hundred and thirty men killed and wounded, and the French nine hundred and ten.

The majority of the French nation which, with the exception of some men of education and sense, live in blissful or pretended ignorance of the defeats they suffered by sea and land during the wars of the Republic and the Empire with Great Britain, claim the sortie from the citadel as a great triumph, though in reality it does them little credit either in a moral or military point of view. "*On ment comme le Menteur*" has been a common saying since Napoleon established that paper to tickle the vanity of his glory-loving subjects and it is mainly owing to his mendacious bulletins published therein that the French have become *les enfans gâtés de Notre Dame des Victoires*. Thus was Paris illuminated for Trafalgar and the battle of Toulouse inscribed upon the *Arc de Triomphe* as a victory amongst certain other doubtful actions. Were it not for the fear of occupying too much space, I could cite several examples of Bonaparte's trickery and deceit by which he tried to convert defeats into victories, and to exaggerate success.

But to return to the cemetery, as chanticleer said to the ghost. During the sortie a ball from the citadel lodged in the stem of a cherry-tree growing on the spot where the cemetery now stands, and around its trunk were interred the officers slain on the 14th of April, with the exception of General Hay, whose body lies in a corner of the burial ground of St. Etienne touching the church wall.

Such is the history of the humble little cemetery, so peacefully hidden in the parish of St. Etienne. During sixteen years a few coarsely hewn stones indicated the spot where—

"Slowly and sadly we laid them down,
From the field of their fame fresh and gay;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left them alone in their glory."

However, in 1830, the proceeds of a subscription made by the officers of the Coldstream Guards enabled Mr. Harvey (late British Consul at Bayonne, who was present at the sally as a captain in that distinguished corps) to purchase the ground where his old comrades reposed and to

enclose it with a wall. A few trees were likewise planted, and upon a tablet at one end of the cemetery are inscribed their names in the following order and style :—

" Sacred to the Memory of the under-named British Officers who gallantly fell in action near to this spot at the sortie made by the garrison from the Citadel of Bayonne, on the morning of the 14th April, 1814.—Coldstream Guards. Lieut.-colonels G. Collier and Sir H. Sullivan, Bart. and M.P. Captains, the Honorable W. O. Crofton and W. Burroughs, Adjts. Ensigns Vachell and W. Pitt.—1st Regt. of Guards, Ensign W. Vane.—3rd Regt. of Guards. Captains C. L. White and J. B. Shiffner. Lieut. F. Holbourne, Adjts.—60th Regt., Lieut. J. Hamilton.—This tablet was placed to the memory of the above-named Officers by their friend and companion at the sortie, J. V. Harvey, late a Captain in the Coldstream Guards, and since H. B. M.'s Consul at Bayonne, 1830."

The soldiers and non-commissioned officers were buried here, and the peasantry still point out little mounds on the road to Boucau, some marked by a cross, others, covered with shrubs, the last memorials of the Blockade of 1813.

Many Englishmen, whose wanderings brought them like myself to the banks of the Adour, have visited this sacred spot, and I am told that more than one individual related to the deceased officers, or actuated by a patriotic feeling, have made pilgrimages to gaze for a moment on the tombs of their countrymen, perhaps of their fathers, their brothers, or their sons, and to carry away a few leaves and wild flowers to commemorate the visit. There is, indeed, something touchingly impressive and romantic in the fate of these men, and the flowers that grow over their solitary graves are indeed worthy of being preserved as relics in the album of the sentimental traveller.

On our return to Bayonne from the cemetery we passed through the town of St. Esprit. It is the Houndsditch of the South of France, being almost exclusively inhabited by Jews, the descendants of those who were driven out of Spain and Portugal by the fanatical persecutions of Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic, and Dom Emmanuel.

On the morning of our departure I arose with the lark and prepared for the journey, as the diligence was to start at seven. The cathedral clock struck that hour as I ensconced myself in the lumbering vehicle by the side of my friend Don Pablo, who had passed the night at the lodgings of a brother priest, a refugee like himself.

On the road we met some roughly built carts, drawn by oxen, carrying wood fuel to Bayonne. They crept lazily along to the music of two solid timber wheels, which, unlubricated by grease, screeched and groaned in discordant cadences, as if some unfortunate wretches were being broken upon them, or a score of wild cats were strung to their axles. The peasantry declare that the oxen enjoy this horrible falsetto, and draw all the more lustily under its influence. The latter assertion has some truth in it, for perhaps these sharp sounds, which seemed to turn my blood to vinegar, act as a sort of goad upon the animal's nerves, as it did upon ours.

The aspect of the oxen was bucolic, grave, and resigned, which, with the small green boughs hanging over their shoulders and heads, to keep off the flies, reminded me of those ancient Hellenic bass-reliefs, representing a sacrifice going to the altar. But the cart at their tails, and the wild cats destroyed the classic effect.

As we advanced the Pyrenees rose higher and whiter in the east, and before us the dark and undulating mountains of Navarre, and the Basque

Provinces, with their dim purple valleys, looked like some vast mysterious ocean, heaving up its mighty billows to the skies. To the right, about a stone's sling from the road, lay the Atlantic ocean, glistening in the sunlight, skirted by the iron-bound coast of Cantabria, stretching far away until it lost itself in the haze of the horizon. On the left the mountain of La Rhune threw its vast shadow over the Bay of Biscay, whose gently heaving surface at that moment would have astonished those credulous worthies in England, who form their opinion of it by Braham's popular song, and imagine that its furious and insatiable billows are ever engulfing ships and men.

Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's contain superb monuments, reared by a grateful country to the memory of those who have served it well; but La Rhune is the mighty tomb of those heroes of the 43rd regiment, and a worthy one it is. Let the worldling be laid amid the city's hum, and the babe and the maiden beneath the willow; but the British soldier, what fitter spot can he have to sleep his last sleep in, amid the solemn stillness of primeval nature, than the ground he conquered at the bayonet's point! That wild heath-clad mountain, thought I, contains the bones of my gallant countrymen, and it seemed at that moment as if the breeze came sighing down its side, and whispered in my ear, "*Ad transit! sic transit!*" whilst the never silent voice of the deep murmured in reply, "*gloria mundi!*"

I called Don Pablo's attention to the spot, and told him how, on the 7th of October, 1813, Lord Wellington's army surprised and defeated the French, by suddenly crossing the Bidassoa, and taking by assault their strong positions, which skilful engineers had been trying to render impregnable. One of the principal of these being La Rhune, which the 43rd carried with undaunted resolution, toiling up precipitous paths, and climbing crags, under a destructive fire of musketry.

The man of peace sighed after hearing my relation, and, crossing himself, repeated in an under tone a short prayer for the souls of the dead.

At St. Jean de Luz we changed horses, and I got out to take a glance at the place. This ancient town is situated at the inner angle of a bay sixteen hundred yards by one thousand, sheltered on the north by the clayey heights of St. Barbe, and on the south by an isthmus of sand, at the extremity of which stands the fort of Socoa, consisting of a huge tower of heavy and massive architecture. Notwithstanding these natural defences against wind and water, the sea tyrannizes over everything. At a certain distance the ocean seems to overhang St. Jean de Luz, and its red-tiled roofs are half veiled by the spray of an angry surf, which appears rushing to the assault of the few feet of sand that still separate them from the town. Everywhere are to be seen wide breaches, pitiless rents, the results of a progressive and obstinate invasion; one would declare that the insatiable sea had already taken possession of the devoted land, doomed to submit to its capricious wrath.

In 1778 and 1781 the sea, irritated by the equinoctial gales, which usually spend their fury on the shores of the Bay of Biscay, broke through the sheltering dykes, rushed impetuously up the Nouvelle, and inundated the town, which the terrified inhabitants hastily abandoned. On the 5th, 6th, and 7th of February, 1811, the sea, urged on by a fierce north-easter, carried away forty-five cubic yards from the massive stone quay on the side of Socoa, and twenty yards from the opposite extremity of St. Barbe, destroying, and rooting up at the same time, the

greater part of a new granite wall, sixteen feet thick, which had only been constructed a fortnight; damaged the quays which lined the Nivelle, and destroyed the soil, forming here and there enduring pools of water and heaps of sand. The inhabitants set eagerly to work to rescue from the insatiable element their houses, their fields, their city. They hastily rebuilt their demolished walls, and bulwarks were erected behind the ruins; but on the 25th and 26th, the tempest, exhausted for a moment, recovered strength, the furious waves again advanced, and all the works were carried away with a violence that is still remembered with awe in St. Jean de Luz.

Science inclines to the belief that the ocean is gradually retiring from the land, and the layers of shelly stones met with here and there in inland recesses, round flints, marine fossils, encrusted in cliffs near the sea-shore, added to traditional proofs, support this hypothesis. But along the coast, from Bayonne to St. Jean de Luz, it cannot be held, for the encroachments of the sea at Biaritz and the latter place are manifest from year to year.

The sub-marine shore of St. Jean de Luz is steep, and defended by sharp rocks at intervals, which offer a stout resistance to the waves. An obstinate struggle is continually going on between the invading waves and the conservative land. This contest may last for ages, but the sea must finally wear away the rocks, or overturn them; these will gradually be covered by the sands, and the waters, rendered calm by the absence of opposition, will roll inwards. It is merely a question of time, and perhaps, whilst other towns, now rejoicing in youth and strength, and far from the sea but near other dangers, are doomed to pass away; this amphibious little port may endure in happiness, albeit built on the verge of destruction.

The town of St. Jean de Luz is little more than one long street, bordered by houses of unequal elevation, many of which are of great antiquity. Little shops, stocked with the necessaries of life, and cheap finery, peep from beneath broad overhanging eaves. Here and there are a few handsome modern buildings, but they looked cheerless and silent, although most of them seemed to be inns. Narrow lanes branch off from the Grand Rue, and open upon the sea-shore, or the Nivelle. The church, vast and lofty, resembles those of Guipuzcoa, except that three tiers of galleries run round the interior of the edifice for the accommodation of the men, which I never saw on the other side of the frontier. Black mats scattered here and there mark the reserved places, and often descend from generation to generation. By the side of some of them stood here and there a slender wax taper which the women light during mass, whilst they pray for the souls of relations in purgatory. It is the custom of the females in this part of the Basque country, to go to mass enveloped in black cloaks, with lace-fringed hoods, so that on Sundays the streets seem as if they were crowded with mourners going to a funeral. Chairs are gradually being introduced into the churches, and I fear the picturesque mats will soon be numbered among the things that were. The principal altar is enriched with finely carved columns and gilt statues, and, to judge by the general architecture, the edifice dates from the fifteenth century.

Just before arriving at Behobia, and from the summit of a hill forming one of a series of broad declivities covered with a luxuriant vegetation of fern, the admiring eye embraces a wide panoramic landscape,

rich in its tints, its features, and its historical recollections. At the bottom of the steep descent of the road which you rapidly survey, as the diligence sweeps round an elbow of it, called the *Croix de Bouqueta*, a glimpse is caught of the Bidassoa, and the white houses of Behobia. Tron on the other side of the river, displays the massive spire of its fine old church, and its red-tiled houses beyond : the mountain chains of Navarre and the Basque province rise one above the other in rugged sierras, and interminable confusion ; the chapel of San Marcial is seen on the left, erected on a lofty tree-dotted mount, in commemoration of the defeat of the French there, 1813, and on the right, the shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe (*Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe*) perched like a sea gull upon the heights of Jaizquibel, extending like a huge russet curtain along the coast from Fuenterrabia to Pasages, where they end in a precipice a thousand feet high, overlooking that part.

At Behobia, Don Pablo found a letter summoning him to Pampelona on urgent business, so he went on in the diligence and left me to find my way alone to Fuenterrabia. Having plenty of time to dispose of, I determined upon walking across the country to Hendaya, where I arrived at noon, after a pleasant stroll of about a couple of miles. Its ruins, frowning upon the half-demolished battlements of Fuenterrabia on the opposite side of the Bidassoa, prove the fierceness of those border feuds that desolated the French and Spanish frontiers for centuries, and ultimately brought destruction upon both places, whose present aspect might be compared to two warriors mortally wounded in single combat, gazing sternly and despairingly upon each other.

The final catastrophe occurred in 1793. The death of the misguided, but noble-minded, Louis XVI., after he had proved himself the liberal benefactor of his subjects, and conceded all the demands of the revolutionists, filled Europe with horror, and brought matters to a crisis. The French ambassador was ordered to leave England immediately by the British cabinet, and a few days after the French convention declared war against Great Britain, Spain, and Holland. The Spanish government, alarmed at the extent of the approaching danger, shook off its apathy, and, by vigorous exertions, was able to concentrate two tolerably well equipped armies on the Catalonian frontier and the Bidassoa. Hostilities quickly commenced.

A little before daylight on the 14th of April, 1794, the inhabitants of Hendaya were suddenly aroused from slumber by loud explosions. Already their houses were shattered and on fire, under a violent bombardment. A body of Spaniards, protected by the batteries of Fuenterrabia, had crossed the Bidassoa and blown up the redoubt of Louis Quatorze. The work of destruction completed, the invaders leisurely retreated, without much molestation from a column of French troops encamped close to the town, at a spot now marked by some row of poplars. This attack was followed on the 1st of May by a more decisive one, when the French were driven from their positions with the loss of fifteen cannon, and the few houses the shells of Fuenterrabia had spared on the 14th of April were burnt to the ground, including the celebrated manufactories where those strong and sweet compositions called *liqueurs* were concocted, which I verily believe are nothing but slow poisons, as efficacious in depriving people of life as any potion or the deadly pharmacopœia of Catherine de Medicis, or Madame de Brinvilliers.

THE PRESENT NAVAL AND MILITARY POWER OF ENGLAND*

WHEN we take up a book written by Sir F. B. Head, we are sure of being enlivened, and shall probably at the same time derive instruction from its perusal. He carries us through the vast complex arrangements of a great railway establishment, with its hundreds of thousands of passengers, and tons of goods, or of the General Post Office, with its millions of letters, all to be dispatched or disposed of in an incredibly short time by so easy a vehicle, providing occasional light refreshment on the way, that we insensibly imbibe a mass of sound information with the agreeable sensation of a pleasing draught.

" Così à l'egro fanciul porriamo aspersi
Di mave rior gli orli del vaso,
Succchi amari, ingannato, in tanto ci beve ;
E ela l'inganno suo vita riceve."

In the heavy task he has now undertaken, we find the same quality of food provided for the public appetite ; and we question whether the attention to the defective condition of our defensive resources, which the efforts of many naval and military officers of eminence, the Duke of Wellington inclusive, have failed to excite, will not be awakened by this popular writer.

We must, however, peruse with some caution his present essay. The question under consideration is no other than whether this kingdom, with all its properties and dependencies, does, or does not, stand on the brink of a precipice, from whence it may any day fall into an abyss of utter destruction. We must not be led by any torrent of the most powerful or sarcastic oratory to treat with indifference such a position, strongly enforced by competent authorities. If only to relieve our minds from the terror it is calculated to excite, let us satisfy ourselves by searching inquiries of its truth or error.

The conclusion arrived at by Sir F. B. Head, and those of whose arguments he is the exponent, is simply this ;—

That in the event of a war with France, the people of that country have the will, the intention, the devised project, and the power to invade this country, and to possess themselves of London by a *coup-de-main*, while under our present system it is utterly impossible for us to offer any effectual resistance.

To render this conclusion convincing we must satisfy ourselves that it is correct in all its parts, for the failure of one link of the chain would be fatal to the whole. And here, we think, we may narrow the ground for discussion, by striking off an argument, which has no foundation whatever, which is prominently put forward by the faithful guardians of our purse, who would willingly cushion the whole question,—it is, that there is no desire to quarrel with us on the part of the French, and that after thirty-five years of peace, it is unreasonable and ungenerous to anticipate war. Against this presumption of kindly feeling as regards the *nation* (for in individual intercourse none will dispute the courtesy of the French) we have the tone of their newspapers, of Thiers, and other leading politicians, of Scribe, Alexander Dumas, Béranger.

* The Defenceless State of Great Britain, by Sir F. B. Head.

ger, and many equally popular writers, all full of animosity and abuse where England and the English are concerned : while the anxious attention we see directed to the naval and military establishments, exclusively applicable to a war with this country, even under the greatest pressure, manifestly proves that France herself does not calculate on eternal peace.

But, to make the argument good, it must be shown that a war is not only improbable, but impossible, for, if possible, we should surely be prepared for it, as we would be provided (under the apt illustration in the work before us) with a fire-engine and water-plugs, to preserve our property from the possibility, though extreme improbability, of a fire.

As regards the question of probability or possibility, we have experienced, four or five times, during the boasted period of peace, a crisis when an insulting expression, or an unreasonable demand on either side, could have produced an instant war : and if, on those occasions, we have been mercifully spared, by the moderation of the then government, we can scarcely anticipate that some wrong-headed individuals, or violent popular agitation, may not one day lead to a different result.

Assuming, then, that despite the heroic moderation of France, and the self-interested moderation of England, a war, by some unaccountable contingency, *might* possibly occur, and that the French should, for the first time, be then led to consider how they could most speedily bring it to a favourable issue : we have then to examine whether their proceedings during the preceding period of peace have, as asserted, placed them in a position to produce that effect. We have also to ascertain what is the nature of our available means successfully to contend for the cause of the conflict, whatever it may be, offensively and defensively ; and, more particularly, with what means of resistance we may be provided against the danger of invasion, to which our author so confidently asserts we are exposed.

The inquiry is not of a difficult nature, for though the necessary information must be chiefly obtained from professional men, and from professional sources, it may be made sufficiently intelligible to civilians of sense and judgment to prevent their being misled by the bias or self-aggrandising spirit of the informants.

We have hitherto enjoyed the pleasing delusion that " Britannia ruled the Waves ;" and that the old wooden walls of England were sufficient to preserve her from the danger of invasion, but when brought seriously to consider the subject, we shall find that, like other naves, that of Britannia may have its exception ; and that the sovereignty of the sea is not to be maintained even by such a power as England, with all its advantages of ships, seamen, and money, without adequate arrangements. Of the nature of those arrangements we have a melancholy detail, not only on the authority of our able and lively author, but on that of staid experienced naval officers, some of whom witnessed our triumphs in the late wars ; they all tell the same tale, one that has never yet been denied. While we are thus accused of apathetic indifference, or of carelessness, in casting away the advantages we possess, the French occupy themselves unceasingly and energetically in making every effort to avail themselves of the advantage afforded them, by our neglect, and to come forward with startling effect when occasion shall offer.

Notwithstanding the *prestige* that every British sailor notoriously entertains for the vigour and power of his own profession, every officer of the navy is forced to the humiliating conclusion, disguise it as he

may, that *unless an essentially different course is in due time adopted and pursued, the French will enter upon a war with a decided naval superiority*, and may for months, if not for years, maintain it in the Channel or in whatever part of the world they may prefer.

What would be the effect on our ships and commerce, as well as on our interests and possessions beyond the sea, we are not now called upon to inquire; our subject points to a nearer and dearer interest—that of our *home*. The loss of a limb may be painful and crippling, but at least let us guard our head and heart, both of which may be powerfully assailed if the road is thus opened for the attack.

Before quitting this naval branch of the question, we may advert to the author's omission of any mention of the resources provided by the coast guard for manning our ships, consisting of some 5000 enrolled seamen.

The state of these men, and the terms of their engagement would hardly affect the difficulties that are described as inherent in the mode of fitting out, and preparing our men-of-war for effective service; and we are the more satisfied that this is the case, from the circumstance of Admiral Bowles, one of the most calm, but at the same time powerful advocates for the increase of our national defences, having, for some years, commanded that force, and being, in consequence, fully aware of their value.

Should we, however, happily adopt a new and better system with regard to the maintenance of our naval power, however perfect that system may become, our safety from the awful consequences of invasion will be far from complete, unless we can be prepared with some adequate forces on shore.

The author has adopted an ingenious device for the purpose of bringing into view at one glance the comparative strength of the land forces of France and England, by the relative length of straight lines: and while that representing the force of Great Britain scarcely extends over the span that would be covered by a word of eight or nine letters, the length of the "sword" of France, as it is called, requires a fly-leaf of three folds.

Contemptible, as it thus appears, our means on shore are for the resistance of invasion. We do not agree in opinion with those who think that the French could make the attempt with any reasonable prospect of success, without a naval superiority in the Channel; but let them obtain such a superiority for a single week, either by the superior state of preparations for war—attributed to them by our naval authorities—or with a general inferiority by threatening other points, and concentrating in the Channel (as they only failed in doing in 1805 by the blunder of their admiral), there would be ample time for the introduction of 200,000 men, with cavalry, artillery and horses, into the country.

We have now to reflect upon our means of resistance. There are at this stage three favourite topics advanced for our consolation:—

First—That the disembarkation must be so slow, that it might be successfully opposed, even by a small collected force.

Secondly—That hundreds of thousands of brave Englishmen would arise, arm, and sweep the invaders into the sea; or, failing in that attempt, it would *only* be necessary that each individual, by an act of self-immolation, should, at any personal risk, kill one of the foe, by which means the whole army would be destroyed.

Lastly—That, by husbanding our pecuniary resources, we are accumulating the acknowledged sinews of war, and may thus be prepared to defy the world.

We have only space for a few words on each of these fallacies, for as

such we cannot but consider them. A landing of troops in very considerable numbers, from a fleet of ships after a long voyage, is scarcely practicable. The greatest recorded effort of this kind, was the landing of the British forces in Egypt, on the 8th March 1801, when 6,000 men simultaneously jumped on shore; but where the passage required is only across a narrow channel, and where there would be no difficulty in previously preparing a system of floating jetties, applicable at any state of tides by means of a very numerous craft, drawing not more than from three to six feet water, with other contrivances quite within the reach of those who, in 1804, could embark at Bologne 100,000 men in the space of half an hour, it would be perfectly practicable to land 50,000 men, or more, within a few hours; and others, in succession, as fast as they could be brought up. We fear, therefore, we should have but a slender reed to rest on in the assumed impossibility of a successful invasion. At the same time, in the enumeration of the facilities for invasion afforded by steam, the consideration of the number of days when, from stress of weather, the old sailing vessels would have been prevented from making the attempt, will apply with equal force to steamers, and more particularly to small craft. The time required to collect our own forces to repel the attack, is unfortunately not to be measured by that which would enable a gentleman, with his carpet bag, to run down to Dover to fulfil an engagement; but will be prolonged by all the difficulties of the arrangements for the simultaneous conveyance of many thousands of soldiers. And then, the French general will hardly be so polite as to send a card presenting his compliments to the Duke of Wellington, and requesting the honour of his attendance at a *ball*, at Eastbourne, on Wednesday 27th June, at six A.M.; but it is more than probable that, by a show of *engagements*, at other places, he will make him take in his arrival, and thus secure for himself time to be fully prepared for his Grace's reception.

The next prop proffered for our support, is the power that would be brought against the enemy's army, if landed. In addition to the troops which we all know to be available but in very small numbers, we are told that we may with confidence rely on the hundreds of thousands of stout hearts and hands that would be prepared to resist the invader.

No one can doubt the courageous and excited feeling that would animate our countrymen in numbers adequate for every purpose that could be required; but what could such feelings effect opposed to an equipped, organised, and disciplined army in the field?

There is no instance on record, of a populace, however superior in numbers, successfully opposing an organised army, except by a very prolonged desultory warfare; and every year the advantages of disciplined against untrained forces are increased in proportion to the improvements made in military science.

There is as much difference, now, between a French army, and a British untrained *levée en masse*, as there was in ancient times between our painted ancestors and the Roman legions of Julius Cæsar.

The British, as the least military nation in Europe, would be peculiarly feeble in such efforts, and what was impracticable against regular armies to the Prussian, Russian, Spanish, and French populace will be even more so to them.

It is worthy of observation that those who have seen most actual service

against French armies, are those who have least confidence in our means of national defence, while those who attach so much importance to the resistance to be offered in the case of invasion by a small body of troops, or a large mass of armed populace are persons who have never seen a shot fired, who, indeed, are totally ignorant of military matters, or of the arrangement and movement of large bodies of men in any kind of order.

We form many speculations which, in the abstract, appear as matters of course; but looked into more closely they are soon found to be full of difficulties.

Let us then put this to such a test. In the first place, what are the classes of persons who would so readily abandon their families *at such a moment*? where would they get arms, and of what description? where procure ammunition, and how would they carry it? How would they arrange their little kits, of which a great coat, and blanket, and good spare shoes, would be essential articles? how provide themselves, or be provided with provisions? What would become of these masses the first night or two, particularly if there should be rain? Would they march at once, or would they go to the railway station, like the crowd on an Epsom day.

We will, however, suppose all these LITTLE difficulties satisfactorily arranged, and that there are twenty thousand men on the Dover or Hastings road, some fifty or sixty miles from London, toiling along that road for five or six miles at least, when a few horsemen, who have been in front gallop back with the news that the French troops are approaching, and about three miles distant; and soon after small dispersed bodies are discovered coming towards them, while, from a height presenting a good view, may be seen large black looking compact bodies moving in the same direction.

At this period what would our heroes do, admitting them to be full of gallantry and animation? Would those in front hasten onwards to meet their detested foes, calling and sending to those in rear to close up as rapidly as possible; or would they spread out right and left of the road to form a front?

We will suppose a Gough, a Hardinge, or a Wellington to be present, and we will propose to them as a problem what to do on the occasion; and if they had the smallest body of regulars in company, we would ask whether they would not *prefer*, nay, decidedly prefer, to be altogether without this armed population.

Under any circumstances, a *levée en masse* of the people is worse than useless in opposing an enemy invading England; they can only be turned to account in desultory warfare, in mountainous countries, or in defensible towns; and even then with more or less effect in proportion to the amount of system adopted for the regulation of their proceedings.

There is one other resource suggested by persons of a romantic turn of mind, which is, that every man should seek for means to kill one of the enemy, which would speedily lead to their entire destruction: this is not new, it has been urged as a system in other countries on similar emergencies, a few hundreds of stragglers have been made away with in this manner; but with no perceptible effect on the strength of the armies; and with a certainty of entailing cruel measures of retribution on the inhabitants generally, which usually puts an end to the proceeding.

The next point we have to consider is the propriety of husbanding our pecuniary resources, that is, to accumulate wealth to be available

when called for, by avoiding present expenditure in preparing for exigencies which may not occur for an indefinite period.

It has been quaintly said that three things were necessary successfully to carry on war—the first being money! the second money! and the third money! a fourth requisite might be added, *time to make use of your money!*

As on this principle it would be very necessary that we should have time for preparation, it would be the policy of the French not to afford it to us; consequently, when determined on war (assuming them to be so much better prepared for it than ourselves), they would temporise for a time, then suddenly close the negotiation, and proceed with activity to business.

If we could then, like Cadmus, with his dragon's teeth, raise any given number of good troops, by sowing our collected gold broad-cast over the ground, it would be well; but we shall find it a slow operation to obtain soldiers capable of opposing a French army.

It is not easy to raise regular soldiers in numbers; men do not enlist from patriotism, and the profession is not popular in England. Hence, the very recruiting is a tardy process, even with high bounties.

Again, it is asserted by officers of experience, that eighteen, or at least twelve months, are required to make a *young soldier*, a character said to be very inferior to that of the *great old soldier*. All this tends to prove the length of time that must necessarily elapse before we could be prepared to bring into the field what could be called a *respectable force*.

We have, now, no means available for accelerating the raising of recruits, rapidly, in large numbers; enormous bounties might answer to a certain extent, but this is a system attended by many evils, in addition to the cost. We are willing, however, on such an emergency, to admit of the troops being brought into the field, after a slight training of about three months; and, with plenty of good officers, by superior numbers, and being mingled with a few old troops, they might make head, as was done by the French at the commencement of their first Revolution, but still a preparation of *months* is required, where weeks are of consequence.

From the above sketch, it will be seen that we adopt very much the views of the author. We do so with sorrow, because we find that there is no disposition in the country to pay any attention to the subject.

It is not from the perusal of this little Essay alone, that we have come to these conclusions; but from the previous consideration given to the subject by that part of our *body politic* that pens these lines.

We are not surprised that the nation should despise the idea of such inferiority as is here described, still less that they should scorn the notion of *danger* from an enemy of whom they have hitherto never entertained a fear; but we do wonder, that when such strong opinions have been given, by many who ought to be the best authorities, that no inquiry even should be instituted into our actual condition, nor the slightest attempt be made for drawing up some system for the application of the best resources that may be made available within the shortest period. As we are now circumstanced, in the event of an alarm, how much precious time will be lost, before the measures necessary to be taken can even be defined.*

* Might not the Police force throughout the United Kingdom be drilled as a military force at regular intervals, and be called out for a certain number of days like the Out Pensioners, and their place supplied at such times by special constables? On all other occasions the Police to have only their batons. — Ed.

THE HISTORY AND MYSTERY OF THE GLASS-HOUSE.

UPWARDS of two thousand years ago, perhaps three, a company of merchants, who had a cargo of nitre on board their ship, were driven by the winds on the shores of Galilee, close to a small stream that runs from the foot of Mount Carmel. Being here weather-bound till the storm abated, they made preparations for cooking their food on the strand; and not finding stones to rest their vessels upon, they used some lumps of nitre for that purpose, placing their kettles and stew-pans on the top, and lighting a strong fire underneath. As the heat increased, the nitre slowly melted away, and flowing down the beach, became mixed up with the sand, forming, when the incorporated mass cooled down, a singularly beautiful, transparent substance, which excited the astonishment and wonder of the beholders.

Such is the legend of the origin of GLASS.*

A great many centuries afterwards—that is to say towards the close of the fifteenth century of the Christian era—when some of the secrets of the Glass-house, supposed to have been known to the ancients, were lost, and the simple art of blowing glass was but scantily cultivated—an artificer, whose name has unfortunately escaped immortality, while employed over his crucible accidentally spilt some of the material he was melting. Being in a fluid state it ran over the ground till it found its way under one of the large flag-stones with which the place was paved, and the poor man was obliged to take up the stone to recover his glass. By this time it had grown cold, and to his infinite surprise he saw that, from the flatness and equality of the surface beneath the stone, it had taken the form of a slab—a form which could not be produced by any process of blowing then in use.

Such was the accident that led to the discovery of the art of casting PLATE-GLASS.†

These are the only *accidents* recorded in the History of Glass. For the rest—the discovery of its endless capabilities and applications—we are indebted to accumulated observation and persevering experiment, which, prosecuting their ingenious art-labours up to the present hour, promise still farther to enlarge the domain of the Beautiful and the Useful.

It would be a piece of pure pedantry to attempt to fix the origin of glass-making. Some writers assert that glass was known before the flood. No doubt it was, since it would be impossible to light a fire, and urge it to a great heat, without vitrifying some part of the bricks or stones of which the furnace was built. And that very vitrification contained the secret of glass. But such rude hints of the mysteries of

* This story is related by Pliny, but disbelieved by many modern authors of Treatises on Chemistry, upon no better ground than the probability that glass-making was known long before. The supposition is as vague as the tradition to which no date is assigned. The circumstance itself, however, is extremely probable, as the sand on the shore to which the legend is assigned was peculiarly adapted to the manufacture of glass, and is supposed to have supplied the materials for the glass houses of Tyre and Sidon.

† Blancourt—"Art de la Verrerie."

nature are usually thrown away upon the world for a long time before people begin to think of turning them to any practical use. How many still more obvious hints were thrown out by Nature before Harvey and Newton determined the circulation of the blood and the law of gravitation? Yet blood circulated and apples fell from the beginning of time.

Through the wastes of speculation over which this enquiry has spread, the earliest attested fact we meet with is the erection of a glass-house in the city of Tyre. This is the first glass-house on record. Glass may have been known, or rather seen before (which is quite a different matter); but this is the first historical instance of glass having been made, not by an accidental combination of its elements, but by human skill. Tyre, whose extensive commerce gave her the command of vast vents for her productions, held in her hands for many ages the staple of the manufacture, obtaining materials from the shore of the river Belus, at whose embouchure the weather-bound merchant cooked the famous dinner which is said to have originated the discovery. The legend may have no foundation in truth; but it derives a colour of likelihood from the profitable use which was afterwards made of the glittering sands of that coast.

Of the antiquity of glass, simply considered as a hard and brittle mass which, when broken, reveals a luminous fracture, we have abundant evidence. Fragments and utensils of glass have been found amongst the ruins of Thebes and Herculaneum. That the Egyptians were acquainted with its production is evinced in the heads with which some of their mummies are adorned. These heads have a coating of glaze, which is composed of glass, coloured with a metallic oxide. There were glass manufactories at Alexandria in the time of the Emperor Hadrian, who sent home, as objects of great value and curiosity, several glass cups of divers colours which were used by the Egyptians in the worship of the Temple. From Alexandria, probably, the art travelled to Rome, where a coarse manufacture of drinking vessels existed from the time of Nero;* and in the tomb of Alexander Severus (who died A.D. 235) was found the celebrated Portland Vase, which was for two centuries the glory of the Barberini Palace, and which, long supposed to be made of porcelain, is now ascertained to be composed of deep blue glass, sculptured in bas-relief, with which opaque figures of exquisite workmanship. The poets of the Augustan age make frequent allusion to the lustre and transparency of glass; yet beyond its employment in drinking cups and ornaments, and, still more extensively in imaginal apostrophes to Bacchus and Venus, they knew nothing of its wider application to domestic and scientific uses.

When glass first came to be used for windows cannot with any certainty be determined. St. Jerome (A.D. 422) makes the earliest allusion to glass windows; and a century later the windows of St. Sophia at Constantinople are spoken of as being covered with glass. But such instances, at that period, were rare. The Italians were the first to employ glass in this way, after them the French, and then at a long interval the English, who appear to have been as slow in availing themselves of the new way of lighting their houses as they were in conforming to the Gregorian Calendar, which had been adopted

* This emperor is said to have given for two glass cups, with handles, a sum of 8000 sesteria, a sum equal to nearly 50,000*l.* of our money. They were not large, but, from their transparency, bore a resemblance to crystal.

most of the countries of Europe a full century and a half before it was recognised in this country. In this, as in all other things, we showed ourselves averse to innovations;—an obstinacy which, while it makes us hesitate over sudden changes, gives stability to the improvements we embrace. This very article of windows furnishes a signal proof of the fact; for, long as we halted behind Italy and France, we now exceed them both in the solidity and fineness of the material we employ for that purpose. Compare the windows of an Italian palazzo or a French château with those of a private gentleman's house, or a citizen's villa in England, and our practical superiority will become apparent.

In the manufacture of glass for ornaments, or common uses, we may claim nearly as remote an antiquity as Italy herself. Glass was made in England before the Roman invasion. In many parts of the country articles of glass have been found having a narrow perforation and thick rim, called by the Britons glass adders, and supposed to have been used as amulets by the Druids. We owe nothing to the Romans either for the introduction or cultivation of the manufacture, their luxurious tastes leading them to prefer silver and gold for their vessels, and to feel rather jealous of the cheaper beauty of glass. Our early productions in this way were probably neither numerous nor elaborate; and the art of making glass windows was unknown amongst us till the year 674, when, according to the Venerable Bede, artificers were brought over from the Continent by Abbot Benedict to glaze the windows of the church and monastery of Weremouth in Durham. Some say they were brought over by Wilfrid, Bishop of Worcester, who lived about the same time. Both traditions agree, however, as to the period. The novelty lingered a long time in the church before it found its way into the dwellings of the people; five centuries at least elapsed before it made any great advance, and even then it was confined to public foundations and the houses of the rich.

The windows that were in use before the introduction of glass must have been special curiosities. Poor people had no windows at all, but open spaces, closed up at night; and even amongst the gentry linen cloths and wooden lattices were the chief expedients for the admission of light. The wealthy classes, who could afford more costly resources, had brilliant stones fixed in their windows, such as agate, alabaster, phengites, &c., of which some interesting specimens have been found at Herculaneum, where the largest houses were lighted by means of transparent talc. In England glass windows did not come into general use till the thirteenth or fourteenth century, or rather later. Aubrey tells us that, except in churches and gentlemen's houses, glass windows were rare before the time of Henry VIII., and that in his own remembrance, before the civil wars, copyholders and poor people had none. In Scotland, so late as 1661, we learn from Ray's Itinerary, that the windows of ordinary country houses were not glazed, and only the upper parts of those of the king's palace had glass, the lower having two wooden shutters, which were occasionally opened to admit the fresh air.

The French government gave considerable encouragement to the manufacture of glass early in the fourteenth century, stimulated by the example of the Italians, who for more than a century before had excited the wonder and admiration of Europe by their crystal mirrors: the manufacture was preserved as a profound secret at Venice, from whence the whole continent was supplied. The secret, however, was

as last discovered by some French artists residing in the Venetian state, and by them carried into France under the protection of the minister Colbert, who, out of the public money, assisted them in the formation of an establishment at Tourlaville, near Cherbourg. The history of glass in France from that time is a history of reverses; and the advances it has made have been gained through a series of failures and misfortunes, all tending to point the old moral of the pernicious effects of government interference with the healthy competition of individual skill and enterprise.

The first regular manufactory of glass established in England (for all previous efforts were desultory and limited in their operations) was set up in 1557, in Crutched Friars, where the finer sort was made, and at the same time at Savoy House, in the Strand, where flint glass was produced. The processes employed were improved in 1625, by the substitution of pit coal for wood in the furnaces, which was considered so important, that Sir Robert Mansell, by whom it was introduced, received in consequence a monopoly of the manufacture of flint glass.

Some five-and-thirty years later, the second Duke of Buckingham, he who "was everything by turns, and nothing long," finding that we were compelled to import the finest quality of drinking glasses, and other costly productions, from Venice, induced some artists of that city to settle in London, establishing them at his own cost in Lambeth, where, in 1673, the first plate glass for coach windows and mirrors was manufactured. From that time forth we were no longer dependent upon foreign supplies in these essential articles. The manufacture was still further improved by the arrival of the French refugees after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes; and exactly one century after the establishment of the works at Lambeth, that is to say, in 1773, an act of parliament was passed for the incorporation of a company for the manufacture of British cast plate glass whose extensive works at Ravenhead, near Prescot, in Lancashire, have continued in full operation down to the present time.*

It is worth noting, *en passant*, that, before the arrival of the Europeans, glass was never heard of in India; and Mr. Mill informs us that the Hindoos were so ignorant of its optical uses, that they expressed unbounded astonishment at a spy-glass. In China to this day the manufacture is unknown, although the Chinese were before all the rest of the world, and superior to it, in the manufacture of porcelain.

The importance of glass, and the infinite variety of objects to which it is applicable, cannot be exaggerated. Indeed it would be extremely difficult to enumerate its properties, or to estimate adequately its value. This thin, transparent substance, so light and fragile, is one of the most essential ministers of science and philosophy, and enters so minutely into the concerns of life, that it has become indispensable to the daily routine of our business, our wants, and our pleasures. It admits the sun and excludes the wind, answering the double purpose of transmitting light and preserving warmth; it carries the eyes of the astronomer to the remotest region of space; through the lenses of the microscope it develops new worlds of vitality which, without its help, must have been but imperfectly known; it renews the sight of the old, and assists the curiosity of the young; it empowers the mariner to desert distant ships, and to trace far off shores, the watchman on the cliff to

* Brande.

detect the operations of hostile fleets and midnight contrabandists, and the loungers in the opera to make the tour of the circles from his stall; it preserves the light of the beacon from the rush of the tempest, and softens the flame of the lamps upon our tables; it supplies the revel with those charming vessels in whose bright depths we enjoy the colour as well as the flavour of our wine; it protects the dial whose movements it reveals; it enables the student to penetrate the wonders of nature, and the beauty to survey the marvels of her person; it reflects, magnifies, and diminishes; as a medium of light and observation its uses are without limit; and as an article of mere embellishment, there is no form into which it may not be moulded, or no object of luxury to which it may not be adapted.

Yet this agent of universal utility, so valuable and ornamental in its applications, is composed of materials which possess in themselves literally no intrinsic value whatever. Sand and salt form the main elements of glass. The real cost is in the process of manufacture.

Out of these elements, slightly varied according to circumstances, are produced the whole miracles of the glass-house. To any one, not previously acquainted with the component ingredients, the surprise which this information must naturally excite will be much increased upon being apprised of a few of the peculiarities or properties of glass. Transparent in itself, the materials of which it is composed are opaque. Brittle to a proverb when cold, its tenuity and flexibility when hot are so remarkable that it may be spun into filaments as delicate as cobwebs, drawn out like elastic threads till it becomes finer than the finest hair, or whisked, pressed, bent, folded, twisted or moulded into any desired shape. It is impermeable to water, suffers no diminution of its weight or quality by being melted down, is capable of receiving and retaining the most lustrous colours, is susceptible of the most perfect polish, can be carved and sculptured like stone or metal, never loses a fraction of its substance by constant use, and, notwithstanding its origin, is so insensible to the action of acids that it is employed by chemists for purposes to which no other known substance can be applied.

The elasticity and fragility of glass are amongst its most extraordinary phenomena. Its elasticity exceeds that of almost all other bodies. If two glass balls are made to strike each other at a given force, the recoil, by virtue of their elasticity, will be nearly equal to the original impetus. Connected with its brittleness are some very singular facts. Take a hollow sphere, with a hole, and stop the hole with your finger, so as to prevent the external and internal air from communicating, and the sphere will fly to pieces by the mere heat of the hand. Vessels made of glass that has been suddenly cooled possess the curious property of being able to resist hard blows given to them from without, but will be instantly shivered by a small particle of flint dropped into their cavities. This property seems to depend upon the comparative thickness of the bottom. The thicker the bottom is, the more certainty of breakage by this experiment. Some of these vessels, it is stated, have resisted the strokes of a mallet, given with sufficient force to drive a nail into wood; and heavy bodies, such as musket balls, pieces of iron, bits of wood, jasper, bone, &c., have been cast into them from a height of two or three feet without any effect; yet a fragment of flint, not larger than a pea, let fall from the fingers at a height of only three inches, have made them fly. Nor is it the least wonderful of these phenomena that the glass does not always break at the instant of collision, as might

be supposed. A bit of flint, literally the size of a grain, has been dropped into several glasses successively, and none of them broke; but being set apart and watched, it was found that they all flew in less than three-quarters of an hour. This singular agency is not confined to flint. The same effect will be produced by diamond, sapphire, porcelain, highly-tempered steel, pearls, and the marbles that boys play with.*

Several theories have been hazarded in explanation of the mystery; but none of them are satisfactory. Euler attempted to account for it on the principle of percussion; but if it were produced by percussion the fracture would necessarily be instantaneous. The best opinion that can be offered, although it is by no means free from difficulties, refers the cause of the disruption to electricity. There is no doubt that glass, which has been suddenly cooled, is more electric than glass that has been carefully annealed—a process which we will presently explain; and such glass has been known to crack and shiver from a change of temperament, or from the slightest scratch. The reason is obvious enough. When glass is suddenly cooled from the hands of the artificer, the particles on the outer side are rapidly contracted, while those on the inner side, not being equally exposed to the influence of the atmosphere, yet remain in a state of expansion. The consequence is that the two portions are established on conflicting relations with each other, and a strain is kept up between them which would not exist if the whole mass had undergone a gradual and equal contraction, so that when a force is applied which sets in motion the electric fluid glass is known to contain, the motion goes on propagating itself till it accumulates a power which the irregular cohesion of the particles is too weak to resist. This action of the electric fluid will be better understood from an experiment which was exhibited before the Royal Society upon glass vessels with very thick bottoms, which, being slightly rubbed with the finger, broke after an interval of half an hour†. The action of the electric fluid in this instance is sufficiently clear; but why the contact with fragments of certain bodies should produce the same result, or why that result is not produced by contact with other bodies of even greater size and specific gravity, is by no means obvious.

Amongst the strangest phenomena observed in glass are those which are peculiar to tubes. A glass tube placed in a horizontal position before a fire, with its extremities supported, will acquire a rotatory motion round its axis, moving at the same time *towards* the fire, notwithstanding that the supports on which it rests may form an inclined plane the contrary way. If it be placed on a glass plane—such as a piece of window-glass—it will move *from* the fire, although the plane may incline in the opposite direction. If it be placed standing nearly upright, leaning to the right hand, it will move from east to west, if leaning to the left hand, it will move from west to east; and if it be placed perfectly upright, it will not move at all. The causes of these phenomena are unknown, although there has been no lack of hypotheses in explanation of them.‡

* *Encyc. Brit.*

† *Lard. Cyclo.*

‡ The most plausible reason has given is that of the expansion of the tube towards the fire by the influence of the heat. The fallacy of this theory is at once shown by the fact that, although heat does expand bodies, it does not increase their

It is not surprising that marvels and paradoxes should be related of glass, considering the almost incredible properties it really possesses. Seeing that it emits musical sounds when water is placed in it, and it is gently rubbed on the edges; that these sounds can be regulated according to the quantity of water, and that the water itself leaps, frisks, and dances, as if it were inspired by the music; seeing its extraordinary power of condensing vapour, which may be tested by simply breathing upon it; and knowing that, slight and frail as it is, it expands less under the influence of heat than metallic substances, while its expansions are always equable and proportioned to the heat, a quality not found in any other substance, we cannot be much astonished at any wonders which are superstitiously or ignorantly attributed to it, or expected to be elicited from it. One of the most remarkable is the feat ascribed to Archimedes, who is said to have set fire to the Roman fleet at the siege of Syracuse by the help of burning glasses. The fact is attested by most respectable authorities,* but it is only right to add that it is treated as a pure fable by Kepler and Descartes, than whom no men were more competent to judge of the possibility of such an achievement. Tzetzes relates the matter very circumstantially; he says that Archimedes set fire to Marcellus's navy by means of a burning glass composed of small square mirrors, moving every way upon hinges; which, when placed in the sun's rays, directed them upon the Roman fleet so as to reduce it to ashes at the distance of a bow-shot. Kircher made an experiment founded upon this minute description, by which he satisfied himself of the practicability of at least obtaining an extraordinary condensed power of this kind. Having collected the sun's rays into a focus, by a number of plain mirrors, he went on increasing the number of mirrors until at last he produced an intense degree of solar heat; but it does not appear whether he was able to employ it effectively as a destructive agent at a long reach. Buffon gave a more satisfactory demonstration to the world of the capability of these little mirrors to do mischief on a small scale. By the aid of his famous burning-glass, which consisted of one hundred and sixty-eight little plain mirrors, he produced so great a heat as to set wood on fire at a distance of two hundred and nine feet, and to melt lead at a distance of one hundred and twenty, and silver at fifty; but there is a wide disparity between the longest of these distances and the length of a bow-shot, so that the Archimedean feat still remains a matter of scientific speculation.

In the region of glass, we have a puzzle as confounding as the philosopher's stone (which, oddly enough, is the name given to that colour in glass which is known as Venetian brown sprinkled with gold spangles), the *quadratura circuli*, or the squaring of the circle, and which has occasioned quite as much waste of hopeless ingenuity. Aristotle, one of the wisest of men, is said, we know not on what authority, to have originated this vitreous perplexity by asking the question, "Why is not glass malleable?" The answer to the question would seem to be easy enough, since the quality of malleability is so opposed to the quality of vitrification, that, in the present state of our knowledge (to say nothing about the state of knowledge in the time of Aristotle) their co-existence would appear to be impossible. But, looking at the pressure; therefore, notwithstanding that one side of the tube may be expanded, its equilibrium will remain unimpaired.

* Diodorus Siculus, Tzetzes, Galen, Lucian, Anthemius, and others.

gress of science in these latter days, it would be presumptuous to assume that anything is impossible. Until, however, some new law of nature, or some hitherto unknown quality shall have been discovered by which antagonist forces can be exhibited in combination, the solution of this problem may be regarded as at least in the last degree improbable.

Yet, in spite of its apparent irreconcilability with all known laws, individuals have been known to devote themselves assiduously to its attainment, and on more than one occasion to declare that they had actually succeeded, although the world has never been made the wiser by the disclosure of the secret. A man who is possessed with one idea, and who works at it incessantly, generally ends by believing against the evidence of facts. It is in the nature of a strong faith to endure discouragement and defeat with an air of martyrdom, as if every fresh failure was a sort of suffering for truth's sake. And the faith in the malleability of glass has had its martyrology as well as faith in graver things. So far back as the time of Tiberius, a certain artificer, who is represented to have been an architect by profession, believing that he had succeeded in making vessels of glass as strong and ductile as gold or silver, presented himself with his discovery before the Emperor, naturally expecting to be rewarded for his skill. He carried a handsome vase with him, which was so much admired by Tiberius that, in a fit of enthusiasm, he dashed it upon the ground with great force to prove its solidity, and finding, upon taking it up again, that it had been indented by the blow, he immediately repaired it with a hammer. The Emperor, much struck with so curious an exhibition, inquired whether anybody else was acquainted with the discovery, and being assured that the man had strictly preserved his secret, the tyrant instantly ordered him to be beheaded, from an apprehension that if this new production should go forth to the world it would lower the value of the precious metals.* The secret, consequently, perished. A chance, however, arose for its recovery during the reign of Louis XIII., a period that might be considered more favourable to such undertakings; but unfortunately with no better result. The inventor on this occasion submitted a bust formed of malleable glass to Cardinal Richelieu, who, instead of rewarding him for his ingenuity, sentenced him to perpetual imprisonment, on the plea that the invention interfered with the vested interests of the French glass manufacturers.† We should have more reliance on these anecdotes of the martyrs of glass if they had bequeathed to mankind some clue to the secret that is supposed to have gone to the grave with them. To die for a truth, and at the same time to conceal it, is not the usual course of heroic enthusiasts.

Many attempts have been made to produce a material resembling glass that should possess the quality of malleability, and respectable evidence is not wanting of authorities who believed in its possibility, and who are said to have gone very near to its accomplishment. An Arabian writer ‡ tells us that malleable glass was known to the Egyptians; but we must come closer to our own times for more explicit and

* This story is attested, with slight variations, by several writers, Petronius, Dion Cassius, Pliny, and Isidorus. Pliny says that the populace, imagining that their interests would be injured by the discovery, destroyed the workhouse, tools, and dwelling of the artificer.

† Blancourt.

‡ Ibn Abd Alhakim.

satisfactory testimony. Descartes thought it was possible to impart malleability to glass, and Boyle is reported to have held the same opinion. But these are only speculative notions, of no further value than to justify the prosecution of experiments. Borrichius, a Danish physician of the seventeenth century, details an experiment by which he obtained a malleable salt, which led him to conclude that as glass is for the most part only a mixture of salt and sand, he saw no reason why it should not be rendered pliant. The defect of his logic is obvious; but, setting that aside, the fallacy is practically demonstrated by his inability to get beyond the salt. Borrichius also thought that the Roman who made the vase for Tiberius may have successfully used antimony as his principal ingredient. Such suppositions, however, are idle in an experimental science which furnishes you at once with the means of putting their truth or falsehood to the test. There is a substance known to modern chemistry, *luna cornea*, a solution of silver, which resembles horn or glass, is transparent, easily put into fusion, and is capable of bearing the hammer. Kunkel thought it was possible to produce a composition with a glassy exterior that should possess the ductile quality; but neither of these help us towards an answer to Aristotle's question. Upon a review of the whole problem, and of every thing that has been said and done in the way of experiment and conjecture, we are afraid we must leave it where we found it. The malleability of glass is still a secret.

Dismissing history and theory, we will now step into the Glass-House itself where the practical work of converting sand into goblets, vases, mirrors and window-panes is going forward with a celerity and accuracy of hand and head that cannot fail to excite wonder and admiration. As the whole agency employed is that of heat, the interior of the manufactory consists of furnaces specially constructed for the progressive processes to which the material is subjected before it is sent out perfected for use. Look round this extensive area, where you see numbers of men in their shirt-sleeves, with aprons before them, and various implements in their hands, which they exercise with extraordinary rapidity, and you will soon understand how the glittering wonders of glass are produced. Of these furnaces there are three kinds, the first called the *calcar*, the second the working furnace, and the third the annealing oven, or *lier*.

The *calcar*, built in the form of an oven, is used for the calcination of the materials, preliminary to their fusion and vitrification. This process is of the utmost importance:—it expels all moisture and carbonic acid gas, the presence of which would hazard the destruction of the glass-pots in the subsequent stages of the manufacture, while it effects a chemical union between the salt, sand and metallic oxides, which is essential to prevent the alkali from fusing and volatilizing, and to ensure the vitrification of the sand in the heat of the working furnace to which the whole of the materials are to be afterwards submitted.

The working furnace, which is round and generally built in the proportion of three yards in diameter to two in height, is divided into three parts, each of which is vaulted. The lower part, made in the form of a crown, contains the fire, which is never put out. Ranged round the circumference inside are the glass-pots or crucibles, in which the *grit*, or calcined *matériel*, is placed to be melted; and from several holes in the arch of the crown below issues a constant flame which,

enveloping the crucibles, accomplishes the process of melting. Round the exterior of the furnace you perceive a series of holes or mouths, these are called *boccas* from the Italian, and it is through them the *frit* is served into the crucibles and taken out when melted. The volume of heat is here so intense, that the *boccas* are provided with moveable collars or covers, generally composed of lute and brick to screen the eyes of the workmen who stand outside in recesses formed for the purpose in the projections of the masonry. The severest part of the work arises when any of the pots, or crucibles, happen to become cracked or worn out, in which case the *bocca* must be entirely uncovered, the defective pot taken out with iron hooks and forks, and a new one substituted in its place through the flames by the hands of the workman. In order to enable him thus literally to work in the fire he is protected by a garment made of skins in the shape of a poncho, and heavily saturated with water. This strange garment completely covers him from head to foot, all except his eyes which are protected by glasses.

The material being now melted is fashioned into the desired form by the hands of the workmen while it is yet hot, and then placed to cool gradually in the third furnace, or annealing oven called the *ser*. This oven is a long low chamber heated at one end, and furnished with moveable iron trays or pans, called *franches* (from the French), upon which the various articles are set down, and finally removed when they are sufficiently cold, through an opening which communicates with the *serosel*, or room where the finished articles are kept.

The intensity of the fire requires that the furnaces and crucibles, should be constructed of materials the least fusible in their nature, and the best calculated to resist the violent and incessant action of heat; or the manufacturer will incur the most serious losses and delays from casualties which, even after the most careful and costly outlay, cannot be always averted. The crucibles especially demand attention in this respect, in consequence of the solvent property of some of the materials which are melted in them. These crucibles are deep pots, varying in size according to the extent or objects of the manufacture; and some notion may be formed of the importance attached to them from the fact that they are not unfrequently made large enough to contain individually no less than a ton weight of glass. Great skill and care are requisite in their structure so as to adapt them to the temperature in which their qualities are to be tested; and even with the utmost attention that can be bestowed upon them they are often found to break soon after they are exposed to the furnace, by which heavy losses are entailed upon the manufacturer. Not is this the only point which must be considered. The size of the crucible should bear a proportionate relation to that of the furnace, or one of two consequences, equally to be avoided, will ensue; either that there will be a waste of fuel if the crucibles are too small, or an inadequate heat, if they are too large.*

We have now before us the three principal processes,—the calcination, by which the materials are prepared in the first instance,—the melting down of these materials into glass in the great working furnace, and the annealing of the finished article after it has been fashioned by the workmen. These processes are broad and ample;

* For details see Loyer "Sur l'Art de la Verrerie," and Lard. Cycle.

but that part of the manufacture which is, probably, most calculated to surprise the uninitiated is the manner in which the red-hot mass of glass as it is taken out of the crucible is instantly, so to speak, shaped into form by the dexterous hands and practised eyes of those men whom you see standing about at tables and stools, twisting long iron rods called *pontils*, blowing through pipes, and performing mysterious evolutions with scissors, pronged sticks, compasses, and other instruments, with a rapidity that baffles the most vigilant observer. From the infinite diversity of objects into which glass is thus moulded, it must be obvious that the operations of these artificers embrace a variety of curious details which it is impossible to enter upon here; but a glance at some of them will enable the reader to form a general notion of the curious manipulation upon which they are so actively employed.

The initial movement of the glass-blower is to dip a hollow iron rod or tube, about five feet long, through the *bocca*, into one of the crucibles containing the melted glass. Having collected at the end of the tube a sufficient quantity of material for the article he is about to fashion—a drinking-glass, finger-glass, jug, or whatever it may be (which requires, perhaps, two or three dips according to the quantity he wants) he withdraws the tube, and holds it perpendicularly for a few seconds with the heated mass downwards, till the fluid drops and lengthens by its own momentum beyond the end of the tube. He then quickly raises it, and rolls it on a smooth horizontal plate till it acquires a cylindrical form. When he has got it into this shape, he applies his mouth to the opposite end of the tube, and blows into the heated mass which swiftly becomes distended into a sphere. But as the globe thus obtained is not rendered sufficiently thin for his purpose by a single blowing, he reheats it by holding it within the furnace, and then blows again, repeating the operation till he brings it to the desired size and consistency. Thus prepared, he swings it in the air like a pendulum, or twirls it round and round rapidly, according to the elongated or circular form he requires, the molten particles obeying the tendency of the force and motion employed.

Having advanced to this stage, and the mass being ready for fashioning, a new instrument is brought to bear upon it. This is a small solid, round iron rod, called the *pontil*, upon one end of which a lesser portion of material has been collected by another workman, and this portion being applied to the extremity of the globe already formed rapidly adheres to it. The whole is now detached from the tube, or blow-pipe, by simply damping the point of contact which causes the glass to crack, so that a stroke upon the tube separates it safely, leaving a small hole in the globe where the tube had originally entered.

By this time the temperature of the mass has cooled down, and it becomes necessary to reheat it, which is done as before. The artificer next seats himself on a stool with elevated arms, upon which he rests the *pontil*, which he grasps and twirls with his left hand, having thus a command over the red-hot glass with his right hand, in which he holds a small iron instrument, called a *procello*, consisting of two blades with an elastic bow, similar to a sugar-tongs. With this little instrument the whole work of fashioning is performed, and as it must be completed while the glass is yet ductile (having always, however, the power of re-heating it when necessary), the process is effected with wondrous celerity. By the aid of the *procello* he enlarges or contracts the mass, which he adapts to its motions with his left

hand, and where any shapeless excrescences appear he instantly cuts them off with a pair of scissors as easily as if they were so much lace or cotton. And thus, almost in less time than it has occupied us in the description, articles of the most exquisite form and delicacy are created by the art-magic of these Vulcans of the glass-furnace.

That which chiefly excites astonishment and admiration in the spectator is the ease and security with which a material so fragile is cut, joined, twirled, pressed out and contracted, by the hands of the workman. Long practice alone can ensure the requisite certainty and quickness of manipulation, and the eye must be highly educated to its work before it can achieve off-hand, and, by a sort of accomplished instinct, the beautiful shapes which are thus rapidly produced.

The moment the article is finished it is detached from the pontil and dropped into a bed of ashes, from whence it is removed while it is yet hot, by a pronged stick or wooden shovel, to the tray, to be deposited in the annealing oven where it is gradually cooled.

In making crown-glass, which is used for windows, a slight alteration in the process is observed. When the globe is prepared as before, at the end of the tube, it is flattened at its extremity by pressure against a plain surface; the new material at the end of the pontil is then attached to the flattened side, and the whole mass detached from the tube, leaving a circular hole at the point of separation. The mass is now twirled round and round, at first slowly, then more quickly, till its diameter, obeying the centrifugal force, becomes wider and wider, the hole expanding in proportion. At last, as the motion increases in velocity, the doubled portion suddenly bursts open, the whole forming a plain disc of uniform density throughout, except at the spot in the centre where the pontil is attached to it, and where there is accumulated that small lump which is vulgarly called a *bull's eye*. The most surprising incident in this process is the bursting open of the flattened globe, a circumstance which would shiver the entire mass if it were not kept up at a certain heat.

The mode of casting plate-glass presents a remarkable illustration of the skilful adaptation of means to ends. When the glass is melted in the crucible, a portion of it is transferred to a smaller crucible, called a *cuvette*, which contains the exact quantity requisite for the size of the plate about to be formed. The *cuvette* is then raised by means of a crane, and lifted over the casting table. These tables have smooth metallic surfaces, which are carefully ground and polished, and wiped perfectly clean, and heated before they are used. Formerly they were made of copper, but the British Plate Glass Company have found that iron slabs answer the purpose better. The table used by them is fifteen feet long, nine feet wide, and six inches thick, and weighs fourteen tons. For the convenience of moving it to the annealing ovens it is placed upon castors. The *cuvette* being swung over the casting table, is gradually turned over, and a flood of molten glass is poured out upon the surface, and prevented from running off by ribs of metal. As soon as it is entirely discharged, a large hollow copper cylinder is rolled over the fluid, spreading it into a sheet of equal breadth and thickness. When the glass is sufficiently cool to bear removal it is slipped into the annealing oven, where it is placed in a horizontal position,* great care having been taken to exclude the external air, it

* In this respect plate-glass is treated differently from crown and brass glass, which is always placed on its edge in the annealing furnace.

being indispensable to the beauty of these plates that the process of cooling should be regular and gradual.

No less than twenty workmen are engaged in these operations, and during the whole time the apartment is kept perfectly still, lest a motion of any kind should set the air in motion, the slightest disturbance of the surface of the plate being calculated to impair its value. "The spectacle of such a vast body of melted glass," observes Mr. Parks, "poured at once from an immense crucible, on a metallic table of great magnitude, is truly grand; and the variety of colours which the plate exhibits immediately after the roller has passed over it, renders this an operation more splendid and interesting than can possibly be described."

To attempt the briefest outline of the vast number of objects that are composed of glass, and the variety of processes to which the material is subjected in their production, would carry us far beyond the limits within which we are unavoidably confined. Even the most trifling articles of daily use, apparently very simple in their formation, involve many elaborate details. Take a watch, for example. The history from the furnace to the workshop, of those parts of a watch which are composed of glass, is full of curious particulars. The watch-glass maker exercises a function distinct from any of those we have hitherto been considering. He receives from the blower an accurate hollow globe of glass, measuring eight inches in diameter, and weighing exactly twelve ounces, which is the guarantee at once of the regularity and thinness of the material. Upon the surface of this globe the watch-glass maker traces with a piece of heated wire, sometimes with a tobacco pipe, as many circles of the size he requires as the globe will yield, and wetting the lines while they are yet warm, they instantly crack, and the circles are at once separated. He finds the edges rough, but that is got rid of by trimming them with a pair of scissors. The circles thus obtained are deficient, however, in the necessary convexity; he accordingly reheats them, and, with an instrument in each hand, beats or moulds them into the precise form desired, much in the same manner as a dairy-maid, with her wooden spoons beats a pat of butter into shape. The edges are now ground off, and the watch-glass is complete. The preparation of the dial, which is composed of opaque white glass, ordinarily known as enamel, is a much more complicated work, involving several minute processes and a larger expedition of time. Upon both sides of a thin plate of slightly convex copper, bored with holes for the key, and the hour and minute hands, is spread with a spatula a coat of pounded glass which has gone through several stages of solution and purification before it is ready for application. In the management of this operation, and the absorption of any moisture that may linger in the enamel, considerable care and delicacy of hand are necessary. As soon as the dial-plate is perfectly dried it is put into the furnace to be heated gradually. These processes of firing and enamelling must be repeated altogether three times before the work is finished; after which the lines and divisions for the hours and minutes are marked upon the surface by a totally different process. We have here merely touched the principal points in the formation of dial-plates; the details are too complex for enumeration.

If we find in such articles as these the employment of numerous chemical agencies, special tools, and peculiar manipulation, we may easily give credit to the greater wonders that remain to be developed

* *Lard. Cyclo.*

in more costly processes; such as the composition of artificial gems, of the pastes that are made to resemble diamonds and pearls, amethysts, emeralds, and precious stones of all colours and degrees of brilliancy, beads, bulbs, striped tubes, and a hundred other fanciful toys and ornaments; the formation of lenses and eye-glasses; the colouring of glass for various purposes; and the arts of staining and painting, silvering, gilding, cutting, engraving and etching, each of which has its own mysteries, and has been prosecuted in different ages by different means. When it is said that some of these arts are lost, the fact must be taken in a restricted sense, as merely implying that certain chemical combinations formerly in use are unknown to us; but the same arts are still practised by other means. It is a peculiarity in the manufacture of glass that almost every establishment has its own receipts, and, consequently, its own secrets. Even in the materials employed in the first process of calcination—not to speak of subsequent working processes—there is an infinite diversity of choice in the ingredients and the proportions in which they are combined; and such is the jealousy of the great manufacturers respecting these matters, that they never admit visitors into their establishments except under the seal of the strictest confidence.* It is not surprising, therefore, that while the elementary principles of the art have descended to us, particular combinations and processes should have died with their discoverers, or be still kept shut up in the manufactories where they are successfully practised.

The art of silvering glass, although sufficiently easy in itself, presents in its results one of the most brilliant and valuable of the many uses to which glass is applied. The substance which has been found best adapted to the purpose is mercury, but being unavailable alone in its fluid state, it is made to adhere by the aid of partial amalgamation. A smooth slab of wood or stone, fixed on a pivot, by which it may be raised or depressed, open at the top and protected on the other three sides by a ledge, is first prepared. This slab is covered tightly with grey paper, over which is spread a thin sheet of tinfoil. The mercury is then poured upon the tinfoil; and lastly, the glass plate to be silvered is slid carefully over the mercury, carrying away its surface, in order to remove any dust or oxide that may lie upon it, but never touching the tinfoil. The plate is then allowed to drop on the tinfoil, when it is covered with a thick flannel, and loaded from time to time with heavy weights. It remains in this position for an entire day, and is then taken from the frame and covered with a soft amalgam of tin and mercury. At the end of a few days when the amalgam has become hardened, your mirror is ready for the drawing-room. It is obvious that these operations, although simple in themselves, demand the greatest accuracy and caution in the manipulation.

Silvering, however, is resorted to for other purposes than that of making looking-glasses. Thrown in at the back of coloured glass, vases, and candlesticks, and other objects of use and embellishment, it produces the most beautiful and lustrous effects. Several experiments

* To such an extent has this jealousy been carried, that many admit experiments have been employed to mislead and baffle curiosity. Hence the infinite variety of receipts for the production of different sorts of glass that have been launched on the public, a vast number of which have been got up expressly for the purpose of deceiving and misdirecting the inquirer. To this circumstance may be referred the remarkable contradictions and inconsistencies that may be detected in all treatises on the subject.

have been made in this way, but the most remarkable and successful of them all is the recent improvement, for which we are indebted to Mr. Hale Thomson, and which is equally entitled to admiration for its beauty and durability.

Mr. Hale Thomson's process is perfectly distinct from one which was proposed some years ago, and afterwards abandoned; differing alike in its means and results. It is purely chemical. By the abandoned process, a silver deposit was obtained through the agency of certain costly oils, the oil of cloves and oil of cassia; but this deposit was contaminated by resinous substances, the products of the altered essential oil, and the contraction of this resinous admixture drew the silver with which it was incorporated into isolated patches, at the same time totally discolouring it, and destroying its reflective property, which even while the silver was fresh, possessed little brilliancy, and was darkened by a semi-metallic blackish shade.

By Mr. Thomson's process the deposit is pure silver, precipitated from a solution of that metal by the agency of prepared saccharine solutions. This deposit has the colour and reflective lustre of the original metal; and so far a great advance was made. But as the coating was liable to wear off and tarnish from the action of the atmosphere and continued handling, as we see in the plated goods of Birmingham, a novelty was introduced into the formation of the articles themselves by which the quality of durability was added to that of increased brilliancy. To secure the silvering against the deterioration to which it was always hitherto liable, the vessels to be silvered are blown of a double substance of glass throughout, with an intervening space between, and the silver is deposited on the two interior surfaces, which are then hermetically sealed up, every necessary provision being made for the usage of the vessels, and the vicissitudes of temperature.

Colourless glass vessels thus constructed present the appearance within and without of being composed of pure silver, so perfectly does the apparent solidity and brilliancy of the metallic reflecting surfaces avert the suspicion that we are looking upon a transparent substance. It most nearly resembles silver workmanship that has come fresh out of the hands of the workman; and as neither time nor use can impair its brightness, it never acquires the dimness and dignity of aspect which plate assumes in the progress of wear. These vessels possess the ordinary advantages of glass united with the apparent solidity of silver, and constitute the only known form of silver manufacture (under a disguise) which cannot tarnish and does not require cleaning.

When the glass is cut the brilliancy of the effect is heightened, and the soft floating character of the lights is broken up into countless scintillations. On the other hand by grinding the glass surface the reflection is dispersed, and the appearances of frosted silver and the delicate lustre of the pearl are produced. With coloured glass, a wide scale of metallic hues is obtained. These dazzling tints may be compared to the plumage of the humming birds and the wing cases of the Buprestidae and other tropical beetles. Indeed there is not one of the gorgeous metallic tints with which the insect and feathered kingdoms are adorned that may not be closely copied by this process.

Where the glass is stained yellow, the appearance of gold is very successfully imitated; deeper shades communicate the appearance

of bronze; and by appropriate colouring and staining, and by flashing the colourless glass with thin layers of various colours and cutting the latter away in devices, an endless variety of combined and contrasted effects of singular beauty and novelty are obtained. These combinations are composed with due attention to chromatic harmony and proportion; and in adapting the vessels themselves to objects of ornament or use a proper regard is observed to purity of form.

The purposes of luxury and utility to which this novel process has been addressed embrace every article of table and toilet service to which glass is applicable: inkstands, paper weights, paper knives, pen trays, lamp pedestals, candelabra, candlesticks, salt cellars, knife rests, mustard pots, sugar basins, butter coolers, smelling bottles, flower vases, &c.; and, for interior decoration, door-knobs, finger-plates, mouldings, panels, and chandeliers, being, as Professor Donaldson observes, "a new element in the hands of the architect." For moresque decorations after the manner of the Alhambra, and similar examples in the Eastern style, this discovery is felicitously adapted, overcoming the want of sufficient brilliancy in the materials of construction from which so many modern attempts in that direction have failed. Nor is its value bounded by the useful elegancies of art-manufacture, since it is equally applicable to objects of more practical utility, such as surgeons' speculæ, and railway and other reflectors. Constructed of silvered glass, these articles have a brilliancy beyond that of any other known reflectors, in addition to the advantages of durability, and of requiring no further cleaning than occasional wiping with a dusting-cloth. Nor is there any limit to the dimensions of the objects which may be silvered except the limit of the dimensions to which glass can be blown; nor can these limits be said to apply strictly to this manufacture, for large articles may be composed of separate pieces, and a vase, for example, thirty inches in height and of proportionate capacity and strength may be thus constructed, which could not be fashioned by the mere process of blowing. Spheres of glass of all diameters and capacities, up to forty gallons, are formed and silvered in this way, and so great is their power of reflection that the entire details of a large apartment are caught upon them with surprising minuteness and clearness of definition, and in that amusing perspective which is peculiar to spherical substances. Another quality of this silvered glass is that, in whatever shape it may be fashioned, it contributes beyond any other known material to the effect of artificial illumination, reflecting back unimpaired nearly the whole of the light that falls upon it.

We have gone into these details because the invention belongs to our own time, and more than any other exhibits at an advantage the progress we are making in this important art. To what uses glass may ultimately be rendered subservient it is impossible to predicate. Speculation on such a subject would be rash and idle. We see at this moment a Palace of Glass, of gigantic proportions, rearing itself in one of our parks with a rapidity that leaves more solid architecture at an incalculable distance behind. Under its transparent roof and within its brittle walls, in a few months will be collected specimens of the skill and industry of every civilized country in the world; and we are assured that fragile as the material is which is destined to enclose these treasures of human ingenuity neither the

winter's storm nor the summer's heat can affect it. The experiment has been already sufficiently tested in the colossal conservatories of the Duke of Devonshire to justify our implicit confidence in that statement, and should it prove that this mighty monument of glass is as capable of resisting external influences as a Temple of Stone or Brass, we may fairly exult over it as the most marvellous of all the productions of the vast and varied Exhibition to which it is dedicated. Cast in pieces of equal dimensions throughout, it has been erected in a few weeks, and can be taken down in a still shorter space of time, to be set up again, if it should be so decided, elsewhere. The facility of its construction is a matter that commands almost as much astonishment and admiration as the elements of which it is composed. The old scriptural warning against building our houses on sand is here curiously inverted by a house that is literally built of sand; and when the wonder shall have grown old and familiar to us, there is no saying to what purposes, as yet undreamed of, this adaptive material may not be applied with equal success, and a still wider range of domestic utility.

The interest naturally attaching to the subject of glass at the present moment, has induced us to place these details of its history and manufacture before the public. But, circumscribed by the obligations to which all periodicals must submit, we have confined ourselves to a general and hasty survey of the more salient features of the inquiry. There remains to be explored a mass of matter, to which we may possibly return on some future occasion.

THE SICILIAN VESPERS.*

WE have hitherto been taught that the massacre of the French throughout Sicily was the result of a wide-spread conspiracy, of which John of Procida was the leader and originator, and Peter, King of Aragon, a most willing participator; and that the tolling of the vesper bell in the Church of Santo Spirito at Palermo was the appointed and the generally understood signal for the commencement of that fierce and merciless onslaught on the proud and unsuspecting Frenchmen. Concerning the matter, however, we can no longer believe as we have done; the improbabilities of the old story were on many points very glaring, but the Papal bulls and the numerous other documents which are now brought to light completely expose the groundlessness of the old version of the massacre, and prove it to have arisen from the Palermitans' sudden and irrepressible indignation at some new insult offered them on one of their religious festivals by their Gallic conquerors and oppressors. It was that one further wrong that could not be borne: the added trial to a forbearance that could bear with no more; the one other arrogant deed that could not be endured. Long had the oppressor's violence throughout the land produced great natural discontent and ill-will, with a burning and ill-concealed desire at times to throw off the galling yoke; but the oppressor's arm was strong, and over every Sicilian head a French sword waved, and occa-

* History of the War of the Sicilian Vespers, by Michele Amari; edited by the Earl of Ellesmere. 3 vols., Bentley, 1850.

sionally that sword would fall to prove that its edge was keen, and its owner in earnest—to make its keenness felt whenever occasion called for it. In an unlucky hour the French were more than usually insolent, in a place, and on an occasion when the Palermitans were the less disposed to tolerate it, and the cry of "down with the French" was instantly followed with the massacre of all the French first in Palermo, and then throughout the whole of Sicily.

Twenty years of dire war followed upon this act of natural vengeance: a war eminently distinguished for its romantic incidents—its daring exploits, and its extraordinary vicissitudes. In one year Sicily would be all triumphant, with scarcely an enemy on its soil, in the next year Charles of Anjou would be trampling it in wrath under his iron heel, and making its fair fields desolate, and its once busy towns but vast charnel-houses. In vain did the successive Popes give up the tithes of kingdoms for yearly armaments to subdue the Sicilians. In vain did the Kings of France and the Guelfs in Italy send at enormous cost successive tens of thousands of mercenaries to perish on the shores of Sicily—in vain did the Popes thunder forth their bulls of excommunication, and employ their vast wealth and resources to terrify and to bribe the chief actors in the Sicilian war of independence; in spite of all artifices and fraud and violence the Sicilians still held their own, and secured to themselves the king and the government of their own choice; affording a memorable instance of what even a feeble nation, single handed, can do, against the mightiest of earth's potentates confederated together for its destruction. Sicily triumphed when France, and Italy, and Spain, were banded together against her, for she fought for liberty, and gained in the end what she had so long fought for.

Nothing can be more masterly than Michele Amari's treatment of this spirit-stirring subject. The details are so graphically described that we see before the mind's eye the scenery, and the rush forward of the ambuscade, the combats of the chief warriors on the field, and the grappling together of the ships in their fierce and frequent naval engagements. But the still greater merit probably of the work consists in the deep research and most careful investigation of all the writers, early and late, who speak of the Sicilian Vespers; all are thoroughly scrutinized, and their statements closely examined into.

The late struggles of the Sicilians for independence, give to this work a peculiar interest—for the writer was one of those who laboured hard to change the condition of Sicily from a province to an independent state—but his countrymen had not the same longings for liberty that he had, and did not therefore achieve it, and could not therefore, it might be said, have deserved it. The history of the war of the Sicilian Vespers will, however, be found on the pages of the world's history—ages after the late feeble strivings of the ill-used Sicilians shall have been in great measure forgotten.

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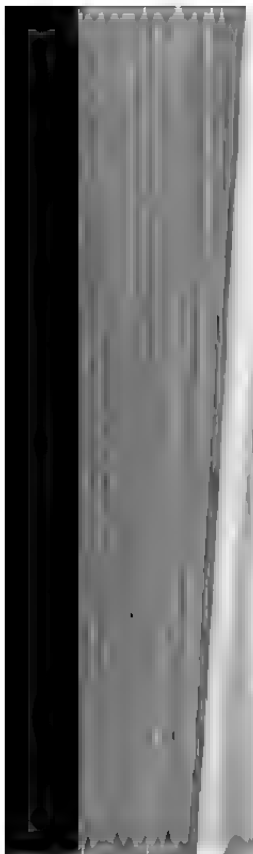
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